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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXV.—JUNE, 1872.—Vol. XLV.

THE GERMAN GAMBLING SPAS.

WIESBADEN—THE GARTEN.

IT is said that all men have inherited a passion for gambling. The reason comparatively few become gamblers is to be found, it is alleged, in the fact that the majority are not exposed to the temptation inhering in their temperament. Since gambling is only an appeal to what is understood as Chance, it is not strange that human nature, ever uncertain of its destiny, should feel a curiosity—the stronger part of temptation—to try experiments upon Fortune. Life itself is but a game; and wealth, power, fame, and contentment are the stakes we play for; almost always losing, but held to the hazard by ever hoping to win.

Business of every variety is a species of gambling, the counters being industry, energy, tact, capital; and commercial speculation merely substitutes investments, purchases, sales, for the wagers made upon the

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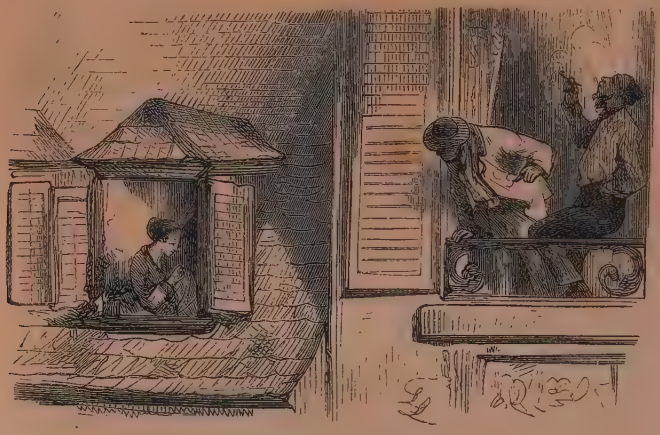


INVALIDS AT THE SPA.

throwing of dice or the turning of a card. The Bourse or Stock Exchange, Lombard Street or Broad Street, is quite as much a gaming-place as Homburg or Baden-Baden. As money is capable of gratifying nearly all our desires and wishes, physical, mental, and moral, it is not singular we should have an interest in the manner of making it. The processes of pecuniary fortune are simpler and clearer at gaming-tables than in mercantile haunts or banking quarters. There is a certain fascination for all of us in seeing large sums change hands by mysterious caprice or incomprehensible chance; and this, with the irrepressible concern we have in our fellows, constitutes the magnet of the German gambling spas.

Of the mere pleasure-seeking crowds who visit Baden-Baden, Homburg, Wiesbaden, and Ems every season from all parts of Europe and America, not one in ten goes with the intention of trying his luck beyond the losing of a napoleon, for the sake of being in the fashion or having the experience. Men seldom enter upon what is called a vice with premeditation. They approach it by degrees; are seduced by circumstances; are possessed by it before they are well aware. Nearly all the victims of roulette and rouge-et-noir, who are drawn year after year to the German spas as by an irresistible spell, began with playing for amusement or distraction. The prompting of an idle hour grew into an absorbing passion, which neither reason nor prudence can cure. Every one knows, or rather thinks he knows, the peril of a first step toward vice; but yet he takes it unhesitatingly, believing himself stronger and better guarded than his kind.

The German spas are seen at many different angles, and have, therefore, very different aspects. Their visitors may be divided into five classes—invalids or valetudinarians, gamesters (consisting of numerous species), followers of fashion, seekers after rest and recreation, and travelers or observers.

It is customary to ridicule the curative claims of all spas, and to declare that their habitués make health-seeking an excuse for dissipation. Of the American watering-places this is true to a great extent; but the springs and baths in Germany—notably the four under consideration—have unquestionable therapeutic power. This may arise in many cases partly from imagination (there is some reason for saying that imagination and physicians are the parents of sickness), and partly from change of atmosphere and altered conditions. But, independent of those valuable aids, any one who has remained any length of time at the German springs, and become acquainted with their frequenters, must have had indubitable evidence of remarkable healings. The waters taken externally seem more effective usually than when taken internally, though in numerous diseases they are employed in both ways. I

VIEW OF BADEN-BADEN.

have known so many persons troubled with cutaneous eruptions, gout, rheumatism, paralysis, jaundice, and lead-poisoning to be materially benefited, and often entirely restored, that the skepticism which I once felt has been altogether removed. Some of those trying the baths have had no faith in them whatever, because so many previous remedies, declared to be infallible, had done no good; but a few weeks' test compelled belief in their efficacy.

Those in good health and bent on enjoyment are seldom brought into contact with the invalids, who rise early to visit the Trinkhalle or the baths, who avoid the large hotels, keep away from the gaming-tables, and take little part in fashionable pastimes.

When I first went to Baden and Homburg my habit of lying in bed and breakfasting late made me think every body as idle and healthy as myself. Happening, however, to vary my indolence by a spasmodic fancy for seeing the sun rise, I found myself during a morning promenade in the midst of a vast hospital. Prematurely old men and women, pallid and emaciated girls, prosperous merchants broken down by overwork, crippled millionaires, asthmatic authors, paralyzed statesmen, superannuated gallants, and faded beauties crept, or hobbled, or limped, or were wheeled along in dreary procession or dismal groups, to their regular imbibing and ablutions. They formed a part of the summer sojourners not reflected in the mirror of my mind. They were almost literally the skeletons at the feast—the shriving monks hidden by the rich hangings from the poisoned revelers; and I was not sorry they held themselves aloof from the throng superior to diagnosis and defiant of pathology.

The whole globe can not boast of an inland watering-place half so charming as Baden. It has so many attractions that one never marvels at its popularity. You may have there society or solitude, delightful walks or picturesque drives, quiet reverie or wild excitement, tranquil days or tempestuous nights, healthful recreation or dangerous excesses. Its situation is almost unequaled; it is nature resolved into poetic forms: the atmosphere is inspiring, and every square foot of the varied neighborhood is paved with beauty.

THE OLD CASTLE.

Baden lies at the entrance of the Black Forest (Schwarzwald), in the beautiful valley of the Oel-bach, surrounded by green and graceful hills. It resembles Heidelberg and Freiburg, but is lovelier than either. Even in August the days are not oppressive, but of that happy mixture of warmth and coolness which makes temperature perfect. The virtues of the waters are said to have been known to the Romans, who called the place Aurelia aquensis. For six centuries Baden was the seat of the Margraves of Baden, of whom Hermann III., who perished in the Crusades, was the first to reside in the Old Castle on a height overlooking the town.

The castle, supposed to be nearly eight centuries old, was destroyed by the French in 1689, and has since been a noble ruin. What was formerly the chapel of St. Ulrich is now a restaurant, where substantial luncheons and good beer may be had. A fine panorama unfolds itself from the top of the ancient tower. The broad expanse of the val-

ley of the Rhine, from a point beyond Strasburg (the city itself is not visible) to the ancient town of Worms, is seen in the distance, and in the foreground the delightful valley of Baden, rich with verdant pastures, sprinkled with handsome villas, and bordered by sombre forests of fir. Near the castle lie broken masses of porphyry in such fantastic shape that they might well be mistaken for ruined towers, crumbling battlements, and petrified billows. The New Castle, crowning an eminence rising far above the valley, was founded some four centuries since; was enlarged in 1519; was dismantled a hundred and fifty years later, and afterward partially restored. The Grand Duke occupies it as his summer residence, and gives it its chief importance, since it has few points of interest, with the exception of the subterranean vaults, formerly Roman baths, according to some authorities, and, according to others, the dungeons of the Secret Tribunal (Vehmgericht), of which mysterious and barbarous order Walter Scott gives a vivid description in "Anne of Geierstein." The vaults are dreary and gloomy enough to have been dungeons; and I have often imagined, when groping through them, that they might have echoed for generations with the shrieks and groans of the tortured and dying victims of the infernal brotherhood.

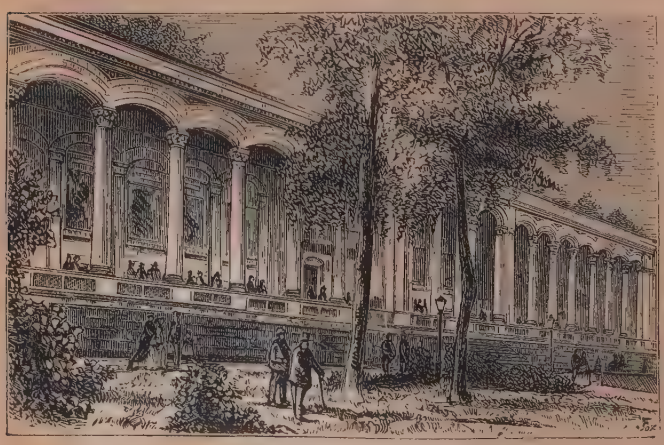
All about Baden are pleasant walks and drives, leading to points commanding admirable eye-ranges of old Roman remains, quaint villages, and picturesque ruins.

The town has not more than eight thousand inhabitants, but the annual influx of strangers reaches fifty and sometimes sixty thousand, converting almost every dwelling into a boarding-house, and crowding all the hotels to excess. The visitors are called the bathing population to distinguish them from the regular residents, and in most cases the phrase of distinction is literally correct, for

EXPERIENCE OF A NOVICE.

the Badenese, as a people, consider water mainly as a means of navigation. The river Oel-bach, or Oos—its dimensions are not above those of a creek—divides the natives from the foreigners, the latter confining themselves for the most part to the ground extending along the left bank of the stream.

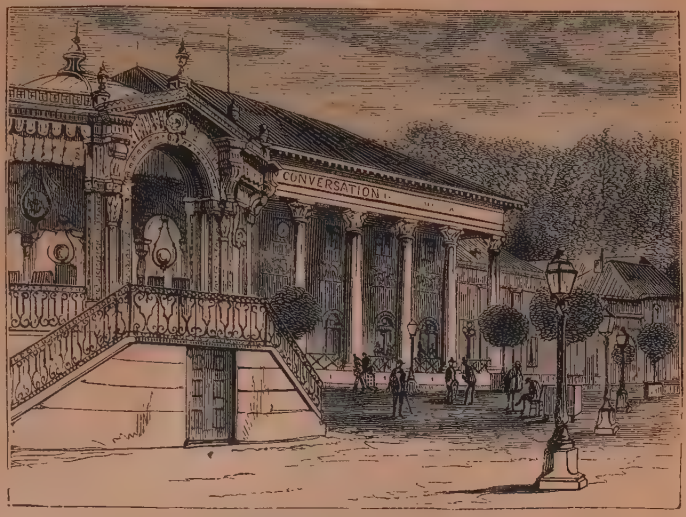
The Pump-room (Trinkhalle), where the thirsty and the ailing go at stated hours to drink the waters, is a large and handsome building, in which young women—not particularly prepossessing, I am bound to say—act as the Hebes of the springs. Nature serves most of the medicinal liquids hot, and as you have to wait some time before they are cool enough to swallow, both patience and a peculiar palate are required for their proper appreciation. Having tasted of all the springs known in that region, and having scalded my throat on numerous occasions with those of a boiling sort—I was determined to give them an impartial trial—I found it impossible to relish them. They made me feel very uncomfortable, as if my interior organization, having revolted against the aqueous invasion, was determined to expel the foreign foe, which it would have done, had not my will firmly resisted and suppressed the revolt. That was not strange, however. As the waters make sick persons well, it is to be expected that they should, by a natural process of inversion, make well persons sick.



THE TRINKHALLE, BADEN.

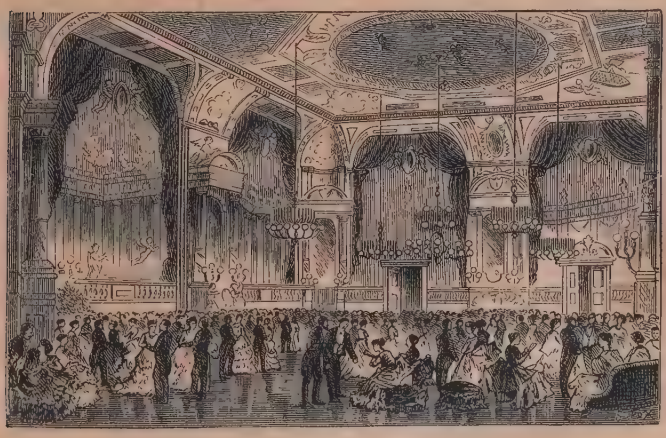
Behind the Pfarrkirche are the sources of the thirteen hot springs, issuing from the rocks of the Palace ter-

race, and conducted through pipes to the bathing establishments in town. They yield nearly a hundred gallons per minute, and their temperature ranges from 115° to 153° Fahrenheit. The Ursprung — the principal spring —is inclosed with ancient Roman masonry, and the tasteful building above it is devoted to Russian baths.



THE CONVERSATIONSHAUS, BADEN—EXTERIOR.

The central attraction of Baden is, of course, the Conversationshaus; so called, I presume, because no one is expected to speak there except in a whisper. Why a gambling hall should be styled a conversation-house is beyond conjecture. The name must be the result of some Teutonic vagary in which irony was uppermost. The Conversationshaus contains a number of drawing, dining, reading, concert, and gaming rooms, all elaborately gilded and frescoed and luxuriously furnished—immense mirrors on the walls reflecting every form and face. The gambling saloons, opening into each other, usually have six roulette and rouge-et-noir (trente-et-quarante) tables, at which all the gambling is done. They are open from an early hour of the morning to midnight, but the playing does not begin until eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and does not end until eleven in the evening. The place is as public as Broadway or City Hall Park. Every body goes in and goes out, bets or bets not, just as he pleases. There is no one to question or interrupt, to invite or discourage, any respectably dressed or decently behaving stranger, who, from curiosity, inclination, or any other motive, may see fit to enter. If he carry a cane or umbrella, or wish to leave his hat—hats are not worn at the shrine of the fickle goddess —he will find in a sort of vestibule very polite lackeys, in livery much resembling a court costume, who will benignantly inform him that it is contrary to the rules of the Direction to take either of those articles, or go covered, into the charmed presence of the challengers of fortune. These bedizened servants are stationed in all the saloons, ready and anxious to do any one's bidding, with the expectation, of course, of receiving certain douceurs for their trouble. They are the most obedient and obsequious of underlings; they will do any thing the mysterious Direction allows—and it is far from narrow on most subjects—in the promptest and most satisfactory manner. The Direction pays a license of about $75,000 a year, and defrays, moreover, all the expenses of the establishment, amounting to as much more—which shows that the business is at least profitable.



THE CONVERSATIONSHAUS, BADEN—INTERIOR.

The gambling license which has long been granted to Baden and the other

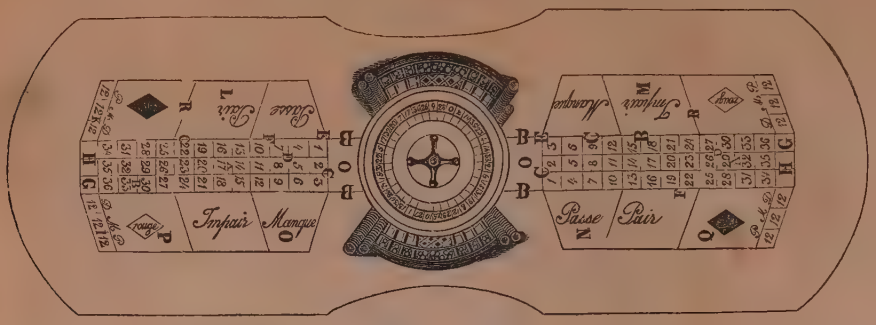


DIAGRAM OF ROULETTE.

German spas expires this year by limitation; and as the Emperor William has positively refused to renew it, the saloons will all be closed. Those Americans who in their transatlantic wanderings have not done the spas, must either visit them this season or have their longing curiosity respecting them forever unsatisfied.

The season extends from May to October, and is at its height from the middle of July to the first of September; the great throng beginning to arrive about the first of the month of July and to depart toward the end of August. Some invalids, who are too weak and infirm to care for gayety or think of pleasure, remain throughout the winter.

The games of roulette and trente-et-quarante, especially the latter, are comparatively so little known in this country that a description of them may not be uninteresting.

Roulette is played upon a long table covered with green cloth, about which are grouped the bettors. In the centre of the table is a movable cylinder, whose circumference has thirty-seven divisions separated from each other by wires, and numbered from 0 to 36. The cylinder is set revolving by the hand at the same time that a small ivory ball is thrown in the opposite direction upon the fixed part of the machine, and, after several circuits, falls into one of the numbered compartments, which are alternately black and red. At each end of the table the thirty-seven numbers which the cylinder contains are stamped on the cloth in three columns, with the words *manque*, *pair*, and *rouge* on one side of the columns, and *passe*, *impair*, and *noir* on the other side; while in the line below the columns and the divisions I have mentioned (*manque*, *pair*, etc.), are nine spaces marked below the columns first C, second C, third C, and to the right and left three spaces marked first D, second D, third D.

The smallest stake is a florin. If the player bet on any odd number, and the ball drop into that number, he receives thirty-six times the amount of his stake; but as there are always thirty-five chances against him, he might lose a large sum before winning at all. To simplify the matter, and encourage the bettor, he is at liberty to divide his stakes among several numbers; lay his wager upon any of the columns containing twelve numbers each, or upon the first, second, or third series of twelve numbers (he is paid double if he win); play upon *rouge* or *noir*, *pair* or *impair* (these designate the odd or even numbers), or upon *manque* and *passe;* the former including the numbers from one to eighteen, and the latter the numbers from nineteen to thirty-six.

First D, second D, third D, printed on the cloth, signify first, second, and third dozen on the *rouge* (red) or *noir* (black) side; and first C, second C, third C represent the columns of figures under which they are placed. The game, which appears quite complicated at first, is really simple, as will be seen by a little attention to the explanations, and affords great variety in betting. Roulette, however, is considered rather vulgar than otherwise compared with trente-et-quarante, which is the favorite with enterprising gamesters, and, indeed, with all who wish to lose or win largely.

Trente-et-quarante is played, like roulette, at a long green-covered table surrounded by groups anxiously watching the cards as they are laid upon the cloth. The dealer (tailleur), or banker, is seated at the centre of the table, while opposite him and at each end are the croupiers, whose duty it is to see that no mistakes are made, to aid the bettors in placing their stakes, and to draw in or push out with their long wooden rakes the money lost or won.

On one side of the table is a piece of diamond-shaped red cloth, and on the opposite side a piece of black cloth. The bettors who believe red will win put their money on the red side, and those having faith in the black lay their wagers on that color. Hardly any one ever speaks above his breath, except the banker, who, after each deal, croaks out monotonously, like a French raven, "Faites votre jeu, messieurs; faites votre jeu;" and when he sees all the stakes laid down, adds, "Le jeu est fait," closing, as he begins to turn off the cards, with, "Rien ne va plus."

GAMBLING SALOON, WIESBADEN.

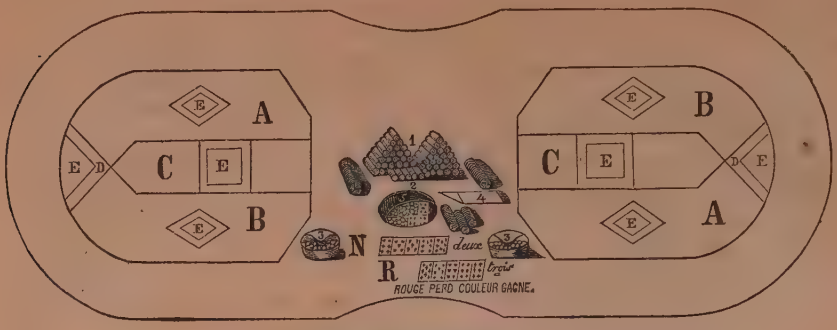


DIAGRAM OF ROUGE-ET-NOIR.

After this declaration any and all bets offered are rejected, the stakes being pushed back by the croupiers.

The game is played with six packs of cards, the court-cards counting ten each, and all the others whatever number of spots they may bear. Being well shuffled, the dealer, holding them in his hand face downward, lays them face upward on the cloth in two rows or series. The first row (the dealer must continue turning and counting in a loud tone until he reaches at least thirty-one, but can not go beyond forty) counts for the black, and is necessarily between the two numbers named, and the second row is for the red; the one nearest to thirty-one being the winning series. For instance, the first row, composed of the queen of clubs, the eight of hearts, the trey of diamonds, the six of spades, and five of clubs, making thirty-two, renders the black series complete. The dealer then goes on turning the cards for the red. Suppose these to be the ace of clubs, the nine of hearts, the knave of diamonds, the four of spades, the trey of clubs, and the king of spades, making thirty-seven. In this case black wins, because the number thirty-two is nearer thirty-one than the red series, counting thirty-seven. The dealer says, "Noir gagne," or "Rouge perd;" then all the bets made upon the first or black series are paid, and those made on the second or red series are raked in by the croupiers. Wagers are also laid upon or against color, and are decided by the color of the last card in the winning series. If the first or black series wins, and the last card turned in the series be clubs or spades, "color" wins; but if hearts or diamonds be turned, "color" loses, the success of "color" demanding that the last card in the winning series shall be of the color of the series itself.

The bank, of course, always has an advantage quite sufficient in the long-run to enable it to prevail over all the players. The advantage at trente-et-quarante is called the refait (drawn game), which happens when each of the series counts the same number between thirty-two and forty, as thirty-four or thirty-nine for both the black and red. Under such circumstances neither the bank nor the bettors win or lose. The players are privileged to let their stakes lie or to change them if they like. Should each of the series count thirty-one, which occurs, it is estimated, once in about thirty-eight or forty times, bets on both sides are placed "en prison"—that is, they must remain as they are, and depend upon the next deal. This seems entirely equitable, and yet it is really equivalent to giving the bank half of all the stakes. The Homburg bank, which is the most liberal of all, puts the stakes in prison only when the last card of the second series is black. At roulette also its advantage arises from a single zero in the wheel, while the Baden bank makes its percentage from a double zero. The refait at trente-et-quarante is estimated to make the percentage in favor of the bank about two and two-thirds, which at Homburg is diminished to one and one-third.

The advantage at trente-et-quarante is less than at roulette, while the minimum stake is two florins (a florin is equal to about forty cents in our money), and the maximum five thousand six hundred florins (some $2300). The capital of the bank at trente-et-quarante is one hundred and fifty thousand francs ($30,000), and at roulette only one-fifth of that sum; the extent of the stake, on simple chances, being limited to four thousand francs. When the bank is broken, which, in spite of stories to the contrary, very seldom happens, the game is usually suspended for a while, and then resumed with the same amount of capital. There has never been a season, I believe, in which the Direction has not won much more than it has lost. The winnings at Baden, of course, vary materially; but they average, I have understood, from two millions to two millions and a half of francs per annum.

Casual and amateur bettors at the spas play at random, without theory or calculation of any kind; but the habitual and professional gamesters always have systems, by which they confidently expect, some time or

other, to break the bank. I have been told of men, and women too, indeed, who have been going to Baden or Wiesbaden for ten, twelve, and fifteen years with that avowed purpose, and yet the sole financial injury they have wrought has been to themselves. Their ill luck, as they term it, does not, however, mar their faith in systems. These they hold to be unquestionably correct—the fault is either in their understanding or in the malignant stars.

The principal fallacy in respect to systems is that chance is subject to law, extremely subtile, but discoverable if diligently and earnestly investigated. The mind of a thorough gamester can never be disabused of this notion. He cleaves to it after years of experience to the contrary as he did at the outset. Come what may, he will hold that the blind goddess has vision enough to read the pages of the volume of logic which he is persuaded she carries concealed in the folds of her robe.

One of the simplest and most plausible systems or theories is to begin with a small stake, and keep doubling it until it wins. There are three bars to the success of this plan: first, the vast amount of money required to carry it out; secondly, the limitation as to minimum and maximum of the stake; and thirdly, the percentage of the bank (no amount of prudence, audacity, or calculation can overcome this), by which, when the little ball at roulette drops into zero, or the refait is made at trente-et-quarante, all the bettors, on whatever side, lose their wagers.

Few persons, without actual computation, have any idea to what an enormous sum the doubling process will soon swell. Let any one, for example, begin at roulette with the smallest stake allowed, one florin, and let him lose, as not infrequently happens, twenty times in succession: his last bet must be 524,288 florins—about $210,000—an amount very few men have at hand to devote to the purpose of play. At trente-et-quarante the sum needed, beginning with the lowest stake, two florins, for the twentieth doubling bet would be 1,048,576 florins—say $420,000. Besides, long before the player arrived at his twentieth stake he would have exceeded the limit of the bank, and be forced to return to his original bet, losing four or five thousand florins in the desperate attempt to win one—a species of political economy not likely to be taught or followed outside of a madhouse. Another theory of the frequenters of the gaming-tables is that chances are governed by the doctrine of probabilities—in other words, that a number or color which has lost for a long time must soon begin to win. If this could be tested for a century or two it might be proved correct. But, confined to a limited period, it turns out very fallacious. I have known men who betted persistently on black in the evening, because red had had such an extraordinary run of luck during the day; and yet when the bank closed they had no more florins than the players who had stubbornly adhered to the red.

The number of systems can hardly be reckoned. They are even carried so far that books have been written to show their positive accuracy, declaring that, with a certain capital, and by following certain rules, you can be sure of winning each and every day at least one-fourth of your capital. Men, too, are to be found at all the spas who pretend to be able to teach you how to obtain and to keep the advantage of the bank, with splendid probabilities of breaking it every few days. It is scarcely necessary to say that such fellows are always charlatans and tricksters, but still they have no difficulty in imposing upon the ignorant, the avaricious, and the inexperienced.

Gambling begets and fosters superstition and unreason. Persons who bet habitually are very apt to acquire crotchets in regard to chance, and one of them is that they are always on the point of making some great discovery, which is never made. I know not how many players in Germany have informed me, in the gravest and most confidential manner, that they had finally found an absolute method of gaining a fortune. In moments of glowing generosity and gushing candor they have sought to impart to me this valuable information; but all their efforts at instruction were of no avail: they only mystified roulette and rendered trente-et-quarante altogether incomprehensible.

But for the prevailing faith in systems I doubt if the tables would have half as many patrons as they do. When an unfortunate mortal once conceives that he has achieved a system, the bank can depend upon securing all his superfluous florins.

A stranger to the spas wonders why most of the players pore so intently over the little printed cards they hold in their hands, sticking metallic pins here and there as the last result of the game is announced. They are keeping the run of the game, marking the numbers and cards which have won, and drawing deductions therefrom for future bets. In this way they are slowly but steadily evolving systems which will prove their bane.

The Baden saloons during the height of the season are attractive to the eye and interesting to the mind. They present a striking phase of cosmopolitan society. Both the roulette and trente-et-quarante tables, particularly the latter, are crowded throughout the twelve hours of play. Seated about them are well-dressed men and women, young and old, plain and handsome, distinguished and commonplace; while many others are standing behind, and leaning over to

A LACKEY RECEIVING A STRANGER.

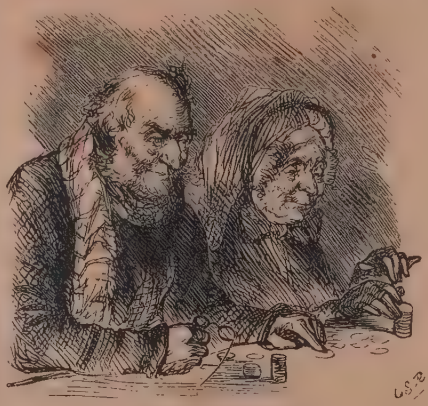
make their bets or collect their gains, and all seriously intent upon the game. The banker or dealer and the croupiers are usually seated higher than the galerie—so the players are called—that they may overlook the table, and have a clear view of whatever is going on. One can hardly bet without taking considerable trouble, owing to the throng of wistful players. It is not convenient to stand on tip-toe and stretch out your arm between the shoulders or above the heads of others, with the stereotyped "Pardon, madame," "Pardon, monsieur," on your lips, in order to deposit your stake on the tempting and treacherous green cloth.

So far from being asked, even in the most indirect manner, to take part in the game, the impression of the extremest indifference to your course of action is conveyed to your mind on every hand. You are welcome to play or not play, precisely as you please. Whether you bet or look on appears exactly the same. No one notices you, no one seems aware of your presence, unless you should lay extraordinary wagers, and by great gains or losses attract attention to yourself.

The most perfect air of good-breeding—usually meaning the suppression of all emotion, and the loftiest unconcern respecting every thing the universe contains—characterizes the place and persons, even down to the elaborately attired lackeys. The silence is broken only by the rattle of coin, as the banker adroitly tosses the florins or napoleons across the table, or the croupiers push them away or rake them in; while the dealer's "Faites votre jeu, messieurs," "Le jeu est fait," "Rien ne va plus," are periodically heard like a sad refrain.

The majority of the players are not young and fast-looking, as might be imagined. On the contrary, gray hairs, staidness of manner, sobriety of appearance, generally predominate. The most constant devotees are old people. I have frequently seen, seated side by side, aged men and their wives, who would scarcely leave the table to take dinner. Their bets were small, confined mainly to florins. They seemed to play more for pleasure than for profit, and in not a few cases I have known this to be true. They were in comfortable circumstances, often wealthy; were accustomed to visit the springs every year, and had formed a habit of attending the tables—a habit grown so strong that they could not and probably did not wish to break it. Many of the most confirmed players, if I had encountered them elsewhere, I should have mistaken—I am not at all sure they were not such at home—for presidents or secretaries of benevolent institutions or charitable societies, deacons or spiritual pillars of orthodox churches, leaders of reformatory movements, or chief agents in missionary enterprises.

In Europe age often seeks a pastime in some sort of gaming, which is not considered there such an offense against propriety as in this land of puritanic notions and straight-laced habits. Young persons are by no means lacking in the saloons, though few are so youthful as many who might be discovered in the gambling-houses of American cities. Nearly all the boyish-appearing bettors at roulette and rouge-et-noir are from this side of the water, and when they are well supplied with money they scatter it with a recklessness which creates astonishment in the Old World. They despise calculation and systems, and sometimes stumble upon such good luck that, if they were the least prudent, they would take advan-



VENERABLE GAMESTERS.

tage of it. But prudence is not one of the virtues they hold in esteem. If they should break the bank on four days of the week, they would lose all they had won, and much more, on the remaining three. To waste money foolishly and ridiculously is, I am sorry to say, the sole badge of distinction which many of our countrymen are willing to recognize.

To see women gambling openly and in public is likely to shock at first the representatives of the Anglo-Saxon race—Americans more than English, whose wives and daughters are in the habit of playing cards for money, at least in the privacy of their own homes. The feeling of uneasiness and repulsion soon wears off, however, and feminine gamesters come to be regarded as light in the picture skillfully managed to heighten its effect. The general truth that women are the keepers of the gates of society is ignored in the Conversationshaus, the Cursaal, and the Curhaus. There, though they do not speak to one another, they meet on common ground. The gowns of the duchess and the demi-mondeist unite their rich folds; the great banker's wife almost rests her chin upon the white and gleaming shoulder of the English adventuress; the Berlin outcast takes the rouleau of coin from the jeweled fingers of the Russian princess and passes it to the croupier; the Italian cantatrice, who gained such a triumph at San Carlo last winter, smiles in the face of the gray-haired Jewess, whose son is a power on the Rotterdam Exchange; the charming actress of the Folies Dramatiques half reclines upon the lovely American girl who bends eagerly forward to see the result of the last coup. *La belle Américaine,* as so many of our fair country-women are called on the Continent, has just escaped from strict parental supervision, and on this, her first visit to Europe, is delighted with every thing. The Parisian actress, the Milan Duomo, the Sistine Chapel, the "Transfiguration," Mechlin lace, Nürnberg dolls, and the Maison Dorée breakfasts, are all "splendid" alike.

That blonde, dowdy, and fleshy dowager countess from Saxe-Meiningen-Hildburghausen (it is strange so much of the name could have been left after she came away) is in marked contrast to the youthful, black-eyed, dark-complexioned señorita standing near, who has made the soft nights of Sevilla musical with the tinkling guitars and susceptible singers she has drawn beneath her window.

The women of rank, always largely represented at the spas, seem to have a temperamental fondness for play, especially after they have passed the period when coquetry is charming and purely feminine triumphs are easy. Most of them are said to have been beautiful in their youth. Never having seen them then, I am unable to judge;

COUNTESS KISSELEF.

but if they were, age has certainly withered them, and staled what may have been their infinite variety. Titles and blue blood are far from being, as it would seem they ought to be, the parents of comeliness, which is so frequently a foundling as to make us despair of the power of transmission through recognized forms. I think I have seen more ugliness, ungracefulness, and inelegance among queens, duchesses, countesses, marchionesses, and baronesses than among any women of the cultivated and fortunate class.

Baden, Homburg, Wiesbaden, and Ems have each their feminine noblesse from the leading nations of Europe. They compose, indeed, some of the best known habituées; can be met, while they are alive, in the Lichtenthal avenue, the Wilhelmstrasse, or on the Mahlberg-Kopf with as much certainty as the tailleur with his imperturbable face, frigidly polite manners, and perpetual "Faites votre jeu, messieurs."

One of the most noted players of rank is the famous Countess Kisselef, whom all frequenters of Homburg must remember as a very large gray-haired woman hobbling about with a crutch, and often carried by her servants in an invalid-chair to the gaming-table, which she seldom quits. She must be seventy-five now, and has been reported dead again and again. Her portly and crippled figure was conspicuous in the Cursaal last season, and will be again this, I am sure. She could hardly forego the pleasure of occupying her accustomed seat during the last gambling year, when she has for nearly a quarter of a century breathed the

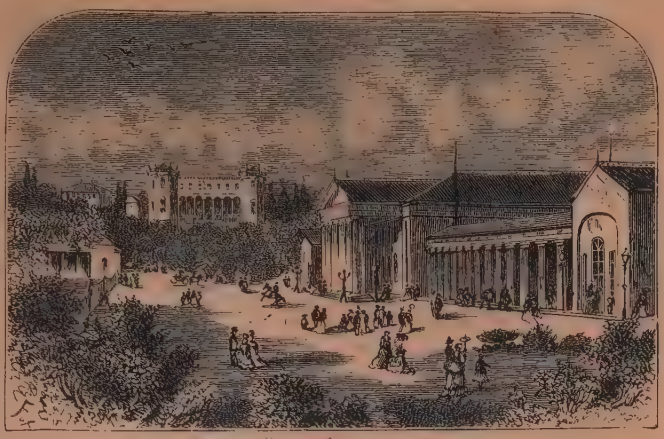
genial summer air of the Taunus Mountains. She is, or rather was, the wife of the former Russian minister to Rome, and all kinds of stories are told about her. She is said to have separated from her husband because he insisted that she should give him up or give up gaming, and she adhered to the latter as the more attractive of the two. The gossips declare that up to her fortieth year she was a beautiful basilisk of fascination, and her figure (who ever saw a very fat old woman that had not once been a model of lissome grace?) so slight and symmetrical that St. Petersburg and Moscow followed it with adoring eyes. (If this be so, it is only another corroboration of my æsthetic theory concerning the tendency of rank to awkwardness and avoirdupois.) The hour of beginning the game is almost invariably anticipated by the countess. She is at the table before the croupiers, and day and night, week-days and Sundays, find her glued to her familiar chair. Roulette is her life, and her last words, as the ball of death goes swinging round the circle of her being, will be, no doubt, "Le jeu est fait; rien ne va plus."

Her losses at Homburg are stated to have been enormous—not less during the last twelve or thirteen years than eight or ten millions of florins. She has done much to improve the little town, has built many of its best houses, and opened a street, which is named in her honor. But all her property has been mortgaged, and it is questionable if she now has left, out of a colossal fortune, more than a modest independence. She no longer bets with her former audacity, staking rouleaux of napoleons upon a simple chance, but limits her mise to a few florins, in consequence of her comparatively straitened circumstances. To her more than to any other one person the Direction is indebted for the large dividends, averaging about twenty per centum per annum, which it pays to its stockholders, after deducting its very liberal expenses. All the tables at the springs are owned in this manner, though, as may be presumed, the companies are supremely close corporations, and the shares are no more purchasable than the correct biography of Prester John. As dividend-paying stocks they probably have no rivals in all Europe.

A lionne at Baden is the Princess Suvarrow, a Russian lady of distinction, who devotes herself almost as zealously to rouge-et-noir in the Conversationshaus as the Countess Kisselef does to roulette in the Cursaal. She must have been exceedingly pretty; indeed, she is very good-looking now, although fully five-and-forty, if it be allowable to conjecture a woman's age, and she still has a fine presence and engaging manners. Always dressed richly—yellow silk, trimmed with black lace, is her favorite costume, setting off her brunette beauty to advantage—and having a really grand air, she draws the fire of many glances. According to general report, she has played as sad havoc with the funds of the Baden bank as she has with the hearts of men all the way from Paris to St. Petersburg, from Constantinople to Antwerp. She is said to have won as much as her notorious country-woman has lost, and she bears the credit of having again and again exhausted the treasury of the tailleur. Her reputation as a lucky player is diffused throughout the grand duchy, and she is often implored to make bets for others, as persons believed fortunate are apt to be. Full of bonhomie, she generally yields to persuasion, albeit she avers she has little leisure to look after other stakes than her own. She is deemed the best authority on systems in the entire valley of Oel-bach, and appears to have studied them to some purpose. I have been informed that she has thousands of the little pricked cards (having noted the course of the game for many years) carefully arranged in her archives according to date, and that she gives the late hours of the night to their diligent investigation. She must be a feminine Anastasius, if all the *on dits* concerning her are to be trusted. She has been every thing and done every thing; speaks all languages; has traveled all over the world—is, in a word, a paragon of imprudence and enchantment, of folly and generosity, of wickedness and charity, of tenderness and temptation. She is a Greek, a Russian, an Italian, a Spaniard, and a Frenchwoman; the much-fathered daughter of a Grand Vizier, of the Pope of Rome, of the Emperor William, of a Russian admiral, of a Spanish grandee, and of a French general. Every body at Baden knows something about her nobody else knows; and what each knows is altogether different from the general knowledge of this singular woman, who seems pleased with the mystery surrounding her, and nowise averse to deepening it by a continuation of eccentric courses and inexplicable vagaries.

The outward proprieties are carefully observed at Baden. One very seldom sees wrangling or disturbance of any sort in the saloons, and nobody is allowed to make himself disagreeable to the galerie. There is not the smallest objection to a man's rushing on his own financial ruin; but after he has done so he must not be melodramatic and boisterous in company, or discompose the serene equanimity of others. If so inclined, he can go to his own lodgings or to the bath and tranquilly blow out his brains. Or, if of a romantic turn, he can ride into the Black Forest, read a few chapters of "Werther," and hang himself to the nearest tree. No one will interfere with his suicidal ambition, provided he has paid his debts, and left enough in his purse to cover his funeral expenses. Baden is the reflex of the best, be-

cause the most artificial, society. It values the external alone, and to him who prates of misfortune, sympathy, and heart it turns its well-dressed back, shrugs its graceful shoulders, and says —nothing. The Direction itself is a very Tartuffe. In order to seem sanctified it employs a bilious peddler, who looks as if he were entirely convinced of the doctrine of total depravity, to sell Bibles in all languages in front of the Conversationshaus, and graciously informs the patrons of the tables, in printed cards conspicuous upon the walls of the saloons, that the games on Sunday will not be begun until after the close of divine service. This is considerate indeed; for roulette and rouge-et-noir are so much more inviting than religious exercises to the frequenters of Baden that the slightest echo of the parrot-like phrase, "Faites votre jeu, messieurs," would empty the churches like a pestilence.



THE CURSAAL, WIESBADEN.

The promenades of Baden during the afternoon and evening, when an excellent band plays before the gambling-hall, are thronged with nearly all the nationalities that lay claim to civilization. Then the latest and most expensive costumes are displayed; the women look their fairest, and the men struggle to express that grand insouciance which indicates the final fathoming of all social profundities. In the shady alley running south from the Hôtel d'Angleterre and on the terrace in front of the Conversationshaus one may encounter acquaintances from every quarter of the globe. I have met there friends of boyhood, college chums, army messmates, traveling companions, and persons casually known on land and sea, at home and abroad. Boston, New York, Chicago, New Orleans, London, Paris, Amsterdam, Berlin, Odessa, Athens, Venice, Naples are brought to mind by the passing faces, and the little history of former meetings revived.

The pleasantest part of Baden is these leisurely strolls with the bright sunshine overhead, the strains of Bellini or Verdi in your ears, and a gay panorama of fair women and well-satisfied men before your eyes. You can have what society you choose from the thousands of summer swallows who fly from Baden before the cool September evenings, and you must be hard to satisfy if out of such endless variety you do not find your material and mental need.

Homburg-vor-der-Höhe, the capital of the Landgraviate of Hesse Homburg, only nine miles from Frankfort, owes its fame and fashion to its baths and its bank. The town, less than five thousand inhabitants, is without interest, and its situation has not much to boast of. Its hotels, with the exception of the Quatre Saisons, are poorly conducted and poorly equipped; and yet the place steadily grows in popularity, and has recently become one of the genteelest of the spas. Many of its villas are handsome, and the excursions in the neighborhood pleasant; while the mountain air, full of piny odors, fresh from the Taunus, recommends it to the healthy, as its saline and muriatic waters do to the afflicted. The Cursaal, with its Florentine façade, its spacious and delightful gardens, is the finest gambling-hall in Germany. The theatre, where Adelina Patti sings every season in Italian opera, as she does likewise at Baden and Wiesbaden, is cozy, comfortable, and elegant; and so, on the whole, he who has pleasant friends there, and is capable of enjoying a one-sided contest with the tailleur, will have small reason to complain. If I owned Homburg I should lay it out anew, erect some excellent hotels, give more variety to the vicinity, and bring the mountains nearer. These improvements might not increase the patronage, however; for the waters, the women, and the tables are the real triad of attraction.

The Cursaal is certainly dazzling, with its rich frescoes, heavy gilding, immense mirrors, and splendid furniture, and when lighted in the evening, and thronged with members of le grand monde, it looks like the gambling saloons you read of in this country, and never see. The annual number of visitors used to be six or eight thousand, but within the past eight or ten years it has increased three or four fold. The gambling is kept up through the entire twelve months, and it is estimated that the bank wins in

that time more than a million of florins. It can well afford, therefore, to pay to the government an annual tax of eighty thousand florins, to light the town and keep it in good condition, to support the hospital, and meet the expenses, always heavy, of the Cursaal and its extensive grounds. The capital of the company is nominally four millions of florins—I doubt if it is really four hundred thousand—and its shares are two hundred and fifty florins ($100) each. These are said to have paid for themselves ten times over; and some of their holders live luxuriously, I have been told, without any other income.

A gayer throng than the month of July or August gathers at Homburg I have not witnessed, and in it is usually a larger proportion of pretty and engaging women than almost any European capital can lay claim to. I fancy the atmosphere of the place must be favorable to good looks. Maidens, wives, and widows, who had been wan, worn, and moping in Vienna, Florence, or Nice, were rosy, fresh, and vivacious in the gardens and avenues of the little capital. On the terrace behind the gambling-house I have frequently heard in half a dozen languages the admiring comments made by Continentalists on the beauty of Columbia's daughters. I have noticed, when foreigners see an unusually lovely woman, and discover she does not belong to their own nationality, that they immediately conclude she must be an American. I remember several fair New Yorkers at Homburg, whom Frenchmen apostrophized, Italians raved about, Spaniards admired in silence, and Germans drank beer over. They always created a stir when they appeared on the promenade, and the consciousness that they were appreciated added to their charm.

There is no material difference between roulette and trente-et-quarante as played at Homburg and elsewhere. The tables are equally thronged, and by much the same kind of people, though the players in general are younger and less prosaic. Adventurers and adventuresses of the higher sort seem to gravitate to those springs. London, Paris, Naples, and Berlin send there their sons and daughters of fortune to woo her in a new form, and under favoring combinations. Usually they have assured successes, not so much with the bank as with the frailties of our common nature. For six weeks of the summer they defy augury, and, kissing their hands to the purple mountains, hurry joyously away with new purses and new prospects, determined, when fate frowns, to return again.

The last time I was in the Cursaal I could not help noticing a high-bred and handsome woman who always betted largely on the red, and lost repeatedly, without seeming to feel any interest in the game. She appeared to play for distraction, and the sad expression in her eyes and the drawn lines of her mouth indicated that she had made the acquaintance of sorrow. Something about her awoke my curiosity, if it did not elicit my interest; and I was trying to read her history by the light of my imagination when an acquaintance, observing the direction of my gaze, inquired if I knew who she was. Answering in the negative, I was informed she was the daughter of a Hungarian nobleman. She had run away with a captain of cavalry, and been disinherited by her father. Her lover then deserted her, like the base churl he was, and, going to Smyrna, she married an aged and very wealthy merchant, who soon after died. Her father, about that time, became financially embarrassed, and she secretly sent him money, by which he was enabled to discharge his debts. Subsequently she wrote him, imploring his pardon; but he denounced her bitterly, and refused to forgive her either in this world or the next. She loved him devotedly, so much that she had in her heart no room for another affection, especially after the terrible blighting of her first passion. For dissipation she had recourse to travel, and this proving empty, she seeks excitement and forgetfulness in rouge-et-noir. Still handsome, possessed of magnetic presence and charming manners, her hand has frequently been sought by men of great influence and high position. She uniformly answers that she has no more love to give; that it is her destiny to live alone and be a wanderer for the remainder of her life. Every once in a while she writes to her obdurate parent, who now resides in Pesth, but will not reply to her letters. She thinks and says she would die happy if she were forgiven, but that she never dares to hope for forgiveness. So the seasons wane and the years creep on, and she, stifling for sympathy, puts all friendship and affection aside because an unnatural father has locked his heart against her and thrown away the key.

Wiesbaden, population twenty-two thousand, is the capital of the Duchy of Nassau, and the chief residence of the Duke. It lies to the west of Frankfort, as Homburg does to the north, being three or four miles further from that historic city. Pleasantly situated on the spurs of the Taunus, nearly one hundred feet above the Rhine, it is surrounded by handsome villas, remarkable for the beauty of their gardens. Most of these are occupied by the wealthy bankers and merchants of Frankfort, the great money centre of the Continent. They spend large sums on their grounds, not a few of which are models of elegance and taste.

It has always seemed very fitting that Homburg and Wiesbaden should be in such proximity to an extremely opulent city, so that in the event of financial stress at the

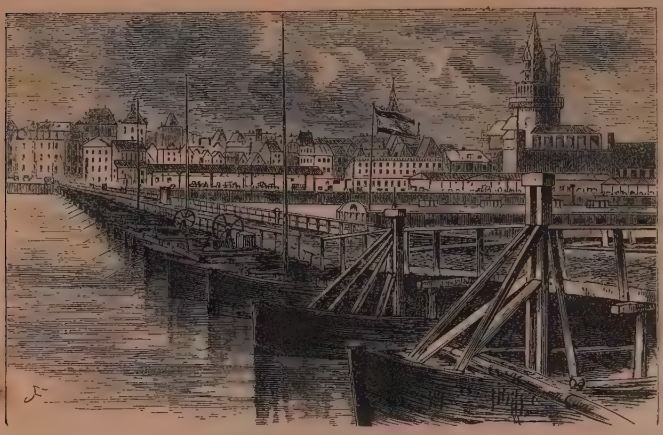
AT THE KOCHBRUNNEN.

Cursaal the gambling companies might negotiate unlimited loans.

The prosperity of the two spas largely depends on Frankfort, a favorite place of residence for foreigners, and the richest city for its size on the globe. The capital of the bankers there is estimated to be over $100,000,000, with a capacity to control, through their numerous connections, fully as much more.

Wiesbaden is one of the oldest watering-places in Germany, and Pliny, in his Natural History (*Sunt et Mattiaci in Germaniâ fontes calidi trans Rhenum, quorum haustus triduo fervet*), refers to what was the basis of the present town. Traces of a Roman fortress, garrisoned, according to the inscriptions, by the fourteenth and twenty-second legions, were discovered not long ago on the Heidenberg, to the north of the city, and on the northwest side the Heidenmauer now forms a sort of town wall. The Emperor Nero, if we accept tradition, once built and occupied a palace on what is called the Neroberg, in the outskirts, where stands a splendid Greek chapel, erected as a mausoleum to the memory of the Duchess Elizabeth Michailowna. Consequently Wiesbaden is classical beyond question, and if you remain there long you will discover that it is also contemporaneous.

The Kochbrunnen—no doubt one of the *fontes calidi* of Pliny—is the most important of the warm springs (temperature 156° Fahrenheit), and is connected with the Curgarten by a long iron pump-room in the form of a veranda. The most noteworthy buildings are the ducal palace, the palace of the dowager duchess—built in imitation of the Alhambra, and on the height near the Cursaal—the ministerial buildings, after the Florentine style, and the Gothic Protestant church, with its five tall towers. Of course the architectural and social centre is the Cursaal itself. The principal hall contains copies of the Apollo, Venus, Laocoön, and other celebrated antiques, and is embellished with pillars of red and gray marble, indigenous to the region. The portico of the Cursaal is after the ever-reproduced Pantheon, and looks out upon a charming square,



BRIDGE OF BOATS AT MAINZ.

ornamented with fountains and beds of plants and flowers, the leaves and petals of which make beautiful shades and contrasts of color. On each side of the square are broad colonnades lined with fancy shops, and attended, as at Baden, by women selected for their good looks and their art of cozening. The different dining, drawing, reading, ball, and gambling rooms are arranged and furnished in the same sumptuous, rather florid manner as at the other spas, and the pleasure-grounds in the rear of the Cursaal have the same agreeable walks, pleasant grottoes, sparkling fountains, and miniature lakes. These are the chief promenades, and at stated hours are thronged with fashionable loungers listening to the excellent music and the, to them, still sweeter tones of their own voices. The main thoroughfare of the town, Wilhelmstrasse, is half a mile long, excellently built, and skirted with shade trees. The Platte, a hunting residence of the Duke, crowns a hill nearly sixteen hundred feet high, some five miles from Wiesbaden, and the view therefrom extends over the entire valley of the Rhine as far as the Haardt Mountains, with Mainz in the foreground. Through the large telescope on the platform I could distinctly see persons crossing the bridge of boats connecting that city with its suburb of Castel. The excursions in the vicinity of Wiesbaden rank next to those of Baden in number and picturesqueness.

The visitors to Wiesbaden the year before the Franco-German war were nearly forty-five thousand, of whom one-third were passers through. During the winter as many as two thousand strangers stay in the city, attracted by its public institutions of science and art, though the tables are always closed, I believe, toward the end of October.

It is a mistake to suppose that all the frequenters of the gambling-houses there or elsewhere are addicted to play, for many who go to the saloons daily never lay a florin on the green cloth. I have known persons to spend ten or twelve summers at the spas without ever being tempted by the unvarying and dogmatic invitation of the tailleur. The members of this non-playing class are generally Americans and English, with a sprinkling of Germans. They turn over the papers in the reading-room, walk in the gardens, talk, smoke, sip coffee and wine in the restaurants, and seem, on the whole, to enjoy themselves more than the gamesters. For the great mass the tables, it can not be denied, are the chief attraction of the Hadean quartette; but any one of the springs will be quite as pleasant, if less exciting, when the occupation of the croupiers has gone forever. Though it is not polite to call these spas hells—for the reason, perhaps, that they have borrowed the art of the architect, the painter, and the upholsterer to serve Satan with—they really deserve the name more than any similar establishments on either side of the Atlantic. They make every thing seem decorous and delightful: they cover flagons of poison with flowers, and daub skeleton heads with gaudy pigments. All this brave show only serves to render more perilous what is hidden, and enables the mind to deceive itself more readily. The players, as a rule, are skillful maskers; they have complete control over their facial expression, and bear the loss of their last napoleon with an air of indifference which does honor to their discipline. They always remind me of the guests at a fashionable party, so fearfully bored do they appear when their hearts and pulses may be leaping wildly, and every nerve of their bodies thrilling to the highest. Most professional blacklegs have a certain negative deportment which in society is deemed desirable, and the habit of gambling has a tendency to improve external manners at the ruinous expense of morals.

Players at Wiesbaden are more conservative than at Baden or Homburg. Some of the wealthiest habitués of the place bet invariably with the greatest caution. Some of the Frankfort bankers, worth millions, whom I might name, never make their stake above a napoleon, and usually content themselves with wagering three or four florins.

Three years ago, a notorious lorette from Paris reached Wiesbaden with one hundred francs, all the money she had in the world.

She had most extraordinary good fortune. Three days after her arrival she had swelled her slender capital to two hundred thousand francs. She then resolved to return home; had paid her bill at the hotel, had packed her trunks, and was expecting the carriage to take her to the station. The carriage happened to be late, and she waited for the afternoon train. With four hours on her hands, she strolled into the Cursaal, firm in her purpose to play no more. The fascination of the game was too much for her: she placed her mise on the tapis vert, and in an hour she was penniless. She announced her intention to commit suicide, and somebody interested in the tables, hearing of this, went to her and promised her two hundred francs if she would leave Wiesbaden before executing her purpose.

The gambling companies do not like to have their business injured by self-slaughter on the spot; and if any poor devil, bankrupt in hope and fortune, can make them believe he seriously designs bidding eternal adieu to the planet, they will furnish him means to take his leap at some distance from the place where he has wrought his ruin.

The lorette gladly accepted the offer, went by express to Paris, expended what she had left in a petit souper at the Café Helder, merrily bade good-by to her friends, and the next morning her body was found in the Seine.

This sad story having become bruited, a young woman in the same circle, who had

"PLEASE DON'T DIE HERE."

experienced the same adversity, likewise declared that nothing but charcoal and a close room could relieve her woes. One of the croupiers was apprised of this, and knowing

AT EMS—A BELIEVER IN "THE WATERS."

AT EMS—THOSE WHO GO THERE TO PICK UP A LITTLE MONEY.

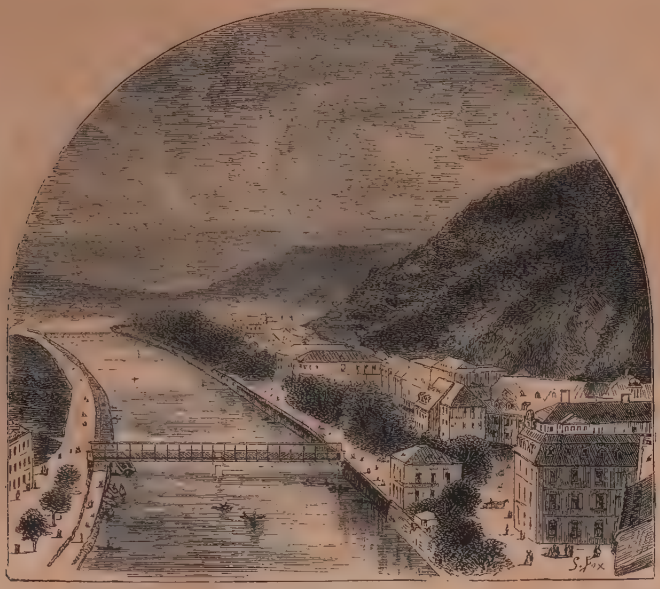
the disposition of the demi-mundanes to visit Azrael without invitation, he called upon "Elise," in behalf of the Direction, with a promise of five hundred francs if she would defer her demise until she reached Frankfort. Entering into a covenant with him to that effect, he accompanied her to the station, purchased her ticket, and saw her off.

Two days after, she was back again, betting furiously against the bank, and actually broke it before dinner—the only time it was forced to suspend during that entire season.

The dealer at roulette and rouge-et-noir needs to be, and is, worldly-wise. He is very keen-eyed, and, notwithstanding his calm manner, sees every thing that is going on before and around him. Generally he has been, like the croupiers, a player himself, and has accepted his position either because he has seen the folly of betting against the bank, or because he has lost all his money. It is difficult to deceive him, and he usually detects a sharper as quickly as a banker detects a counterfeit note. Sometimes, however, he is, to use the English phrase, taken in, as he was last season.

A very well-dressed and well-mannered man, pretending to be an Italian count, and staying at the Nassauer Hof with a plenitude of luggage, made it a point to lose a rouleau of napoleons every day for a week, and then ceased betting. The next week he won largely at trente-et-quarante—probably fifty thousand florins—and disappeared, leaving his bill unpaid and his trunks unclaimed at the hotel. No one could imagine the cause of his sudden exodus and of his apparently dishonest conduct after his pecuniary success. One morning, however, a Russian officer who had won a rouleau of napoleons tore open the paper—these rouleaux are carefully put up and sealed in red wax with the stamp of the company—and saw, to his amazement, that it contained a small cylinder of lead. He showed it to the dealer, who at once handed him the amount of coin the rouleau represented, stating that the bank had been swindled, and inquiring if any body else had any of the fictitious gold. It was found that the galerie had come into possession of more than twenty lead cylinders, which it had taken for some $1600, and that the bank had so many of them that it refused to disclose the extent of the fraud.

The soi-disant Italian count—he was afterward suspected of being a Maltese smuggler—had evidently fully matured his plan before making his appearance in Wiesbaden. He had counterfeited almost exactly the stamp of the bank, had even grooved his little cylinders to imitate the coin, and had achieved a most striking external resemblance between them and the genuine rouleaux. The tailleur was promptly discharged from his position, and since then the dealers have been more careful than ever to see that the sealed papers placed on the tapis are entirely correct.



VIEW OF EMS.

A very quiet village and comparatively quiet watering-place is Ems, or Bad-Ems, also in the Duchy of Nassau, and fifteen miles north of Wiesbaden. It is picturesquely located on the river Lahn, along which runs a pleasant terrace, and is surrounded by verdant hills and delightful landscapes. Like Wiesbaden, it was known to the Romans, as has been proved by the frequent finding of ancient vases and coins in the neighborhood. From the bridge over the Lahn, commanding but a limited view, eight different independent principalities could once be seen, showing to what an absurd extent Germany

AT EMS—THOSE WHO GO THERE TO DROP A LITTLE MONEY.

was formerly divided up and infested by petty tyrants. These little principalities, duchies, grand duchies, kingdoms, electorates, and landgraviates were long the curse of the nation. Bismarck has changed all that, and by the empire has made not only unity but strength.

The village now has nearly 4000 people, and within a few years has undergone a marked alteration. It used to be limited to a row of lodging-houses on the right bank of the river, but recently a new town, largely consisting of handsome residences, has risen on the left bank, and is much the pleasanter quarter of the two. Among the most conspicuous buildings are the bathing-house (its four towers give it the appearance of a church or castle), the old Curhaus, connected by an open hall (filled with shops) with the Cursaal, devoted to the same purposes as at Homburg and Wiesbaden. The gambling saloons and other apartments are not so showy as they are elsewhere, but they are pleasant and in very good taste. The new bath-house on the left bank is a large square structure, with two court-yards and gardens in the middle, and two mineral springs that are pumped up by steam. A covered iron bridge unites this bath-house with the promenade on the opposite side of the river.

The most famous springs, the Kesselbrunnen, the Krähnchen, and the Fürstenbrunnen, varying in temperature from 79° to 117°, are inclosed in the hall belonging to the old Curhaus. The waters, the chief ingredients of which are bicarbonate of soda and chloride of sodium, have a great reputation for efficacy in pulmonary and feminine complaints, and some 200,000 bottles are exported annually to every part of Europe.

To the east of the village the Bäderlei, a rough group of slate rocks, rises precipitately, and half-way up are Hanselmann's caves, resembling small casemates and embrasures, their origin unknown. In the vicinity are remnants of Roman watch-towers and intrenchments, and some magnificent points of view, including the scenery of the Rhine.

About eight thousand guests usually spend the summer at Ems, which assumes to be much more exclusive and much higher toned than the other spas. If rank and title can render it so, its claim is just, for barons, counts, electors, and dukes are almost as abundant there as invalids. Their number has increased since the Emperor William and Bismarck have become regular visitors. The first time I ever saw those dignitaries was at Ems. I had no difficulty in recognizing "Old Dutch Bill," as a Colorado iconoclast called him, from his resemblance to his portraits. Bismarck, however, looks quite unlike his pictures. He has an exceedingly strong, worn, and unattractive face. It repels you almost by its expression of hardness and sternness, and yet you feel that it belongs to no ordinary nature. The more you see of Bismarck the more you are convinced that he must be the greatest and the homeliest man in Europe. The tables at the Cursaal are not so crowded as at Wiesbaden, but the stakes are generally higher. Some of the noblemen have an inordinate passion for gambling, and must seriously impair their revenues by its indulgence.

BISMARCK.

An eccentric baron always spends July and August there, and though now in his eighty-fifth year, he is as profoundly attached as ever to trente-et-quarante, and believes that it and beer are the true poles of enlightened being.

One of the croupiers at Ems is said to have had a most adventurous life. The illegitimate son of a German margrave, he was educated a soldier, and served with distinction; then became a religious enthusiast; traveled all through the East; was by turns a Mohammedan, a member of the Greek Church, an Israelite, a Roman Catholic, and a Buddhist. Finally he turned atheist, and by his father's death inherited a considerable fortune. He married three times, and quarreled with each of his wives; set up as an epicurean and a dilettante, and soon grew to be a sensualist and a sot. Half crazy with dissipation and reduced to poverty, he found himself at Ems. Having had large experience in gambling, he applied for the position of croupier, and was employed on condition that he should cease to drink. He pledged himself to total abstinence, and has kept his pledge. A wreck of his former self, he is still a croupier and nothing more. All this within twenty years; and within the next twenty, if he live so long, he will be seated there, with his stony face, raking in the stakes and smiling like a ghoul.

The man ends when the croupier begins. A croupier is altogether without future and without ambition. Once that, he is incapable of becoming any thing else. Nobody

A GENUINE CROUPIER.

ever heard of a croupier who desired or would accept another position. He won't rise, and he can't fall. Poets are born; croupiers are made.

The infatuation of gambling, as any one must see who stays any time at the German spas, is well-nigh beyond cure when the habit is once fixed. The gamester, after a certain while, is fated. Indissolubly wedded to his idol, like Tannhäuser to Venus, he cleaves to her though a thousand Lisauras slay themselves; and, even after confession and repentance, he is won back to the treacherous goddess, never to leave her until the Day of Judgment.

Over the front of the Conversationshaus and Cursaal seems inscribed the motto of the abbey of Thélème, "Do what you will!" But when you enter, and tarry there, and yield to temptation, your will deserts you, your pride and self-respect. You may behold forms of beauty; you may catch the perfume of the gardens; you may hear the sweetest strains of music; you may have dreams of distant peace and whispering hope; but instead of helping or inspiring, they will only torture you. Beyond and above the beauty and the perfume, the music and the dreams of peace, only one phrase—

"Rien ne va plus,
Rien ne va plus,
Rien ne va plus"—

will echo and re-echo through your mind and heart like a knell, a judgment, and a doom.

THE MOUNTAINS.—III.

ILLUSTRATED BY PORTE CRAYON.

THE North Fork of South Branch rises among the highlands of Pendleton County, and flowing northeastward through a narrow valley between the great Alleghany and North Fork mountains, joins the main river five or six miles above Petersburg. The whole course of this stream is a sublime and encouraging example of the truth of that ancient adage, "Patience and perseverance remove mountains." And certainly nowhere east of the Mississippi is the strife of ages between the gigantic stubbornness of rock and the conquering perseverance of water recorded with more curious accuracy, or illustrated with more strange and stupendous pictures.

Our adventurers, retracing their route from the plains to a point one mile above Petersburg, there wheel nearly to the right about, cross the river, and take the old Seneca road up the North Fork.

There is a new graded road leading to the same goal, very good and practicable for carriages, which shuns the stream and clings to the hill-sides. The old road coasts the river with frequent fordings, is very rugged and difficult, but from it the picture-gallery is exhibited to much greater advantage. Indeed, the river itself is always a pleasing companion, never growing monotonous or wearisome in your thirty miles' ride, with its continual alternations of flashing rapids and transparent emerald pools, wherein shoals of trout may be seen, deep down, gliding amidst the mirrored pictures of graceful overshadowing trees and singular rock pinnacles that adorn the banks. There is no delay in opening the entertainment, and a short distance after striking the old road the eye is arrested by a magnificent geological illustration of the upheaval of stratified rocks. The arch is regularly drawn as a rainbow, of grand proportions, and its square breaks and fresh tints of red and yellow amidst the dark green foliage stare like a garish piece of scene-painting.

Pursuing our route, we ford the river, and anon at the base of a mountain spur, where we might have expected to see a log-cabin with clapboard roof and mud chimney, we are astonished to behold the lofty battlements and castellated towers of a feudal stronghold, gray with antiquity, and deserted except by a company of crows. Were it not that the anomaly of feudal castles in the Alleghanies is somewhat too preposterous,

ARCHED STRATA.

and the disenchanting daylight rather too searching, we might have indulged in our illusion for a reasonable time, so square cut and artificial is the natural masonry, so characteristic the architectural forms.

This romantic pile is designated by the natives as the "Chimney Rocks," which indicates a republican contempt for medieval reminiscences. These, however, are but the preliminary surprises ere we enter the grand portal of this valley of wonders.

A short distance above these towers we enter the "Cloverton," or North Fork Gap, where the young river, here not over forty yards in width, has cut its way through a mountain more than two thousand feet in height. The passage is so narrow, and the opposing precipices crowd so closely on the stream, that it has required a deal of labor and blasting powder to open a convenient roadway. Passing under the shadow of these overhanging cliffs, we presently find ourselves in a vast amphitheatre of rock-faced terraces, rising one above the other, until they culminate in pinnacled summits touching the clouds.

As we proceed, stopping from time to time to look backward and upward, the scene develops in extent and intensifies in interest; but not until we have reached a point two miles above does the eye comprehend its sublime proportions at a single glance.

From here the mountain-sides appear to be built up of massive lines of fortification of the ancient Moorish type.

"The embattled tower, the donjon keep,
The loop-hole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round them sweep,"

are all pictured with a grim distinctness and vastness of design which put the works of puny man to shame. It is altogether the most magnificent rock picture I have seen in the Alleghanies, but, like most of them, wants water, the stream at best being too small for such a canvas, and here especially, as if frightened at its own work, it creeps in concealment among the trees and bushes.

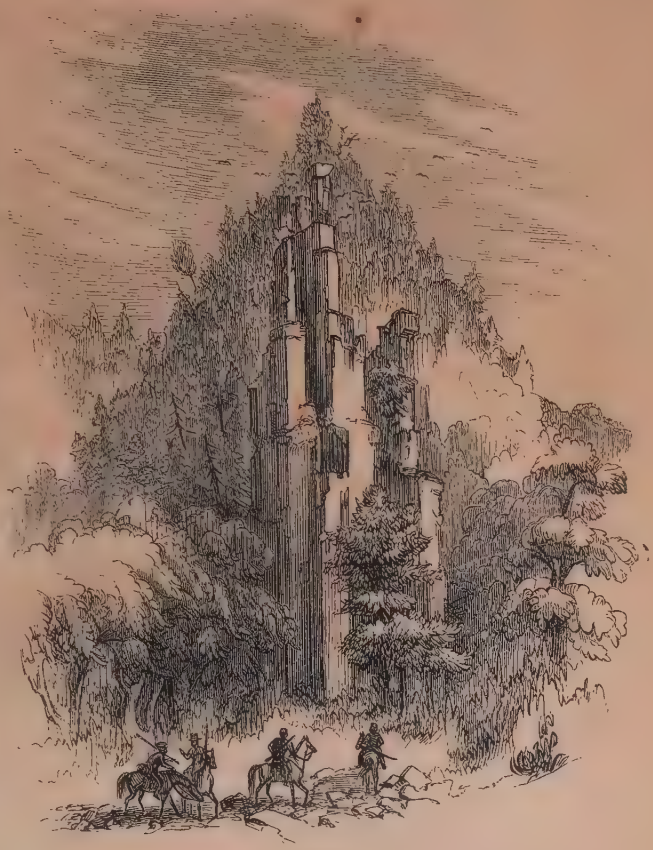
Having devoted an hour or more to the studying and enjoying of this picture, our travelers mounted and resumed their road, passing with a cursory glance many a pretty cascade, curious outcropping of rock, and minor bit of landscape, which, elsewhere located, might have been the motive of a day's journey.

Still a few miles beyond, the highway leaves the river, crossing some high plateaus, and becoming comparatively uninteresting until it again rejoins it. During this separation the stream runs through a narrow gulch hemmed in by overhanging precipices, affording no passage for horses, and only practicable to hardy and enterprising footmen during periods of low water. At this season the river was reasonably flush, and our adventurers, rather satiated with rock-work, concluded to leave that chamber of wonders unopened.

About night-fall we reached Adam Karr's, eighteen miles from Petersburg. Being con-

siderably jaded by the ride, and having been attracted by the sight of some extraordinary pinnacles a mile or two below, we determined to rest here all night, and take time to gratify our curiosity in the fresh morning.

The patriarch of the North Fork received us with a hospitality not perhaps so original and picturesque as that of the man of the mountains, but with equal frankness and cordiality, and in a house whose architecture and appliances indicated its propinquity to a good graded turnpike. He too was surrounded with stalwart sons and buxom daughters, and his household was crowned with a substantial, smiling wife, which gives things an air of comfort not otherwise attainable.



THE CHIMNEY ROCKS.

Adam Karr had also seen something of the world. Having driven cattle in his youth, he had recollections and anecdotes of sundry visits to the lowland towns, and perhaps had been even as far as Baltimore. But these were among the vanities of his youth, and had left little or no impress on his manners or character. With a fine, genial, honest nature as a foundation, he had grown up, the human product of his adjacent mountains and meadows. The lord proprietor of some two thousand acres of rocks and forest, lying at all angles between a perpendicular and a plain, he was a mighty hunter of deer, and could tell bear stories to compete with Meshach Browning. Five flint-lock rifles of different calibres and patterns stood behind his chamber door—percussion he despised as an innovation—while skins and antlers adorned his hall in true baronial fashion. The fierce glitter of his eye and iron steadiness of his arm as he handled one of those hunting-pieces, of length and weight to crush a dandy sportsman; his bare, horny feet, impatient of shoes, except on ceremonious occasions; the rude simplicity of his speech, occasionally startling by its directness—all savored of the mountains, savage and rock-ribbed. But his estate was also enriched with several handsome strips of river-bottom, whose fertility reminded one of the Moorfield country. Hence the comfortable homestead was surrounded with well-bred and well-fed stock, with plenty of corn in the cribs and hay in the barns. And hence, also, there was a certain milkiness, as it were the milk of sweet-corn, flowing from old Adam's heart, which was abundant enough to make one forget the ruggedness, and love the man as he stood.

Once upon a time a youthful minister of the Gospel was sent out to preach in this wilderness. He was fresh from his theological studies and the indulgence of a doting mother. His health was fragile, but his zeal strong; very poor in worldly goods, but rich in faith. The field he was ordered to cultivate was missionary ground, full of difficulties, discouragements, and even dangers, without the romance of foreign travel or the *éclat* of adventures among the heathen—a field where humility and self-sacrifice were demanded without the remotest expectation of honor or profit, except the ennobling honor

NORTH FORK GAP.

of having fulfilled a duty, the inestimable profit of having laid up treasure in heaven.

Resolutely, and with the courage of a martyr, he turned his back upon the libraries and firesides of civilization, and, to fulfill his first engagement, made his way on foot up the savage defile, wading the river where practicable, and begging a lift behind some mounted drover where the water appeared too deep. Arrived, foot-sore and weary, at the log temple, the seat of his ministerial labors, he found an encouraging assembly awaiting his coming. The crowd represented Shakspeare's seven ages of man, from the puling infant in the mother's arms to the oldest inhabitant—of both sexes, but chiefly women—and some changes in the description of the intermediate characters. Dogs were numerous, and also horses, with several light wagons and a neat four-seated carriage, indicating the presence of some landed aristocrat. All the company were in their best clothes and Sunday-meeting manners, while numbers were suffering under the affliction of shoes in honor of the occasion.

Meekly depositing his flaccid carpet-bag with a brawny, bearded elder, the neophyte stood behind the desk and delivered his well-conned sermon. It was heard with devout and flattering attention, with only the occasional and inevitable interruptions incident to such assemblies: the screaming of an im-

REFUSED TO BE COMFORTED.

placable baby, which obstinately refused to be comforted; the periodical dog-fight, originating in the vacant space in front of the preacher's desk, and smothered out under the benches occupied by the women; a stampede on the male side of the congregation, occasioned by a row among the horses outside, or the report of a critter having broken his bridle.

In spite of these disturbances, the young minister's *début* was highly satisfactory to his audience. What they didn't understand proved his superior scholarship, and what they did was flattering to their own intelligence. The sermon was doubtless good in itself, but "to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet;" and the Word, as he delivered it, seemed very sweet and profitable to the starving souls of the North Fork.

After service was ended, and with it the absorbing sense of his spiritual responsibility, the youthful brother's carnal nature reminded him of his long morning's walk and light breakfast, and that he was most atrociously hungry.

With a feeling of satisfaction, which similar experiences only will enable one to appreciate, he accepted the invitation of Adam Karr (the owner of the neat little carriage) to go home with him. The motion of the vehicle was a delicious rest after his walk, while the aspect of the motherly dame beside whom he was cushioned filled his hungry imagination with comforts he had hardly hoped to find in these mountains. He held it no sin, no turning back from the plow or lusting after the flesh-pots, to picture a table filled with rustic delicacies, ham and eggs, a smoking pot-pie, milk and butter in abundance, certainly, perhaps a haunch of venison. Well, here we are arrived. The neat weather-boarded house, painted without, the snug bedded parlor, ceiled and wainscoted with poplar plank, and carpeted with rag carpet, so far above the ordinary style of the country, all tended to assure him that he had not overestimated the character of his hosts nor the quality of the expected meal. Yet mid-day was long past and twilight approaching ere the hoped-for announcement was made. At length it came.

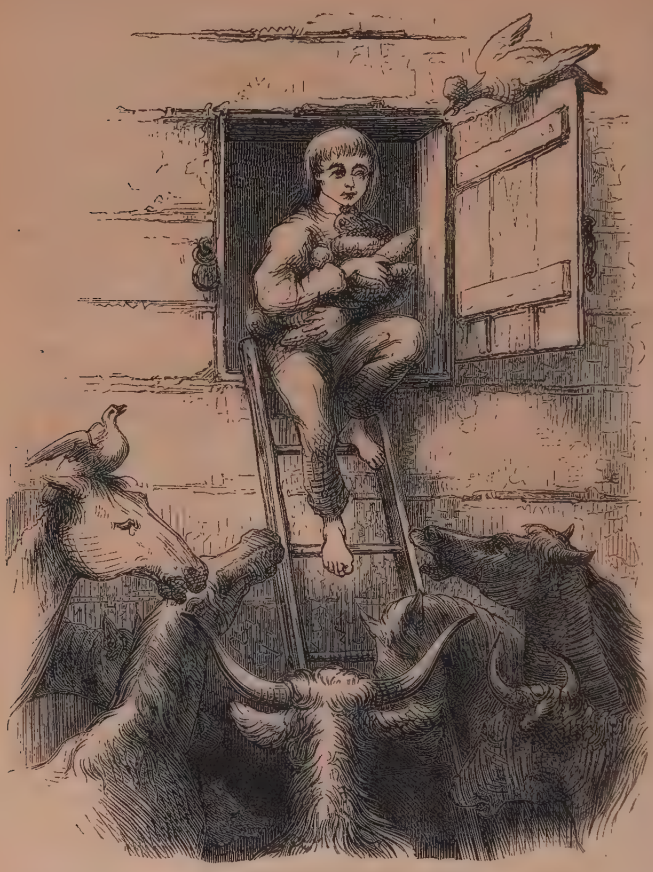
"Young man, step in and take a bite of supper with us. We live middlin' rough and poor up here, but a good Christian oughtn't to mind that."

Introduced to the supper-room, he there beheld an oaken table surrounded by rude stools and benches. On it was neither cloth nor plate, cup, knife, nor fork—neither bread nor meat, butter nor milk. Its nakedness was relieved only by a single large wooden bowl containing a smoking mess of frumenty, or wheat boiled in milk, a bucket of water in which floated a gourd, the outer edge opposite each seat garnished with wooden or pewter spoons. A single tallow dip candle flared and smoked over the melancholy scene.

At a signal from the host the family ranged themselves around the board, and the clerical guest was courteously motioned to a seat beside him. The blessing, pronounced in a tremulous voice, sounded like a prayer for strength to endure rather than enjoy the food provided for them. After the Amen the patriarch took up his wooden spoon, and pitched into the dish before him, curtly informing the stranger that he had better follow his example. Youth and necessity did not wait for a second bidding. He did pitch in, and as the mess had been well salted and buttered, it was not so bad as it looked.

Thus the family circle dipped and ate with a will, and with more merriment than one would think such a feast could provoke. When drink was needed, the dripping gourd was passed from mouth to mouth, and when the bowl of frumenty was nearly emptied, it was again replenished from the pot over the fire, showing that the fare was not limited in quantity at least. Our youth had partaken freely enough to stay his hunger, but had still indulged the hope that this was only a sort of introduction to the meal, and there might be something else coming; but at length there was a general cessation of the spooning, and he was requested to return thanks.

Shocked by the suddenness of the call, he would fain have gone in for a few additional spoonfuls, but it was too late. It was then that a full sense of his position was realized. O nature! if this was the style of living among the magnates, what would it be with the commoners of his congregation? But the youth felt the spirit of the ancient fa-



GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

thers swell within him—that grand and mysterious source of strength which stimulated St. Anthony under the heat and privations of the deserts, which warmed St. Francis in his ice-bound cell in the mountains, which sustained St. Simeon Stylites on his lonely pillar through all the vicissitudes of the seasons. The heavier the cross the greater the glory.

Transcending the curt and formal ceremonial which usually follows the feast of roast beef and plum-pudding, he returned thanks with a fervor and prolixity which bore witness to the triumph of mind over matter, the trampling under foot of carnal weaknesses, the resolution to endure all things. Its earnestness touched even the rugged heart of his entertainer, who, as they left the table, grasped his hand with,

"I'm glad, young man, you enjoyed your supper; it's mighty healthy feed, and won't give ye the dyspepsy."

Having made up his mind to it, our neophyte passed an unusually cheerful evening with the family, slept that night the sweet sleep of the laboring man, and rose to thank God for a clear head and an appetite sharp enough to accept gratefully whatever food the ravens might bring.

On being ushered in to breakfast, his astonishment was so great as nearly to upset his manners. There was a table spread with a snow-white cloth, and garnished with all the appliances of modern civilization (not, however, including such flummeries as napkins or silver forks). There were dishes of juicy beefsteak, fried chicken, eggs, hot cakes, honey, maple-molasses, and coffee—a board abundant enough to breakfast a whole conference.

He rubbed his eyes and pinched himself several times ere he ventured to ask the blessing, tremulously doubting the while whether he would not presently awake from his dream, to find this mirage of a hungry imagination resolved into a bare bowl of frumenty. The attentive host piled his plate with ample proofs of its substantiality, while the smiling matron of the coffee-pot refused to let his cup remain empty for a moment. One might have observed among the younger folks a disposition to titter, which was checked by the corrugated brow of the patriarch, beneath which his own eye appeared twinkling humorously.

"I reckon you thought you had a rough supper last night, didn't ye?"

The guest answered meekly and truthfully that it had done him good, and he slept delightfully after it.

"Well, to tell the truth, we mostly live better than that up here, but I thought I'd jist try you onst, to see if you wasn't one of these proud, stuck-up fellers. That kind won't do any good in these mountains. But you took it kindly, and said as long a grace as if you'd had a first-rate supper. You'll do."

And he did do. A day or two after, being called to visit a sick person some miles distant, he prepared to go on foot, when old

Adam forbade it, saying "it didn't look respectable for the preacher to be tramping about the country." At the door stood a horse, saddled and bridled. "That horse is yourn," said he; "he never stumbles, and will carry you safe any where a man may want to go."

And so, laboring zealously but meekly, with patience and tact, regardless of self, and mindful only of the work in hand, our mountain missionary continued to grub among the moral rocks and stumps of his rugged field, sowing the good seed intrusted to him by the Master in every available crevice and cranny. Some seeds, indeed, fell by the way-side, some fell in stony places where they had not much earth, and some fell among thorns; but some, he had reason to believe, took root and bore hopeful fruit. But this was not all his reward. When his two years' mission was ended, he departed not as a stranger, but amidst the tears and regrets of many sincere and warm-hearted friends; not on foot, but pacing pleasantly on old Adam's sure-footed gift; not in seedy broadcloth, thin, patched, and empty, but in a brand-new suit of substantial gray jeans, with a hundred dollars in the pocket; not pale, nervous, and hypochondriac, but with cheeks flushed with health, and the inspiring consciousness of a sacred task faithfully and cheerfully accomplished.

KARE'S PINNACLES.

Fortunately our entertainer did not take it into his head to test the quality of our humility, but at once took a fancy to both the major and myself, whose traveling experiences enabled us to avoid his rough angles. On the other hand, he looked askance at Dick, and could scarcely conceal his contempt of Augustus, who had asked divers inane questions about bears, wolves, wild-cats, and other familiar quadrupeds, whose appearance and habits every child ought to be acquainted with—at least, so Adam thought.

Next morning we mounted and started to look at the rocks, with old Adam himself as our guide. Retracing our road for about a mile, we crossed the stream, and following up a rocky ravine washed by an insignificant rivulet, at length stood in front of the Pinnacles. These are two sheets of rock strata, about forty yards apart, rising perpendicularly from the slope of a mountain to the height of two or three hundred feet above the surrounding forest. Seen on end, they resemble obelisks or spires, singularly slender and artificially wrought, the breaks and fissures all square cut like gigantic masonry. From the side view their summits appear cut into the most jagged and bizarre forms, imitating no work of human invention, but rather suggesting the incomprehensible industry of demons—such uncouth, aimless, and mighty masses as are always by the popular imagination attributed to the devil.

A growth of lofty forest trees springs around the base of these rocks, as if to afford the opportunity of estimating their towering height by comparison, while every crevice and jutting angle is wildly adorned with moss, shrubbery, and a stunted growth of pines. The view of the rocks and the gorge which they overlook is romantically beautiful, and, taken from the opposite side of the river, affords a more regular picture, but not

so curious and characteristic as the sketch given.

Returning, we amused ourselves killing snakes, which are plentiful hereabout, and at the river were the accidental witnesses of an interesting event in the lives of the *ferœ naturæ* of these regions.

At some distance off, perched upon a dead tree which commanded a view of the proprietor's meadows and stack-yards, we observed a bald eagle sitting like a statue of Liberty, his golden head shining in the sun. It was proposed that Adam should try the range of his long rifle upon him, which he prepared to do; but "ere a bead was drawn" the eagle swept from his perch and sailed grandly over the meadows, and then poising himself, made a swoop at something near the stack-yard.

"There goes a good hen, the thievin' devil!" exclaimed Karr, spitefully, letting fly a wild shot at the rising robber.

The eagle evidently had something in his claws as he rose; and, strangely enough, after the shot, instead of sailing off to some comfortable mountain-top to enjoy his dinner, he continued to rise perpendicularly, wheeling in rapid circles upward and upward until he was lost to view.

Old Adam chuckled as he observed, "I think that chance shot spiled his fun for him, I do." And so we all strained our eyes into the blue firmament, endeavoring to see the eagle, instinctively the while riding toward the stack-yard. But it is useless; he's gone; and the shot only crippled or frightened him. Then we were astonished at hearing a rushing sound through the air, which rapidly neared us, and the eagle came down like a falling star, striking the earth a hundred yards ahead, and about the same distance from the spot where he struck his quarry.

We dismounted and rushed forward to verify the marvelous shot, but found another explanation still more curious. The eagle was stone-dead, without the mark of a bullet about him; but under his thigh was a hole eaten in to his very heart. A few yards off a weasel, torn and bloody but still alive, trailed its way through the grass with a broken back.

"A quarrel among thieves," said old Karr, "and the chickens will git their due now."

But some of us, not so materialistic in our views, pitied the weasel, and regretted that, after his sublime ascent and heroic defense of his life, he had not escaped safe and sound.

The major rather took part with the eagle, disgusted that so grand a warrior should have fallen by so contemptible an enemy. As for the weasel, what better time for it to die than after a victorious contest with the king of the air? So thought old Karr as he set his heel on the varmint's head and put it out of its misery.

Crossing the river homeward, the style and keeping of our host's riding-mare attracted observation. She had evidently better blood in her veins than is common among the mountain hacks, and the owner was proud of her. The major admired her points, and thought she could run.

"So she kin," replied Adam, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, as if there was some facetious mystery connected with the subject.

"Was her speed ever tested?"

"Yes, it was, to my sorrow," replied Adam, still looking funny and demure.

"Did you lose much on her?" cried Dick, earnestly.

"I never bet nothin'," said Karr; "and she won her race too, but it was a mighty bad win for me. She didn't run too slow; the trouble was, she run too fast."

There was a long level stretch of road in advance, and the major, who had an idea of purchasing, intimated that he would like to try a brush with her. Dick, also, feeling his horse-jockey blood stirred, offered to bet a thousand dollars he could beat her for any named distance.

"You're mighty free with your money, young man, and I'm glad you've got it to bet; but, as I was a-saying, I run no more races. It was on this very ground she won her last match, and I swore then she should never run agin as long as she was my mare."

Perceiving that the old man rather desired to be pressed on the subject, the major solicited him to give us an account of the race alluded to.

"Well," replied Adam, assuming the air of a story-teller, "it happened jist as I'm a-goin' to tell ye. About two years ago I had been out to salt some cattle, and was comin' home this way, when I meets Jim Pogue ridin' of a young horse he was mighty conceity about; and so, the first thing, he banters me for a race, offerin' to bet me a thousand dollars" (here a glance at Dick), "although I don't believe he could have raised fifty to his name without a-sellin' the critter he was a-straddle of. Howsomever, I made no account of his braggin' and bettin', but, having a mind to try the mare a little stretch, I took up his banter, though I had my rifle along jist as I have now, and had the adwantage of him of fifty pounds in weight (he being a slip of a feller like Mr. Rattlebrain there), which fifty pounds adwantage is a disadwantage in horse-racin', and not to mention the inconwenience of the gun and pouch. But I took no account of these things, and off we started. Now Pogue's colt, bein' young and brash, got about two jumps ahead in the start, and I holdin' the mare in to keep her level; but she was too ambitious, and we was soon neck and neck, and I was about passin' him, when we struck the spring branch where it crosses the road, and lit right in the middle of my wife's flock o' geese. Among us we

THE RACE.

killed two or three of 'em, and sich a squawkin' and flappin' they set up as was enough to scare a man, let alone a horse. I reckon my mare must have jumped the length of two fence-rails; and as for Jim Pogue, I see him travelin' by himself in the air and over into the field, where he lit in a pile of brush. The colt kept on follerin' my mare, and bein' light, pushed her close, but couldn't catch her even with that.

"Not knowin' jist then where Pogue lit, I tried to hold in; but the mare's ambition was up, and the colt follerin', and I inconwenienced with the rifle, and afore I knowed it we turned the p'int fornense the barn, and there the women was in the road milkin' the cows. Through went the mare, upsettin' women, cows, and milk-pails, all in a heap. I pulled till my shoulders ached, but she had the bit in her teeth, and it was no use. Then, as luck would have it, I had a Berkshire sow I give fifty dollars for down in Moorfield the year before, and jist ahead she was layin' in the road sucklin' her pigs—thirteen pigs, and nary a runt among 'em. Well, the devilish mare lit right on top of 'em with her fore-feet, and killed and crippled about half the litter.

"Now by this time I was gittin' pretty nigh desput, for, thinks I, she's killed my wife and half the stock on the place, and she'll keep on over the high bank above the house, jump into the river, and break her neck and mine both. So I laid my rifle crossways, and with both hands pulled on her right rein, so as to draw her head in toward the gate, thinkin' she might stop there, as she was used to do. But, you see, she had sich headway she couldn't stop short, but she turned, busted clean through the gate, and fell back on her hams. As she did so, I went one way and the rifle another. The gun struck a rock as she fell, broke the stock short off behind the lock, and the jar set her off, and killed my wife's big red chicken-cock. I lit head-foremost on the log step there by the porch, and certainly would have mashed my skull, but my bear-dog, old Howler, happened to be layin' there asleep in the sun, and, for one piece of good luck, I hit him plump, and broke three of his ribs; so he hasn't been good for nothin' since, but saved my skull, which I reckon was of equal value."

Old Adam's story, as it proceeded, was accompanied with hurrahs and hilarity which made the mountain echoes shout and storm with reiterated applause. The narrator, although maintaining a lugubrious gravity throughout, was evidently as much tickled as any of his hearers.

"And what became of Pogue?"

"Oh! well, you see, while I was a-washin' the blood off my head, I see Pogue go by afoot and limpin'. 'Pogue,' says I, 'come in, rest and refresh, and pay me that thousand dollars.' But the feller walked on, and never looked up."

"And what did the old woman say?" asked Augustus.

CLIFFS OF SENECA.

"Young man," said Adam, with a queer twist of his mouth, "git married yourself, and you'll not have occasion to ask so many foolish questions."

Being satisfied that the proprietor was not approachable on the subject of selling his racer, the party, on their return, bundled up their traps and prepared to pursue their journey. Karr expressed great pleasure at their visit, and urged them to return in October, promising, as an inducement, a grand deer-hunt. "I don't keep a pack of hounds," said he, "like they do down on the branch; dogs can't run among these rocks, and jist scares the game with their noise; but I'll jist put my four boys in the mountains, and if there's a deer or a bear in there, they'll wake him up, I reckon, and they kin outrun any pack of hounds in Hardy."

After a ride of five miles our travelers reached the mouth of Seneca Creek, a tributary of the North Fork. Here, on some open ground immediately at the junction of the streams, they involuntarily halted, to gaze at the stupendous cliff which rises on the opposite side of the river.

This cliff exhibits the same geological structure and the same peculiar character of those noted from time to time since we left Moorfield. Indeed, from the eastern

border of Hampshire to the Alleghany Ridge, running transversely, and entirely independent of the usual horizontal and inclined strata of the mountains, this line of perpendicular upheaval may be continuously traced, sometimes along the hill-sides, appearing in long lines not higher than an ordinary stone fence, then in every cross valley and ravine cropping out in art-like mimicry of chimneys, castles, campaniles, and cathedrals. These exhibitions continue for many miles above the point we had reached, but the cliffs at Seneca are reputed the loftiest and grandest specimen of this peculiar rock-work to be found in the valley.

The junction of the North Fork Turnpike and the Pack-horse Road, across the Alleghanies from Beverly, has grown up a little settlement at this place, consisting of half a dozen families, with the conveniences of a store, a post-office, a blacksmith's shop, a school-house, and, I believe, a meeting-house and apple-jack distillery. There was no tavern or regular place of entertainment; but to atone for this deficiency, any of the householders were ready to take in travelers as a special favor.

Having been recommended to Adamson, the proprietor of the mercantile establishment located about a mile up the creek, we presented ourselves, and were hospitably received. Here we dined, and spent the afternoon lounging about the store, and hooking a mess of trout from the Seneca, determined to devote a fresh day to viewing the cliffs.

Adamson is an exotic, a Scotch-Irishman, who has the reputation of being a shrewd, intelligent trader and a worthy and upright citizen. He has set up shop at this outpost to barter the knickknacks of civilization for the products of the mountains, and to furnish clothes to one class of the natives in exchange for the coats which they violently strip from another class.

The place retains many of the characteristics of those ancient frontier trading posts which we read of in the days when the United States had frontiers, and they skinned aboriginals as well as bears.

All sorts of queer people congregate here, bringing in peltries, ginseng, venison hams, yarn stockings, maple-sugar, home-made cloth, oats, corn, potatoes, butter, and eggs, to exchange for gay-colored dry-goods, crockery, tin and hardware, gunpowder, tobacco, infinitesimal packages of coffee, and corpulent jugs of whisky. Some come on foot, others in sleds, most on horseback, and very few in wheeled vehicles, the country generally not being addicted to this mode of transportation.

Adamson's fancy salesman is the model of a mountain beau, in his own conceit at least. Going to the desk to jot down some notes of our journey, I took up a scrap of paper with the following inscription, legible

THE CLERK.

amidst a maze of inky smirks and flourishes: "Sylvester Rains is my name, and happy is the gal that gits me for a man."

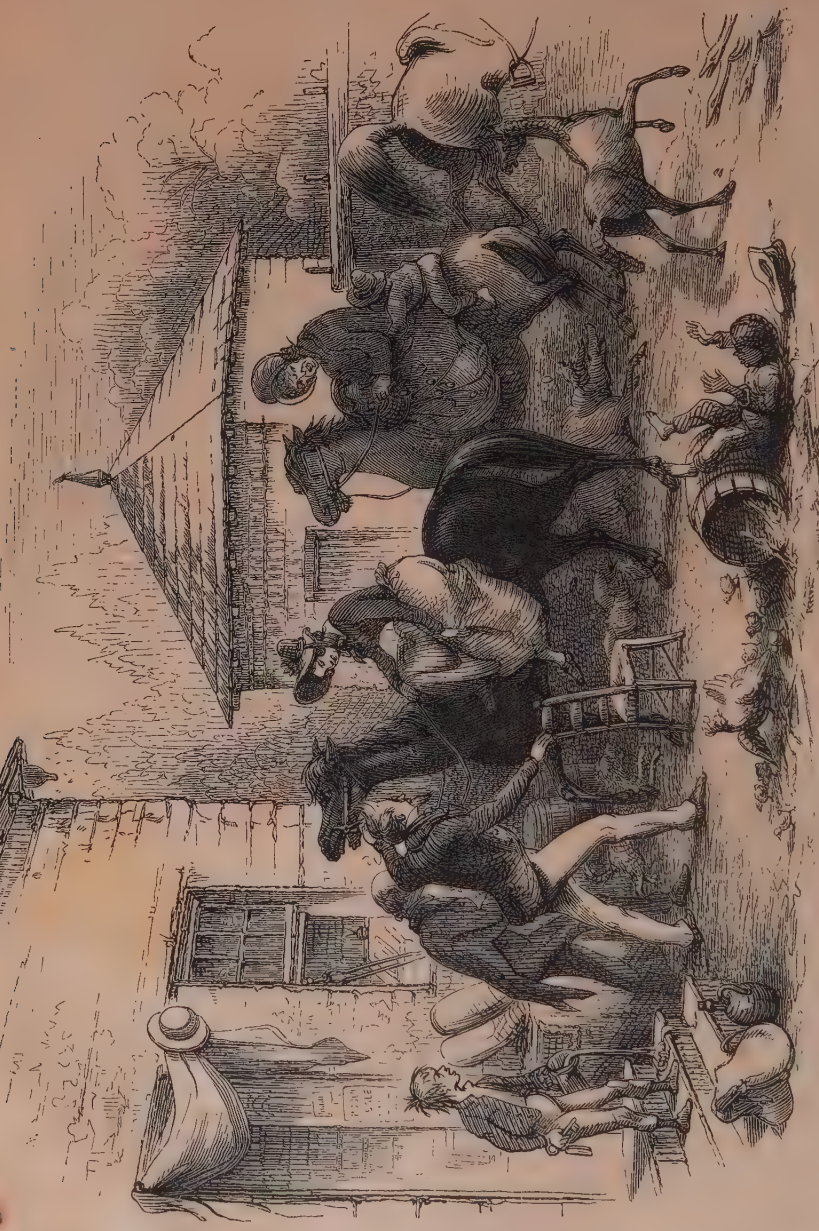
Thrice happy Sylvester, may your delusions be perennial! They will help to keep you amiable and obliging, and enable the mountain belles to make better bargains in calicoes and ribbons.

After this accidental insight I observed Sylvester more closely, and remarked that when a wrinkled dame, overladen with butter and eggs, or a sallow matron, encumbered with babies, rode up, she was allowed to dismount as best she could, and might tumble off if she could do no better; but when a frisky lass, all bouncing and blooming, appeared coming up the lane, down went yard-stick, pen, or molasses-jug, and out rushed the gallant clerk, all smiles and *empressement*.

Although neither Mahala Armantrout, nor Susie Mullinx, nor Peg Teters wore any of those absurd incumbrances called riding-skirts, and either of them could have jumped from the saddle (or meal-bag) to the ground without discommoding a flounce, and, after landing, have shouldered Sylvester and carried him into the store, nevertheless he must drop every thing, run out with a chair, and hold the critter, carry the basket in, and then, giving his roach and shirt collar each a sly twig as he passed the fly-specked looking-glass, take his stand behind the counter with, "Well, Miss Susan, what can I have the pleasure of showing you to-day?"

Meanwhile Dame Wrinkle, with her bundle, stands waiting and grumbling. "Take a seat on that tobacco-box; I'll attend to you presently, mum."

"Lookee here, man; I can't stop here all day a-foolin', I can't, eh. I'm in a desput hurry, I am, eh."



THE COUNTRY STORE.

But here comes Mr. Adamson himself, and the impatient granny prefers to deal with him in person rather than wait for that fool-feller that hain't got no manners for old folks, but only for his likes. So she trucks off to the best advantage the contents of her basket, and gets her measure of calico for her daughter's dress, two hats for her grandsons, a quarter of a pound of coffee, not forgetting the complimentary paper of snuff—the invariable conclusion of all trades and purchases in these stores.

Meanwhile Sylvester has denuded the shelves of gay prints, and the drawers of ribbon-boxes. He and his fair customer, mutually inclining over the barrier of dry-goods, continue to discuss business in a more quiet and rather indirect manner.

"I say, Miss Susan, how's folks over on Dry Fork about these times?"

"Well, all about our settlement is middlin' hearty, they are."

"Have you been a-having any fun over there lately?"

"Ya-as, indeed; we had a turrible good time at Zed Kyle's last week, we had, eh. You see, Zed had a wool-pickin', he had, and all the gals and fellers was there, they was; and Dilly Wyatt played the fiddle, and we danced the *holen joren* night, we did."

Sylvester looked radiant at the thought, and then, with a sly leer, asked, in a lowered tone, "Was Jess there?"

Susan's face seemed to have caught the reflection from the box of pink ribbons which she was examining with sudden interest. "Pshaw, Mr. Rains, what account is it to me ef Jess was there? He mostly hunts with them Kyles and Armantrouts, he does, and I shouldn't wonder ef he mought have been there."

"And he seen you home after the dance, now, didn't he?" whispered the clerk, with a smart diplomatic wink.

"He done no sich a thing," replied Susan, sharply; "'cause he only come as fur as the fork with me, and Martha White, and Mahala Armantrout, and Dilly Wyatt, and Emily Bonner."

"And I'll bet a new dress he carried you across."

"And I'll take the dress jist now off this red and yaller piece, I will; for we all waded across, we did, eh, so we did."

At this stage of the chaffering the proprietor stepped up.

"Mr. Rains, old Sam Bonner, from over the mountain, has just brought in a lot of bear-skins. Go out and receive them.—Miss Susan, I can wait on you. Have you selected a dress?"

Getting tired of the store, later in the afternoon we all strolled up the Seneca, and finding an inviting pool, we tempered the warmth of the weather by a delicious bath.

Next morning, while the air was still fresh, we rode down to see the cliff. Viewed from the spot where we stood the day before, it was still a most grand and imposing object, but entirely changed in its aspect. Then the sun shone on its face, and its strange outline was drawn white against a dark background of blue clouds and mountains. To-day the sun was behind it, and it loomed up black and grim against the clear blue sky.

It would puzzle an artist to decide between the attractions of its gay and solemn moods. Having satisfied our curiosity here, we crossed the river by an exceedingly rough and difficult ford, and then dismounting, made our way on foot up a stony path which leads to the base of the cliffs, and through the grand breach or gateway wrought by a slender rivulet trickling from the hills beyond. A nearer approach adds greatly to the apparent height and sublimity of the scene, and

OLD SAM BONNER.

as we advance, its faces change into new and wonderful shapes at every step. About half through the passage-way we turned from the road, and clambering up the abutment opposite the principal cliff, its gable end was presented to us in the similitude of a vast cathedral—a perfect architectural study, from foundation to summit, including even the details of the medieval Gothic.

I have never seen any purely natural object so nearly resemble the work of man as does this majestic fossil eruption. It has about the height and frontage of the Duomo of Strasburg, showing the lofty spire rising from a group of turrets and pinnacles, the unfinished (or begging) tower, the grand portal, a hundred feet in height, with some marvelous tracery and shadowings of Gothic windows above and beside it—in brief, all the parts and proportions of an ancient masterpiece of architectural art.

Yet, with all this closeness of resemblance, the impression made on the mind is totally dissimilar. In viewing the true cathedral we are filled with artistic admiration at the boldness of design and the beauty of details, the aggregation of costliness and labor. Yet its grandeur is beneficent, and therein is a sense of protection; its rich and varied traceries, labors of love—the sacred gifts of patience and thought to religion; the giddy height of its spires and flowering finials leads our eyes heavenward.

Coming suddenly upon the strange pile at Seneca, the first impression is of astonishment mingled with incredulity; then, as the fact is forced upon our staring senses, we are thrilled with a sentiment of vague terror. This is not a temple erected by the hands of holy and God-fearing men, but a vast caricature heaved up in this lonely wilderness by the uncouth strength of some gigantic power unknown to man. It is not a living, but a dead temple; not a ruin, as of a body

CATHEDRAL ROCK, MOUTH OF SENECA.

fallen into decay, but a weird, uncouth image, an awful, stony shadow of something that never lived, a monstrous birth of chance and chaos.

We gazed at it for hours, studying the changes in its contours effected by change of position, watching the developments in its grim countenance under the varying lights and shadows. We found it impossible by means of a sketch to convey the wild and frightful impression of the reality.

Architect—you who have the privilege and responsibility of piling up our superfluous American millions in stone and mortar—a summer's study on the North Fork may freshen your fancy, and acquaint you somewhat with the works of the oldest master in your art. Artist, a tour through this wild valley will fill your portfolio with studies worth a tour round the world. Geologist—rejoicing in the abrasions, upheavals, and contortions, the earthquake agonies of Mother Earth—up the North Fork you will find things ripped up to your satisfaction, and perhaps you may find a brass mine. Peddlers of quack medicines and bill-posters, don't go up there: the inhabitants are hopelessly healthy, and the rocks infested with rattlesnakes. For my part, I have got rid of the dyspepsia, and had my fun out of it; and to-morrow, God willing, we start for the trans-Alleghany streams.

THE HEBREW EXODUS.*

SINAI: VALLEY OF THE CONVENT OF ST. KATHERINE.

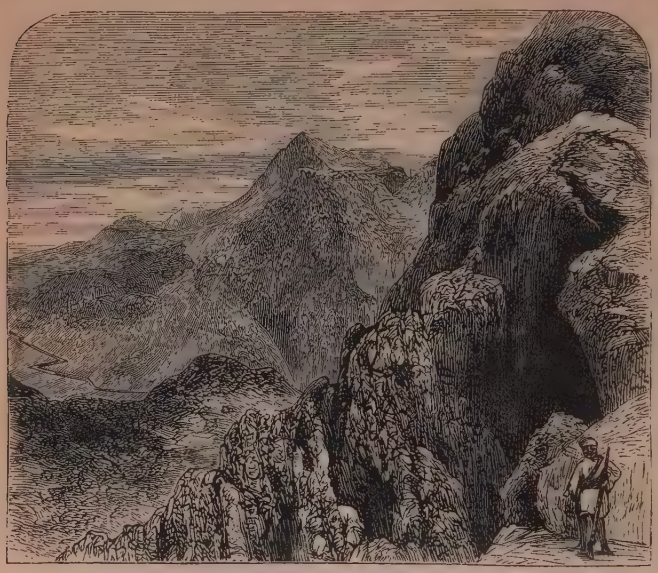
THE exodus, or great migration of the Hebrews from Egypt to Canaan, is one of the notable events in history. Of all the early migrations of races this is the only one of which there is extant any thing which purports to be any accurate record. We can only guess the steps by which our remote ancestors passed into Europe from their ancient home in Central Asia. The migrations of Toltecs and Aztecs, of temple-builders and mound-raisers in America, are lost in the night of ages. But of the Hebrew exodus we have records so minute and exact that after the lapse of almost forty centuries we can upon a modern map trace the asserted line of march more accurately than we can lay down that of Hannibal from Spain to Italy, or those of Cæsar in Gaul and Britain. The fact of this Hebrew migration is undisputed and indisputable. It underlies and is interwoven into all the history and literature of the race. The records of it exist in the Pentateuch and the supplementary book of Joshua. Even if not contemporary with the events themselves, they are, beyond all question, the oldest written history now existing. It is certain that they existed essentially as we now have them in the time of Ezra, more than five centuries before Christ. It is equally certain that they existed, in substance at least, in the time of David, five centuries earlier. That is, the Hebrew Pentateuch antedates by centuries the foundation of Rome, and was written and read long before Homer recited the Iliad and Odyssey.

No early records have been submitted to such severe criticism as these of the Hebrews. They have been assailed and defended not merely upon historical, but upon theological grounds. Three general objections have been made against their credibility. The first is to the effect that certain events, styled miraculous, are in themselves so contrary to all human experience that no amount of external evidence can warrant us in accepting them as true. This objection will not here be considered. It involves a theological question far too extended to be even touched upon within the limits to which this paper must be restricted.

The second objection is purely mathematical and physical. It is briefly this: "We are told that the family of Jacob, numbering in all seventy souls, migrated from Canaan to Egypt; and that after a period of about 215 years, their descendants, numbering rather more than 600,000 males of twenty years and upward, or between two and three millions of both sexes and all ages, migrated from Egypt back to Canaan. Such an increase is contrary to the well-established laws of physiology."

We admit the apparent force of this objection. We grant that if all the essential data upon which it is based are true, it is fatal to the credibility of the record of the Pentateuch and Joshua; and that these books

* *The Desert of the Exodus:* Journeys on Foot in the Wilderness of the Forty Years' Wanderings, undertaken in Connection with the Ordnance Survey of Sinai and the Palestine Exploration Fund. By E. H. Palmer, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. With Maps and numerous Engravings. Harper and Brothers.



SUMMIT OF MOUNT SINAI.

must be consigned to the limbo of myth to which we must assign so many of the early records of other peoples. We go further. We grant every thing assumed in the argument, saving a single point, which we undertake to show from the records themselves to be erroneous.

We grant and assume that the universal law of human increase, when not interfered with by extraneous causes, such as war, pestilence, famine, and the pressure of population upon means of subsistence, is that shown by our own successive censuses from 1790 to 1870. Making due deductions for increase by actual immigration, the law is that the human race, under favorable circumstances, doubles once in about twenty-four years. We grant also that there is nothing in the Hebrew records or elsewhere to show that there was any abnormal fecundity in that race. We grant, then, that the assumed statement that the Hebrews, in the space of about 215 years, increased from threescore and ten to two and a half millions is utterly incredible.

But we affirm, and undertake to demonstrate, that all the incredibility charged against these records grows out of a misunderstanding of the plain reading of the records themselves — a misunderstanding perpetuated from generation to generation for centuries. The records, just as they have existed all this time, are here to speak for themselves.

In the first place, the assumption that 70 souls constituted the entire Hebrew community is a clear misreading of the text. The list, as carefully given, purports on its face to embrace, with only a single exception, Jacob himself, his sons, and grandsons. But besides these, as is expressly stated, were his sons' wives; and, moreover, as in the long-run the numbers of the sexes are essentially equal, Jacob must have had as many granddaughters as grandsons. Thus the original emigrants, specified or directly implied, were 140 instead of 70. This of itself, however, we admit, scarcely lightens the difficulty; for the posterity of 140 persons, doubling every 24 years, would at the end of 217 years amount to only 71,680 —less than one thirty-fifth part of the number positively declared to have gone out.

But we undertake to demonstrate that these 140 souls constituted only a small part of the horde of people who went to Egypt with Jacob upon the invitation of Joseph, the viceroy. It would have been absurd for the Egyptian monarch to have bestowed upon such a mere family the large land of Goshen. Let us glance a little at the earlier records of the Hebrews, using here and there modern words to express old ideas.

When the childless Abram left Mesopotamia for Canaan he was no poor adventurer. He was the head of a great horde. His name—or rather title—signifies his position.* He was a great sheik or chief. In Canaan he was only overmatched by the Philistine ruler upon the sea-board. He was a match for any five of the petty kings or sheiks of the interior. An almost incidental statement gives us some intimation of the numbers of his horde. Upon a sudden emergency he was able to put in motion more than 300 "trained men, born in his own house." A pastoral horde which could on

* The Hebrew "Ab-" or "Abi-" in composition answers to our suffix "-ful," though we are often obliged to express the idea by a circumlocution. Thus *Ab-ram*, "Father of Height," is the exact equivalent for "his Highness." *Abi-melech*, "Father of the King," the title of the Philistine sovereigns, which we can trace for a thousand years, from Abraham to David, is just our "his Majesty." The Philistine ruler with whom David had to do is designated indifferently as "Abimelech," his title, or "Achish," his proper name; as a modern historian would designate the same person sometimes as "his Majesty," sometimes as "Charles," and sometimes as "the King." Let us only read and interpret the history of the Hebrews as fairly as we do that of Rome or England.

the moment furnish so many men must have numbered several thousands in all. And this was after the original horde had separated into two under Abram—now called Abraham—and Lot. We have still another incidental notice (all the more valuable because incidental) of the strength of Abraham's horde. We are told that he dug a well at Beersheba. That well still exists. No man who sees its deep excavation and massive construction will doubt that whosoever dug it had at his command a large force of men.

The Hebrew branch of the horde increased under Isaac, the peaceful son of Abraham; and again separated into two under Esau and Jacob. How strong these were may be inferred from the presents which Jacob, then the weaker of the two, offered to his elder brother.

It is clear from the narrative that the part of the horde which remained under Jacob was, on the whole, prosperous, notwithstanding intervals of famine. Upon occasion of sore stress he sent ten of his sons to Egypt to buy corn. Of course the great body of his tribe had to remain at home with their flocks and herds. When finally Jacob went to Egypt, at the invitation of Joseph, he went in state, with not only his own immediate family, but with his flocks and herds, and, of course, servitors and herdsmen, all of kindred race and faith, and all therefore properly numbered as Hebrews, or Israelites, as the horde had now come to be called, in memory of the second name, or rather title, assumed by Jacob. No census is noted as having been taken of the number of the horde; but no one, fairly considering the record, can place it at less than 5000. This number, located in a land like that of Goshen, where there was room for expansion, would by the natural law of increase, doubling once in 24 years, reach in 217 years the full number of two and a half millions assigned to them by the census recorded in the Pentateuch.

This census we admit to be one of the crucial tests by which the verity of the Pentateuch is to be tried. If we had only the casual mention (Exodus, xii. 37) that there were "about 600,000 men, besides women and children," we might suppose an error in the transcription of figures. But when we find (Exodus, xxxviii. 26; Numbers, i. 1–43) that the precise number of men over twenty was 603,550, the number in each tribe being stated, and all the items footing up exactly, there is no room for supposing any mere clerical error.* The account, as given, is either true or false. If false, it vitiates every other purely historical statement in the record. This number of men gives by

* This table shows what should, by the natural law of increase, have been the number of the Hebrews at the time when the census was taken, 217 years after the descent into Egypt, upon the supposition that the original number was 5000. The whole time is divided into periods of 24 years, at the end of each of which the population would be double that at the beginning. The years, from 1 to 217, are those after the descent. For the sake of comparison are also given the probable numbers which would have been had the original emigration consisted of only 140:

Years.	Original Emigration, 140.	Original Emigration, 5000.
1.....	140	5,000
25.....	280	10,000
49.....	560	20,000
73.....	1,120	40,000
97.....	2,240	80,000
121.....	4,480	160,000
145.....	8,960	320,000
169.....	17,920	640,000
193.....	35,840	1,280,000
217.....	71,680	2,560,000

That is, supposing the original emigration to have numbered 140, their descendants at the end of 217 years should have been 71,680—only one thirty-fifth part of those given by the census of Moses. But if the original emigrants were 5000, as we have endeavored to show, their descendants at the exodus should have been 2,560,000—as nearly as possible the exact number indicated by the census.

ABRAHAM'S WELL AT BEERSHEBA

VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF SINAI.

all reasonable estimate a total population of about two and a half millions, which is almost exactly what there should have been by our table. As far, then, as concerns the first objection which we have undertaken to consider, we think the verity of the Hebrew record stands unimpeached and unimpeachable.

But when, many years ago, we wrought out this calculation, we found ourselves thereby involved in a far more serious difficulty. It was just this—and it is one which has perplexed many another serious inquirer: Was it physically possible that two or three millions of people could for forty years have subsisted in the region wherein the record places them? We were quite ready to admit all the special miracles recorded, such as the sweetening of the bitter spring at Marah, the outgush of waters at the smiting of the rock, the gift of manna and quails, and so on. But the record did not intimate that one miraculous spring furnished water for forty years, or that flocks and herds lived on manna and quails. It seemed to us that, by the plain reading of the record, the Hebrew emigrants must have subsisted mainly upon the products of the region of their sojourn. This region, from all that we could learn, was now, and must ever have been, wholly incapable of affording sustenance to these millions of people.

I once put the question squarely to the late Dr. Edward Robinson, who had traversed the region of the exodus and wanderings. His reply was to the effect that, in order to admit the verity of the Hebrew narrative, we must assume a continuous miracle lasting for forty years — that is, for that space the Hebrews, with all their flocks and herds, must have been miraculously fed and watered.

Need I say that this explanation was not satisfactory to me? So I laid the matter by, hoping for more light upon it. If there was any accessible book bearing on the subject, I was sure to read it. But unfortunately all left the main points just where they found them. More than a score of clever men traversed the region of the wanderings, and all brought back the one story: It is, and always must have been, a desert wherein never more than a few thousand nomads could have lived for a year unless miraculously sustained.

After so many years comes the solution of the problem in this book—"The Desert of the Exodus." It resolves all my old doubts, and, without so meaning, tells me that the Pentateuch is true history. Of the book I shall not here undertake any formal review—although it is quite worthy of one. The story of it is briefly this: During the years 1868–1870 expeditions, organized partly by the British government and partly by private enterprise, were set on foot to make a thorough survey of the region of the Hebrew wanderings. Heretofore the most reliable travelers had only passed through it as mere tourists. They told what they could see from a camel's back, and from occasional points noted as of special interest. Each told in substance the same story. This expedition had a wider scope. Its purpose was to explore the region. Mr. Palmer, the author of the book, was a whole year, lacking only a month, engaged in the work. During this time he traversed on foot, as the Hebrews must mainly have done, the whole region of the exodus and wanderings. He stood upon every place where Moses and Aaron could have stood. Since then much has changed, but more remains permanent. He gives many a vivid sketch of present life and character. But just now I propose to speak of this new book only as it bears upon the old Hebrew record of the exodus.

The Hebrews migrated from Canaan and settled in the outlying Egyptian province of Goshen. The limits of this province can not now be accurately laid down: most

likely there never were any clearly defined boundaries; but of its general position there can be no doubt. It was the pastoral region stretching eastward from the Pelusian branch of the Nile, northward toward Canaan, and southward indefinitely into the arid Arabian peninsula. Measured approximately upon a map, Goshen had of inhabitable country about the area of our States of Massachusetts and Connecticut. As the population increased it tended toward the region regularly fertilized by the Nile. Hereabouts was clearly the place where their numbers grew so large as to threaten to overshadow the Egyptians. All this appears from the narration that the "Pharaoh who knew not Joseph" ordered the male children of the Hebrews to be cast into the river. This Pharaoh must not be confounded with the one during whose reign the exodus took place. At least eighty years, probably more, and therefore, in all probability, several reigns, intervened between them, during which the Hebrews dwelling near the Nile were reduced to servitude, forced to work "in mortar and brick, and in all manner of service in the field."

That this enslavement of the Hebrew race extended only over that part of it dwelling near the Nile, and thus mixed up with their Egyptian neighbors, is shown by the fact that the bricks made from river mud require straw to be intermixed to prevent cracking. Those made from the clay of the mountain torrents require no such addition. Hence the peculiar hardship of the edict that the workmen must find their own straw, as they did their clay, for making their tale of brick. Such an edict would have been no special hardship in the case of the pastoral Hebrews. Even if they were required to make brick, which could hardly be the case, they needed no straw. We thus learn that the Hebrews of the exodus were far from a homogeneous people. There were the free pastoral bands of the interior and frontiers, and the half-servile dwellers near the Nile. These latter were, we suppose, the "mixed multitude," or, as we should say, the "riffraff," who gave Moses so much trouble, and whose insubordinacy when, after two years, the borders of Canaan were reached, forced the great leader to the conclusion that these were not, and could never be, the men to achieve the conquest of Canaan. For that he must wait until a new generation, trained to discipline and obedience, had arisen.

The inception of the exodus now clears up itself. Moses, returned from his long abode in Midian, the very heart of the peninsula of Sinai, demanded that the Pharaoh of the day—not the one by whose daughter he had long ago been adopted—should allow free egress to the Hebrews. This was refused, for the monarch, instead of adopting his predecessor's scheme of an extermination of the Hebrews, had found their labor profitable to him. Then came the series of plagues, which king and people ascribed to the presence of the Hebrews. In a sudden freak, not unusual among Oriental despots, he ordered them to leave. All that he or his court then wanted was to get rid of that people, both hated and feared.

Tidings fly fast among a wild people. I have been assured by many Southern gentlemen that somehow the slaves on their plantations got information of all leading events earlier than they themselves could hear of them through the mails. The news of the edict of Pharaoh was not long in reaching every band of Hebrews scattered through Goshen. A pastoral race is ready for a move at a day's notice. All the Hebrews, with their flocks and herds, soon rendezvoused at Rameses, some threescore miles from where the city of Cairo now stands. From this point the exodus began.

The map on page 40, copied from the admirable Biblical Cyclopedia of M'Clintock and Strong, gives accurately enough for our purpose the features of this great enterprise. Let us look at its geographical characteristics.

WÁDY WUTÁH.

MEDITERRANEAN SEA
PALESTINE
LOWER EGYPT
CENTRAL EGYPT
ARABIA
RED SEA
Jerusalem
Hebron
Gaza
Masada
Sebbeh
Beersheba
Rhinocolura
Elusa
Elvada
El Abdeh
Jericho
Mt. Pisgah
Abarim or Nebo
Mattanah
Beer
Dibon-gad
Brook Arnon
Brook Zered
Jaazer
Kadesh
Rithmah
Oboth
Iye-abarim
Libnah
Kemelath
Hadadah
Benejaakan
Hor-hagidgad
Gudgodah
Jotbath
Ezion-geber
Punon
Elath
Zalmonah
Succoth
Etham
Pi-hahiroth
Migdol
Suez
Marah
Elim
Rephidim
Mt. Sinai
Hazeroth
Kibroth-hattavah
Taberah
Alush
Dophkah
Sin
Shore of Red Sea
Desert of Sin
Desert of Shur
Desert of Paran
Desert of Et Tih
Wilderness of Wanderings
Valley of Arabah
Gulf of Suez
Gulf of Akabah
Jebel Ghareb
Jebel Serbal
Jebel Musa
Jebel Katherin
Jebel Hor
Jebel Araif en Naka
Wady Feiran
Wady Sheikh
Wady Ghurundel
Wady Tayibeh
Wady Watir
Wady Nasb
Wady Ithm
Wady Jerafeh
Wady Arabah
Wady Ghuweir
Wady Hesy
Wady Ghamr
Wady Ghuzzeh
Wady Ghuzzeh
Wady Ghuzzeh

pelah is notable. They took care to keep good their legal right in that cave. Jacob insisted that his remains should be deposited there, and so it was done. The Hebrews were careful never to permit their claim to this one spot to lapse. Joseph required that his own remains should be placed in the family sepulchre, thus keeping up the claim. Even in the hurried exodus Moses took care that this should be complied with. Thus Joseph, as one of the heirs of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, gave formal notice that for himself and his co-heirs he claimed the right to the sepulchre at Machpelah, and consequently to the whole territory vested in them.

Why Moses did not take the short route to Canaan is clearly told. The Hebrews would have to pass through the region where for centuries the Philistines had established a powerful government. This people would, of course, oppose the passage of the Hebrew horde—for as yet it was only a horde, with no military and little civil organization. Moses clearly saw that time was required to mould his horde into a nation. Hastily expelled from Goshen, there was no other place for this organization than in the desert of Sinai. Here he had dwelt for forty years, and was therefore well acquainted with its physical character. Toward this region he led his people. The route, as indicated upon the map, led almost straight away from Canaan. Instead of marching northeastward, the Hebrews went for four days' journey almost due south. The Egyptian king now took a sudden resolve. Instead of merely expelling the Hebrews, he would exterminate them. They professed to intend a few days' march into the desert for the purpose of sacrifice, after which they would return. They should, he resolved, never return to Goshen, and so thereafter threaten the safety of Egypt. With a large force Pharaoh came upon them as they were hemmed in between the mountains and the sea. Their destruction seemed inevitable. Then occurred the passage of the Red Sea at a narrow point near the head of the Gulf of Suez. How far this passage is to be considered as miraculous, in the ordinary sense of the word, we do not stop to inquire. We leave it just as the record leaves it. The fact of the passage is not disputed. That no record of this event appears upon Egyptian monuments is easily explicable. The Pharaohs recorded only the glories of their dynasties; they passed over their reverses; omitting even the mention of monarchs whose reigns were inglorious. It is a matter of question whether the Pharaoh of the exodus is mentioned in their annals.

After passing the Red Sea the route of the Hebrews led them into the so-called "deserts." We must not be misled by our modern use of the term. The words which we so translate mean simply a region mainly uninhabited, not necessarily one uninhabitable. Thus, in the old use of the word, the fertile prairies of the valley of the Mississippi would a hundred years ago have been styled deserts. For a few days the route of the Hebrews was through an arid region, where they suffered severely from lack of water. Then, as shown on the map, they turned sharply to the east, and penetrated the mountainous region of Sinai. This march occupied about three months; and as it was begun early in April, they reached the region of Sinai in early summer. Here they remained nearly a year, during which time the code of laws was promulgated, and a civil, military, and religious organization effected, which transformed the Hebrews from a horde into a people.

Some question has been raised as to whether the Sinai of the Pentateuch is to be considered as the mountain which bears the name of Jebel Musa, "the Mount of Moses," or as that now known as Mount Serbál, a dozen or twenty miles to the northeast. We

JEBEL 'ARADEH.

MODERN BEDOUIN OF SINAI.

agree with Mr. Palmer that the claims of the former are fairly established. The region lying within a radius of a score of miles from Jebel Musa we assume to be that occupied by the Hebrews for a year, and upon its physical capacity, at the time, for affording them subsistence, rests, as far as our present purpose is concerned, the argument for the credibility of the Mosaic history. We believe that the results of the Sinai Exploration confirm the narrative.

The general physical characteristics of the region are told by the illustrations better than they can be by words. The region consists of bare peaks intersected by narrow valleys. In such a region the one thing essential to fertility is constant water. Water is only supplied by condensation from the atmosphere, which will appear in the form of snow or rain, depending upon the temperature at the time and place. Now, as fully appears from scores of notices in this work, there is an abundant rain-fall, at least during the winter months, in these regions; and this is even now sufficient to keep up constant streams in the valleys. Even now a very considerable population, such as the Hebrews were, could live permanently in the region. Though they murmured at the lack of the vegetables to which they had become accustomed in Egypt, they could live, as the Bedouins now do, on the products of their flocks and herds. Many a modern nomad, from year's beginning to year's end, only eats the flesh of his herds and their milk. Bread and vegetables are unknown to them. They have, indeed, the quite modern luxuries of coffee and tobacco, of which Moses and Aaron knew nothing. Wherever there was water, there would be grass. Wherever there was grass, their herds could live. Wherever their herds could live, they could live upon them. Their meat was carried upon foot, bearing also, if need were, the water absolutely necessary for the supply from one stream or fountain to another.

The illustrations which we take from the "Desert of the Exodus" present, as has been said, the present appearance of some of the principal valleys in the Sinai region. Even the present rain-fall, if properly utilized, as it must be where rains are of only periodical occurrence, would be sufficient to render these valleys abundantly productive. "Well watered" is the frequent note made upon a little valley. Great floods are not of unfrequent occurrence. Water-worn rocks and heaps of débris bear permanent testimony to their existence. They still occur now as of old. Thus in 1867 there was a *seil* or flood in the Wády Soláf, by which an Arab encampment was swept away, forty human beings, with many camels, sheep, and other cattle, being lost.

But it is clear that in the course of the centuries since the exodus the region of Sinai has changed for the worse, and that in accordance with natural laws the existence of which is fully recognized. The region was once a well-wooded one, whereas now a single great tree is a notable object. This fact is evinced by the remains of great mining operations, mainly for copper, once carried on here. The copper for the implements of the old Egyptians came mainly from the "desert" of Sinai. Over and over again the explorers came upon huge heaps of "slag," the refuse of great smelting-works long since vanished. These heaps of slag imply a former abundance of fuel, and this fuel could consist only of wood growing in the region; for this was the only fuel that could be employed, and this could not possibly be conveyed to any great distance. These great heaps of slag, first fairly noticed in this volume, thus become silent witnesses to the

credibility of the Hebrew records, after the lapse of more than three thousand years.

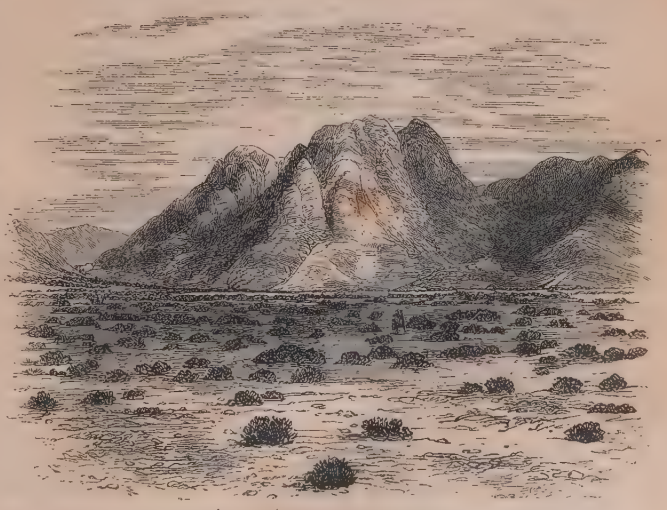
The argument runs thus: These heaps demonstrate the former existence of great smelting-works, and these works imply a wooded region. Then, as now, we may grant that the peaks were bare, but their lower sides and the valleys were clothed with forests. Any man who has seen how in a few years a single furnace eats up the forests for miles around, in order to gain its supply of fuel, understands the whole story as to how the entire character of a region may be thus changed in the course of years. Trees, as we are now coming to understand, play an important part in the great economy of nature. They furnish natural barriers against sudden floods. Their roots penetrating the soil form a sort of sponge, which absorbs the rain-fall, causing it to pass off gradually instead of in a sudden torrent, sweeping away the soil. In the admirable work of Elysée Réclus on "The Earth" are some paragraphs in which this idea is set forth in respect to the Alps; they would apply with still greater force to the region of Sinai. The Chinese, from whom we still have much to learn, understand this. They maintain groves all along the courses of their rivers and canals.

Besides acting as regulators, forests have much to do in deciding the absolute amount of rain-fall. The cool foliage of a great tree condenses the atmospheric moisture, which would otherwise pass on with the aerial currents. Nothing in physical geography is better established than that the destruction of forests in any region diminishes the amount of rain-fall, and that fertility depends essentially upon this. "To cut down the trees" was, among the Greeks, the phrase to designate the permanent devastation of a region. It is the destruction of forests, more than any other one thing, which has within a few centuries transformed the African shores of the Mediterranean, once the granary of the Roman empire, into a desert.

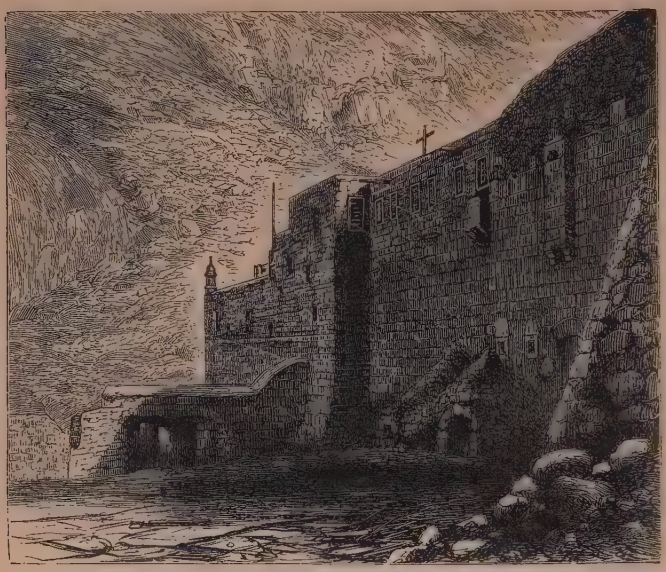
Apply these facts and principles to the case in hand. Mr. Palmer shows, from personal observation, that the region of Sinai is even at present capable of subsisting a very considerable population. And he also, almost without so meaning, shows that its capacity at the period of the exodus must have been far greater. He also shows that at every point where the record places the Hebrews there was abundant physical possibility for the occurrence of every thing which is related of them. Therefore the alleged physical impossibility of the narrative of the events of the year's sojourn of the Hebrews around Sinai is, we think, fully disproven.

Following the stations marked upon the map from 1 to 14, we reach Sinai probably by the very route taken by the Hebrews. Mr. Palmer shall describe for us the scene as it broke upon him as he approached: "Before us lies a narrow valley between two huge blocks of granite mountains, and closed in at the upper end by a conical green hill. The two peaks which form the posterns of this valley are, respectively, on the left Jebel ed Deir (the 'Convent Mount'), and on the right Rás Sufsáfeh (the 'Willow Peak,' so called from a single willow which stands in a secluded nook among the naked rocks). The last is Mount Sinai itself, the very mountain, in all human probability, upon which 'the glory of the Lord rested in the sight of all the people.' A stately, awful-looking, isolated mass it is, rearing its giant brow above the plain as if in scornful contemplation of the world beneath. At the basis of the bluff is a long circular mound, forming a sort of amphitheatre, from which a select congregation of elders might obtain a nearer view of the mountain." This valley, indeed, by actual measurement, would have afforded standing-ground for the whole people, every one of whom could have seen at least the summit of the bare mountain.

Proceeding up the valley are passed several places, designated as historic ones, until the Convent of St. Katherine is reached. This convent has been often described. It is real-



RÁS SUFSÁFEH, FROM THE PLAIN.



GATE OF THE CONVENT OF ST. KATHERINE.

ly meant for a fortress, although by no means impregnable. Entrance to it can only be gained through proper introduction. When travelers approach, a loud shout is raised, a little wicket in the wall opens, a turbaned head appears, and your business is asked. If all appears right, a rope is let down, to which the strangers attach their letter of introduction from the branch convent at Cairo. If all then is right, a side-door is opened, through which the visitors are admitted. Not very many years ago they were only admitted through a little wicket thirty feet above the ground, up to which they were hauled by ropes. Once inside the walls, the visitor seems ushered into a new world. "Amidst the cold gray hues and deep shadows of the mountains," says Mr. Palmer, "rise up the graceful forms of tapering cypress-tress, and their dark, rich foliage is thrown into harmonious contrast with the lighter verdure of the poplars which grow beside them, and with the varied tints of the olive and almond trees that peep above the wall. Sheltered behind this lovely garden is the monastery, looking very calm and peaceful, and suggesting nothing of the nest of dirt and ignorance within. Strongly fortified though the convent is by its massive walls, it is ill adapted for withstanding a determined attack, being easily commanded from either side of the valley."

This present Sinai Expedition was bent on work more serious than that of talking with the monks of St. Katherine. The members were to make a thorough survey of the region, and were, moreover, supplied with a photographic apparatus, by which they were enabled to produce accurate representations of what they saw, or ought to have seen. Some of these are here reproduced. Those in the immediate vicinity of Sinai speak for themselves.

After some weeks the expedition went westward from Jebel Musa toward Mount Serbál, which, as has been said, has by some been claimed as the Mount of the Law. While we do not admit this claim, the region has a special interest, for here occurred a notable incident in the march to Sinai. Here was Rephidim, where the rear, or perhaps flank, of the Hebrews was assailed by an onslaught of the Amalekites, the dwellers of the region to the north. Here, from an eminence, the aged Moses and his older brother Aaron watched the fight conducted in the plain below by the young Joshua. A rocky cliff is here shown as the one upon which the leaders were seated. Positive certainty is, perhaps, not to be assumed; the probabilities are, as Mr. Palmer shows, wholly in its favor. The cliff itself, now called Jebel Táhúneh, "the Mountain of the Windmill," rising about 700 feet, overlooks a watered valley, just the one which would have been likely to have been the scene of such a battle, or, as we should now style it, an "encounter," not in great force, but between a detachment of Hebrews and an irregular force of Amalekites. If this position is correctly assigned, it shows incidentally just what we would expect, that the Hebrews moved not in a compact body, but spread over a space of many square miles.

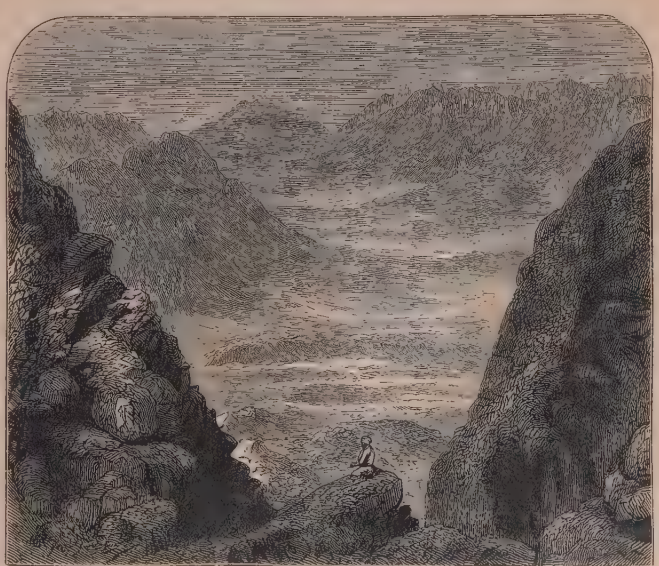
Other views in the region of Mount Serbál are of interest as showing the general features of the neighborhood. One of these, the "Wády Feirán," deserves particular notice. "We followed," says Mr. Palmer, "the flat sandy course of the Wády Soláf. The year before it had been a flourishing grove of tamarisk-trees; but now nothing remained to show what it was but a few scattered roots half covered with boulders which had lodged there in their passage down the valley. After a walk of seven miles we reached a narrow passage between the rocks, about one hundred feet long by twenty wide, through which we presently came to the palm grove of Wády Feirán.

Here the tall graceful trees afforded a delicious shade; fresh water ran at our feet; and above all the *bulbuls* flitted from branch to branch, uttering their sweet notes. Our camp was pitched in a lovely spot at the mouth of Wády 'Aleyát, a large open space completely surrounded by steep shelving mountains. Palms and tamarisks were dotted all around, and on every hill and mountain slope were ruined houses, churches, and walls, the relics of the ancient monastic city of Paran. Behind our tents rose the majestic mass of Serbál, and beneath the rocky wall opposite ran a purling brook." This palm grove, we are elsewhere told, extends for miles along the valley. From the accounts of casual tourists one would hardly expect to find such a scene in the very heart of the desert of Sinai. Rare as such a scene now is, there is no room to doubt that there must have been many counterparts of it at the time of the exodus. Quite probably the Hebrews during their sojourn of a year did much toward the devastation of the region. For many a purpose they must have cut down the trees.

After staying a year in the region of Sinai the Hebrews in early summer set out on their march to Canaan. Their general route is indicated on the map. It ran almost due northward from Sinai. To trace it, follow the numbers from 14 to 20, which bring them to Kadesh, upon the borders of the Promised Land. This march occupied about nine months, making two years from the time when they left Egypt. To these two years belong almost all the events recorded in the Pentateuch. Of the succeeding thirty-eight years there are only a few isolated incidents. The stations marked from 21 to 43 indicate only those almost casually mentioned as having been occupied during these years. Probably these stations do not indicate any regular march of the whole body, but rather the various movements of the tabernacle—the migratory capital of the people.

What took place at Kadesh is the key to the history of the eight-and-thirty years known as the "wanderings," in distinction from the two years of the "exodus," properly so called. Reaching the frontiers of Canaan, twelve scouts were sent on to spy out the land. After forty days these returned with glowing accounts of its fertility, but ten out of the twelve declared that the people were too strong to be successfully assailed. The Hebrews, especially the "mixed multitude," broke out into open mutiny. They proposed to set aside Moses, and choosing a new leader, to retrace their steps to Egypt. Then by a sudden revulsion of feeling they made a disorderly movement, were repulsed, and driven back. Moses could not but perceive that his people were not yet fitted for the conquest of Canaan. It must be reserved for another generation, who should be trained to discipline and military obedience. Meanwhile the active work of discipline was confided to the strong hands of Joshua. Of these thirty-eight years of wandering the census taken at its close furnishes an incident of great historical importance. The population had not increased: it had actually diminished several thousands, showing clearly that it was a period of great hardship.

Of the march to Canaan, and the conquest of that country, we can here touch but briefly, although the book of Mr. Palmer throws much fresh light upon it. As a military movement it must certainly take place among the great marches of history. When all was ready Moses and Joshua asked permission of the Edomites to pass through their territory, promising that the march should be a peaceful one. This was refused. The Hebrews might undoubtedly have forced their way; but, with rare forbearance, they respected the neutrality of Edom, and made a long detour, which, as shown upon the map, led them almost half-way down their long march from Sinai. Then avoiding the



VIEW FROM THE CLEFT ON RAS SUFSAFEH.

WÁDY FEIRÁN.

head of the eastern gulf of the Red Sea at Ezion-Geber, they rounded the territory of Edom, passed along its eastern boundary, and after striking fiercely at those who attempted to stay them, turned to the deep valley of the Jordan, crossing the river at the only point, even at this day, practicable for an army, and struck the land from the northeast instead of from the southwest, which would have been the straight line of approach. That the invasion was actually made from this direction is undisputed. The wide detour which was involved is indicated on the map. Measuring approximately, but nearly enough for practical purposes, a march of 200 miles would have brought the Hebrews from Goshen to the heart of Canaan. Instead of this their journey from Rameses to Sinai, thence te Kadesh, back to Ezion-Geber, thence around Edom to Jericho, was not much less than 1000 miles, not counting the migrations during the thirty-eight years of wandering.

Over most of this space the author of the "Desert of the Exodus" passed. Of it he gives by far the best account yet furnished. We can hardly anticipate a time when a more thorough and conscientious survey will be made. The general result is that in every essential point whereupon physical facts could be brought to bear upon the question the truthfulness of the old Hebrew records has been confirmed. Nowhere, certainly, has it been weakened. Apart from its value as a record of adventure and observation, and this is by no means small, the work is of great historical worth.

In considering the questions involved we have most carefully left out of view all that pertains to the special divine origin claimed for the Hebrew records. We have not assumed that Moses was the author of them, or of any part of them. Supposing them to be, what no one will dispute, only early records, existing from times beyond which no history reaches, we think their verity confirmed in every point now capable of direct confirmation from a careful survey of physical facts still existent.

"It may be objected," says Mr. Palmer, "that, as the Israelite host was miraculously guided 'by the Pillar of Cloud by day, and the Pillar of Fire by night,' we need not, or ought not, to argue from the probabilities suggested by the physical features of the country. To this I would answer that we are expressly told that 'God went before them by day in a pillar of cloud *to lead them the way*,' not to make for them a road, but to guide them in the best and easiest path, and we are therefore the more bound to take into consideration every thing which could give one road preference over another. The difficulty of providing water for the cattle by which they were accompanied has proved a great stumbling-block to many, but this Mr. Holland has considerably lessened by a novel and ingenious suggestion. He believes that, instead of being an incumbrance to the movements of the host, they were used as beasts of burden, and that, in addition to the camp furniture, each carried its own supply of water, sufficient for several days, in water-skins slung at its sides, precisely as Sir Samuel Baker found them doing at the present day in Abyssinia."

The question as to the miraculous events recorded is of an entirely different order. Those who hold that no such events can be proven by any human evidence, will, of course, disbelieve these. We believe their existence upon what appears to us adequate testimony. We believe them just as we believe that the earth is so many miles in diameter, and so many miles from the sun; just as we believe that in a certain year Columbus sailed across the Atlantic and found the New World. In no one of these cases have we, and in some of them we could not, if we would, thoroughly investigate the evidence. We believe the asserted facts upon testimony, just as we believe most things whereof we have no doubt.

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

[First Paper.]

EMILIO CASTELAR.

THE LATIN PEOPLES.

I.

IN spite of the armies of kings and the excommunications of popes, modern civilization is democratic. The social structure, resulting from so many centuries filled with revolutions, so many revolutions filled with catastrophes, the double movement of facts and of ideas, philosophy and politics, all alike diffuse in the human conscience the principles of liberty, of equality; and these principles, essential to justice, are gradually leveling the power of the great, and raising the humble to the realization of their rights.

It is a common error to attribute to institutions the power of generating sentiments and ideas which shall sustain and perpetuate them, when, in fact, institutions are merely the social forms assumed by the spirit of the people in any given age. No one of the great historic monuments which have fallen and covered the soil of Europe with their ruins —neither theocracy, nor feudalism, nor the ancient monarchy—would have fallen if it had not lost the vitality of ideas and the basis of faith.

As long as the people believe firmly in an institution, it endures. It may be personified

in a Charles II., feeble and infirm, without force to sustain the sceptre and the sword of his ancestors in his withered hands, without life to engender life, with the ghastly pallor of corpses in his face, the hair dead on his empty head, the eyes extinguished, a shadow of shadows haunting sepulchres and tormented by witchcraft and sorcery, but who, when he appeared before the Spanish people of the seventeenth century, among whom the monarchical sentiment was still alive, was always received with transports of enthusiasm; for this imbecile king represented to the popular mind the spirit of past generations, and the sacred image of Spain.

Advise a people educated in this manner to proclaim a republic, and they will not understand you. The monarchy has created the nation, as the Divine Word might create a planet. The monarchy has dictated the laws, which secure the relations of the family and assure the tranquillity of home. The monarchy is the representation of all the traditions, the splendor of all victories. The name of the king is associated with the name of God in prayer, the image of the king with that of the country in memory. The warrior invokes it in battle; the navigator salutes it when the land sought for in the solitudes of the seas appears like a new creation. The poet seeks his inspiration in its greatness, and exalts it in his epic and his tragedy. The painter sketches the face of the king beside that of the saints on the altar. All the manifestations of public and private life repeat the name of the king so constantly that the crown is in the midst of the nation like the sun in the midst of the stars—the key of society.

But this force of the monarchy was found in its prestige, and this prestige in the faith with which the people believed in it and the ardor with which they loved it. Institutions which are not believed in and not loved lose color and force: they fall and die like leaves without sap. The church would have succeeded in converting Europe into an ascetic theocracy, if the failure of the prophecies of the eleventh century, and the retreat of the Catholic armies from the Holy Land after the disaster of the Crusades, had not robbed it in the eyes of the people of its ancient supernatural prestige. While the world believed, the Emperor Henry IV. could stretch himself like a dog at the feet of Gregory VII.; when the world began to doubt, the soldier of fortune, Colonna, could fling his iron gauntlet in the face of Boniface VIII. Feudalism would have been perpetuated if the university had not been founded, had not educated the lawyers, and the lawyers the burgher class, and the burgher class the municipality, within the boundaries of which the chain of the slave was broken, until came the invention of gunpowder—the torch of Prometheus converted into a thunder-bolt to tear down, with the social ideas which they represented, the castles which had long before been doomed in all consciences.

When the social faith changes, the social state changes as well. Has the social faith changed in monarchical Europe? If so, the social state will also change. And if we would see how faith has changed, it is only necessary to inquire if the education which generates and maintains it has changed. This is certainly the case. In like manner as America, yesterday colonial, is to-day independent and republican, Europe, to-day monarchical in its exterior life, in its forms and superficial ceremonies, is in its spirit, in its education, essentially republican. If to this universal education there is as yet no general correspondence of facts, this is due to the imperfect relations of realities to ideas. Ideas experience delays in their incorporation into institutions, into laws and customs, even when they have full control of consciences.

The light of the spirit does not move with the celerity of material light. If we could know the tears which have been the price of the most simple and universally admitted principles—the security of our homes, the inviolability of our consciences—we would be surprised to see how every redemption demands a Calvary, and how every altar where a new life is burning is an altar of great sacrifices. When we possess certain rights, certain guarantees, we enjoy their benefits without remembering their origin, without seeking to investigate it any more than we seek to investigate whence the cloud has come which cools our fields, or how the oxygen of the air is produced which warms and colors our blood. But it is none the less sure that the redemption of humanity has cost great efforts and, at times, great sufferings to the initiators of progress; and still how slowly it proceeds!

America is the continent best fitted to receive new ideas. Nevertheless, it would be a great mistake to think that the republic appeared at once in that chosen land of liberty and democracy. Below Franklin, below Washington, were great social movements, as below our soil there are other strata more primitive and more solid, indispensable to the firm constitution of the planet. It was necessary for the republican movement of America that the human conscience should vindicate its liberty by means of the Reformation in Europe. It was necessary that in addition to that vindication of conscience should come a morality more austere than Luther's, the morality of Calvin; and a church more democratic than the German, the church of Geneva. It may be said, therefore, that from the middle of the sixteenth century to the end of the eighteenth century the republican initiation of America is not delayed for a moment; and it

commenced before the Pilgrims landed on the shore of the new continent, in the struggles and the sorrows of the Old World. In England the Reformation is divided into two religious movements, the one aristocratic, the other democratic. To the second belonged Hooper, who seemed only to live in his preaching, and who died smiling on his bed of burning coals like a child sleeping upon roses. From these martyrdoms rose the Puritans, an object of terror to kings, because they would have no aristocracies in the church, and without aristocracies in the church there could be none in society or the state. The great Protestant Elizabeth of England called the Christians who sought for truth simply in the word of God more dangerous than the Catholics themselves. The liberty of preaching is the liberty of thought, and this is the Divine Word communicated to all souls. In this universal illumination of dark places vanished the shadow of the ancient secular power. Therefore it is that James I., in closing the conference of Hampton Court, seeing that he could not persuade the Puritans with pedantic rhetoric, exclaims, shrugging his shoulders, "Then we shall hang them."

And there, at the mouth of the Humber, many families left the soil of their country, the shores they loved, the society of their fellow-citizens, all that sustains and embellishes life, to preserve the purity of their souls, the idea of their God, the austerity of their worship, in the one asylum then offered to free consciences—republican Holland. The cavaliers who pursued them boldly among the fogs, and who succeeded in taking prisoners their wives and their children, when they spurred their horses thus into the sea to detain them, did not know that those poor fugitives bore with them in their frail vessel the immortal spirit of a new world and a new humanity, the gospel of social redemption, the complement and the crown of the religious redemption.

Next they set sail from Leyden, from Amsterdam, accompanied by sacred melodies, by canticles like those intoned in the departure from Egypt. They set out through the immensity of the ocean, defying the hurricanes and the storms, to rear a new temple in the bosom of a new nature, each for all and all for each, brethren in belief as in virtue; and before disembarking in Massachusetts Bay, before setting foot on the shore of Plymouth, they drew up the democratic contract which was to be the first fundamental charter of the republic in America. From the middle of the sixteenth century to the twentieth year of the seventeenth century, and from that date to the end of the eighteenth century, the initiation of Americans into the austere republican discipline has not been delayed at any point. Nevertheless, more than a century elapses between each one of those great movements—between the ardent speech of Calvin and the holy pilgrimage of the Puritans, between the arrival of the Puritans in America and the proclamation of the republic; and even when it was proclaimed in the North, many years passed before the idea traversed the continent, before it crossed the isthmus of Panama, scaled and descended both slopes of the Andes, illuminating two hemispheres, creating that collection of democracies which, in spite of their convulsions, make America the continent of the republic, as Europe, in spite of its revolutions, still continues the continent of monarchy.

Nevertheless, if Europe is the continent of the monarchy, its republican education has begun, and this is no trivial or frivolous work, but something cyclopean, the work of a century, of the eighteenth century entire. If each one of these divisions of time called centuries should present itself before the human conscience, to hear a final judgment like that announced by religions to men, the century which inscribed upon two continents the idea of fundamental human rights—the century which founded the republic in America, and spread revolution over Europe—the century which extinguished the fagot and destroyed the rack—the century which brought with the arrival of Franklin the democratic spirit of the New World to our older society, and carried back our chivalrous sentiment in the crusade of Lafayette—this great century, the author of so many wonders, might exclaim before the tribunal of history, "If I did not invent modern art, like the fifteenth century, with the Renaissance; if I did not form the modern conscience, like the sixteenth century, with the Reformation; if I did not train modern reason, like the seventeenth century, with philosophy, I did more than all these—I used in the cause of justice the progress of three centuries; I am, therefore, the century which created modern society, the century which has established in institutions the sum total of ideas, and has given to man in a series of reforms, either realized or promised, the full enjoyments of his being."

It would be impossible to understand the republican movement of Europe without understanding this century which produced its generating idea. As the atmosphere envelops and vivifies our organism, an idea envelops and vivifies our spirit; and the grandeur of the eighteenth century is not so much in the ideas which it originally produced as in the force with which it diffused these ideas in the general conscience. There is some analogy in the religious movement which initiated our civilization, in the Christian movement in its first century, and the philosophical movement which shaped and perfected it in the eighteenth century. The primitive theology contains few original

ideas. Three great rivers of luminous thought disembogue in its bosom—one flowing from Athens, one from Jerusalem, one from Alexandria. Christianity will always claim for itself the honor of having morally redeemed the human race, because it has rescued ideas from the schools and reposes them in the street; because it condenses them in apologues, and gives them in its holy communion to the poor and the humble; because it revealed the humanitarian and social meaning of abstract systems, which then were converted into the leaven of a new social life, from which sprang the redeemers, the apostles, the martyrs, who were destined to transform the world.

The history of facts is an echo of the history of ideas. The eighteenth century raised the conscience above all the prejudices of interests and of sect. After having raised the human conscience to these heights it educated the common intelligence, taking from it that idea of the miraculous which represented nature and history as governed by whim, and not by law. It next gave an idea of the human unity superior to the Christian unity, recognizing in all men, whatever their religions, their doctrines, their race, their nationality, the fundamental human character. Justice became substituted in law and in morals for arbitrary grace. Political economy, uniting the two ideas of utility and justice, announced that war would be replaced, through time and general culture, by commerce, the complex source of reciprocal enlightenment and general gain. The idea of the irremediable degeneracy of the human race gave way to that of progress. Men no longer painted a lost paradise, but imagined a paradise hid in the future, full of vast efforts of thought and labor. Man recognized that as all the universe was necessary for his life, so all history was necessary for his education and progress. Each individual who rose to the contemplation of science felt crowding in his heart and mind the ideas of all humanity. His idols fell without effort, not with that sadness with which the ancient world took leave of the dying paganism, but among the epigrams of a satirical intelligence which did not fear that it would perish beneath the ruins of dead beliefs, but was sure of a revival in fresh and progressive ideas. Mothers were called upon in eloquent words not to deny or forget nature, but to give to their children the nourishment fitted for Hercules, whose duty was to free society of monsters. Poetry raised nature, hitherto despised, to equal dignity with the spirit; heaven with its stars, the sea with its infinite life, the earth with its varieties of existence, formed, as it were, a grand symphony or living epic. Man was not reconciled solely with man, but with nature as well. Voltaire and Swift brought to this humanitarian work the immortal irony which destroyed so many idols; Rousseau the ancient republican and Calvinistic ideal of Geneva, enriched by rare eloquence; Montesquieu the historic and judicial spirit of English liberty; Franklin the revolutionary electricity, the democratic agitation, felt by young America in the moment of the birth of its new social organization; Kant, Lessing, Herder, the German conscience and reason; Pombal, Campomanes, Aranda, the practical sense of the restless Iberian race; Alfieri the severe form, the classic relief, the tragic inspiration, of the eternal muse of Italy; and with all these currents of ideas, even without a knowledge of the authors themselves, in the mind of the human race, a new soul was formed, vivified with a new idea of right.

This new spirit tended to manifestation in new forms, and the republican form was the only one compatible, by its variety and its breadth, with the humanitarian and democratic ideas of the new revolution. But this revolution had to struggle in reality with almost insuperable obstacles, with obstacles which have been shattered but not even yet destroyed in Europe. A hierarchical church, convinced of its own divine right, cemented with secular traditions, represented authority, and an authority beyond discussion. An institution like this, which embraces body and soul, life and spirit, the present, the past, and the future, the cradle and the grave, placing the seal of its divine unquestioned sacred authority upon all the acts of life, marked all souls with the indelible brand of eternal slavery. The universities which, during the Middle Ages, educated the burgher class, and which contributed powerfully to prepare them for municipal liberty, being under the control of absolute kings and priests, taught a doctrine of sophistry and cavils—a doctrine in which the reality of the spirit and of nature, the standard of reason and of experience, disappeared beneath the logical traditions, which, by their artificiality and absolute contradiction with all science, had taken the name of scholastic.

A territorial aristocracy possessed titles, seigniories, privileges, which at once degraded and impoverished the people. The idea of right, which is a saving idea, was obscured by positive legislation, a confused mass of contradictory provisions, in which the predominating idea of ancient Roman jurisprudence elevated the will of the prince to a species of divine authority, making it the fountain of right. The public administration appeared like an administration of courtesans. The municipality resembled the court in the last days of the Roman empire in degradation and slavery. The army considered itself the monarch's guard, and the tactics of the great philosopher who ruled in Prussia had completely converted it into a

machine submissive merely to the royal will. All Europe was but a fief of monarchy, all the citizens vassals. Power and authority over these vassals were transmitted by inheritance like any other property. And the people were so accustomed to this rule that they did not even feel the action of those impulses of free-will and natural right which every man brings with him into life.

To understand to what extremes absolutism had gone, it is only necessary to observe the state of France and of Spain at the breaking out of the revolution—the two nations which ruled Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Spain was, during the first of these centuries, the predominating European nation under Charles V. and Philip II., possessing an empire greater than that of Cyrus, or Alexander, or Cæsar, or Charlemagne. France held the same position during the brilliant period of the youth of Louis XIV. And what was the state of these nations just before their respective revolutions? Let us glance first at France. The court of Louis XV. wallowed in the mire, living only for the indulgence of vice. The nobles watered their abandoned lands with the sweat of the people to obtain incomes to squander in Paris and Versailles. Nine millions of hectares lay without cultivation; desolation wasted the national territory; the dwellings of the peasantry vied with the hovels of savages; surrounded with filth, the light and air of heaven entered by a single aperture, as in the dens of wild beasts. They wore a fustian incapable of preserving them from heat and cold. They ate a wretched soup of black bread dressed with lard. The administration could do nothing to remedy these evils. The public offices were sold and transmitted in rich families, who used them as a source of profit for themselves and misery for their inferiors. Meanwhile clergy, aristocracy, and kings amused themselves with fantastic and reckless speculations like that of Law. Labor was not considered a right inherent to life, but a favor granted by the king. The guilds, from the throne down, oppressed all expansion of individual activity. Titles of master workmen were sold like public offices. Machinery suffered under the oppression of ancient regulations, and inventions under the veto of old privileges. A little more than 70,000 workmen manufactured wool for the innumerable poor, while 14,000 wove lace for the few nobles. Nine hundred millions of francs was the product of the industry of all the nation—not more than is now produced by a single province. Slavery engendered its inevitable offspring—misery and ignorance.

The social wretchedness was not so great nor so intense in Spain as in France; but, on the other hand, the thought of the century had made much less progress among us. Feyjoo, who waged war against prejudices, could not be placed beside Voltaire, nor could the Legalist movement of our jurists be compared with the Encyclopedia. The intellectual initiative of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries had belonged to Spain and Italy; the intellectual initiation of the seventeenth and eighteenth belonged of right to England, Germany, and France. The clergy, although the right of mortmain began to be opposed, possessed enormous riches and immense power. The Archbishop of Toledo had a larger rent-roll than the King of Portugal. Seigniories and jurisdictions still existed, and the poor labored only for the rich. The economical situation was wretched, in spite of our American territories. The deficit amounted to 820 millions of reals, and our debt to 4108 millions of reals. The classes who drew their incomes from the treasury were six hundred millions in arrears. Nevertheless the waste increased. The counselors of Castile received 40,000 dollars annual salary. The Cortes had come to be a shadow, and the municipality the prey of privileged families. Such was the silence, the lethargy of the people, that a capricious queen of ardent and voluptuous temperament celebrated her Bacchic and Cyprian orgies in the face of a careless people; and for the purpose of binding a crown upon the brow of her paramour she gave up to foreigners the independence and honor of the country.

It is a difficult thing to found the republic on the theocratic and feudal soil of Europe. Only America can understand the vastness of the obstacles which beset us on every hand. The Americans of the North had no traditions in their spirits enlightened by reform, no ruins on their soil virgin of ancient laws. They fled from religious and political despotism in Europe, and came to found in the New World a society opposed to the old society of Europe, which was based upon monarchy and the church. Saxon blood ran in their veins. Persecution could not bend them, nor even the Norman conquest degrade their old republican firmness. And yet, finding themselves in contact with great institutions incompatible with democratic ideas, they were forced to pass through one of the most glorious but most bloody wars of history, because it is only among flames that the chains of slaves can be melted.

But the ideas spread abroad by the eighteenth century were sure to result, sooner or later, in republican organisms. The forms of government incarnate the spirit of a people, as species incarnate the life of a planet. Each new species in nature forms and maintains itself by reason of some advantage which it possesses over the species with which it contends, until the result is the extinction of the inferior organism. The same takes place in society, as that social form, that in-

stitution which predominates in the great struggles for existence, will predominate definitely in virtue of real advantages, and will annihilate all the forms opposed to its existence and development. In the tenth chapter of his admirable book on the "Origin of Species," Darwin says: "Extinct species do not reappear, and the forms of life change almost simultaneously throughout the world." And this law of the universe, I add, is a law of history. Where has caste, once destroyed, reappeared? What restoration has been identical with the social form which it intended to renew? And what reactionary restoration has not precipitated the triumphs of the new ideas which it proposed to extinguish? And what we say of the extinction of ancient social forms we repeat of the simultaneous appearance of new social forms in every latitude subject to the same culture. Populations in the Middle Ages did not hold the same relations as now. Many of them knew nothing of each other, or their knowledge was confined to wars and the hates resulting from them. Thinkers lived and died in the shadow of the cloister. The absence of the press prevented the communication of minds. Yet, in spite of all these disadvantages, the appearance of the great social phenomena was almost simultaneous. During the tenth century a theocratic terror seized and paralyzed all European peoples. During the eleventh century, over a soil which was drenched with blood, and under the wing of the church, the pioneers of future nationalities planned their work. In the twelfth century all at once burst forth that restless spirit which carried the nations to the Crusades, and from the Crusades sprang civil communities and the foundations of democracy. In the thirteenth century began the destruction of feudalism and of theocracy at once; and in the fourteenth century began at the same time the assault upon feudalism by the kings, and upon theocracy by schisms and councils. But if all these happened in those unenlightened ages, will it not happen in our age that republican ideas, adopted by all superior intelligences, will take form and organization, and will be diffused in all latitudes where the spirit of our essentially democratic civilization reaches?

Great historical events determine the life of an epoch, and are like the germ of a wide series of social evolutions. At the fall of Troy the Greek world was formed. At the fall of Tyre, under Alexander, the Greek spirit penetrated the East. At the founding of Alexandria the three currents of the ancient spirit came together as to a common centre. At the fall of Jerusalem, under Titus, Christianity spread over the world. At the fall of Rome, under Alaric, the German individualism was developed. At the fall of Constantinople, under the Turks, the Renaissance began. Gutenberg invented the new organ of ideas, Raphael and Vinci the new art, Luther the new conscience, Copernicus the new heaven, Columbus the new world. So when the sanctuary of the ancient monarchy, Versailles, falls under the assault of the people, agitated by invisible ideas to the point of denying the royal authority and dragging it from the throne to the scaffold, the republican movement of Europe—a movement with various and contradictory tendencies, points of delay and even of reaction—proceeds steadily, now in secret, and now openly, at one time in theory, and at another in practice, now tumultuous, now orderly, beginning by converting absolute monarchies into constitutional monarchies, until it is ready to convert constitutional monarchies into democratic republics.

II.

We can not appreciate the actual republican movement in Europe without beginning with France, the leader of revolutionary Europe. The nation which above all required a strong and united state was the French. By its military spirit, by its centralized organization, by its historical struggles with the great lords who tried a thousand times to dismember it, France was the one nation which was essentially monarchical. In the time when the monarchy of Spain was declining, and that of England, once so powerful, was in abeyance, monarchy reached its apogee in France under the illustrious reign of Louis XIV.; and yet this nation, without departing from the monarchical form, unsheathed its sword in the age following, that of Louis XVI., in company with absolutist Spain, in favor of the universal democracy, the democracy of America. I call the American democracy the universal, because all anterior democratic movements had had a national object. The movement of Switzerland against Austria, the movement of Holland against Spain, the movement of England against the shameful protectorate of France, were national movements; but the movement of America was not solely against England. It was a movement more profound and universal; it proclaimed democratic principles, fundamental rights, as independent of every historical circumstance, as disconnected with every geographic accident. And France, the most monarchical nation of Europe, in taking this profoundly democratic position, possessed, more than any other people, providential aptitude for the diffusion of republican ideas through the world.

The reproach may be made to France, as it often is by German writers, of vacillation between the Teutonic and the Latin spirit of religious incredulity displayed in passing from the Bourbonic bigotry to the skepticism of Voltaire, and thence to the deism of Robes-

pierre, and thence to the Concordat of Napoleon. They may reproach her with sudden changes from absolutism to anarchy, and back again; with excesses of liberty repressed by excesses of dictatorship; tendencies to equality which always result in Roman Cæsarism and bureaucratic oligarchies; the proclamation of humanitarian principles, and measures of terrorism, of war, and slaughter. They may reproach her with these and other defects, the more easily, indeed, that it is fashionable to insult France humiliated and conquered. But the human race will be guilty of gross ingratitude if it forgets that all modern ideas have been diffused and popularized by the apostolate of France, of her propagating and cosmopolitan genius; that she diffused and popularized Protestantism with the genius of Calvin, philosophy with the pen of Voltaire, the modern revolution with the speech of Mirabeau and of Danton; that she, this slandered France, still has the privilege of uniting in supreme and critical moments in her brain the idea, and in her heart the blood, of all humanity.

How often the monarchical reaction has arisen in France; how often the monarchical tradition has endeavored to take possession of her generous ideas, and shelter itself in her great heart! The old monarchy, after having for a long time resisted such humiliation, accepted the work of the Constituent Assembly as a compact between the historic throne and an emancipated people. But France forgot this compact. The military monarchy, reared on the victories of Marengo and Arcola, sought to be the sceptre and the sword of democracy; but defeat broke the spell, and France, still under the feet of the allies, remembered that her sentiments were still republican. In vain the monarchy of the Bourbons attempted to seduce her with the semblance of the old tradition and the old glory. In vain the ideas and interests of the Orleanists, which were those of the middle classes, wove for themselves a civic crown, and called themselves the best of republicans. In vain did the third and last Napoleon call himself the representative of revolutionary principles, the chief of the plebeians, the magistrate of popular suffrage, the protector of liberty, the Cæsar of socialism. In vain was this effort. The genius of France, in spite of long eclipses, has always remained faithful to republican democracy. We can not deny that in France the republican idea has many shades, and its partisans belong to many sects. But this truth, which is afflicting to narrow minds, has no terrors to those who recognize that only in a republic can this rich variety of human life exist. Shall we reproach space because its immensity holds all the worlds? Shall we consider it a defect in a republic that all ideas have an opportunity of development under its shelter? There is no idea which may not aspire to the highest degree of free development, and there is no form of government which can resist so well the strain of liberty as the republican form. Thus the whole movement of modern ideas finds in France its necessary development within the republic.

Admitting this truth, let us look at the actual movement of the republican idea in France. The men of the 4th September, so called, have been much criticised because on the news of the irreparable disaster of Sedan, the new Waterloo, they proclaimed the republic in the midst of a revolution. But this criticism ignores the movement of ideas as well as the movement of events. It was no secret that for Napoleon the loss of a campaign was the loss of his crown. It was no secret that when the throne of Napoleon fell it would be immediately replaced by the republic. This belief was so impressed on the public mind that, on a certain day, at an hour neither indicated nor agreed upon by any one, as if the wind which came from the east bore the idea and communicated it to the cities of France, they all rose—Marseilles, Bordeaux, Lyons, Nantes—to overthrow the empire and to proclaim the republic. Since that moment the monarchists of all shades may intrigue in palaces and conspire in their coteries to restore the monarchy, but the producing and trading classes, who are in favor of social stability and the order which comes from it, sustain as a definite and immutable fact the victory of the republic. The republic never could have sprung forth with such spontaneity if the republican idea had not been rooted in the public conscience.

And how did this idea become diffused and established? It may be said at once that contemporary French literature has been a literature of proselytes. The three great writers of France—Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Lamennais—were, in their youth, the first Napoleonic, the second Legitimist, the last Ultramontane. It seemed that this rich vegetation and exuberant flora could only grow upon sepulchres, and give fruits of dust and ashes.

But the breath of the century penetrated into that petrified forest, bringing its life and its heat. Lamartine went to the East, and, like the prophets, had mysterious revelations in the desert. The monotonous solitudes revealed to his genius the unity of man, as they revealed to Moses and Mohammed the unity of God. And from the moment in which a man learns the unity of the human spirit, he learns also the fundamental unity of right. So when Lamartine saw Jerusalem defined on the burning horizon of the Holy Land, which he had hoped to seek with the faith of the ancient crusader, there arose in his heart the sting of doubt, and he saw in the city not a living temple of the worship of God, but the gigantic fossil

organism of a life which had descended by inheritance to other regions, to other worlds, to other organisms more advanced and progressive. His lips did not kiss the sepulchre of the dead Christ of legend, but the sepulchre of Christ resuscitated by the modern spirit, alive in the free institutions which have given social ideas in universal communion to emancipated democracies. Yet in the light of the transfiguration of his genius, as if he himself was reluctant to believe it, he seized the pen to heap maledictions upon the French revolution which had persecuted and dispersed his family, seeking material in the crimes of that epoch, material to rekindle his ancient faith. And while his will persuaded him to write an elegy over the scaffolds of priests and kings, his conscience dictated to him a song of praise to regenerating principles, the emancipated people, to the federal feasts, the philosophers and orators who presented the new word to the martyrs of human liberty, who veiled to his eyes the crimes of the universal revolution amidst the rosy vapors of ideas, as the horrors of the ancient tragedies are lost in the songs of the chorus intoning its eternal hymn of love and hope. Through these transformations the Legitimist poet contributed to tear down a throne and to found a republic, but above all to bring into relief the principles of democracy in the conscience of the century. An equal transformation was sustained by Victor Hugo and by Lamennais. The former, who had contributed to the glory of the Napoleonic story in obedience to sentiments learned in childhood, surprised at last in the tribune and in the plenitude of his genius and glory by revolution, consecrated himself as the defender of the republic, of liberty, and of democracy, and as the indefatigable antagonist of the imperial restoration. Never was despotism so savagely chastised by poetry. The tyrants of Babylon and Nineveh, the idolatrous kings who raised their images upon altars consecrated to the gods, were not cursed by the ancient prophets as the tyrant of France by the grandest and most manly genius which France in this age has produced. From irony to invective, from the pungent epigram to the lyric ode, every thing was employed with severe, implacable justice to pursue the assassin of the republic, tormented by these works of genius like the Greek parricide by the furious Eumenides. The dictator could hurl his pretorian legions upon liberty and democracy, but Victor Hugo set his genius in action against the dictator, and branded him with the fire of his ideas and his satire in his heart, his name, and his conscience. These immortal verses formed the education of a class of young men disposed to swear inextinguishable hatred to tyranny. Tacitus and Juvenal wrote also against the corruption of tyranny; but they did not succeed, like Victor Hugo, in seeing their tyrants brought to the ground, because their generation was not as free as the present, nor were ideas so powerful then as now.

It seemed that the writer least calculated to change was the priest Lamennais. His eye had been fixed on the idea of God as on the pole-star. Listening always to the music of worlds turning on their axes in infinite space, accompanied by the hymns of angels, he saw nothing of the dust and the vapors of daily life. Prayer seemed to him the only exercise worthy of man, and immortality the only source of pleasure or pain. How could he hear the noise of our chains and the clamor of our laments? Nevertheless, he came to see that it was not enough to worship God without elevating to its primitive purity, through liberty and justice, the sanctuary worthiest of God—the spirit of man. Pontifical Rome, still preserving the idea of authority above and obedience below, of the material and external worship of God transmitted in the symbols of a half-Asiatic theocracy, launched its anathema against the Breton priest, like that which it had fulminated in other ages against Luther. From that point Lamennais was the apostle of the ideas of his time, while he did not cease to be a Christian. Christ appeared in his thought as the son of an artisan, the slave of Rome, the victim of tyranny, the martyr of equality, the tribune of the poor and of the oppressed, the enemy of kings and the great, the prophet of progress, sublime creator of a universal fraternity which could not be contained within the narrow limits of a privileged historical church subject to the circumstances of time, the slave of every tyranny—a church which erected the throne of a degrading Cæsarism where the ancient Cæsarism had never dared—in the midst of the infinite human mind—corrupting and degrading it to a slavery which smothered the voice of conscience.

These three men were born to work as artists of intelligence. Each one had the gift of touching some chord of the human heart, and a sentiment responded, as in the century before it had answered the eloquence of Rousseau; and that vague aspiration which creates heroes and martyrs was filling a whole generation, which at last took to its heart that sublime trilogy of liberty, democracy, and the republic.

But not only had the republican cause taken possession of those souls educated to the religious culture of art, but also through its traditions it had taken possession of the men of action, characters of integrity and generosity, to whom combat was a necessity. The type of these men, around whom formed a legion of the republican democracy, not even yet disbanded nor dispersed by years, was Armand Carrel, a soldier of thought and a thinking soldier. As a soldier, his sword took its temper in ideas; as a writer, his pen

glanced and flamed like a sword. Of a generous nature, his action and thought were always inspired by generosity. While yet very young he fought in Spain against the intervention of 1823, under the tricolor banner, without considering whether his friends were foreigners and his enemies French, because justice was more than glory in his heart, and greater than the nation he considered humanity—that family of the soul. Enemy of two dynasties; friend of the republic in his later years; fighting continually for the right; as much opposed to communist Utopias as he was devoted to the union of liberty with democracy; a stoic in the purity of his motives and the disinterestedness of his actions; most prudent where his friends were in danger, brave to recklessness where only his own life was at stake—Carrel united in his person, as few have done, idea and action, the sword with the pen, the tribune and the press in continual combat for the emancipation of the people.

In the group with Carrel we should place various eminent characters, who, if they were not completely identified with him in ideas, were identified with him, who was the conservative of the party, by their valor and magnanimity. Men of action above all, Godfrey Cavaignac, Armand Barbes, Colonel Charras, lent to an important division of the republican party the chivalry of their character and their generous eagerness for victory. They all three fought bravely, and all three left spotless memories of virtue and simple heroism. Soldiers, organizers, passing continually from the secret societies to the clubs, from the clubs to the fighting organization of the party, now attacking vigorously and now resisting with true endurance, always in the breach as if the life of democracy were a continual war, from combats to prison, to exile, from exile to new efforts, they gave to the republican party the manly fibre, the tempered character, indispensable to its warlike existence. All three are dead. Democracy has lost them, as it lost its chevalier, without fear and without reproach, Armand Carrel. The first who fell was Godfrey Cavaignac, brother of the general of that name; and when he fell, it seemed that he carried with him to the grave a portion of the heart of all democrats in his own great heart, broken by the blows of sorrow and toil. Less fortunate than Cavaignac, the tombs of Barbes and of Charras lie in the soil of exile. Barbes was a man of antique courage. Combat was for him a hard but inevitable law of life. He measured no obstacles nor resistance. The more violent the tempest, with the greater decision did he go to meet it. Prisons and banishment divided his solemn and tragic life. He often wasted the blood and the sacrifices which would have been advantageous in more critical and important moments. But who could in that submissive and obedient world criticise this impatience for justice, when all seemed resigned to the yoke? In the fogs of Holland rises the sepulchre of Barbes, and the vapors which surround it seem like a mist of tears. Not even his bones have been able to return to his native soil, because, since the decree of banishment has been lifted from them, France has been busy in gathering up new corpses scattered through her fields, to mark the implacable chastisement of the faults of the second empire. Colonel Charras, another gladiator of the French democracy, died on the ensanguined borders of the Rhine, after having written for the instruction of his country the useless lesson of the causes which led the first empire from omnipotence to Waterloo, and from Waterloo to the dismemberment of France.

All these men were men of action, of the sort for whom ideas, separated from facts, are mere words without reality and life. For them the republic existed as the most glorious of all the traditions of France—as the sole, in fine, which was worth sustaining, the only one worthy of defense and sacrifice. Austere and consistent, with virtues like those of the men of Plutarch, they were sustained by those indomitable aspirations which seem the property of innovators in their labor for the re-establishment of the republic. Their influence has been powerful and permanent. Every where in the history of French republicanism you see the trace of these characters of bronze. They formed the first and firmest basis of the republican party.

During the second third of the empire, after the attempt of Orsini, an official republican party was constituted in France, the product of the ballot-box. This party could not be recruited from the old republican chiefs who were in exile, nor among the boldest of the party of action, who were all opposed to the oath. It was necessary to go to the university, to the academy, to the forum, to seek there orators who could keep the existence of the republican idea before the minds of the people. These were called upon to denounce the disorders of the empire in a voice like the thunder of heaven over the feasts of Belshazzar. Had they sufficient power for this work? When we consider that some had remained in France in spite of the general proscription, that others had not been noticed in that great convulsion of the 2d December, it was a proof that there was no great ardor in their democratic faith. Some had belonged to the right wing of republican assemblies, and had sown dissension among the revolutionary party by their fear of liberty and their support of oppressive measures. In addition to these unfortunate antecedents, the official oath, the necessity of submitting to absurd regulations, the tyranny of an impatient and arro-

gant majority, forced them into evasions and subtile discussions calculated to detract from the energetic hostility against the empire which influenced the electors when they deposited the names of these republican deputies in the ballot-box. When the empire had used all unlawful arms to secure its triumph—perjury thrown in the face of the public conscience, Machiavelian conspiracy, incredible violations of natural rights, of parliamentary immunity, of the constitution, of the laws, of every thing sacred on earth; when the instruments of usurpation had assaulted the homes of the representatives in the dead of night, and their solemn assemblies had been broken up by pretorian hirelings—a sad reminiscence of those legions of imperial Rome who were only able to disgrace and not defend her; when after the slaughters in the streets of Paris had followed a proscription like those of religious wars—a proscription which trampled upon all rights of property and of conscience—the deputies charged to resist the blood-stained tyrant and vindicate the republic, surprised by robbers, gave assurances that they would never appeal to the ultimate resort of oppressed people, that of revolution. All these compromises, on the one hand, deprived the representatives of the republic of all authority among their electors; and, on the other hand, they were the cause of irreconcilable enmities between the republican party of the chamber and the republican party in exile; and in the midst of this weakness on one side and suspicion on the other, the abjuration of Emile Ollivier surrendering to the empire in spite of the traditions of his family and the mandate of his electors, the lukewarmness of Ernest Picard, who with such talent and with such bitterness had continually fought the empire, deprived the deputies of much authority in public opinion. Nevertheless, when the emperor appeared to have control of fortune, when the battles of Italy and the Crimea had given him a false color of liberalism, when the superficial brilliancy of his power and his legions was dazzling many, the severe voice of Jules Favre, his lofty and sober eloquence, gave warning, like the word of Tacitus among the orgies of the ancient Cæsarism, that the light of republican ideas was not quenched completely in the hearts of the French; and the warmth of those rare and restrained flashes of eloquence revived faith and hope in the young, in whose hearts the worship of the republic could never be entirely lost.

This minority was in the last legislature of the empire considerably modified by the appearance of four men, who bore a peculiar significance each in his own respective sphere. These men were Bancel, Rochefort, Raspail, Gambetta. The first represented the poetry and the majesty of exile; the second, the bitter satire which had morally destroyed the empire; the third, the historic republicanism in all its integrity and with all its prejudices; the fourth, finally, the new republican school, much abler and more intelligent than the historical ones, uniting to the light of ideas great energy of action restrained by true moderation of character and maturity of judgment. It is necessary to consider these men for a moment to understand the cause of their influence in France. Bancel passed over the tribune like a meteor. His only speech, more literary than political, more worthy of the academy than of the parliament, was an eloquent apotheosis of the men of the emigration, and a mournful elegy over their griefs and their memories. His discourse shone for a moment in the Chamber, dazzling more than it convinced. Raspail brought with him all the prejudices of his past life, his personal pride in the purity of his long history, his suspicion toward all his companions—toward the older ones, whom he hated, and the new ones, whom he despised—the peculiarities and the sternness of character which forget the rudimentary axiom that in politics no man can be any thing alone, but requires, to advance and to conquer, association with those like him, that he may share the responsibility of their faults and the glory of their success, and form with them a disciplined and enthusiastic legion capable of fighting the formidable battles which the triumph of an idea requires. Rochefort represented the ardent and extreme wing of the republican party. His popularity, like his writings, had more brilliancy than solidity. A child of Paris, nursling of the Boulevards, employed on light and sparkling newspapers, gifted with the Parisian faculty which converts into readable articles the whispers of the café, with an irony now trifling, now savage, he was the first who in France, in the heart of the capital, dared to attack the omnipotent Cæsar, and to throw in his face all the gall collected in twenty years of humiliation and slavery. Satire is a powerful corrosive. Its bitterness does not reach the lips without being filtered drop by drop through the conscience, forcing it to compare its ideals of perfection with vices of the reality. And when that satire burst forth, and after the satire a universal Homeric laughter, and after the laughter the anger of the irritated victims, which augmented the merriment of their amused and avenged enemies, it was plain that the death of the empire was near. This satire had not the Attic salt of Rousseau, nor the tragic indignation of Juvenal, nor the refined and bitter wit of Voltaire, but it was the satire which suited the empire, vulgar as the enemy which it struck—an enemy wallowing in the mire. Satire, if it be eagerly read or listened to, is the form of literature which announces the death of decaying religions,

the agony of sick empires. The first to strike the idol was Rochefort, and the people repaid his audacity with an election to the Chamber. This immense service of Rochefort will never be forgotten, let the faults of his character and the vicissitudes of his fortune be what they may. It would have been fortunate if he had adopted, as the sole vocation of his life, the destruction by satire of Cæsarism in the public conscience, for then his name, afterward attacked and overwhelmed in the wave of opposing passions, would have suffered no injury, and would have been always united with one of the most glorious works of our time. But Rochefort, in default of speech in the Chamber and of action in the streets, could not hold, either over his companions in the Assembly or over the mass of the people, more than a fugitive and disputed influence.

The man destined to the most powerful influence in the republican party was Gambetta. It is customary to criticise him severely because he remained standing when others fell, because he believed when others doubted, because he retained his faith when France lost faith in herself, because he dictatorially prolonged a war which had become impossible at the surrender of Sedan and the treason of Metz, losing the campaign but saving the honor of his country. I have never belonged to the worshipers of success. I do not consider misfortune a crime. Gambetta saw himself abandoned by fortune, by victory. What should he have done? He did not seek the fate of Brutus after the battle of Philippi, when, seeing that liberty was expiring, the country was lost, and his heart was broken, while over him the stars shone calmly in the azure sky of Greece, he doubted in that last hour of supreme anguish of the existence of virtue. Gambetta is a man of his time, and knows that liberty is sometimes eclipsed, but never extinguished, that the country falls, but does not die, and in spite of his misfortunes, which were the fault of his time, and not of his intelligence or of his character, I believe Gambetta to be among the first of the republicans of Europe, and I number him among those who have contributed most to the diffusion of our ideas.

I have studied often his intelligence and his character. In that enormous head; in that broad forehead; in the concentrated brilliancy of the eye which remains to him; in the mouth, wreathed by a smile of benevolence; in his face, ruddy with a sanguine temperament; in his form, which is herculean in spite of his low stature; in his whole bearing—you can see at once the happy mingling of intelligence with force, of high ideas with energetic resolution.

Nature believes in division of labor, and variously groups the vocations of men. Usually when she creates a man of action she takes away from him the aptitudes of the man of ideas. The latter is fond of spiritual investigation, and the former of material labors. The one loves retirement, and the other the world; the one peace of mind, and the other the combat; the one great books, and the other great passions. Doubtless Plato never could have been Pisistratus, nor Montesquieu have been Colbert. To unite thought with action, as in Cæsar, is a prodigy. To unite energy of speech with energy of will, as in Danton, is a miracle. Great qualities usually result from great defects. To balance in one person the idea with the act, energy of intelligence with activity of life, is a gift which nature has allowed in a high degree to Gambetta. As his name indicates, Leon Gambetta is of Italian origin. His family came from Genoa, and established themselves in the provinces of the south of France, where the great orator was born in 1838. His Italian origin reveals itself in the profundity of his political talent, his Southern blood in the vivid eloquence by which it is adorned. At an early age he began the study of law at the Sorbonne. There his manly spirit, acquiring its fundamental conceptions of justice, acquired at the same time an invincible love for the idea of liberty, which is its essence. It was impossible for him to breathe in the exhausted receiver of the empire. All his efforts were directed to breaking it. There was no manifestation of the students of a political character where he was not present as an animating spirit. The dull tyranny of the empire pressed heavily upon all intellectual growth. The management of journals was permitted only to faithful friends, or to academic enemies. Association was a crime. Reunions of more than twenty persons were punished as conspiracies. Books which recalled the virtue of ancient liberty did not receive the privilege of colportage. Civil suits passed into the hands of advocates friendly to the empire, because in other hands they were lost. Press prosecutions took place with closed doors; reports were prohibited, much more the publication of the speeches. Even the choice of literary subjects for public speakers was greatly restrained. Modern Cæsarism, more implacable than the ancient, imagined that it heard in every echo an allusion to the dead liberty and the reigning despotism. On every hand the human mind struck against impassable barriers, which prevented that rapid and universal diffusion, as of sunshine, which it needs.

The young were every where opposed to the empire. They knew nothing of the excesses of liberty, and impatiently resented the yoke of despotism. The Spanish revolution of September caused an astonishment as great as that which followed the Spanish revolution of 1820, when the Holy Alliance

thought it had gagged all Europe and had subjugated all peoples under the royal authority. Paris, more susceptible than any other capital to these great movements of modern thought, was profoundly agitated. The recollection of lost liberty, the vision of the dead republic, came to her eyes in mists of tears and blood. The name of Baudin, the victim of the *coup d'état*, the martyr of the republic, the deputy who died on the barricade defending the law against the pretorians, his mandate against Cæsar — this name was on every lip. A republican journal opened a subscription to raise a monument to Baudin. The proclamations heading this subscription, full of eloquent anger, alarmed the imperial government. To these proclamations succeeded manifestations in the cemeteries. A political prosecution began, in which there was at last the possibility of free speech, free reporting, and free reading of great orations. Gambetta was charged by the accused with their defense. His obscurity was at an end. His genius broke through the cloud in which it had been enveloped by despotism. France was again to hear the voice of the old tribune united to the spirit of the modern revolution. The speech of the new epoch was incarnated in this extraordinary orator. From that moment the new idea had its personification in Gambetta. Society is like nature. It creates new existences only for great ends, and when they are wanted. No one has forgotten that scene of the suit against the subscribers and participants in the demonstrations to Baudin. The neighborhood of the Palace of Justice was crowded with people. The anxiety was general. All the newspapers had sent their reporters, all parties their witnesses. When Gambetta spoke, it seemed as if the Sinai of the revolution was about to manifest itself through the ashes which the empire had thrown upon its crater. Never has a reigning tyranny been accused with such spirit. In the rudeness of its language, in the vividness of its ideas, its manly eloquence, its repeated and sounding blows, this discourse seems like the apology of Tertullian against the Gentiles and in favor of the martyrs. Baudin seemed like a ghost called forth to invest with the sanctity of the sepulchre and the mystery of death the accusation against his murderer. The president several times stretched out his hand to the bell to interrupt him, but was restrained by the fervor of his eloquence. Besides, the evidence was so clear that Baudin had died in the defense of the law, while his crowned executioner had violated all laws that the judge bowed his head before that just anathema, expressed with the terseness of Tacitus and the severe majesty of the prophets. Through the mouth of that man spoke a whole generation, persecuted, tormented from birth, hindered in the exercise of its most essential faculties, which had come up with great aspirations and with the ideas of its age, to find all avenues to the light closed, all the chains of the old régime forged anew; to find itself, instead of a body of citizens, a horde of slaves. The griefs which it had suffered, the chill of its obscurity, its aspirations checked by all the institutions of government, the doubts which crowned it with thorns, its generous sentiments smothered like crimes, its noble ambition of living in the midst of a free France worthy of its dignity, and of its history crushed by a despotism like that of the Lower Empire—all these thoughts found a high consolation in that speech, which was like the first warning of the youth of France to the decrepit empire.

When the discourse was done, no one was deceived in regard to its importance. All Paris saw shining in its ideas the dawn of the republic. The press had but one voice in its praise. General elections followed the prosecution. Gambetta threw himself into the canvass with that persuasive and dazzling eloquence which brought to mind the speech of Danton. Paris received him, and gave him 27,000 votes. Marseilles welcomed him, and gave him also her suffrage. His banner became the banner of the new movement. He invented the word which was to express a policy and prepare a revolution. He uttered the formula of the new struggle with the empire. He called his opposition the Irreconcilable opposition.

But the great campaign of Gambetta was that against the *Plebiscitum*. The Ollivier ministry, to prove its liberalism, brought into the Chamber a plan of constitutional reform, in which it gave certain guarantees to the parliament. But the emperor, to prove that he was still the chief of the people, wished that this constitutional reform should be submitted to popular sanction. This was a menace to the parliamentary power, warning it that against all its prerogatives always remained the last resort of appeal to the people and to their votes against the Chamber and its decisions. Such a system was the mere hypocrisy of democracy. A people surrounded by bayonets, oppressed by the agents of police and the employés of the Treasury, harassed by the authorities, who formed an unbroken chain from the throne to the smallest hamlets, could only vote as the emperor dictated.

Gambetta pronounced an admirable discourse in the Chamber upon the constitutional project. His argument, couched in the severest and most eloquent form, may be said to have destroyed the Cæsarist empire. With great skill and tact he forbore to set forth his own principles. He drew deductions from those of his adversaries, and the deductions which he drew were all, without exception, favorable to the republic. If you say to the people that the sovereignty be-

longs to them, you must not be surprised if they reserve it for themselves, and if they assert it when they come to believe that in place of the true sovereignty you are giving them a derisive authority. If you submit what questions you think proper to universal suffrage, do not be surprised if universal suffrage shall claim for itself the solution of all questions. If every plebiscitum is a confirmation of the empire, and the empire repeats them with such frequency, this proves that the hereditary quality is not possible to an institution which has no security of extending through the lifetime even of its most august chief. The dogma of the sovereignty of the people, of universal suffrage, and of the plebiscitum leads necessarily and logically to the republic. These ideas, set forth in the most moderate language, profoundly moved the Chamber and the nation.

After having displayed unquestionable oratorical talents in the Chamber, he exhibited in the Plebiscitum capacity for action of equal importance. He had to contend with three serious obstacles—the inclination of the French to Utopia, and still greater inclination to rivalries and divisions in the republican party, and the mutual enmity of its chiefs. The impatient spirits proposed and supported the policy of abstention, which was as idle a question at that juncture as the question of the oath, which always came up at the beginning of every election. Gambetta was resolutely for the struggle. His warlike spirit could not see what parties can gain in indolence and idleness. He resisted the impracticables obstinately on whatever field to which the empire challenged the republicans. From that time the advanced party began an implacable war against Gambetta. They reproached him that he had not energetically sustained the proposition of Keratry for a violent assembling of the legislative body; they reproached him with forgetting his own watchword of Irreconcilable and following the beaten path of his former colleagues in the Chamber; they reproached him with employing one tone with the electors of Marseilles, and another with the electors of Paris; with standing in Paris as the candidate of the radical party, and in Marseilles as the candidate of the coalesced opposition. He was met with thousands of these reproaches, which always follow the favorites of fortune and glory, as the sun attracts from the earth the clouds which obscure it. The enemies which Gambetta had in the democratic party could not understand those compromises with actual facts to which all men of really political talent see themselves compelled. The empire gained a victory in the Plebiscitum, but one of those victories more injurious than a hundred defeats. The country had voted as usual, conducted to the polls by the curés and the mayors like flocks of sheep; but the great cities had voted for the republic; forty thousand men of the army had voted against the empire.

Much of the opposition which Gambetta excited came from the efforts which he had shown from the earliest days of his public life to unite and discipline all the republican elements — the moderate and the radical, the young and the old, those of ancient and those of modern extraction, those officially assembled in the Chamber and those who were in exile—for the purpose of destroying the empire before the empire destroyed, with its internal corruption and its foreign adventures, the political weight and moral influence of France. In this enormous work Gambetta had thought of recalling from exile and bringing to Paris the man who inspired least jealousies and who possessed most authority in the republican party—Ledru-Rollin. Since 1832 he had been our first tribune, our greatest orator. The work which fell upon his shoulders was of the gravest and most audacious character. The forum, the club, the press, the popular tribune, books, pamphlets — all the arms of moral combat which can be used by our manifold modern civilization—were employed in the war waged without cessation and without truce against monarchical and in favor of republican institutions. The sacrifice of material interests appeared to him a trifling loss in the midst of that selfish and interested society. He had the place of advocate of the supreme tribunal, which had cost him 200,000 francs, and he sold it for 100,000 francs. He had a comfortable fortune from his wife, the daughter of a rich English family, and he spent it in establishing the persecuted newspaper, *The Reform*. He received a large income from his office of advocate, and he abandoned this to dedicate himself to the unpaid service of the people. The few republican districts which remained in France, under the increased census of Louis Philippe, opened for him promptly the doors of the Chamber, where he replaced Garnier-Pagès, who had died in the fight. The eloquence of the latter was simple in form, sober in language, firm as a chain of iron in its logic, without brilliancy and without blunders, learned as a treatise of statistics, polished as a conversation of good society, more convincing than persuasive, more useful than beautiful; while the eloquence of Ledru-Rollin, heightened by his fine oratorical presence, by his distinguished countenance, his expressive eyes, his powerful voice, was all force, fire, enthusiasm, inspiration, like a discourse of the convention, like a classic harangue, worthy of being spoken in the tempest of popular passion to an audience educated by an æsthetic standard, which could see and understand the mysterious relation established by nature between the sublime efforts of intellect and

an exalted faith which inspires them and sustains them in souls predestined to the apostolate of ideas. The impetus of Ledru-Rollin allowed him no rest. It carried him into the opposition against the monarchy of July; into the banquet which prepared the movement of February; into the celebrated day in which the Duchess of Orleans, with her sons in her arms, demanded the regency, and he proposed the republic; into the provisional government, where he was the first who presented these three salutary measures, which will be the eternal honor of the second French republic, its greatest title to glory in history: the abolition of the death penalty for political crimes, as a tribute of respect to the inviolability of the human conscience; suffrage for all citizens, as emanating directly from their quality as men; and the abolition of slavery in all the colonies, which completed and crowned the magnificent work of the French revolution, worthily called, for its humanitarian and cosmopolitan spirit, the universal revolution.

But this impetus sometimes carried him too far, and caused him to forget whether his action would injure his ultimate purpose. When the Roman republic was attacked by the French republic, under the orders of Bonaparte, Ledru-Rollin protested against this fratricide, which violated the constitution, and swore he would appeal to arms. He fulfilled his oath, but he was defeated, and left the opposition without an orator, the people without a defender, and a clear field to Bonapartist conspiracy. So it may be said that when he went he took with him the republic. The younger spirits hoped that he would bring it back with him. They thought of presenting him simultaneously for all the districts of Paris, and thus making him chief of the republican members of the Chamber. But being prosecuted by the empire on a charge of conspiracy, and condemned in contumacy, he refused to return, alleging scruples in regard to the oath, which, in fact, he had always disregarded in his letters to republicans, advising the taking of the oath as the only means of entering into the Chamber, obtaining access to the tribune, and breaking up the lethargy of the people. This resolution of Ledru-Rollin left, on the 4th September, the republic abandoned to the official elements of the Chamber, divided among themselves, and without authority before the people, without force to counteract monarchical intrigues, and without prestige to restrain radical demagogism. All more or less tainted with breathing the air of the Cæsarist rule, they began by surrendering the provisional government to the war spirit, and to a theoretical and reactionary general; and ended by giving up the republic to the ancient advocate of Orleansism, to the implacable and cunning enemy of all democracy.

AUNT PEN'S FUNERAL.

POOR Aunt Pen! I am sorry to say it, but for a person alive and well—tolerably well and very much alive, that is—she did use to make the greatest business of dying! Alive! why, when she was stretched out on the sofa, after an agony of asthma, or indigestion, or whatever, and had called us all about her with faltering and tears, and was apparently at her last gasp, she would suddenly rise, like her own ghost, at the sound of a second ringing of the door-bell, which our little renegade Israel had failed to answer, and declare if she could only once lay hands on Israel she would box his ears till they heard!

For the door-bell was, perhaps, among many, one of Aunt Pen's weakest points. She knew every body in town, as you might say. She was exceedingly entertaining to every body outside the family. She was a great favorite with every body. Countless gossips came to see her, tinkling at the door-bell, and hated individually by Israel, brought her all the news, heard all the previous ones had brought, admired her, praised her, pitied her, listened to her, and went away leaving her in such satisfied mood that she did not die any more that day. And as they went away they always paused at the door to say to some one of us what a cheerful invalid Aunt Pen had made herself, and what a nest of sunbeams her room always was, and what a lesson her patience and endurance ought to be. But, oh dear me, how very little they knew about it all!

We all lived together, as it happened; for when we children were left alone with but a small income, Aunt Pen—who was also alone, and only five years my senior—wrote word that we might as well come to her house in the city, for it wouldn't make expenses more, and might make them less if we divided them; and then, too, she said she would always be sure of one out of three bright and reasonable nurses. Poor Aunt Pen! perhaps she didn't find us either so bright or so reasonable as she had expected, for we used to think that in her less degree she went on the same principle with the crazy man who declared all the rest of the world except himself insane.

In honest truth, as doctor after doctor was turned away by the impatient and distempered woman up stairs, each one took occasion to say to us down stairs that our aunt's illness was of that nature that all the physic it required was to have her fancies humored, and that we never need give ourselves any uneasiness, for she would doubtless live to a good old age, unless some acute disease should intervene, as there was nothing at all the matter with her except a slight nervous sensitiveness, that never destroyed any body. I suppose we were a set of young

heathen, for really there were times, if you will believe it, when that was not the most reassuring statement in the world.

However. Sometimes Aunt Pen found a doctor, or a medicine, or a course of diet, or something, that gave her great sensations of relief, and then she would come down, and go about the house, and praise our administration, and say every thing went twice as far as it used to go before we came, and tell us delightful stories of our mother's housewifely skill, and be quite herself again; and she would make the table ring with laughing, and give charming little tea-parties; and then we all did wish that Aunt Pen would live forever—and be down stairs. But probably the next day, after one of the tea-parties, oysters, or claret punch, or hot cakes, or all together, had wrought their diablerie, and the doctor was sent for, and the warming-pan was brought out, and there was another six weeks' siege, in which, obeyed by every one, and physicked by herself, and sympathized with to her heart's content by callers, and shut up in a hot room with the windows full of flowering plants, and somebody reading endless novels to her with the lights burning all night long—if she wasn't ill she had every inducement to be, and nothing but an indomitable constitution hindered it. It was perfectly idle for us to tell her she was hurting herself; it only made her very indignant with us, and more determined than ever to persist in doing so.

Of course, then, the longer Aunt Pen staid in her room the worse she really did get, and her nerves, with confinement and worry and relaxation, would by-and-by be in a condition for any sort of an outburst if we attempted the least reasoning with her. She would become, for one thing, as sleepless as an owl; then she was thoroughly sure she was going to be insane, and down would go the hydrate of chloral till the doctor forbade it on pain of death. After the chloral, too, such horrid eyes as she had! the eyes, you know, that chloral always leaves—inflamed, purple, swollen, heavy, crying, and good for any thing but seeing. Immediately then Aunt Pen went into a new tantrum; she was going to be stone-blind, and dependent on three heartless hussies for all her mercies in this life; but no, thank goodness! she had friends that would see she did not go absolutely to the wall, and would never suffer her to be imposed on by a parcel of girls who didn't care whether she lived or died—who perhaps would rather she did die—who stood open-handed for her bequests; she would leave her money to the almshouse, and if we wanted it we could go and get it there! And after that, to be sure, Aunt Pen would have a fit of remorse for her words, and confess her sin chokingly, and have us all come separately and forgive her, and would say she was the wretchedest woman on the face of the earth, that she should live undesired till her friends were all tired, and then die unlamented; and would burst into tears and cry herself into a tearing headache, and have ice on her head and a blister on the back of her neck, and be quite confident that now she was really going off with congestion of the brain.

After that, for a day or two, she would be in a heavenly frame of mind with the blister and cabbage leaves and simple cerate, and a couple of mirrors by which to examine the rise and fall of the blister; and having had a hint of real illness, she would consent quite smilingly to the act of convalescence, and a descent to the healthy region of the parlors once more.

But no sooner were we all gay and happy in the house again, running out as we pleased, beginning to think of parties and drives and theatres and all enjoyment—and rather unobservant, as young folks are apt to be unobservant, of Aunt Pen's slight habitual pensiveness in the absence of guests or excitement, and of her ways generally—than Aunt Pen would challenge some lobster-salad to mortal combat, and, of course, come out floored by the colic. A little whisky then; and as a little gave so much ease, she would try a great deal. The result always was a precipitate retreat up stairs, a howling hysteric, bilious cramps, the doctor, a subcutaneous injection of morphine in her arm; then chattering like a magpie, relapse into awful silence, and, convinced that the morphine had been carried straight to her heart, a composing of her hands and feet, an injured dismissal of every soul from the room, with the assurance that we should find her straight and stiff and stone-dead in the morning.

We never did. For, as we seldom had opportunity of an undisturbed night's rest, we usually took her at her word if any access of ill temper, or despair, or drowsiness occasioned banishment from the presence. Not that we had always been so calm about it; there was a time when we were excited with every alarm, thrown into flurries and panics quite to Aunt Pen's mind, running after the doctor at two o'clock of the morning, building a fire in the range ourselves at midnight to make gruel for her, rubbing her till we rubbed the skin off our hands, combing her hair till we went to sleep standing; but Aunt Pen had cried wolf so long, and the doctors had all declared so stoutly that there was no wolf, that our once soft hearts had become quite hard and concrete.

When at last Aunt Pen had had an alarm from nearly every illness for which the pharmacopœia prescribes, and she knew that neither we nor the doctors would listen to the probability of their recurrence, she had an attack of "sinking." No, there was no particular disease, she used to say, only

sinking; she had been pulled down to an extent from which she had no strength to recuperate; she was only sinking, a little weaker to-day than she was yesterday—only sinking. But Aunt Pen ate a very good breakfast of broiled birds and toast and coffee; a very good lunch of cold meats and dainties, and a great goblet of thick cream; a very good dinner of soup and roast and vegetables and dessert, and perhaps a chicken bone at eleven o'clock in the evening. And when the saucy little Israel, who carried up her tray, heard her say she was sinking, he remarked that it was because of the load on her stomach.

One day, I remember, Aunt Pen was very much worse than usual. We were all in her room, a sunshiny place which she had connected with the adjoining one by sliding-doors, so that it might be big enough for us all to bring our work on occasion and make it lively for her. She had on a white cashmere dressing-gown trimmed with swan's-down, and she lay among the luxurious cushions of a blue lounge, with a paler blue blanket, which she had had one of us tricot for her, lying over her feet, and altogether she looked very ideal and ethereal; for Aunt Pen always did have such an eye to picturesque effect that I don't know how she could ever consent to the idea of mouldering away into dust like common clay.

She had sent Maria down for Mel and me to come up stairs with whatever occupied us, for she was convinced that she was failing fast, and knew we should regret it if we did not have the last of her. As we had received the same message nearly every other day during the last three or four weeks, we did not feel extraordinarily alarmed, but composedly took our baskets and scissors, and trudged along after Maria.

"I am sure I ought to be glad that I've succeeded in training my nieces into such industrious habits," said Aunt Pen, after a little while, looking at Mel; "but I should think that when a near relative approached the point of death, the fact might throw needle and thread into the background for a time." Then she paused for Maria to fan a little more breath into her. "It's different with Helen," soon she said; "the white silk shawl she is netting for me may be needed at any moment to lay me out in."

"Dear me, Aunt Pen!" cried Mel; "what a picture you'd be, laid out in a white net shawl!" For the doctor had told us to laugh at these whims all we might.

"Oh, you heartless girl!" said Aunt Pen. "To think of pictures at such a time!" And she closed her eyes as if weary of the world.

"I never saw any body who liked to revel in the ghastly the way you do, Aunt Pen."

"Mel!" said Aunt Pen, with quite a show of color in her cheek, "I shall send you down stairs."

"Do," said Mel: "where I can cut out my gown in peace."

"Cutting a gown at the bedside of the dying! Are you cold-blooded, or are you insensible?"

"Aunt Pen," said Mel, leaning on the point of her scissors, "you know very well that I have to make my own dresses, or go without them. And you have kept me running your idle errands, up and down two flights of stairs, to the doctor's and the druggist's, and goodness knows where and all, till I haven't a thread of any thing that is fit to be seen. You've been posturing this grand finale of yours, too, all the last three weeks, and it's time you had it perfect now; and you must let me alone till I get my gown done."

"It will do to wear at my funeral," said Aunt Pen, bitterly, as she concluded.

"No, it won't," said Mel, doggedly; "it's red."

"Red!" cried Aunt Pen, suddenly opening her eyes, and half rising on one hand. "What in wonder have you bought a red dress for? You are quite aware that I can't bear the least intimation of the color. My nerves are in such a state that a shred of red makes me—"

"You won't see it, you know," said Mel, in what did seem to me an unfeeling manner.

"No," said Aunt Pen. "Very true. I sha'n't see it. But what," added she, presently, snapping open her eyes, "considered as a mere piece of economy, you bought a red dress for, when you are immediately going into black, passes common-sense to conjecture! You had better send it down and have it dyed at once before you cut it, for the shrinkage will spoil it forever if you don't."

"Much black I shall go into," said Mel.

Maria laughed. Aunt Pen cried.

"Aunt Pen," said the cruel Mel, "if you were going to die you wouldn't be crying. Dying people have no tears to shed, the doctors say."

"Somebody ought to cry," said poor Aunt Pen, witheringly. "Don't talk to me about doctors," she continued, after a silence interrupted only by the snipping of the scissors. "They are a set of quacks. They know nothing. I will have all the doctors in town at my funeral for pall-bearers. It will be a satire too delicate for them to appreciate, though. Speaking of that occasion, Helen," she went on, turning to me as a possible ally, "I have so many friends that I suppose the house will be full."

"Wouldn't you enjoy it more from church, auntie?" said I.

"Oh, you hard and wicked girls!" she cried. "You're all alike. Listen to me! If you won't hear my wishes, you must take my commands. Now, in the first place, I want the parlors to be overflowing with flowers, literally lined with flowers. I don't care how much money it takes; there'll be enough left for you—more than you de-

serve. And I want you to be very sure that I'm not to be exposed unless I look exactly as I'd like to look. You're to put on my white silk that I was to have been married in, and my veil, and the false orange blossoms. They're all in the third drawer of the press, and the key's on my chatelaine. And if—if—well," said Aunt Pen, more to herself than us, "if he comes, he'll understand. The Bride of Death."

After that she did not say any more for some minutes, and we were all silent and sorry, and Mel was fidgeting in a riot of repentance; we had never, either of us, heard a word of any romance of Aunt Pen's before. We began to imagine that there might be some excuse for the overthrow of Aunt Pen's nervous system, some reality in the overthrow. "You will leave this ring on my finger," said she, by-and-by. "If Chauncey Read comes, and wants it, he will take it off. It will fit his finger as well now, I suppose, as it did when he wore it before he gave it to me." Then Aunt Pen bit her lip and shut her eyes, and seemed to be slipping off into a gentle sleep.

"By-the-way!" said she, suddenly, sitting upright on the lounge, "I won't have the horses from Brown's livery—"

"The what, auntie?"

"The horses for the cortége. You know Brown puts that magnificent span of his in the hearse on account of their handsome action. I'm sure Mrs. Gaylard would have been frightened to death if she could only have seen the way they pranced at her funeral last fall. I was determined then that they never should draw me;" and Aunt Pen shivered for herself beforehand. "And I can't have them from Timlins's, for the same reason," said she. "All his animals are skittish; and you remember when a pair of them took fright and dashed away from the procession and ran straight to the river, and there'd have been four other funerals if the schooner at the wharf hadn't stopped the runaways. And Timlins has a way, too, of letting white horses follow the hearse with the first mourning-coach, and it's very bad luck, very—an ill omen, a prophecy of Death and the Pale Horse again, you know. And I won't have them from Shust's, either," said Aunt Pen, "for he is simply the greatest extortioner since old Isaac the Jew."

"Well, auntie," said Mel, forgetful of her late repentance, "I don't see but you'll have to go with Shank's mare."

Even Aunt Pen laughed then. "Don't you really think you are going to lose me, girls?" asked she.

"No, auntie," replied Maria. "We all think you are a hypo."

"A hypo?"

"Not a hypocrite," said Mel, "but a hypochondriac."

"I wish I were," sighed Aunt Pen; "I wish I were. I should have some hope of myself then," said the poor inconsistent innocent. "Oh no, no; I feel it only too well; I am going fast. You will all regret your disbelief when I am gone;" and she lay back among her pillows. "That reminds me," she murmured, presently. "About my monument."

"Oh, Aunt Pen, do be still!" said Mel.

"No," said Aunt Pen, firmly; "it may be a disagreeable duty, but that is all the better reason for me to bring my mind to it. And if I don't attend to it now, it never will be attended to. I know what relatives are. They put down a slab of slate with a skull and cross-bones scratched on it, and think they've done their duty. Not that I mean any reflections on you; you're all well-meaning, but you're giddy. I shall haunt you if you do any thing of the kind! No; you may send Mr. Mason up here this afternoon, and I will go over his designs with him. I am going to have carved Carrara marble, set in a base of polished Scotch granite, and the inscription is— Girls!" cried Aunt Pen, rising and clasping her knees with unexpected energy, "I expressly forbid my age being printed in the paper, or on the lid, or on the stone! I won't gratify every gossip in town, that I won't! I shall take real pleasure in baffling their curiosity. And another thing, while I am about it, don't you ask Tom Maltby to my funeral, or let him come in, if he comes himself, on any account whatever. I should rise in my shroud if he approached me. Yes, I should! Tom Maltby may be all very well; I dare say he is; and I hope I die at peace with him and all mankind, as a good Christian should. I forgive him; yes, certainly, I forgive him; but it doesn't follow that I need forget him; and, so long as I remember him, the way he conducted in buying the pew over my head I can't get over, dead or alive. And if I only do get well we shall have a reckoning that will make his hair stand on end—that he may rely on!" And here Aunt Pen took the fan from Maria, and moved it actively, till she remembered herself, when she resigned it. "One thing more," she said. "Whatever happens, Helen, don't let me be kept over Sunday. There'll certainly be another death in the family within the year if you do. If I die on Saturday, there's no help for it. Common decency won't let you shove me into the ground at once, and so you will have to make up your minds for a second summons." And Aunt Pen, contemplating the suttee of some one of us with great philosophy, lay down and closed her eyes again. "You might have it by torch-light on Sunday night, though," said she, half opening them. "That would be very pretty." And then she dropped off to sleep with such a satisfied expression of countenance that we judged her to be welcoming in imagination the guests at her last rites herself.

Whatever the dream was, she was rudely roused from it by the wretched little Israel, who came bounding up the stairs, and, without word or warning, burst into the room, almost white with horror. Why Israel was afraid I can't conjecture, but, at any rate, a permanent fright would have been of great personal advantage to him. "Oh, ma'am! oh, miss! dere's a pusson down stair, a cullud woman, wid der small-pox!" he almost whistled in his alarm.

"With the small-pox!" cried Aunt Pen, springing into the middle of the floor, regardless of her late repose *in articulo mortis*. "Go away, Israel! Have you been near her? Put her out immediately? How on earth did she get there?"

"You allus telled me to let every body in," chattered Israel.

"Put her out! put her out!" cried Aunt Pen, half dancing with impatience.

"We can't get her out. She's right acrost der door-step. We's feared ter tech her."

But Aunt Pen's head was out of the window, and she was shouting, "Police! fire! murder! thieves!" possibly in the order of importance of the four calamities, but quite as if she had a plenty of breath left; and, for a wonder, the police came to the rescue, and directly afterward an ambulance took the poor victim of the frightful epidemic to the hospital. I believe it turned out to be only measles after all, though.

"Run, Israel!" screamed Aunt Pen then; "run instantly and bring home a couple of pounds of roll-brimstone, and tell the maids to riddle the furnace fire and make it as bright and hot as possible, and to light fires in the parlor grates, and in the old Latrobe, and in every room in the house, without losing a minute. We'll make this house too warm for it!"

And, to our amazement, as soon as Israel came darting back with the impish material, Aunt Pen took a piece in each hand, directed us to do the same, and wrapping the blue afghan round her shoulders, descended to the lower rooms three steps at a time, sent for the doctor to come and vaccinate us, and having set a chair precisely over the register where a red-hot stream of air was pouring up, she placed herself upon it and issued her orders.

Every window was closed, every grate from basement to attic had a fire lighted in it, and little pans of brimstone were burning in every room and hall in the house, while we, astonished, indignant, frightened, and amused, sat enduring the torments of vapor and sulphur baths to the point of suffocation.

"I can't bear this another moment," wheezed Mel.

"It's the only way," replied Aunt Pen, serenely, with a rivulet trickling down her nose. "You kill the germs by heat, and since we can't bake ourselves quite to death, we make sure of the work by the fumes."

And as she sat there, her face rubicund, her swan's-down straight, drops on her cheeks, her chin, her forehead, and wherever drops could cling, her eyes watering, her curls limp, and an atmosphere of unbearable odor enveloping her in its cloud, the front-door opened, and a footstep rung on the tiles.

"Jess you keep out o' yer!" yelled Israel to the intruder, seeing it wasn't the doctor. "We's got der small-pox, and am a-killing de gemmens—"

"Pen!" cried a man's voice through the smoke—a deep, melodious voice.

"What!" exclaimed Aunt Pen, starting up, and then pausing as if she fancied the horrid fumes might have befogged her brain.

"Pen!" the voice cried again.

"Chauncey! Chauncey Read!" she shrieked. "Where do you come from? Am I dreaming?"

"From the North Pacific," answered the voice; and we dimly discerned its owner groping his way forward. "From the five years' whaling voyage into which I was gagged and dragged—shanghaied, they call it. Oh, Pen, I didn't dare to hope I should find—"

"Oh, Chauncey, is it you?" she cried, and fell fainting at his feet.

The draught from the open door after him was blowing away the smoke, and we saw what a great, sunburned, handsome fellow it was that had caught her in his arms, and was bearing her out to the back balcony and the fresh air there, used in the course of his whaling voyage, perhaps, to odors no more belonging to Araby the Blest than those of burning brimstone do; and, seeing the movement, we divined that he knew as much about the resources of the house as we did, and so we discreetly withdrew, Israel's head being twisted behind him as he went to such extent that you might have supposed he had had his neck wrung.

Well, we put the white silk and the tulle on Aunt Pen after all; yellow as it was, she would have no other—only fresh, natural orange blossoms in place of the false wreath. And if we had not so often had her word for it in past times, we never should have taken her for any thing but the gayest bride, the most alive and happy woman, in the world. They returned to the old house from their wedding journey, and we all live together in great peace and pleasantness. But though three years are passed and gone since Chauncey Read came home and brought a new atmosphere with him into all our lives, Aunt Pen has never had a sick day yet; and we find that any allusion to her funeral gives her such a superstitious trembling that we are pleased to believe it indefinitely postponed, and by tacit and mutual consent we never say any thing about it.

CALIFORNIA.

II.—WHAT TO SEE THERE, AND HOW TO SEE IT.

By CHARLES NORDHOFF.

SUMMIT OF THE SIERRAS.

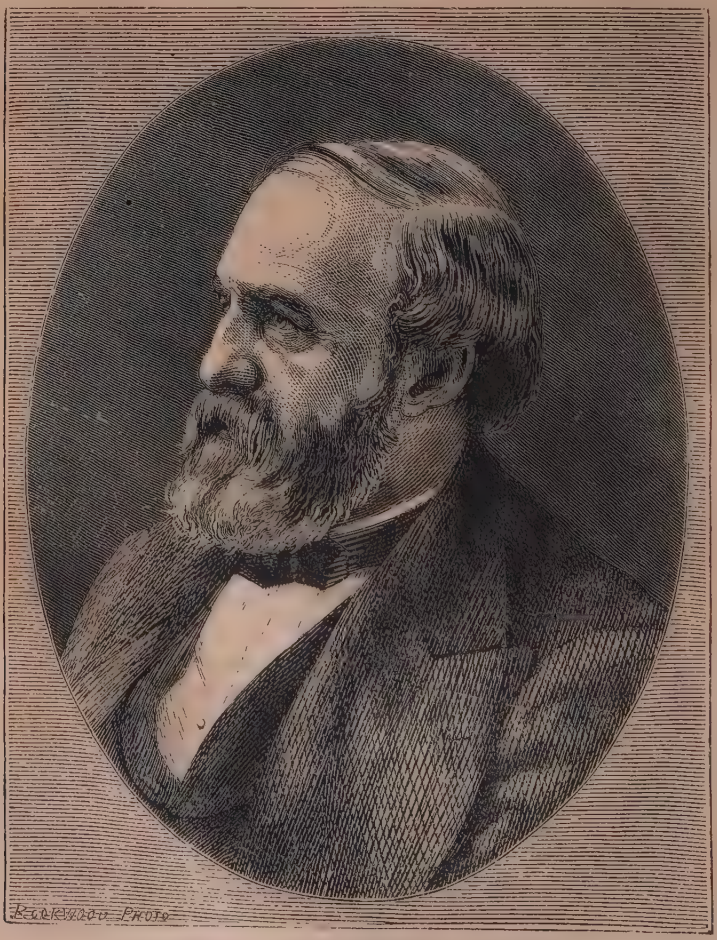
YOU enter California by one of the most notable and remarkable objects it contains—I mean the Central Pacific Railroad. All the world has heard of the great Mont Cenis Tunnel. Travelers tell us perpetually of sights and public works in Europe; but if the Americans were not the most modest people in the world, they would before this have made more famous than any European public work the magnificent and daring piece of engineering by whose help you roll luxuriously from Ogden to San Francisco. But we Americans have too much to do to spend our time in boasting. When we have accomplished some great thing, we turn to something still greater, if it is at hand; and it is a curious commentary upon this characteristic that the man whose daring, determination, resistless energy, and clear prevision did more than any thing else to build this great road—I mean C. P. Huntington—has already turned away to another enterprise, in parts almost equally difficult—the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad.

You take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad at Ogden, at a level of 4200 feet

above the sea, and the locomotive draws your train over many miles of an alkali desert, in parts of which water had to be drawn forty miles for the men who built the road; up the Sierra to a height of 7017 feet, where the snow lay sixty feet deep one winter while the road was being built, and where they actually dug tunnels through the snow and ice to work on the road-bed; down from the summit around cliffs, along the edge of precipices, through miles of snow-sheds, through tunnels and deep rock cuts, across chasms where you shudder as you look down into the rushing torrent far below; and all this, until you reach the plain of the Sacramento, through a country even yet almost uninhabited, believed ten years ago to be uninhabitable, presenting at every step the most tremendous difficulties to the engineer as well as to the capitalist.

The story of the building of the Central Pacific Railroad is one of the most remarkable examples of the dauntless spirit of American enterprise. The men who built it were merchants, who probably knew no more about building railroads, when they had passed middle age and attained a respectable competence by trade, than a Colusa Pike knows about Greek. Huntington and Hopkins were, and are, hardware merchants; Stanford was at one time a wholesale dealer in groceries, though later Governor of the State; the two Crockers were dry-goods men. These five, all at or past middle age, all living at Sacramento, then an insignificant interior town of California, believing in each other, believing that the railroad must be built, and finding no one else ready to undertake it, put their hands and heads and their means to the great work, and carried it through.

Do you know what is the common fate in this country of railroad projectors? A few sanguine and public-spirited men procure a charter, make up a company, subscribe for the stock, drag all their friends in, get the preliminary surveys made, begin the work —and then break down; and two or three



C. P. HUNTINGTON.

capitalists, who have been quietly waiting for this foreseen conclusion —foreseen by them, I mean—thereupon step in, buy the valuable wreck for a song, and build and run and own the road. This is a business in itself. Dozens of men have made millions apiece by this process, which is perfectly legitimate, for, as the French say, in order to succeed you must be successful, or as we say in this country, to the victors belong the spoils. Now the projectors of the Central Pacific Railroad completed it, and to-day control and manage it; they did not let it slip out of their fingers; and what is more, being only merchants, totally inexperienced in railroad building and railroad managing, they did their work so well that, in the opinion of the best engineers, their road is to-day one of the most thoroughly built and equipped and best managed in the United States—the equal of the Pennsylvania Central. Their bonds sell in Europe but little, if any, below United States government bonds, and their credit as a company, in London, Frankfort, and Paris, is as high as that of the government itself.

ALKALI DESERT, CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Moreover, you are to remember that these five Sacramento merchants, who undertook to build a railroad through 600 miles of an almost uninhabited country, over mountains and across an alkali desert, were totally unknown to the great money world; that their project was pronounced impracticable by engineers of reputation, testifying before legislative committees; that it was opposed and ridiculed at every step by the moneyed men of San Francisco; that even in their own neighborhood they were thought sure to fail, and the "Dutch Flat Swindle," as it was called, was caricatured, written down in pamphlets, abused in newspapers, spoken against by politicians, denounced by capitalists, and for a long time held in such ill repute that it was more than a banker's character for prudence was worth to connect himself with it, even by subscribing for its stock.

Nor was this all. Not only had credit to be created for the enterprise against all these difficulties, but when money was raised, the material for the road—the iron, the spikes, the tools to dig, the powder to blast, the locomotives, the cars, the machinery, every thing—had to be shipped from New York around Cape Horn, to make an expensive and hazardous eight months' voyage, before it could be landed in San Francisco, and had then to be reshipped 200 miles to Sacramento by water. Not a foot of iron was laid on the road, on all the miles to Ogden, not a spike was driven, not a dirt car was moved, nor a powder blast set off, that was not first brought around Cape Horn; and at every step of its progress the work depended upon the promptness with which all this material was shipped for a voyage of thousands of miles.

Men, too, as well as material, had to be obtained from a great distance. California, thinly populated, with wages very high at that time, could not supply the force needed. Laborers were obtained from New York, from the lower country, and finally ten thousand Chinese were brought over the Pacific Ocean, and their patient toil completed the work.

When you get to Sacramento, if you have a quarter of an hour to spare, ask somebody to show you No. 54 K Street. It is not far from the railroad dépôt, and it is the place where the Central Pacific Railroad was nursed, and from which it grew. You will see over the plain frame store an old sign, "Huntington and Hopkins," and if you walk in you will find a tolerably complete assortment of hardware. Here C. P. Huntington and Mark Hopkins, the first from Connecticut, the last from the hill country of Massachusetts, gathered, by diligence, shrewdness, and honest dealing, a respectable fortune. They were so cautious that they never owned a dollar of stock in a mine, never had a branch house, never sent out a "drummer" to get business, and never sued a man for a debt. It is still related in Sacramento that the cardinal rule of the firm was to ask a high price for every thing, but to sell only a good article—the best in the market.

In fact, Huntington and Hopkins were

BLOOMER CUT.

merchants, and nothing else, in business; they sold hardware; but in politics they were Free-soilers, and later Republicans, and they did not sell their principles. It came about that No. 54 K Street became a place where leading Republicans met to discuss the news, and plan opposition to the Democratic party, which then, in 1856–58, though probably numerically the weakest, was strongest in money, in its aggressive spirit, and in social influence in the State. In those early days, when a Pacific railroad, though talked of, was still a dream of the far-off future, "54 K Street," which has since found room for all the various offices of the Central Pacific Company, without disturbing the hardware business—in those days it accommodated in a modest upper-story room the first Republican press of California. This was called the *Times;* it supported Fremont; and Mr. Cole, lately United States Senator from California, was its editor. Thus "54 K Street" was the head-quarters of the Republicans in the northern and central parts of the State; and here met, with Huntington and Hopkins among others, Stanford, afterward the able Governor of the State, and president of the Central Pacific Company, and the Crockers, both able men, and one a judge.

Sitting around the stove on dull winter evenings in the store at 54 K Street, the two hardware merchants and their Republican allies, Stanford and the Crockers, when politics flagged, are said to have returned again and again to the project of a Pacific road. The desire for a road was in every body's mind in California; the question entered so completely into politics that no man for years could hope to be chosen to an office by either party unless he was known to be the zealous friend of the railroad. In 1850–51 a wagon road was the most that was hoped for, and to this every body subscribed as he was able. Then came the telegraph, and in that all public-spirited men took stock, or to it they gave outright what they could spare. Meantime, year after year, the Pacific Railroad bill appeared in Congress, was discussed, and laid over. The "snow-capped Sierras" were the bugbear of Senators; but Republicans in California thought they saw in this only a pretense, when they heard Democratic politicians proposing to divide the State and make two Pacific railroads, one for the North and one for the South.

Finally, there came to build the Little Sacramento Valley Railroad one Judah, an engineer, who, many people thought, was Pacific railroad crazy. He begged some money among the most sanguine railroad men, and made a reconnaissance of two or three gaps in the Sierra. After some time he proclaimed that he had discovered what every body wished for—a possible passage for a railroad. By way of Dutch Flat, he asserted, there was a long, easy ascent, practicable for a road. Judah, sanguine and restless, personally solicited subscriptions from the people of Dutch Flat, Auburn, Grass Valley, and Sacramento, to help him to make a more thorough exploration. Public meetings were held, and men gave, according to their means, ten, fifty, a hundred dollars for this object. A law of the State, which made every stockholder individually liable for the debts of a company, made people cautious about subscribing to new projects, and Judah got his support chiefly in gifts; and among his leading supporters in this way were the five merchants I have named. About this time came the rumble of war,

and the San Francisco capitalists, mostly at that time Southern men, would not have any thing more to do with the scheme; and once more it seemed to be crushed.

Working under the State laws, which provided that before a company could have a charter $1000 must be paid in for every mile of the proposed road, it was not easy to raise the capital—about $135,000—needed to obtain a charter; and yet affairs had now come to such a pass that it was no longer worth while, or even possible, to go on without a charter. Sacramento was canvassed, but with too little success; San Francisco had buttoned up its pockets; and at last Huntington, who had refused to give any more money for mere reconnaissances, proposed to half a dozen others to undertake the enterprise among themselves of making a regular and careful survey. "I'll be one of ten, or one of eight, if Hopkins will consent," he said at a meeting called at Governor Stanford's house; and thus the great work was at last begun, seven men binding themselves in a compact for three years to pay all needful expenses of a thorough survey. Of these seven, one, Judah, had no means, and shortly afterward died, and another presently dropped out. There were a few outside subscriptions; but it is curious to remember that when a prominent banker, friendly to the project, and having faith in it, was asked to take some stock, he declined on the plea that the credit of his bank would suffer if he were known to be connected with so wild a scheme. This was in 1860, less than twelve years ago.

FLUME AND RAILROAD AT GOLD RUN, SIXTY-FOUR MILES FROM SACRAMENTO.

The Central Pacific Railroad Company was thus at last organized, with Leland Stanford as president, C. P. Huntington as vice-president, and Mark Hopkins as secretary and treasurer; and the same men hold the same places to-day.

Affairs now began to look, to the prudent hardware dealers at No. 54 K Street, as though they were likely to have more railroad presently than would be good for the hardware business. While the explorations and surveys were going on, in the winter of 1860–61, and while a Pacific Railroad bill was getting drawn for Congress, business details began to be examined; and at 54 K Street they asked themselves why it was that so few railroads in this country were successful in first hands. The answer was that, first, they were not prudently and economically managed in the beginning; second, that American railroads are built largely on credit. Thus it almost always happens that the interest account begins to run before the road earns money; and to pay interest when no business was done would ruin almost any undertaking, even the hardware business, thought these shrewd merchants.

As to the first fault—on another page you may see a picture of the first building erected by the Central Pacific Railroad Company. You will notice, perhaps, that "C. P. Huntington"—*Central Pacific* Huntington he began to be called in those days—was its architect. The engineer had designed what naturally seemed to him a proper building for the Sacramento business. It was large, elaborate, complete, and would have cost

FIRST OFFICE OF THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

$12,000. Huntington approved of the plan, which he said was admirable for by-and-by; for the present, said he, we are not doing much business, and *this* would do. And with a piece of chalk he drew the outline on the iron door of 54 K Street of such a board structure as he thought sufficient; the four sides were nailed together in an afternoon; it was roofed the next day; it cost $150; and when it grew too small for its original uses, it was removed and used as a paint shop. There was no nonsense or flummery about 54 K Street. And I may add that the same spirit still prevails there. Of course the company now owns and occupies an extensive river frontage in Sacramento, as well as in Oakland, at Vallejo, and in San Francisco, for its business; but the business offices you will still find in a very plain frame house, 54 K Street, over the old hardware store; and if you visit the New York office, you will find there an equally plain establishment.

As to the second point—Huntington was, after consultation, sent to Washington, strictly enjoined to see that in the Pacific Railroad bill it should be provided that the company should pay no interest on the bonds it received of the government for at least ten years; and if this condition was refused, to abandon the whole matter, and sell the wreck for what it would bring.

Another and more notable thing these five men did. When they sent Huntington to Washington, they gave him a power of attorney authorizing him to do for them and in their name any thing whatever—to buy, sell, bargain, convey, borrow, or lend, without any *if* or *but*, let or hinderance whatever, except that he should fare alike with them in all that concerned their great project. It is not often that five middle-aged business men are found to place such entire confidence in each other; but it was vital to their success that they should feel and act just thus.

At last, one day, Huntington telegraphed from Washington: "The bill has passed, and we have drawn the elephant." Thereupon the company accepted the conditions, and opened books for stock subscriptions to the amount of eight and a half millions to carry the road to the State line. The beginning was not hopeful. The rich men of San Francisco did not subscribe a cent. One man in Nevada took one share. Others elsewhere took five one-hundred-dollar shares more. Six hundred dollars in all were subscribed at the first rush to build the Central Pacific Railroad. Later, mechanics, working-women, and others in Sacramento and other small towns—homesick people who wanted to get back to the Atlantic States without the perils of the sea, it was said—took up about one hundred and fifty shares more. It was a long time before more than a million and a half of stock was taken.

Meantime, in the summer of 1861, a considerable traffic had sprung up between Nevada and Sacramento. This was done over the Placerville turnpike, and Mark Hopkins took pains to ascertain the amount and value of this commerce, which the Pacific Railroad

SECRET TOWN—TRESTLE FROM THE EAST, 1100 FEET LONG, 90 FEET HIGH.

GREEN BLUFFS, 1500 FEET ABOVE THE AMERICAN RIVER, SEVENTY-ONE MILES FROM SACRAMENTO.

would do, of course, as soon as it was sufficiently completed. He caused the number of teams on the turnpike and the number of passengers to be counted; and this gave a certain promise of business. Next it was necessary to cause well-known bankers to certify to the world the good standing and pecuniary responsibility of the principal subscribers to the stock. The California Legislature then merged the State charter in the Federal charter; all the statutes of the State bearing upon the company were gathered together; and thus armed with facts and credentials, Huntington went to New York to raise a great many millions of dollars. He was promptly told by capitalists that the bonds of the company had no value in their eyes until some part of the road had been built. The government bonds, of course, were not to be given until a certain part of the road was completed. The stock subscriptions came in too slowly for practical purposes. Huntington, courageous, full of resources, and of faith in what he had undertaken to do, announced that he would not sell his bonds except for money, and that he would not sell any unless a million and a half were taken; and finally, when that amount was bid for, he called all the bidders together, explained in detail the full importance and value of the enterprise, and thereupon the bonds were taken, on the condition that Huntington and his four partners—Hopkins, Stanford, and the two Crockers—should make themselves personally responsible for the money received until the bonds could be exchanged for government bonds. Huntington did not hesitate a moment to pledge his own moderate fortune and those of his associates to this effect. These bonds built thirty-one miles of the road—the easiest part of it, fortunately.

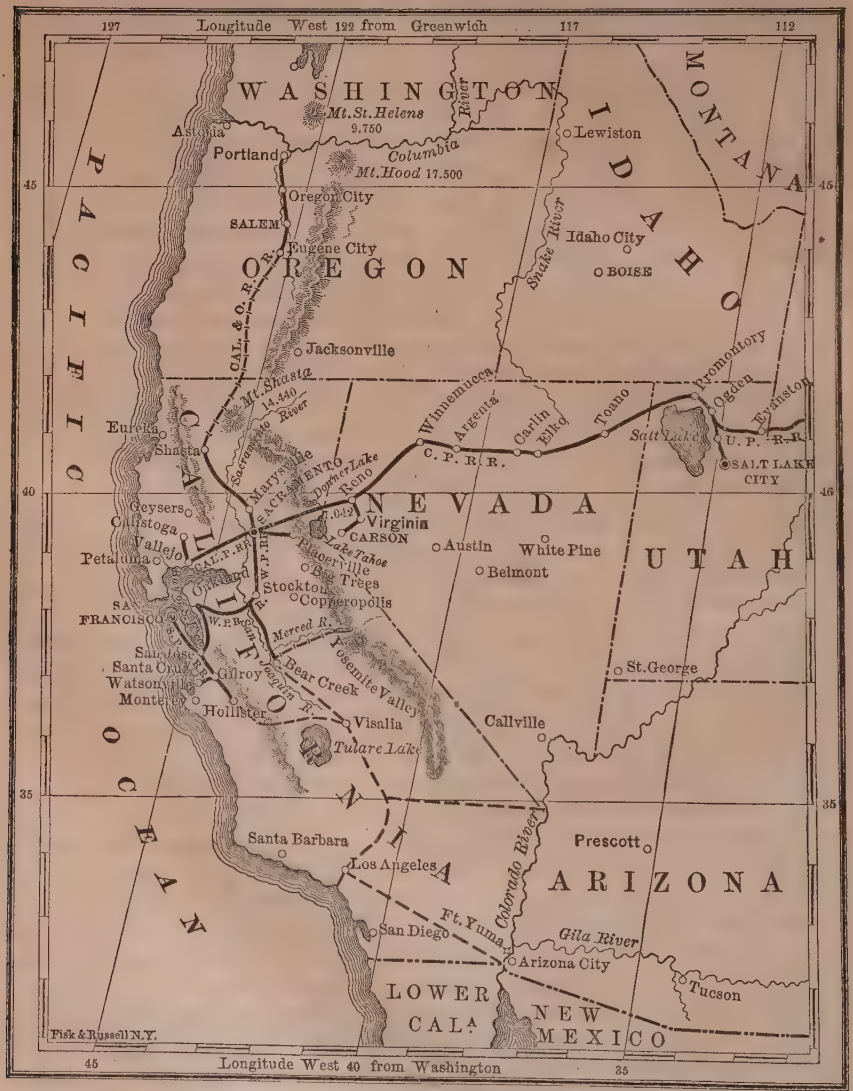
And now came the severest test of the courage and endurance of the men at 54 K Street. Eleven months passed over before they could get the government bonds for the completed and accepted part of the line; these bonds in the mean time had gone down from one and a half per cent. premium in gold, where they stood when the charter was accepted, to thirty-nine cents for the dollar. Railroad iron in the same period went up from $50 to $135 per ton. All other materials, locomotives, etc., rose in the same proportion; insurance for the eight or nine months' voyage around Cape Horn, which every pound of the material of the road-bed and running stock had to make, rose from two and a half to ten per cent.; freights from $18 to $45 per ton.

Intent on keeping down their interest account, the five men at 54 K Street asked the State to pay for twenty years the interest on a million and a half of bonds, in exchange for which they gave a valuable granite quarry, guaranteed free transportation of all stone from it for the public buildings, and also free transportation over their line of all State troops, criminals, lunatics, and paupers. This was done. Then Sacramento and some of the counties were asked to exchange their bonds for the stock of the company, and this was done by a popular vote. But most of these contracts had to be enforced afterward in the courts, the Democratic financial ring opposing every step.

Meantime the money was used up. The business was from the first kept rigidly under control; every contract was made ter-

minable at the option of the company; every hand employed was paid off monthly; and in reading over the old contract I came upon a clause specially obliging the contractors to keep liquor out of the camps. When Huntington, after long labors in New York, returned to Sacramento, he found the treasure chest so low that it was necessary to diminish the laboring force, or at once raise more means. "Huntington and Hopkins," said he, "can, out of their own means, pay 400 men during a year; how many can each of you keep on the line?" The five men agreed in council at 54 K Street that out of their own fortunes they would maintain and pay 800 men during a year on the road.

That resolution ended their troubles. Before the year was over they had received their government bonds. They still had the worst and most costly part of the line to build; they still had to transport all their material around Cape Horn; they had many trials, difficulties, and obstacles before them, for nearly four years were consumed in crossing the Sierra; they had to encounter lawsuits, opposition, ridicule, evil prophecies, losses; had to organize a vast laboring force, drill long tunnels, shovel away in one spring sixty feet of snow, over seven miles of the line, in order to get at the road-bed; had to set up saw-mills by the dozen in the mountains to saw ties; haul half a dozen locomotives and



MAP SHOWING POINTS OF INTEREST TO TOURISTS.

twenty tons of iron twenty-six miles over the mountains by ox teams; haul water forty and wood twenty miles for the construction trains on the alkali plains; but it seems to me that this brave resolution was the turning-point in their enterprise. Surely there is something admirable in the courage of five country merchants, ignorant of railroad building, and unknown to the world, assuming such a load as the support of 800 men for a year out of their own pockets for an enterprise in the success of which few of their own friends believed.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD HOSPITAL.

The secret of their success was that these five country merchants meant, in good faith, to build a railroad. They did not expect to get money out of an enterprise before they put money of their own into it. They managed all the details as carefully and prudently as they were accustomed to manage the hardware or dry-goods business. They were honest men. When Huntington began to buy iron and machinery in New York, people flocked to him to sell, and there is a story of some one who came with an offer of a handsome commission to Huntington if he would deal with him. "I want all the commissions I can get," was the reply; "*but I want them put in the bill. This* road has got to be built without any stealings."

"Don't keep a man at work whom you can't pay regularly at the end of the month: we won't stop work, but if we can pay only one man, we will employ only one," was their rule. Therefore every contract was made terminable at the will of the company. In New York, where the money was to be raised on the bonds, and the material had to be bought and shipped, the bonds were sold only for money, and the iron bought for cash. And all this time the interest was kept down by every possible care and prevision. "If there is any money to be made in building this road," said Huntington, "I mean that the company shall make it." When somebody tells you that "the Central Pacific people were close," you will understand that they were honest.

Nor were they satisfied merely to complete their road. They have busied themselves in establishing feeders for it in California, and already own and manage almost the whole railroad system of that State. North toward Oregon, and southward toward Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and the Colorado River, engineers are busy laying tracks or surveying new routes.

The Central Pacific Railroad was one of the most expensive to build in the world. Its engineers, Montague and Grey, would have been famous all over the world had they constructed a road half as difficult in Europe. They had not only to build a road through an almost inaccessible country, but when it was completed they had the further problem of running trains over it at all seasons. You will see little of the costly and solid snow-sheds, through which you pass mostly by night, and which are now being roofed with iron; you will not see at all the ponderous snow-plows, of various patterns, some to push the snow off on one side, some on the other, down a precipice, others made merely to fling it off the track on the plains, and behind which, during the past winter, often eight heavy engines were harnessed to "buck" the snow, and throw it from twenty to sixty feet away.

Nor will you see, unless you inquire for it, in Sacramento an admirable institution, the Central Pacific Railroad Hospital, a fine building which stands in an open square, cost $60,000, and is supported by a monthly contribution of fifty cents from every man engaged with the company, from the president down. One of the ablest physicians of Sacramento has charge of this hospital, and he too was one of eight men who formed the Republican party in California. In the report of the State Board of Health this hospital is spoken of as "first in the order of salubrity and successful results in the world," and it is in every way a complete and carefully managed institution.

The company, which, as I have told you, has still its head-quarters at 54 K Street, Sacramento, now employs more men than all the other manufacturers in California; its pay-roll, in the State alone, contains 6319

names. It manufactures within the State every article and material used in building or running its roads; it is spending half a million of dollars per month in building new roads, and it has, still at 54 K Street, Sacramento, the most complete land-office in the United States, not excepting that at Washington—a place where you may select on maps, locate, and pay for, any quantity of the company's lands you wish for, and where you may obtain in a few minutes detailed and specific information concerning lands in any part of California.

One incident of the building of the road will conclude what I have to say of it. In April, 1869, ten miles of road were built in one day. This is probably the greatest feat of railroad building on record. What is most remarkable about it is that eight men handled all the iron on this ten miles. These eight giants walked ten miles that day, and lifted and handled one thousand tons of rail bars each.

You will find San Francisco one of the pleasantest and most novel of all the sights of California. The hotels are admirably kept; the streets are full of strange sights; the Cliff House, to which you ought to drive in the early morning and eat there an admirably cooked breakfast, amidst the roar of the Pacific's surf and the howling of the sea-lions, will make one of your pleasantest experiences; at Woodward's Gardens a good collection of grizzly bears, and other wild beasts native to California, will amuse and instruct children from fifteen to fifty years of age; the Chinese and Japanese shops have curiosities at all prices from twenty-five cents to five hundred dollars; and the Chinese quarter will occupy you several days, if you are at all curious.

You will easily find the streets devoted to the Chinese. They occupy a considerable part of the heart of the city; and their shops, in Sacramento, Dupont, and other streets, are open to visitors, though you will not find much to buy in them, nor many of the merchants and clerks able to speak or understand English. Ladies and children may safely and properly walk in the main streets in the Chinese quarter by day. The tourist who wishes to investigate further should get a policeman stationed among the Chinese to show him around after dark. He will see some strange and unpleasant sights; and ladies and children must be excluded from this tour. But all may go to the Chinese theatre. If you have a party of ladies and children, you should apply the day before to the manager of the theatre, a Chinaman, whom you will find on the premises, for a box. This will cost you two dollars, and fifty cents additional for every person in your party. Go about half past eight, and stay until ten or eleven. The boxes are up stairs, at one end of the gallery; opposite you will see the Chinese women huddled together in a place by themselves: the audience below vehemently resents the indecorum of a woman appearing in the pit. The play usually contains some ad-

THE GEYSERS.

mirable feats of tumbling; but the whole performance you will find most strange and extraordinary. The orchestra sit in the back of the stage, and the performers and actors smoke and sip tea in the intervals when they happen to be disengaged. The costumes are costly and elaborate; the acting appears to us Western barbarians outrageously stilted; and the voices are the very soul of discord, fitly married to the music, which will set your teeth on edge and pierce your ears with its fierce and continual clangor and shrill screams.

You should also, during the day, visit the Chinese temples, or joss-houses, to which a policeman will guide you. They are in the shabby style of the theatre, decorated with cheap tinsel; but you will see the Chinese manner of worship, and in one of the temples some curious carving in wood.

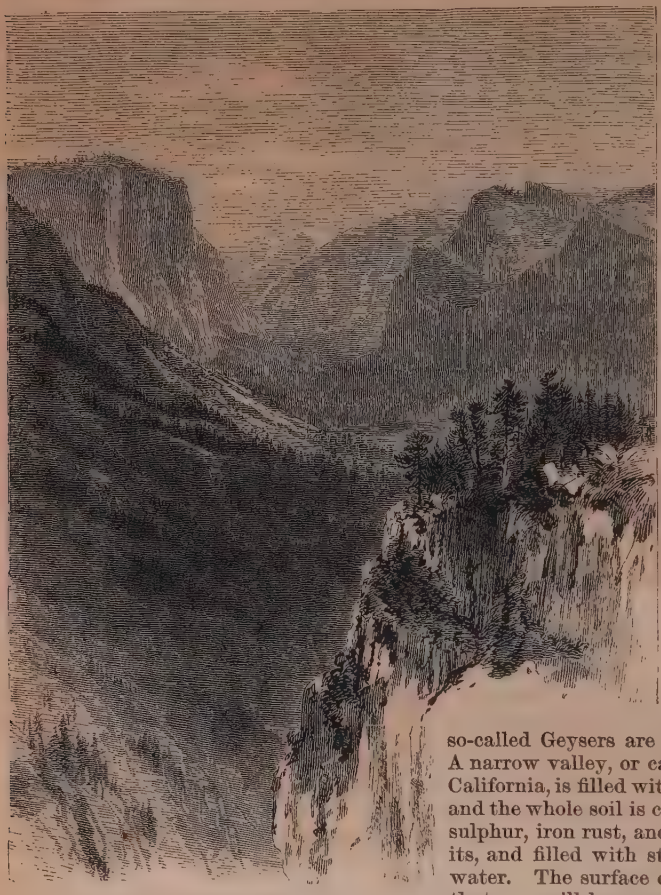
The Chinese quarter is perfectly safe and orderly; and you need no protection, even for ladies and children, in going to the theatre or elsewhere.

Among the sights in California most attractive to the tourist the groves of Big Trees and the wonderful Yosemite Valley are, of course, the chief.

PIUTE SQUAW AND PAPOOSE.

Travelers who come for but a hurried stay will economize time by seeing first San Francisco and its neighborhood, in which I include the San José Valley, the Almaden mine, and Santa Cruz; and on the north the Geysers, Clear Lake, if you have time, the

CALIFORNIA LIVE-OAK.



THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

Napa Valley, Santa Rosa, and the Sonoma country. Having "done" the coast, you can turn your face eastward, and, leaving your luggage at Stockton (at the Yosemite House), begin the tour of the trees and the valley.

Those who mean to see Los Angeles, San Diego, San Bernardino, or Santa Barbara will, of course, take the steamer trip also before leaving for the interior.

In a previous article I have given details of the time needed for, and the cost of, various excursions in the State. Here I mean to give a few hints to those contemplating these journeys. And first as to the coast trips.

To the Geysers you should go by way of Calistoga, where you remain overnight, reaching the Geyser Hotel the following forenoon, and return by way of Healdsburg.

In going to the Geysers you have an exciting but not dangerous ride through a fine country. The horses are well trained, and the drivers are experienced men. Foss, who is the great whip on this route, usually drives six-in-hand; and if you sit with him on the box you will find yourself whirled around turns so short that you lose sight of the leaders. The road, which for miles skirts a precipice, is well built and carefully looked after; no accident has ever happened; and you may safely trust yourself to either Foss or any of his subordinates. At the Geysers, where there is a comfortable hotel, you arrive about eleven o'clock, and you leave the next morning. Do not omit to take a soda bath. It is very refreshing, and itself worth the journey.

You buy your tickets for the round trip in San Francisco. It should be understood that the so-called Geysers are not spouting springs. A narrow valley, or cañon, as it is called in California, is filled with flowing hot springs, and the whole soil is covered with a crust of sulphur, iron rust, and other mineral deposits, and filled with steam from the boiling water. The surface of the ground is so hot that you will be uncomfortable in walking over it if you wear thin-soled shoes.

If you have time, you should see, on the northern side of the bay, San Rafael, which you reach by steamboat, making a pleasant day's excursion, and the Napa Valley, which contains some of the finest agricultural land in the State.

South of San Francisco the San José Valley contains the finest country places on the Pacific slope. The best way to see it is to telegraph beforehand for a carriage to await you at San Mateo, and tell the driver to show you the best parts of the country, and set you off at Mayfield in time to catch the evening train for San José. There you will find the Auzeray House very comfortable. Engage a team overnight to convey you the next morning to the New Almaden quicksilver mines. Set off at half past seven, and you will have time to see the works, return to dinner, and drive after dinner to Santa Clara over the beautiful road called the Alameda, which is shaded for two or three miles by the finest trees of their kind in California.

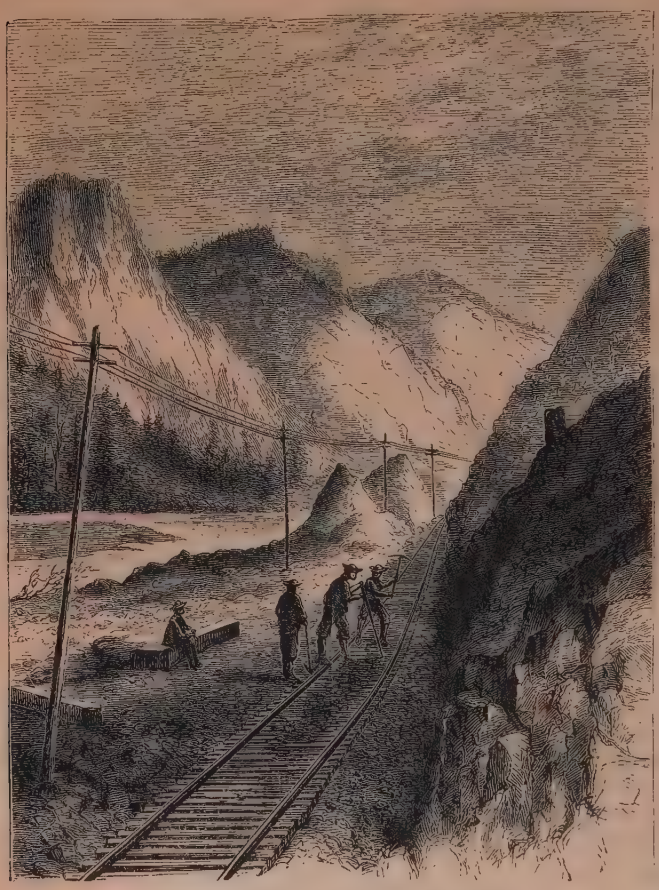
From Santa Clara, or San José if you re-

turn thither, the train will take you, by way of Gilroy, to Watsonville, where you may see wheat growing luxuriantly almost to the sea-shore; and by stage through a charming country to Santa Cruz, one of the pleasantest watering-places of California, by way of Monterey, the old capital of California. You can not do better than to ride up the coast, through lovely scenery and pleasant villages, to the famous beach of Pescadero, and back to San Mateo, where you take the railroad to San Francisco. This is one of the most delightful of the excursions to be made around San Francisco, and it will give you an excellent example of the agricultural wealth of California, as well as of the picturesque beauty of its scenery. In May and June the whole country is covered with lovely flowers. The brilliant yellow and orange of the eschscholtzia, or California poppy, and the tender blue and white of the lupine, line the road and cover the fields in broad masses, which give a perpetual delight to the eye. The oak groves, too, will excite your admiration. The California oak is a low-branching and far-spreading tree, disposed in irregular masses, which give a lovely park-like effect to the landscape, and add very much to the rural beauty of this part of the country. The roses, too, grow in masses, free from disease, and of a size and depth of color not found with us in the East; and in the highly cultivated places in the San José Valley you will meet with the pomegranate, the fig, and a great variety of flowering shrubs, and some evergreens, unknown to us in the East, many of the former brought from Japan, China, and Australia. The eucalyptus, or Australian gum, is deservedly a favorite tree in all parts of California; it has made, in favorable places, a growth of twenty-five feet in a single season, is evergreen, and its bluish-green foliage contrasts finely with such trees as the lovely Monterey cypress, which is also a rapid grower.

THE BIG TREES.

If you make the voyage to the southern counties, you will see at Los Angeles and its neighboring settlement, the Mission San Gabriel, a number of fine orange orchards in full bearing—surely one of the most beautiful

DONNER LAKE, CRESTED PEAK, AND MOUNT LINCOLN.



VIEW NEAR THE STATE LINE, TRUCKEE RIVER.

objects in nature; at Santa Barbara groves of the olive and almond, as well as some bearing and finely grown English walnuts; and near San Diego, at the old mission, several date-palms, and the oldest olive grove in the State. You must not expect to find at these places or in San Bernardino the evidences of wealth and high culture which are abundant nearer San Francisco; but the short sea-voyage is a pleasure in itself, and the sights you will see will show you how various are the capacities of California. If you go by steamer, secure a state-room on the shore side, as you sail all the way in sight of the coast, which has a great deal of fine scenery.

Santa Barbara and San Diego have become, within two years, favorite winter resorts for invalids from the colder Eastern States. The climate of both places is remarkably equal, warm all winter. Observation, as well as the experience of consumptives, shows that it is far superior to Mentone, Nice, or even Aiken, in South Carolina. A friend of my own, who has spent three winters on the Mediterranean and one at Aiken, failing slowly all the time, has been restored to comfort and an active life the past winter by residence in the southern counties of California; and many instances prove that the equal and usually dry climate of the places I have named is remarkably beneficial to invalids. San Bernardino has probably the driest climate. It lies a day's journey eastward from Los Angeles. It has not a very good hotel. The nights are chilly at Los Angeles, and that place — which has two excellent hotels — is not to be recommended to consumptives so strongly as Santa Barbara and San Diego (280 and 500 miles southeast from San Francisco), both of which places have also comfortable hotels. Near Santa Barbara is a hot sulphur spring, which is famous as a bath for rheumatic and partially paralyzed persons.

At all these points living is very cheap, churches and schools are found, society is well settled, and invalids can spend the winter with great comfort and benefit. At Santa Barbara and San Diego the hotels, which are clean and, though plain, well kept, charge from fifty to sixty dollars per month, and from twelve to fifteen dollars per week, for board, with comfortably furnished rooms. Fires are not needed in the room; the parlor has always a fire in the evening. A well-broken and safe horse may be bought at either of these places for from thirty to fifty dollars. The roads are almost always good, there being but little rain, and twenty-eight days out of thirty are clear, brilliant, and warm. Observations during several years show that the temperature of San Diego and Santa Barbara is warmer in winter than that of Nice or Mentone, and, what is of great importance to invalids, that the nights are warmer and the climate more equal than in those places.

I come next to the Yosemite and the Big Trees, and give you the following hints:

Give as much time as you can spare to this part of your tour. At the Calaveras grove there is a comfortable hotel, from which you can and will want to make short excursions on horseback or in wagons to a larger and recently discovered grove; and if you are fond of hunting, small game abounds in the forests.—N.B. Do not attempt the grizzly bear. The man who declared that *he* had lost no grizzlies was a wise fellow. You can see the Calaveras *sequoias* in one day, remaining two nights at the grove; but if you take three days you will be better satisfied.

Go into the Yosemite Valley by way of Inspiration Point, and leave it by way of the Coulterville or Chinese Camp routes, either of which will carry you through a country of extraordinary interest—the great exhausted placer mining district of California—to the Calaveras grove.

Give ten days, if you can, to the valley itself. You can "do" it in three, but you will be sorry you had not arranged to stay longer, and every additional day will give you greater enjoyments and pleasanter recollections. Read all you can get hold of about it before you enter it—Hutchings's book, Whitney's book, and whatever else there may be accessible to you, and do not fear disappointment.

Take a clear day to ride into the valley, and rather lie over outside one or two days than allow the guides to hurry you in on a cloudy day. Most days are clear and bright in the traveling season.

Take with you from Stockton a spare suit of clothing and extra stockings, wear stout shoes and a broad-leafed hat, carry a duster or light overcoat, and leave all finery behind. People do not stand upon ceremony in the valley.

Do not let timid and silly people alarm you on the way. We met persons last year who gave the most dolorous and terrible accounts of their fears and sufferings in going into the valley; but I took in with me at that time a weakly girl of ten years, who enjoyed every foot of the ride, and was benefited by it; and no lady who is not physically or mentally incapable of walking a mile, or sitting on a very gentle and sure-footed horse, need have the slightest apprehensions.

If you are not accustomed to a horse's back, do not let yourself be hurried. You are taking a pleasure trip, and need not spoil it. If you are timid, do not go with a large party which will hurry you, but take a guide for yourself, and make him lead your horse at a walk. All the horses are trained, and are very careful, gentle, and sure-footed; and you will be amazed to find how rapidly you yourself pick up confidence, and become accustomed to ways which are certainly not smooth or level.

Within the valley you can not walk very far, because in many places the ground is

LAKE TAHOE.

BOATING ON DONNER LAKE.

boggy. At whatever hotel you may stay, you have the privilege of retaining your horse and guide during your stay at the regular charge, which is five dollars per day for both. A party of four or six requires but one guide.

The finest excursion within the valley is to the Nevada Falls, which requires a whole day, especially if you climb up to the top of this magnificent fall, which any healthy person can do, and which ladies and children are sure to enjoy. You leave the hotel as soon after breakfast as is convenient, dine at Snow's, at the top of the Vernal Fall, at half past eleven or twelve o'clock, and Mrs. Snow will give you an excellent and abundant dinner; then climb up to the top of the Nevada Fall, or ride up if the new bridle-path is opened, peep into the singular ravine called the Little Yosemite, wander about on the rocky crags over which the Nevada tumbles, return to Snow's, go down the ladders past the Vernal Fall—a very easy and safe descent—and find your horses waiting for you below for a pleasant canter back to the hotel.

Take with you into the valley, above all books, Whitney's "Yosemite Guide-Book." The author is the State geologist of California. His little work, published by Little, Brown, and Co., Boston, will fit your coat pocket, and will interest you more than any novel; and you will be encouraged by it to do what ladies and children can do with perfect safety and convenience, what every body ought to do, but very few do—make the tour of the *rim* of the valley. A party of four or a dozen can make this journey in four or five days, carrying with them provisions, shelter, and covers on animals, and gaining an enjoyment unique in every way, and views of the valley which can not in any other manner be obtained.

If you travel by stage toward the valley from Modesto, Bear Creek, or Copperopolis, you will naturally wish to sit outside. Every body has this desire; unfortunately some must sit inside. If you can secure your right by purchase, do so; otherwise you must take your chance in an unpleasant scramble. The pleasantest way for a party of three, four, or five to travel is in a private conveyance; this you can secure at Stockton, at the stage-office, and carriage and driver will cost a party of four no more than their fare by stage. It is well enough, therefore, not to buy your tickets in San Francisco, if you have a party to fill a carriage. But for one or two it is better to go by stage; you can lie over at any point as long as you like, you will make rather quicker time on the journey, and, if you mean to stay in the valley more than four days, you will save money, as the private carriage would be a charge to you while waiting outside for your return.

Do not expect all the luxuries in the valley hotels. A very comfortable bath-house was set up last year near Hutchings's, and there is now a telegraph line into the val-

ley. The hotels are all slightly built, but the food is abundant, and the accommodations good enough for tired travelers. If you know beforehand the day on which you will enter the valley, you will do well to telegraph from Stockton to some one of the hotels for rooms to be reserved for you. It will save you ten or fifteen minutes of irksome waiting when you arrive, tired and dusty, at the place.

Finally, make up your mind before you start to suffer some inconveniences. You can not carry the Grand Hotel with you into the mountains. But on the whole journey you will find every one, stage-drivers and tavern-keepers, civil and obliging. The wayside inns are clean, though often very much crowded, the food is plain but abundant, the service polite, and the charges reasonable. At some part of the journey you will have to rise very early, but this is only on one morning; and as it is impossible for most people to eat breakfast at four or half past four, though it is served, take a cup of coffee, and have a hearty lunch put up for you, which will be welcome to you about nine o'clock. Pay no attention to the grumblers and croakers who abound among tourists, and you will find the whole journey a wonder and delight. The mountains which you ascend to enter the great valley are covered with magnificent forests. The sugar-pines, through miles of which you drive in the stage, are themselves worth the journey to California to see. The forms of the mountains as you ascend are peculiar and grand, and the skies are bright in the spring and summer, and the air refreshing and exhilarating.

On your way from the valley to the Calaveras grove you should stop a day or two at Sonora. There is an excellent hotel there, and the quaint, decaying old town, and the surrounding country, which for miles has been dug over by placer miners, is very picturesque and remarkable.

On some parts of this journey the water is not very good; even in the valley you are apt, when riding about, to drink snow-water, which is not wholesome. In the valley you can procure generally a mild wine, made in the neighboring foot-hills, and not sold, so far as I know, outside of Tuolumne and Mariposa counties. A little of this, taken with water, is a pleasant and wholesome drink, and may preserve you from dysentery.

About Murphy's, near the Big Trees, children will offer you tarantulas' nests as curiosities. You should not pay more than half a dollar for one of these singular bits of clay. At the Calaveras Grove Hotel they will sell you, for a trifle, pieces of the bark of the *sequoia*, formed into pincushions, which make an agreeable souvenir of the journey.

I will not attempt to describe in detail the journey or the scenery; both have an indescribable charm. The hints given above will serve to prepare you for the incidents and accidents of the way, which is all that the traveler requires.

Lake Tahoe, Donner Lake, and Virginia City you can see on your way home. You get off at Truckee about ten o'clock at night, remain comfortably at the hotel there, and the next morning drive first to Donner Lake, two miles distant, and then, returning, to Lake Tahoe, fourteen miles away. Crossing the beautiful lake in a steamer, you go to Virginia City, famous for its mines, and take the train again at Reno. Before leaving San Francisco engage your sleeping-car accommodations, making an allowance of two or three days, as you please, for the diversion on your route. A day car will accommodate you to Truckee, and you will need the sleeping-car only on resuming your journey eastward at Reno. Most travelers would like to see something of gold-mining. If you stop at Sonora on your way from the Yosemite to the Calaveras grove, you can ride out to the Confidence mine, which is a productive and well-managed quartz mine. In the neighborhood of Sonora, also, you may see placer mining; indeed, last year $5000 were washed out of a lot in the centre of the old town; and when the circus comes, the boys go out into the fields, with a pan, and try to "pan out" as much gold as will admit them to the "show."

To see hydraulic mining you should go from Stockton, on your return from the Calaveras grove, to Marysville, near which, at Smartsville, hydraulic or gravel mining is carried on on a scale which threatens to fill up the Yuba River. On your way to Smartsville you will see a place made famous in the Drawer of *Harper's Magazine*, the celebrated Yuba Dam.

In these pages, as in a previous article, I have not aimed to describe what the tourist to and in California will see, but rather to show him how to see it with the least expenditure of time and money, the greatest enjoyment, and the fewest inconveniences. It is the pleasantest country in the world for the traveler, for from April to November the weather is invariably clear and brilliant, you do not lose a day by rain, and may make your plans without regard to the weather. It is a land of abundance and good living, and the people of all races are courteous. I have myself traveled, during the past winter, on horseback or by carriage, alone, through the least frequented parts of the State unarmed, and never heard a rude word, though I was often forced to sleep in the houses of Indians and Spaniards. And a person from the States east of the Rocky Mountains finds cause for pleasure and wonder at every step of his journey through the State, in its scenery, its people, its peculiar industries, and its surprising productiveness.

ONE NIGHT IN VENICE.

By CAROLINE A. MERIGHI.

"THE GONDOLA BESIDE THE TERRACE PAUSING."

"In Love's fair palace dost thou lie embowered,
O Idol of my heart!
By my wish shadowed, by my thought endowered,
From all life's grief apart,
And in my soul outshining sun of morning,
The evening's fairest star:
Ah! than the lily 'neath the moon of heaven
Thou'rt lovelier, lovelier far!"

"I see him gliding to my shaded window;
My eyes are closed in sleep;
Yet in my dream, through all its dusk phantasma,
I see his shadow creep!
The rose vines closing with the kiss of even
Betray his coming now,
Outcasting perfume to his footsteps' crushing
That, rising, bathes my brow.
O fond! O dear one! while my dreams enthrall me
They change to fervent prayer:
I cast a blessing to the air to call thee,
To meet and clasp thee there!"

"The sighing wind, it seemeth, hath been nigh her;
It stirreth soft and fleet
In flying toward me, as a dove unfettered,
With murmurs silvery sweet.
The marble statues in my lady's chamber
Are scarce so white as she,
As sleep-entranced, as angel-watched, she sigheth—
Sigheth, I know, for me!
A white swan o'er a lucid lakelet stealing
Hath motion like her own—
The tender gliding of a new-created
Pure orb that ne'er hath shone.
Ah! might I see her, see her as she lieth
With loosened, waving hair:
So fair by day, she, sleeping, softly dreaming,
Must seem by night more fair.
O strength of Love! O heart that throbs to faintness!
Could I bend o'er her now,
While in her sleep she stirs and starts and listens,
Love's joy upon her brow—
While Hebe calls me with her cup uplifted,
And Psyche parts her veil,
And laughing Ino, with the poppy-crowning,
No more seems still and pale!"

"He stealeth, stealeth to the curtained window;
His song sighs low and deep;
The thrilling sound of his impassioned chanting
Like incense seems to creep;
The gondola beside the terrace pausing,
I seem—I seem to see!
But ah! the picture of my fair, dead mother
Looks fearingly on me!
She beckons swiftly with her jeweled fingers,
With face of pale surprise,
As, leaning o'er me, by my couch she lingers,
Tremulously she sighs;
While rising, rising to my chamber window,
I see the vision now:
The silvery lute across his crimson doublet,
The moonlight on his brow!"

But Hebe drops her cup, her wine outspilling,
And Psyche wails and weeps,
And startled Ino, with a cry upspringing,
No more her laughter keeps.

The crimson vest is dank with deep outpouring
Of life's pure, fervid stream,
Dark'ning the lute, whose sound so sweet upsoaring
Shattered the maiden's dream.

"Nay, nay! no vengeance! Ere my life outwelleth
Swear all shall secret be!
Bid my page cast, lest this sad sight betray thee,
My body to the sea.
That I die for thee in my manhood's summer
Is no reproach, my own!
I came unbidden to thy maiden chamber;
I die and make no moan.
Oh, kiss me! kiss me! kiss me in my dying!
O joy so deep—so fleet!
O cup of Passion! of thy fearful draining
The very dregs are sweet!"

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XII.

IT became necessary as George Voss sat at supper with his father and Madame Voss that he should fix the time of his return to Colmar, and he did so for the early morning of the next day but one. He had told Madame Faragon that he expected to stay at Granpere but one night. He felt, however, after his arrival that it might be difficult for him to get away on the following day, and therefore he told them that he would sleep two nights at the Lion d'Or, and then start early so as to reach the Colmar inn by midday. "I suppose you find the old lady rather fidgety, George," said Michel Voss, in high good humor. George found it easier to talk about Madame Faragon and the hotel at Colmar than he did of things at Granpere, and therefore became communicative as to his own affairs. Michel too preferred the subject of the new doings at the house on the other side of the Vosges. His wife had given him a slight hint, doing her best, like a good wife and discreet manager, to prevent ill humor and hard words. "He feels a little sore, you know. I was always sure there was something. But it was wise of him to come and see her, and it will go off in this way." Michel swore that George had no right to be sore, and that if his son did not take pride in such a family arrangement as this, he should no longer be son of his. But he allowed himself to be counseled by his wife, and soon talked himself into a pleasant mood, discussing Madame Faragon, and the horses belonging to the Hôtel de la Poste, and Colmar affairs in general. There was a certain important ground for satisfaction between them. Every body agreed that George Voss had shown himself to be a steady man of business in the affairs of the inn at Colmar.

Marie Bromar in the mean while went on with her usual occupation round the room, but now and again came and stood at her uncle's elbow, joining in the conversation, and asking a question or two about Madame Faragon. There was, perhaps, something of the guile of the serpent joined to her dove-like softness. She asked questions and listened to answers, not that in her present state of mind she could bring herself to take a deep interest in the affairs of Madame Faragon's hotel, but because it suited her that

there should be some subject of easy conversation between her and George. It was absolutely necessary now that George should be nothing more to her than a cousin and an acquaintance; but it was well that he should be that and not an enemy. It would be well, too, that he should know, that he should think that he knew, that she was disturbed by no remembrance of those words which had once passed between them. At last she trusted herself to a remark which perhaps she would not have made had the serpent's guile been more perfect of its kind. "Surely you must get a wife, George, as soon as the house is your own."

"Of course he will get a wife," said the father.

"I hope he will get a good one," said Madame Voss, after a short pause—which, however, had been long enough to make her feel it necessary to say something.

George said never a word, but lifted his glass and finished his wine. Marie at once perceived that the subject was one on which she must not venture to touch again. Indeed, she saw further than that, and became aware that it would be inexpedient for her to fall into any special or minute conversation with her cousin during his short stay at Granpere.

"You'll go up to the woods with me to morrow, eh, George?" said the father. The son, of course, assented. It was hardly possible that he should not assent. The whole day, moreover, would not be wanted for that purpose of throwing his thunder-bolt; and if he could get it thrown it would be well that he should be as far away from Marie as possible for the remainder of his visit. "We'll start early, Marie, and have a bit of breakfast before we go. Will six be too early for you, George, with your town ways?" George said that six would not be too early, and as he made the engagement for the morning he resolved that he would if possible throw his thunder-bolt that night. "Marie will get us a cup of coffee and a sausage. Marie is always up by that time." Marie smiled and promised that they should not be compelled to start upon their walk with empty stomachs from any fault of hers. If a hot breakfast at six o'clock in the morning could put her cousin into a good humor, it certainly should not be wanting.

In two hours after supper George was with his father. Michel was so full of happiness and so confidential that the son found it very difficult to keep solemn about his own sorrow. Had it not been that with a half obedience to his wife's hints Michel said little about Adrian, there must have been an explosion. He endeavored to conform himself to George's prospects, as to which he expressed himself thoroughly pleased. "You see," said he, "I am so strong of my years that, if you wished for my shoes, there is no knowing how long you might be kept waiting."

"It couldn't have been too long," said George.

"Ah, well, I don't believe you would have been impatient to put the old fellow under the sod. But I should have been impatient, I should have been unhappy. You might have had the woods, to be sure; but it's hardly enough of a business alone. Besides, a young man is always more his own master away from his father. I can understand that. The only thing is, George—take a drive over and see us sometimes." This was all very well, but it was not quite so well when he began to speak of Marie. "It's a terrible loss, her going, you know, George; I shall feel it sadly."

"I can understand that," said George.

"But, of course, I had my duty to do to the girl. I had to see that she should be well settled, and she will be well settled. There's a comfort in that—isn't there, George?"

But George could not bring himself to reply to this with good-humored zeal, and there came for a moment a cloud between the father and son. But Michel was wise and swallowed his wrath, and in a minute or two returned to Colmar and Madame Faragon.

At about half past nine George escaped from his father and returned to the house. They had been sitting in the balcony which runs round the billiard-room on the side of the court opposite to the front-door. He returned to the house, and caught Marie in one of the passages up stairs, as she was completing her work for the day. He caught her close to the door of his own room, and asked her to come in that he might speak a word to her. English readers will perhaps remember that among the Vosges Mountains there is less of a sense of privacy attached to bedrooms than is the case with us here in England. Marie knew immediately then that her cousin had not come to Granpere for nothing—had not come with the innocent intention of simply pleasing his father—had not come to say an ordinary word of farewell to her before her marriage. There was to be something of a scene, though she could not tell of what nature the scene might be. She knew, however, that her own conduct had been right; and therefore, though she would have avoided the scene, had it been possible, she would not fear it. She went into his room; and when he closed the door she smiled, and did not as yet tremble.

"Marie," he said, "I have come here on purpose to say a word or two to you." There was no smile on her face as he spoke now. The intention to be savage was written there as plainly as any purpose was ever written on a man's countenance. And Marie read the writing without missing a letter. She was to be rebuked, and sternly rebuked

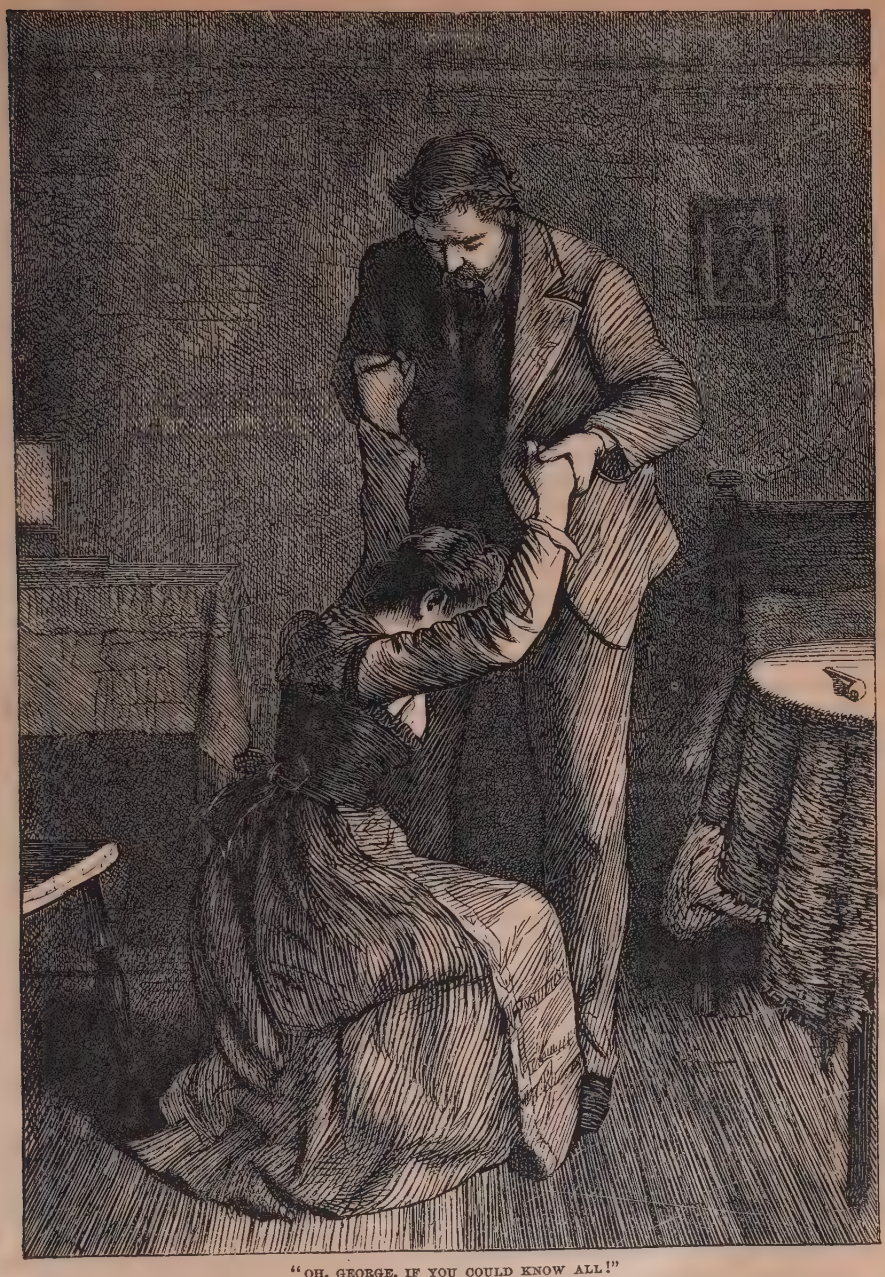
—rebuked by the man who had taken her heart and then left her—rebuked by the man who had crushed her hope, and made it absolutely necessary for her to give up all the sweet poetry of her life, to forget her dreams, to abandon every wished-for prettiness of existence, and confine herself to duties and to things material! He who had so sinned against her was about to rid himself of the burden of his sin by endeavoring to cast it upon her. So much she understood; but yet she did not understand all that was to come. She would hear the rebuke as quietly as she might. In the interest of others she would do so. But she would not fear him—and she would say a quiet word in defense of her own sex if there should be need. Such was the purport of her mind as she stood opposite to him in his room.

"I hope they will be kind words," she said. "As we are to part so soon, there should be none unkind spoken."

"I do not know much about kindness," he replied. Then he paused, and tried to think how best the thunder-bolt might be hurled. "There is hardly room for kindness where there was once so much more than kindness; where there was so much more —or the pretense of it." Then he waited again, as though he expected that she should speak. But she would not speak at all. If he had aught to say, let him say it. "Perhaps, Marie, you have in truth forgotten all the promises you once made me?" Though this was a direct question, she would not answer it. Her words to him should be as few as possible, and the time for such words had not come as yet. "It suits you, no doubt, to forget them now, but I can not forget them. You have been false to me, and have broken my heart. You have been false to me, when my only joy on earth was in believing in your truth. Your vow was for ever and ever, and within one short year you are betrothed to another man! And why?—because they tell you that he is rich and has got a house full of furniture! You may prove to be a blessing to his house. Who can say? On mine you and your memory will be a curse—lasting all my lifetime." And so the thunder-bolt had been hurled.

And it fell as a thunder-bolt. What she had expected had not been at all like to this. She had known that he would rebuke her; but, feeling strong in her own innocence and her own purity; knowing, or thinking that she knew, that the fault had all been his; not believing—having got rid of all belief—that he still loved her, she had fancied that his rebuke would be unjust, cruel, but bearable. Nay, she had thought that she could almost triumph over him with a short word of reply. She had expected from him reproach, but not love. There was reproach indeed, but it came with an expression of passion of which she had not known him to be capable. He stood before her telling her that she had broken his heart, and, as he told her so, his words were half choked by sobs. He reminded her of her promises, declaring that his own to her had ever remained in full force. And he told her that she, she to whom he had looked for all his joy, had become a curse to him and a blight upon his life. There were thoughts and feelings too beyond all these that crowded themselves upon her heart and upon her mind at the moment. It had been possible for her to accept the hand of Adrian Urmand because she had become assured that George Voss no longer regarded her as his promised bride. She would have stood firm against her uncle and her aunt, she would have stood against all the world, had it not seemed to her that the evidence of her cousin's indifference was complete. Had not that evidence been complete at all points it would have been impossible to her to think of becoming the wife of another man. Now the evidence on that matter which had seemed to her to be so sufficient was all blown to the winds.

It is true that had all her feelings been guided by reason only, she might have been as strong as ever. In truth she had not sinned against him. In truth she had not sinned at all. She had not done that which she herself had desired. She had not been anxious for wealth, or ease, or position; but had, after painful thought, endeavored to shape her conduct by the wishes of others, and by her ideas of duty, as duty had been taught to her. Oh, how willingly would she have remained as servant to her uncle, and have allowed M. Urmand to carry the rich gift of his linen chest to the feet of some other damsel, had she believed herself to be free to choose! Had there been no passion in her heart she would now have known herself to be strong in duty, and would have been able to have answered and to have borne the rebuke of her old lover. But passion was there, hot within her, aiding every word as he spoke it, giving strength to his complaints, telling her of all that she had lost, telling her of all she had taken from him. She forgot to remember now that he had been silent for a year. She forgot now to think of the tone in which he had asked about her marriage when no such marriage was in her mind. But she remembered well the promise she had made, and the words of it. "Your vow was for ever and ever." When she heard those words repeated from his lips her heart too was broken. All idea of holding herself before him as one injured but ready to forgive was gone from her. If by falling at his feet and owning herself to be vile and mainsworn she might get his pardon, she was ready now to lie there on the ground before him. "Oh, George!" she said; "oh, George!"



"OH, GEORGE, IF YOU COULD KNOW ALL!"

"What is the use of that now?" he replied, turning away from her. He had thrown his thunder-bolt and he had nothing more to say. He had seen that he had not thrown it quite in vain, and he would have been contented to be away and back at Colmar. What more was there to be said?

She came to him very gently, very humbly, and just touched his arm with her hand. "Do you mean, George, that you have continued to care for me—always?"

"Care for you? I know not what you call caring. Did I not swear to you that I would love you for ever and ever, and that you should be my own? Did I not leave this house and go away—till I could earn

for you one that should be fit for you—because I loved you? Why should I have broken my word? I do not believe that you thought that it was broken."

"By my God that knows me, I did." As she said this she burst into tears and fell on her knees at his feet.

"Marie," he said, "Marie—there is no use in this. Stand up."

"Not till you tell me that you will forgive me. By the name of the good Jesus who knows all our hearts, I thought that you had forgotten me. Oh, George, if you could know all! If you could know how I have loved you; how I have sorrowed from day to day because I was forgotten! How I have struggled to bear it, telling myself that you were away, with all the world to interest you, and not like me, a poor girl in a village, with nothing to think of but my lover! How I have striven to do my duty by my uncle, and have obeyed him, because—because—because there was nothing left. If you could know it all! If you could know it all!" Then she clasped her arms round his legs, and hid her face upon his feet.

"And whom do you love now?" he asked. She continued to sob, but did not answer him a word. Then he stooped down and raised her to her feet, and she stood beside him, very near to him, with her face averted.

"And whom do you love now?" he asked again. "Is it me, or is it Adrian Urmand?" But she could not answer him, though she had said enough in her passionate sorrow to make any answer to such a question unnecessary, as far as knowledge on the subject might be required. It might suit his views that she should confess the truth in so many words, but for other purpose her answer had been full enough. "This is very sad," he said—"sad indeed; but I thought that you would have been firmer."

"Do not chide me again, George."

"No; it is to no purpose."

"You said that I was—a curse to you?"

"Oh, Marie, I had hoped—I had so hoped that you would have been my blessing!"

"Say that I am not a curse to you, George."

But he would make no answer to this appeal, no immediate answer; but stood silent and stern while she stood still touching his arm, waiting in patience for some word, at any rate, of forgiveness. He was using all the powers of his mind to see if there might even yet be any way to escape this great shipwreck. She had not answered his question. She had not told him in so many words that her heart was still his though she had promised her hand to the Basle merchant. But he could not doubt that it was so. As he stood there silent, with that dark look upon his brow which he had inherited from his father, and that angry fire in his eye, his heart was in truth once more becoming soft and tender toward her. He was beginning to understand how it had been with her. He had told her, just now, that he did not believe her, when she assured him that she had thought that she was forgotten. Now he did believe her. And there arose in his breast a feeling that it was due to her that he should explain this change in his mind. "I suppose you did think it," he said, suddenly.

"Think what, George?"

"That I was a vain, empty, false-tongued fellow, whose word was worth no reliance."

"I thought no evil of you, George—except that you were changed to me. When you came you said nothing to me. Do you not remember?"

"I came because I was told that you were to be married to this man. I asked you the question, and you would not deny it. Then I said to myself that I would wait and see." When he had spoken she had nothing further to say to him. The charges which he made against her were all true. They seemed at least to be true to her then, in her present mood—in that mood in which all that she now desired was his forgiveness. The wish to defend herself, and to stand before him as one justified, had gone from her. She felt that having still possessed his love, having still been the owner of the one thing that she valued, she had ruined herself by her own doubts; and she could not forgive herself the fatal blunder. "It is of no use to think of it any more," he said at last. "You have to become this man's wife now, and I suppose you must go through with it."

"I suppose I must," she said, "unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Nothing, George. Of course I will marry him. He has my word. And I have promised my uncle also. But, George, you will say that you forgive me?"

"Yes—I will forgive you." But still there was the same black cloud upon his face, the same look of pain, the same glance of anger in his eye.

"Oh, George, I am so unhappy! There can be no comfort for me now, unless you will say that you will be contented."

"I can not say that, Marie."

"You will have your house, and your business, and so many things to interest you. And in time—after a little time—"

"No, Marie, after no time at all. You told me at supper to-night that I had better get a wife for myself. But I will get no wife. I could not bring myself to marry another girl. I could not take a woman home as my wife if I did not love her. If she were not the person of all persons most dear to me, I should loathe her."

He was speaking daggers to her, and he must have known how sharp were his words. He was speaking daggers to her, and she must have felt that he knew how he was wounding her. But yet she did not resent

his usage, even by a motion of her lip. Could she have brought herself to do so, her agony would have been less sharp. "I suppose," she said at last, "that a woman is weaker than a man. But you say that you will forgive me?"

"I have forgiven you."

Then very gently she put out her hand to him, and he took it and held it for a minute. She looked up at him as though for a moment she had thought that there might be something else, that there might be some other token of true forgiveness, and then she withdrew her hand. "I had better go now," she said. "Good-night, George."

"Good-night, Marie." And then she was gone.

As soon as he was alone he sat himself down on the bedside and began to think of it. Every thing was changed to him since he had called her into the room, determining that he would crush her with his thunderbolt. Let things go as they may with a man in an affair of love, let him be as far as possible from the attainment of his wishes, there will always be consolation to him if he knows that he is loved. To be preferred to all others, even though that preference may lead to no fruition, is in itself a thing enjoyable. He had believed that Marie had forgotten him—that she had been captivated either by the effeminate prettiness of his rival, or by his wealth and standing in the world. He believed all this no more. He knew now how it was with her and with him, and, let his countenance say what it might to the contrary, he could bring himself to forgive her in his heart. She had not forgotten him! She had not ceased to love him! There was merit in that which went far with him in excuse of her perfidy.

But what should he do now? She was not as yet married to Adrian Urmand. Might there not still be hope—hope for her sake as well as for his own? He perfectly understood that in his country—nay, for aught he knew to the contrary, in all countries—a formal betrothal was half a marriage. It was half the ceremony in the eyes of all those concerned; but yet, in regard to that indissoluble bond which would indeed have divided Marie from him beyond the reach of any hope to the contrary, such betrothal was of no effect whatever. This man whom she did not love was not yet Marie's husband—need never become so if Marie could only be sufficiently firm in resisting the influence of all her friends. No priest could marry her without her own consent. He, George, he himself would have to face the enmity of all those with whom he was connected. He was sure that his father, having been a party to the betrothal, would never consent to a breach of his promise to Urmand. Madame Voss, Madame Faragon, the priest, and their Protestant pastor would all be against them. They would be, as it were, outcasts from their own family. But George Voss, sitting there on his bedside, thought that he could go through it all, if only he could induce Marie Bromar to bear the brunt of the world's displeasure with him. As he got into bed he determined that he would begin upon the matter to his father during the morning's walk. His father would be full of wrath—but the wrath would have to be endured sooner or later.

CHAPTER XIII.

On the next morning Michel Voss and his son met in the kitchen, and found Marie already there. "Well, my girl," said Michel, as he patted Marie's shoulder and kissed her forehead, "you've been up getting a rare breakfast for this fellow, I see." Marie smiled, and made some good-humored reply. No one could have told by her face that there was any thing amiss with her. "It's the last favor of the kind he'll ever have at your hands," continued Michel, "and yet he doesn't seem to be half grateful." George stood with his back to the kitchen fire, and did not say a word. It was impossible to him even to appear to be pleasant when such things were being said. Marie was a better hypocrite, and, though she said little, was able to look as though she could sympathize with her uncle's pleasant mirth. The two men had soon eaten their breakfast and were gone, and then Marie was left alone with her thoughts. Would George say any thing to his father of what had passed up stairs on the previous evening?

The two men started, and when they were alone together, and as long as Michel abstained from talking about Marie and her prospects, George was able to converse freely with his father. When they left the house the morning was just dawning, and the air was fresh and sharp. "We shall soon have the frost here now," said Michel, "and then there will be no more grass for the cattle."

"I suppose they can have them out on the lowlands till the end of November. They always used."

"Yes, they can have them out; but having them out and having food for them are different things. The people here have so much stock now that directly the growth is checked by the frost the land becomes almost bare. They forget the old saying, 'Half stocking, whole profits; whole stocking, half profits!' And then, too, I think the winters are earlier here than they used to be. They'll have to go back to the Swiss plan, I fancy, and carry the food to the cattle in their houses. It may be old-fashioned, as they say; but I doubt whether the fodder does not go further so." Then, as they began to ascend the mountain, he got on to the subject of his own business

and George's prospects. "The dues to the Commune are so heavy," he said, "that in fact there is little or nothing to be made out of the timber. It looks like a business, because many men are employed, and it's a kind of thing that spreads itself, and bears looking at. But it leaves nothing behind."

"It's not quite so bad as that, I hope," said George.

"Upon my word, then, it is not much better, my boy. When you've charged yourself with interest on the money spent on the mills, there is not much to boast about. You're bound to replant every yard you strip, and yet the Commune expects as high a rent as when there was no planting to be done at all. They couldn't get it, only that men like myself have their money in the mills, and can't well get out of the trade."

"I don't think you'd like to give it up, father."

"Well, no. It gives me exercise and something to do. The women manage most of it down at the house; but there must be a change when Marie has gone. I have hardly looked it in the face yet, but I know there must be a change. She has grown up among it, till she has it all at her fingers' ends. I tell you what, George, she is a girl in a hundred—a girl in a hundred. She is going to marry a rich man, and so it don't much signify; but if she married a poor man, she would be as good as a fortune to him. She'd make a fortune for any man. That's my belief. There is nothing she doesn't know, and nothing she doesn't understand."

Why did his father tell him all this? George thought of the day on which his father had, as he was accustomed to say to himself, turned him out of the house because he wanted to marry this girl who was "as good as a fortune" to any man. Had he, then, been imprudent in allowing himself to love such a girl? Could there be any good reason why his father should have wished that a "fortune" in every way so desirable should go out of the family? "She'll have nothing to do of that sort if she goes to Basle," said George, moodily.

"That is more than you can say," replied his father. "A woman married to a man of business can always find her share in it if she pleases. And with such a one as Adrian Urmand her side of the house will not be the least considerable."

"I suppose he is little better than a fool," said George.

"A fool! He is not a fool at all. If you were to see him buying, you would not call him a fool. He is very far from a fool."

"It may be so. I do not know much of him myself."

"You should not be so prone to think men fools till you find them so, especially those who are to be so near to yourself. No; he's not a fool by any means. But he will know that he has got a clever wife, and he will not be ashamed to make use of her."

George was unwilling to contradict his father at the present moment, as he had all but made up his mind to tell the whole story about himself and Marie before he returned to the house. He had not the slightest idea that by doing so he would be able to soften his father's heart. He was sure, on the contrary, that were he to do so, he and his father would go back to the hotel as enemies. But he was quite resolved that the story should be told sooner or later—should be told before the day fixed for the wedding. If it was to be told by himself, what occasion could be so fitting as the present? But, if it were to be done on this morning, it would be unwise to harass his father by any small previous contradictions.

They were now up among the scattered, prostrate logs, and had again taken up the question of the business of wood-cutting. "No, George; it would never have done for you; not as a main-stay. I thought of giving it up to you once, but I knew that it would make a poor man of you."

"I wish you had," said George, who was unable to repress the feeling of his heart.

"Why do you say that? What a fool you must be if you think it! There is nothing you may not do where you are, and you have got it all into your own hands, with little or no outlay. The rent is nothing; and the business is there ready made for you. In your position, if you find the hotel is not enough, there is nothing you can not take up." They had now seated themselves on the trunk of a pine-tree, and Michel Voss, having drawn a pipe from his pocket and filled it, was lighting it as he sat upon the wood. "No, my boy," he continued, "you'll have a better life of it than your father, I don't doubt. After all, the towns are better than the country. There is more to be seen and more to be learned. I don't complain. The Lord has been very good to me. I've had enough of every thing, and have been able to keep my head up. But I feel a little sad when I look forward. You and Marie will both be gone; and your step-mother's friend, M. le Curé Gondin, does not make much society for me. I sometimes think, when I am smoking a pipe up here all alone, that this is the best of it all. It will be when Marie has gone." If his father thus thought of it, why did he send Marie away? If he thus thought of it, why had he sent his son away? Had it not already been within his power to keep both of them there together under his roof-tree? He had insisted on dividing them, and dismissing them from Granpere, one in one direction and the other in another; and then he complained of being alone! Surely his father was altogether unreasonable. "And now one can't even get tobacco

that is worth smoking," continued Michel, in a melancholy tone. "There used to be good tobacco, but I don't know where it has all gone."

"I can send you over a little prime tobacco from Colmar, father."

"I wish you would, George. This is foul stuff. But I sometimes think I'll give it up. What's the use of it? A man sits and smokes and smokes, and nothing comes of it. It don't feed him nor clothe him, and it leaves nothing behind—except a stink."

"You're a little down in the mouth, father, or you wouldn't talk of giving up smoking."

"I am down in the mouth—terribly down in the mouth. Till it was all settled I did not know how much I should feel Marie's going. Of course it had to be, but it makes an old man of me. There will be nothing left. Of course there's your step-mother—as good a woman as ever lived—and the children; but Marie was somehow the soul of us all. Give us another light, George. I'm blessed if I can keep the fire in the pipe at all."

And this, thought George, is in truth the state of my father's mind! There are three of us concerned who are all equally dear to each other—my father, myself, and Marie Bromar. There is not one of them who doesn't feel that the presence of the others is necessary to his happiness. Here is my father declaring that the world will no longer have any savor for him because I am away in one place and Marie is to be away in another. There is not the slightest real reason on earth why we should have been separated. Yet he—he alone has done it; and we—we are to break our hearts over it! Or, rather, he has not done it. He is about to do it. The sacrifice is not yet made, and yet it must be made, because my father is so unreasonable that no one will dare to point out to him where lies the way to his own happiness and to the happiness of those he loves! It was thus that George Voss thought of it as he listened to his father's wailings.

But he himself, though he was hot in temper, was slow, or at least deliberate, in action. He did not even now speak out at once. When his father's pipe was finished he suggested that they should go on to a certain run for the fir logs, which he himself, George Voss, had made—a steep grooved inclined plane by which the timber, when cut in these parts, could be sent down with a rush to the close neighborhood of the saw-mill below. They went and inspected the slide, and discussed the question of putting new wood into the groove. Michel, with the melancholy tone that had prevailed with him all the morning, spoke of matters as though any money spent in mending would be thrown away. There are moments in the lives of most of us in which it seems to us that there will never be more cakes and ale. George, however, talked of the children, and reminded his father that in matters of business nothing is so ruinous as ruin. "If you've got to get your money out of a thing, it should always be in working order," he said. Michel acknowledged the truth of the rule, but again declared that there was no money to be got out of the thing. He yielded, however, and promised that the repairs should be made. Then they went down to the mill, which was going at that time. George, as he stood by and watched the man and boy adjusting the logs to the cradle, and listened to the apparently self-acting saw as it did its work, and observed the perfection of the simple machinery which he himself had adjusted, and smelled the sweet scent of the newly made sawdust, and listened to the music of the little stream, when, between whiles, the rattle of the mill would cease for half a minute—George, as he stood in silence looking at all this, listening to the sound, smelling the perfume, thinking how much sweeter it all was than the little room in which Madame Faragon sat at Colmar, and in which it was, at any rate for the present, his duty to submit his accounts to her from time to time, resolved that he would at once make an effort. He knew his father's temper well. Might it not be that though there should be a quarrel for a time, every thing would come right at last? As for Adrian Urmand, George did not believe—or told himself that he did not believe—that such a cur as he would suffer much because his hopes of a bride were not fulfilled.

They staid for an hour at the saw-mill, and Michel, in spite of all that he had said about tobacco, smoked another pipe. While they were there, George, though his mind was full of other matter, continued to give his father practical advice about the business—how a new wheel should be supplied here, and a lately invented improvement introduced there. Each of them at the moment was care-laden with special thoughts of his own, but nevertheless, as men of business, they knew that the hour was precious, and used it. To saunter into the woods and do nothing was not at all in accordance with Michel's usual mode of life, and though he hummed and hawed, and doubted and grumbled, he made a note of all his son said, and was quite of a mind to make use of his son's wit. "I shall be over at Epinal the day after to-morrow," he said, as they left the mill, "and I'll see if I can get the new crank there."

"They'll be sure to have it at Heinman's," said George, as they began to descend the hill. From the spot on which they had been standing the walk down to Granpere would take them more than an hour. It might well

be that they might make it an affair of two or three hours, if they went up to other timber cuttings on their route; but George was sure that as soon as he began to tell his story his father would make his way straight for home. He would be too much moved to think of his timber, and too angry to desire to remain a minute longer than he could help in company with his son. Looking at all the circumstances as carefully as he could, George thought that he had better begin at once. "As you feel Marie's going so much," he said, "I wonder that you are so anxious to send her away."

"That's a poor argument, George, and one that I should not have expected from you. Am I to keep her here all her life, doing no good for herself, simply because I like to have her here? It is in the course of things that she should be married, and it is my duty to see that she marries well."

"That is quite true, father."

"Then why do you talk to me about sending her away? I don't send her away. Urmand comes and takes her away. I did the same when I was young. Now I'm old, and I have to be left behind. It's the way of nature."

"But she doesn't want to be taken away," said George, rushing at once at his subject.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Just what I say, father. She consents to be taken away, but she does not wish it."

"I don't know what you mean. Has she been talking to you? Has she been complaining?"

"I have been talking to her. I came over from Colmar when I heard of this marriage on purpose that I might talk to her. I had at any rate a right to do that."

"Right to do what? I don't know that you have any right. If you have been trying to do mischief in my house, George, I will never forgive you—never."

"I will tell you the whole truth, father; and then you shall say yourself whether I have been trying to do mischief, and shall say also whether you will forgive me. You will remember when you told me that I was not to think of Marie Bromar for myself."

"I do remember."

"Well—I had thought of her. If you wanted to prevent that, you were too late."

"You were boys and girls together—that is all."

"Let me tell my story, father, and then you shall judge. Before you had spoken to me at all, Marie had given me her troth."

"Nonsense!"

"Let me at least tell my story. She had done so, and I had given her mine, and when you told me to go I went, not quite knowing then what it might be best that we should do, but feeling very sure that she would at least be true to me."

"Truth to any such folly as that would be very wicked."

"At any rate I did nothing. I remained there month after month, meaning to do something when this was settled—meaning to do something when that was settled; and then there came a sort of rumor to me that Marie was to be Urmand's wife. I did not believe it, but I thought that I would come and see."

"It was true."

"No; it was not true then. I came over, and was very angry because she was cold to me. She would not promise that there should be no such engagement; but there was none then. You see I will tell you every thing as it occurred."

"She is at any rate engaged to Adrian Urmand now, and for all our sakes you are bound not to interfere."

"But yet I must tell my story. I went back to Colmar, and then, after a while, there came tidings, true tidings, that she was engaged to this man. I came over again yesterday, determined—you may blame me if you will, father, but listen to me—determined to throw her falsehood in her teeth."

"Then I will protect her from you," said Michel Voss, turning upon his son as though he meant to strike him with his staff.

"Ah, father," said George, pausing and standing opposite to the innkeeper, "but who is to protect her from you? If I had found that that which you are doing was making her happy, I would have spoken my mind indeed; I would have shown her once, and once only, what she had done to me—how she had destroyed me—and then I would have gone and troubled none of you any more."

"You had better go now, and bring us no more trouble. You are all trouble."

"But her worst trouble will still cling to her. I have found that it is so. She has taken this man not because she loves him, but because you have bidden her."

"She has taken him, and she shall marry him."

"I can not say that she has been right, father; but she deserves no such punishment as that. Would you make her a wretched woman forever, because she has done wrong in striving to obey you?"

"She has not done wrong in striving to obey me. She has done right. I do not believe a word of this."

"You can ask her yourself."

"I will ask her nothing—except that she shall not speak to you any further about it. You have come here willfully minded to disturb us all."

"Father, that is unjust."

"I say it is true. She was contented and happy before you came. She loves the man, and is ready to marry him on the day fixed.

"THEN I WILL PROTECT HER FROM YOU."

Of course she will marry him. You would not have us go back from our word now?"

"Certainly I would. If he be a man, and she tells him that she repents—if she tells him all the truth—of course he will give her back her troth. I would do so to any woman that only hinted that she wished it."

"No such hint shall be given. I will hear nothing of it. I shall not speak to Marie on the subject—except to desire her to have no further converse with you. Nor will I speak of it again to yourself: unless you wish me to bid you go from me altogether, you will not mention the matter again." So saying, Michel Voss strode on, and would not even turn his eyes in the direction of his son. He strode on, making his way down the hill at the fastest pace that he could achieve, every now and then raising his hat and wiping the perspiration from his brow. Though he had spoken of Marie's departure as a loss that would be very hard to bear, the very idea that any thing should be allowed to interfere with the marriage which he had planned was unendurable. What! after all that had been said and done, consent that there should be no marriage between his niece and the rich young merchant! Never. He did not stop for a moment to think how much of truth there might be in his son's statement. He would not even allow himself to remember that he had forced Adrian Urmand as a suitor upon his niece. He had had his qualms of conscience upon that matter, and it was possible that they might return to him. But he would not stop now to look at that side of the question. The young people were betrothed. The marriage was a thing settled, and it should be celebrated. He had never broken his faith to any man, and he would not break it to Adrian Urmand. He strode on down the mountain, and there was not a word more said between him and his son till they reached the inn doors. "You understand me," he said then. "Not a word more to Marie." After that he went up at once to his wife's chamber, and desired that Marie might be sent to him there. During his rapid walk home he had made up his mind as to what he would do. He would not be severe to his niece. He would simply ask her one question.

"My dear," he said, striving to be calm, but telling her by his countenance as plainly as words could have done all that had passed between him and his son—"Marie, my dear, I take it for—granted—there is nothing to—to—to interrupt our plans?"

"In what way, uncle?" she asked, merely wanting to gain a moment for thought.

"In any way. In no way. Just say that there is nothing wrong, and that will be sufficient." She stood silent, not having a word to say to him. "You know what I mean, Marie. You intend to marry Adrian Urmand?"

"I suppose so," said Marie, in a low whisper.

"Look here, Marie: if there be any doubt about it we will part, and forever. You shall never look upon my face again. My honor is pledged—and yours." Then he hurried out of the room, down into the kitchen, and without staying there a moment went out into the yard, and walked through to the stables. His passion had been so strong and uncontrollable that he had been unable to remain with his niece and exact a promise from her.

George when he saw his father go through to the stables entered the house. He had already made up his mind that he would return at once to Colmar without waiting to have more angry words. Such words would serve him not at all. But he must if possible see Marie, and he must also tell his step-mother that he was about to depart. He found them both together, and at once, very abruptly, declared that he was to start immediately.

"You have quarreled with your father, George," said Madame Voss.

"I hope not. I hope that he has not quarreled with me. But it is better that I should go."

"What is it, George? I hope it is nothing serious?" Madame Voss as she said this looked at Marie, but Marie had turned her face away. George also looked at her, but could not see her countenance. He did not dare to ask her to give him an interview alone; nor had he quite determined what he would say to her if they were together. "Marie," said Madame Voss, "do you know what this is about?"

"I wish I had died," said Marie, "before I had come into this house. I have made hatred and bitterness between those who should love each other better than all the world." Then Madame Voss was able to guess what had been the cause of the quarrel.

"Marie," said George, very slowly, "if you will only ask your own heart what you ought to do, and be true to what it tells you, there is no reason even yet that you should be sorry that you came to Granpere. But if you marry a man whom you do not love, you will sin against him, and against me, and against yourself, and against God." Then he took up his hat and went out.

In the court-yard he met his father.

"Where are you going now, George?" said his father.

"To Colmar. It is better that I should go at once. Good-by, father," and he offered his hand to his parent.

"Have you spoken to Marie?"

"My mother will tell you what I have said. I have spoken nothing in private."

"Have you said any thing about her marriage?"

"Yes. I have told her that she could not honestly marry the man she did not love."

"What right have you, Sir," said Michel, nearly choked with wrath, "to interfere in the affairs of my household? You had better go, and go at once. If you return again before they are married, I will tell the servants to put you off the place." George Voss made no answer, but having found his horse and his gig, drove himself off to Colmar.

DORN RÖSCHEN, THE MYTH.

By ROSE TERRY.

Lie down to sleep, fair maiden!
The spindle cold and clear
Hath pierced thy beating bosom;
The hour of fate is here.

The birds sleep from their singing,
The roses from their bloom;
The wild beasts in the forest
Accept their silent doom.

The fountains in the garden
Sparkle and leap no more;
The bees forsake the blossom—
Their busy toil is o'er.

The moths dream on the rafters,
The revelers in the hall,
And thorns of keenest crystal
Grow thick above them all.

Sleep till the Prince of Passion,
With burning eyes and mouth,
His light feet shod with swiftness,
Comes from the fateful South.

Soon as those fond lips kiss thee,
Those sweet eyes flame on thine,
The blood in thy veins shall quicken
Like life-blood in the vine.

Thy veins shall stir with fever,
Thy face with bloom grow bright,
And the love-lips of thy lover
Awake thee to delight.

The thorns shall melt like laughter,
The sleep no more enthrall,
The fountains flash in sunshine.
And summer bless us all.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE neck of land lying between the Waccamaw River on the west and the ocean on the east is fringed on the side of the latter by a series of narrow sandy islands, which are hardly more than reefs flung up from the sea. Narrow lagoons, called "backwater," separate them from the mainland, and inlets from the sea into the backwater divide them from each other. Where the surface of these islands is not occupied by swamps and thickets it shows barren tracts of almost milk-white sand, dry and easily drifting into hills of considerable size, that shift almost daily, on which no herbage can grow, except now and then a few spears of coarse, worthless grass. Here and there among the hills are level spaces on which are seen small groups of palmetto bushes, with an occasional palmetto-tree or live-oak, and patches of coarse rushes or finer grass, equally valueless unless for basket-work.

The more desert portions are, for the very reason that they are desert, and therefore healthy, chosen for places of summer residence by planters of the Waccamaw. After the season of autumnal storms begins, however, such places are considerably more dangerous than the slopes of Vesuvius. Strong easterly gales, coinciding with high tides, sometimes cause the ocean to break entirely over an island, the great waves beating down the apparently strong rampart of hills, and converting into quicksand the ground beneath the houses, which sink in it, or are overturned and flooded away. For this reason the buildings are substantial, but are also rude to a remarkable degree, considering the wealth of their occupants; and for the same reason they are usually stripped of their furniture at the end of every season, and left quite tenantless during the remainder of the year, though sometimes an old slave of solitary tastes is left in charge. There are no roads nor fences. Each structure is founded on wooden columns that go deep enough into the sand to penetrate the moist and permanent under-stratum, and rise high enough to be safe from ordinary drifts.

Some of the houses are painted, some are plastered, some have glass windows, and some have chimneys; but the case is exceptional where all these superfluities are united in one dwelling. Not so in that of the Johnston family; it had the windows and a chimney, but the inside was merely ceiled with unpainted and unvarnished cypress, and the outside only whitewashed.

Aunt Vesta, who during four years had been the only inhabitant and keeper of the place, was an anomalous being in this, that she was a negro and an old maid. And having lived sixty years in a world full of men without being induced to change her condition, or even modify it—as was commonly reported and believed—the chances were she would always continue to be unapproachable and irreproachable. She was the sister of Hector, and born, like him, within the limits of the "yard;" was proud of her birth, and had always been treated as a confidential member of the family. Before laws were made against teaching the blacks to read or write, Vesta had acquired for herself a tolerable education, and during two or three summers of travel in the Northern States with her mistress had obtained some tolerably wide views and pretty high notions. Though utterly black, she was very handsome. Her form was slender and erect. She spoke perfectly good English, and few ladies in the State could excel her in manner and deportment.

But Vesta was peculiar. She did not go to church, nor attend camp-meeting. Though given to reading, she was never known to look into a Bible or prayer-book. Nor could all Mrs. Johnston's persuasions induce her to do so, though she was careful and adroit in avoiding to explain her reasons. She never showed any dislike to her own race, yet seemed to hold herself superior to all the blacks about her; and they in turn seemed willing to admit her superiority, and seldom intruded upon her except when they came

as to an acknowledged superior to ask of her counsel or aid. They evidently attributed to her supernatural power and knowledge. Her grandmother, a native African, who claimed to be the daughter of a king, and had always been revered and feared as a priestess and sorceress, had instructed Vesta, it was said, in all the mysteries of African fetichism, a religion the roots of which still lie deep in the hearts of those of African origin dwelling in the secluded and carefully darkened lower portion of South Carolina—a State whose laws excluded not alone negroes coming from other States, but even prevented, with heavy penalty, the return of any, whether bond or free, who had but once passed beyond its borders. It is certain that Vesta wore upon her person, though carefully concealing it from the eyes of white people, a small image of a female in pure Guinea gold, known to have also been worn by the old priestess her grandmother, and supposed to have been received from her when she was on her death-bed. It is also certain that had Vesta wished to do so, she could have commanded from her people whatever she needed, though she seldom called upon them, but supported herself very easily with her own hands.

Up to the time when Bella was sent to boarding-school Vesta had been her nurse and maid. Till then nothing *outré* or weird had developed itself in the woman's manner or character, as ordinarily observed, but the four or five years of solitary life she had lived since then, together with the afflictions that had overwhelmed the family, had a good deal changed her. She did not dress less neatly, nor keep her house untidy; but she talked to herself a good deal, and smiled to herself as crazy people and people with imaginations will, and she even talked, smiled, and listened as if to other beings than herself, invisible and inaudible to ordinary mortals.

Vesta was seated on a low stool before a fire of pine knots, called "light-wood," she had kindled when the sun withdrew his rays from her western window, and was looking intently into the moving, dancing blaze, as moody people are prone to look. The room, which was large, and ceiled as well as wainscoted with reddish-brown cypress, was furnished with only a cot-bed, a large kitchen table, a movable cupboard, an old bureau, and a few chairs. Old and patched dimity curtains shaded the windows, but they were very clean, as was every thing else in the apartment. The woman, while she looked, began muttering to herself, "There they come again; one shroud, two shrouds, three, four shrouds. How long will they continue to come? When will the fifth one appear, and the last? Is that it? No; there are only the same old number. They say she's dead, but they lie; she's living somewhere this very minute. See there! that one goes right into the smoke—I never saw that before—and now the next one goes, and the next—all four of them have entered into dark-

"VESTA WAS SEATED ON A LOW STOOL."

ness. Good! I shall never see them any more. But what comes next? That's bright; somebody coming, and right soon too. Who can it be? See there! it goes straight toward the smoke. Will it also pass away? No; see, see! it kindles the smoke, and the smoke becomes flame, bright flame, and now all is bright!"

She rose and walked quickly back and forth in the room, then, stopping before the window, looked toward the west. "I see nothing," she said; "yet something is surely coming." She took from her bosom the little image carried there, addressed to it a few words in a strange language uttered with reverent intonation, kissed it, and put it back again, saying, "Oh, if I may hope it is my child!" She resumed her seat, and looked into the fire, but soon rose up again, exclaiming, "It is she!" and, hurrying from the house, ran toward the causeway and bridge that connected with the main-land. But though she went rapidly, there was one who moved more rapidly still to meet her. It was her child—it was Bella, who appeared running out of the woods on the opposite side, and before Vesta could reach the causeway, had passed it and clasped her in her arms.

"My darling will be safe here with her old nurse; safe and comfortable at least," said Vesta, as she re-entered the house with Bella, and showed her into the apartment that has been described. "I have managed to save things enough for that, though you don't see them in this room."

As Bella, relieved of her mantle, sunk into an arm-chair in front of the blazing light-wood, and looked round upon the apartment which it illuminated and cheered, she exclaimed, in the fullness of her contentment at finding refuge and rest, "I shall be perfectly happy here, Vesta; I want nothing better."

And truly the transition from kneeling in the ashes of the once grand mansion of her family, and reposing beneath a roof and beside a hearth which, though rude and humble, were still sufficient for her and her own, was quite equal to the difference between misery and happiness as they are commonly measured to us. And yet while, enjoying her repose, she waited for Vesta and Hector to unload and dismiss the gift-bearing train before preparing supper, she began to feel that after all there was just one thing wanted to make her happiness complete. That one thing, however, was not long in coming, and when it did it was a dish of bacon and eggs, with a corn hoe-cake. Happy Bella! She had eaten nothing since morning save a reminiscence of her youth in shape of a molasses "shingle-cake," purchased of an old "*mauma*" on the wharf at Georgetown. A warm infusion of a wild tea-plant supplied the drink of the feast, which was lighted with what was a rare luxury in Vesta's household, a candle made by herself from waxy berries gathered in the woods, which yielded, as it burned, a most pleasant incense. Having set all these before her appreciative and thankful "darling," Vesta went to make ready a chamber for her; and when, at the end of the supper, she showed its mistress into it, the latter found an apartment fit for any lady to occupy. There was, to be sure, no carpet save a single strip, but there was a beautifully grained yellow pine floor; and there hung upon the walls two life-sized portraits of her father and mother. "I brought them and the bedclothes and linen from the plantation house," said Vesta, "before they plundered it. The other things have always been left here since I took charge of the place. I tried to save the silver too, but the devils were too quick for me."

Meanwhile Hector, after arranging his stores, set to work to establish his quarters in the kitchen, a detached building; and before long had completed his arrangements, and was enjoying the luxury he had not known for years, of sleeping right in front of a blazing fire. As often as it darkened down, the absence of light awoke him to replenish it from a heap of pine knots prepared for the purpose—that is to say, awoke him just enough to do that and nothing else, and to allow him to know the delicious joy a black man feels when he returns to his sleep.

But Bella and Vesta worshiped their oft-replenished fire with waking eyes, and did not retire till long after midnight. During the hours thus occupied things were told that were never referred to again by either as long as they lived.

In the morning before the sun was up, or even Vesta, Bella was walking on the sea-beach, the chant of whose breakers had filled every interval of the night as if with one unvarying, unending hush to sleep. There was no breeze stirring, but the waves still heaved with a strong swell, and combing high, dashed and sent their waters far up the level beach in vast crystal-clear sheets with hissing and sparkling borders. White as the sea-foam, the gulls sailed and screamed overhead, as they have always done and will always do, incessantly and discordantly. The low state of the tide permitted her to walk at ease upon a wide space of damp, hard sand lying between the portions that were too wet or too dry, which space, since the last tide covered it, had been traced over with delicate tracks of shore-birds, with hieroglyphic marks made by innumerable little "fiddlers," and the less frequent foot-prints of the quick-flitting, pale-tinted "sea-spirits." Walking there, Bella no longer felt the burden of care and anxiety for the future which oppressed her when she came out. She looked forth upon the infinite ocean and

up to the infinite sky, then around upon the insignificant verge of unstable land, narrow and low, where she trod, that lay at the mercy of the winds of the sky and the waves of the sea, like a mere selvedge of time in presence of two eternities, and found that presence so awful and so fearful she was lifted above feeling fear or awe of any earthly circumstance.

"Miss Bella! Miss Bella! are you lost?" cried Vesta close at her side, who had, as she approached, ineffectually exerted her voice to outdo the noise of the gulls and the surf; "but it's always so with me. When I walk on the beach I never know how time goes, and I dare say you have no idea the sun is an hour high and breakfast already on the table."

"Time!" said Bella; "I could live here for eternity. Indeed, I have been feeling as if I were already in eternity—as if I had died and come to another world. Vesta, should I die here, I beg you will bury me on this beach between the ebb and flood of the tide. And my spirit will delight to come and walk above where my body is laid, as in the body it has walked here to-day."

"Come, let's go to breakfast, and after that I will make you a nice notch-plait hat to wear when you walk out."

Crab pies and crisp hoe-cake, fried in fat enough to supply the want of butter, and tasting better than the best wheat toast and butter ever did, formed the breakfast. Eating it and relishing it, Bella forgot something of her exaltation, but no whit of the courage she was armed with to meet the problem of life that lay right before her.

She was sitting with folded hands, absorbed in the study of her problem, when Vesta came in with her work-basket and a large ball of palmetto braid of the sort known as "notch-plait," and, taking her place on a stool at Bella's feet, prepared to sew it together in form of a hat. "See how fine it is," she said, handing up the ball, while with a few strands of the material it was made of she began to braid a button or centre to the crown. "I shall make you a nice broad-brimmed hat to shade your face and neck completely."

"Oh, thank you, Vesta," said Bella, taking the braid and carefully examining its foldings. "I used to do notch-plait; but do you think I could learn to make it as fine as this?"

"Easily, ma'am, if you are as quick to learn as when you were a child; but it would soon spoil those beautiful fingers."

"Did you ever make a basket like that?" pointing to one in three stories, formed of rolls of grass bound to one another with strips of palmetto.

"Hundreds of them, ma'am. I can make rush baskets too, great heavy ones, to 'tote' things in."

"We used to have table-mats made of palmetto, cross wove and with a border of notch-plait, did we not?"

"Yes, ma'am; but a better kind is made of grass, just like this basket here; they are thicker, and wear longer. Aunt Calypso, when she was alive, used to make them and send them to Charleston to sell by the steamboat— Oh, mistress, do you know one of Ben's boys, Fortunatus, has got to be head waiter on that boat?"

"Indeed! Is there much grass and palmetto on the island?"

"Oh, a heap—at the lower end."

Bella went on to ask so many questions about labor cost and selling prices that the maid opened her eyes, exclaiming,

"Oh my! how many questions my mistress does ask! Did she learn that when she lived among the Yankees? They are a mighty curious people."

"It's business, Vesta, and not curiosity. I am trying to think how I can best go to work for our support."

"Work! support! Why, of course, Hector and I are going to take care of you. Do you suppose emancipation took away my child from me? or do you think Hector has brought you back from the North to forsake you now? The fact is, mistress, it don't take much to live on the island. I have the double-barreled ducking gun hid away up stairs, and one of the boats is in a safe place, where nobody but I can find it. With them Hector can get game and fish enough for ten families. And what money is wanted to go to the store with, he and I will work for, without your mother's daughter demeaning herself."

"Vesta, feel of my hands."

Vesta felt of their palms and fingers with a puzzled look.

"Vesta, I can work, and I will. We shall ask Hector to cut and dry for us a good quantity of grass and palmetto, which we will make into mats, hats, or baskets, whichever you think will sell best. Then I will go on the steamboat with them to Charleston, and see how I can dispose of them. If my father's old factors are there, I may apply to them, and perhaps they will put me in a way to sell my goods in New York. I will arrange with Fortunatus to assist me in the business if I need his aid. I am sure there must be people enough somewhere who will buy the nice things we can make. You are already expert, and after your lazy Bella, as you seem to think her, has had time to learn, I think you will confess she is something better than a 'hominy-eater.'"

"But, my dear, sweet young mistress, you are not in earnest?"

"And when I shall have learned how to sell my wares—how many of them I can dispose of, and for what prices, and all that—I may endeavor to increase my gains by set-

ting others to work who will do so at prices that will allow me to make a fair profit."

"A good many would be glad of the chance, that's true," remarked the listener.

"There are several other enterprises I have thought of, such as gathering oysters, of which there are such immense quantities in the backwater and creeks, or buying moss and preparing it for market. Then there's the cedar piggin business, and canning fruit, which I understand perfectly."

"Oh, goodness gracious me!"

"Any thing that will give me a few hundred dollars, with which I may take hold of that plantation, for that's what I'm determined to do. But one thing at a time, and for a good while yet this palmetto and grass work must be our business. Yes, and we'll begin this moment," she cried, rising up with energy. "Let's call Hector, and ask him to go and cut a boat-load for us at once, and spread it to dry. I will go with him."

But Vesta was able to keep the impatient girl within-doors by bringing down from the garret enough of ready-dried material to occupy her hands until more could be gathered and prepared. At Stone House she had limited her hours of work to six at the utmost; but now, despite all entreaty from the troubled Vesta, she extended them to twelve and fourteen, allowing herself no respite—being able to endure none, rather—except when, in the early morning, she walked on the beach, where the chorus of the waves never failed to charm away all influences that might have disturbed her tranquillity. The example of her industry stimulated that of her companion, who was no sloth either, and the product of their handiwork accumulated day by day, and every day at a more rapid rate. The enthusiasm of a true worker was upon Bella. She lay down and she rose up with only braid and basket work in her mind, and the visions that filled her sleeping hours were of new patterns and improved forms, with glimpses of money and rice-planting in the distance. Women who have sought refuge from spectres of murdered love in the shades of cloister and cell, with strict fasting and incessant prayer, have sometimes been able to make their refuge good. But this one was striving for the same end with only basket-making!

CHAPTER XXII.

At the close of one of those sales of "blooded stock" which are often held at county seats in the blue-grass region of Kentucky, when, though business was over, a crowd of loungers still hung about the fair grounds and the small race-track where the animals offered were exhibited and tested, Robert Hagan, on his horse Major, rode into the midst of the throng, and, halting there, began to look about him. Major was in magnificent condition, and had been thrice rubbed down that day, and as, lifting his arched neck, he fearlessly glanced his brilliant eye over the two-footed portion of the assembly, he seemed to feel the pride a perfect animal might be presumed to feel over imperfect humanity, could he but know how base it was. Humanity is imperfect and base, to be sure, only because of the almost limitless sphere of its action and its vast possibilities of development; and when it shall have attained the limits of that sphere and the fullness of its possible development, as the horse has already done within his narrower bounds, maybe the result will compensate for all the botheration it is costing us. But whether or not the horse of fine blood, having perfected his moral nature, can feel scorn for poor undeveloped man, still doomed to struggle onward and upward toward a better estate, but struggling so blindly that even the choicest means given for his sustaining and uplifting—even wine, women, theology, politics, and the society of fine horses—are often perverted to be more of hinderances than helps, it is certainly true that his scorn is merited by such members of our fallen race as commonly make up nine-tenths of those who attend upon him as his parasites, or who buy and sell for gain his noble flesh and blood.

But though Major appeared to excellent advantage, his rider did not, by any means. Robert's clothes were mud-stained and torn, his hat slouched, his hair uncombed, and his face dirty. More than that, his eyes were half closed and his mouth half open. The truth is, he was acting a part—the well-known part of "greenhorn," a thing no better than lying; but he did not know it, as his conscience had not been educated that far.

The two were not long in attracting their full share of attention, notwithstanding a few "scrubs" were going round the course, and soon the proposal was made that the new-comer should show his speed.

"Can he trot?" one inquired.

"I reckon he kin—right smart too," Robert replied.

"What time can he make?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"How fast can he go?"

"I ain't got nary watch, but folks our way tell me he kin go a mile a minute."

Those who heard him laughed loudly, but none the less did as many as could do so gather round to inspect Major's points.

"Put him over the track," cried some of those too far back to see him well.

A sulky and harness were soon provided, and Robert, as awkwardly but as skillfully as he could, drove four times round the course, amidst increasing cheers of those who had no intention to purchase, making the best mile in "two twenty-five," as it is

called, which means two minutes and twenty-five seconds. As he pulled up opposite the stand the first question asked was, "Has that nag ever been trained?"

"Trained! what is that?"

Again the laugh rose. "Do you want to sell him?" asked one, in a careless way.

"Yes, I want to sell him bad. I want to buy a farm."

"A farm! What do you expect to get for your horse?"

"Four thousand dollars, I reckon. Folks our way told me to ax that anyhow, to begin with, and then see what offer I could git."

His stupidity became interesting; and though a few denounced the wicked attempt to impose upon their honesty and simplicity, by far the greater number were really duped and immensely entertained. Combinations were made to get the horse for little or nothing, but they all failed. At length the competition between a few became so brisk that twenty-five hundred dollars were offered, and, without any sign of eagerness, real or pretended, were accepted. But the purchaser required, before paying the money, to be satisfied that Robert was the real owner of Major, which made it necessary to defer completing the bargain till the morning. All that night the youth lay beside his faithful friend in the stall, whom he loved too well to part from without feeling pangs that wrung his heart, although he had long habituated himself to the thought of selling that friend, and although the money was to make Bella rich and happy.

Late in the forenoon of the next day the purchaser, having received a satisfactory reply from a person living at the telegraph station nearest Stone House, and well known to the jockey world, to whom he had been referred by Robert, came to ask him "how he would have his money." As the latter had already thoroughly considered that question, he was prompt to answer that he would like it paid to him at the bank, and that the white-haired old gentleman behind the counter there should examine the bills and assure him they were not counterfeit. This having been done, and the bill of sale executed, there occurred a leave-taking between Major and his late owner, which might of itself have satisfied the vendee that the vendor was really the lawful owner of the property sold.

"I don't care about the old saddle or bridle," Robert said, when reminded that they properly belonged to him; "but I'll take the bags, if you please: there's something in them I want to keep."

"Perhaps," remarked the other, "you had better put your money in them; and, by-the-way, I see they are of the same make with a pair I once owned that had a secret pocket. But there comes the train; you must be quick if you wish to take it."

A few minutes later Robert stepped on board the train bound for —— Junction, with the saddle-bags swung over his shoulder, and two hundred and fifty ten-dollar bills stuffed in an inside waistcoat pocket he had a year before prudently got made for that very purpose, and armed with only a feeling of distrust toward all mankind. A hundred times during that day's journey he furtively hugged his breast with his elbow, to make sure the money was still in its place, and he studied the faces of every one in the car to judge if any were of thievish propensities. Arrived at the junction he found it would be necessary to pass the night there, and insisting on having a room to himself, was put in a small attic chamber, whose door he found, to his great disgust, was without any means of fortification whatever.

There was no sleep for him that night. Grief for the friend he had just lost, and anxiety for the money he had just gained, exultation over his first and great success in horse-dealing, and, above all, joy at the prospect of soon again seeing Bella, and endowing her with the means of acquiring wealth and rising still further above him, were more than enough to keep him stark awake, and make him long for the hour when the cars for Nashville and the South would come in. But Robert Hagan was not destined to take the Nashville train, nor to travel southward; and thus it befell that he did not:

As the night wore on, the blood, mounting to his head, agitated it with all manner of fancies and apprehensions. Among the rest at length came doubts if his money had been honestly counted, which grew stronger each moment, until they became intolerable, and he must get up and light again his candle and learn the worst. After seeing that his window-shade was drawn down close, he seated himself on the floor, with his back braced against the latchless door, and placing the light between his outspread heels, took out his treasure and began to count. As it was all in ten-dollar bills, he knew that there should be just two hundred and fifty of them. But his fingers were clumsy, and his mind confused, and he could only find at first two hundred and twenty-one bills; the next time he counted there were two hundred and thirty-six, then two hundred and thirty-nine, then two hundred and forty-five; then they went back to two hundred and twenty-three again, then suddenly increased to two hundred and forty-seven; and only after hours of distressing labor and profuse perspiration could he make them amount to the proper sum. When at length he succeeded, he hastily wrapped up the bills, as if fearing, as slang phrase has it, they would again "go back on him," and crowded the package into his almost burst-

ing pocket. "Suppose the stitches should break, and it should fall out," he thought, and with the thought came a recollection of the remark about the secret pocket. He took the bags, and after first opening and looking at the treasure that was not money he had so long secretly carried there, began to examine them inside and out. "It can't be very hard to find if there really is one," he reflected. "I wish, though, I had thought to ask how to look for it. Don't the bottom of this one feel stiffer than that of the other? It does, that's a fact. Why, here it is!" And he pulled out a false bottom, arranged like an inner sole to a shoe; in doing which he uncovered an envelope that had lain hidden there since the day when he for the first time mounted the mare with foal. The envelope was not sealed nor addressed. Within it was a letter, which was as follows:

"CHICAGO, *July* 12, 1863.

"MY DEAR WIFE,—I have completely succeeded in the business which has caused us so severe a separation, my only disappointment having come from the delays I have been compelled to submit to. The vessel and cargo sold for something over $30,000 in gold, which, converted into paper money, has yielded me almost $48,000. Nearly the whole amount I have placed with my old and tried friend. He is quite rich, and scrupulously honorable, so that I feel the most absolute assurance that, whatever may happen to our other possessions, there is enough secured for our comfortable support. You, whose expectations regarding the result of the war are so different from my own, can not realize how much peace of mind the success of my enterprise affords me.

"On arriving in Chicago I learned that my friend had retired from business, and gone to live on his great farm in Iowa. I have just returned from making him a visit of three days, which I exceedingly enjoyed. He is, you must know, an enthusiast on the subject of cultivating land on a vast scale, and rather advised me to have our funds invested in a desirable tract of land adjoining his own. I left all to his discretion.

"And now, my own dear one, I am on my way to you. I shall leave Chicago to-morrow morning in hope to find my way home by a much shorter route than I looked for, as an opportunity for obtaining a safe-conduct through the Northern lines just now offers, which I am disposed to avail myself of.

"This letter is written with intent to send it by some sure means only in case my plan should fail, and I should be forced to return home by the circuitous and troublesome route I took to get here.

"Should you receive it before you see me, remember that secrecy is very important; for sweeping confiscations are threatened against all property of Southerners found at the North. You will observe that for motives of prudence I mention no names, and subscribe none to this epistle; nor shall I address its envelope until the moment comes for sending it off.

"I beg you will not allow your bereavement and anxiety to prey too much upon you. That the Father of Mercy may assuage your grief, and remove all cause of anxiety, is the prayer of

"Your affectionate husband."

Robert read the mysterious letter twice without having the faintest notion that it related to any circumstance or concerned any person he ever had knowledge of. On a third reading there came a slender clew in shape of a vague recollection that Polly, in strict confidence, had once told him she believed Bella had been wronged out of some property left by her father; and after further reflecting he was able to recall that Chicago was named in some connection with the circumstance.

He read the letter a fourth time, and then a fifth, and at each reading the clew grew stronger, though slender still. But when he thought to refer again to the date, which he found was only a few days before his own bush-whacking exploit, and at the same moment there flashed in the recollection of what Hector had told him in the ferry-boat concerning the circumstances in which Mr. Johnston met his death, it became clear as light—that Morgan's raid through Ohio in July, 1863, was the opportunity of safe-conduct referred to; that the riderless mare he, Robert, had captured was the one the unfortunate gentleman rode when he was shot; and that the letter that then trembled in the hand of the reader of it was written by Bella's father, and by him concealed in the secret pocket of the saddle-bags.

Bella was rich, then, and independent! The free-will offering Robert was on his way to lay at her feet was not needed, nor would it ever be accepted, or the intent of the unselfish votary ever be known to her. A pang that was selfish came with these thoughts that he was ashamed to feel, followed, and in some slight degree assuaged, by the reflection, nearly as selfish, that to him alone would she owe the discovery of her treasure that had been hidden so long, and to him, and no one else, would she owe the recovery and realization of it; for he resolved to start forthwith for Iowa. But stop! Are you sure you can recover it? No name is given. Iowa is a vast State. There are a good many great farmers in it. Then there is no proof; no receipt for the money was ever given, and as to honor, two years and a half have elapsed since the war closed, and yet the honorable depositary comes not to look for the heirs or representatives of his dead friend.

"Well," said Robert to himself, after long pondering, "I will go and do what I can, and will not let her know any thing about it until I know certainly if her property is safe or not. If I learn she has been wronged out of it, then I can do as I at first intended."

He replaced the letter in the false pocket, and placed in it his money also, after abstracting, as necessity forced him to do, a few of the two hundred and fifty ten-dollar bills to defray the expense of the journey; and then—as by that time morning had come—got ready to take the first train that should be going in the direction of Chicago.

When, early in the morning of the following day, he arrived in that city, he had already matured his plans of operation. He had also become aware that, what with his tribulations in the cave of the horse-thieves,

and journeyings on foot and on horseback since then, the suit of every-day working clothes he had on when he so suddenly left home had become too disgracefully shabby to wear into the presence of his honor the Mayor of Chicago, and resolved to buy a new suit. He had heard all about the iniquitous ways of dealers in ready-made clothes, and in making his purchases tried his best to outwit the one into whose web he happened to fall, as a fly would into that of a spider. But the spider took him into his confidence, informed him that his partner was, he was sorry to say, "a swindling rascal," who was then on his way to New York to sell out the joint stock in trade, and leave him, the unfortunate associate, penniless; for which reason, and in order to realize as much as he could before the consummation of the fraud, the latter would sell at half cost any thing in the shop. Robert believed the rogue, and was taken in indeed. When, having made all his purchases, he arrayed himself in them and looked in the glass, he could not, for the life of him, see why he was not as genteelly dressed as the most genuine gentleman he had met on the streets; but he was not, by any means, though the glass did show a very handsome youth, and decently enough clad.

The injunction to secrecy the letter contained — which he did not know it was no longer necessary to observe — deterred him from frankly unfolding his whole case to the mayor, but he was able to interest that popular officer enough to obtain from him the best advice that could be given: it was that he should go to Iowa City, and there apply to the secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, who would be pretty sure to know every great farmer in Iowa, and possibly could tell which one of them had formerly resided in Chicago. "You might possibly trace up your man through our commercial agency or detective police," added the mayor, "but that would cost you money, and your best way is to go straight to the capital. Good-morning, Sir."

"Good-morning, Sir," responded the youth. "I am very much obliged to you, and if you ever come our way I hope you will stop and spend a few days with us." Then looking down at his dress, as he went out, he added, "Nothing like store clothes to do business in."

Arrived at Iowa City, the store clothes again had their effect. "Why, yes," said the secretary. "The gentleman you want must be Mr. Richardson. I know him very well, and know him to be a very fine man." And he gave the inquirer, on a strip of paper, the address, "Samuel Richardson, ——— Post-office, ——— County." Robert invited the secretary also to visit him at Stone House, and thanked his stars. his breeches, and his boots.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Has e'er the sun, since time begun,
Such scene of plenty met?
In standing corn he rose at morn,
In standing corn will set."

THE farm of Square Miles, in ——— County, Iowa, is a snug little tract comprising twenty-three thousand and forty acres of land, which is most of it rolling prairie, the rest being wooded slopes bordering watercourses. The surface, while it is sufficiently uneven to shed its water into briskly flowing, clear streams, and thereby insure as healthy a climate as any new country can have, is level enough to permit the free manœuvring of horse-spaders, drills, cultivators, hoers, ditchers, mowers, reapers, teddies, rakes, and all the cavalry of improved agriculture. Each one of its thirty-six fields is bounded by astronomically ascertained lines, of which two run straight toward the north pole, and two parallel to the equator. Each contains six hundred and forty acres, or one square mile, and is inclosed with a fencing of boards, the posts of which are driven into the ground as piles are driven. The distance between the posts is regulated by an iron hook just one rod long, which trails behind the one-horse sled that carries the simple driving machinery, and by catching the post last driven arrests the further progress of the sled at a point which insures that the post next to be driven shall stand just one rod distant from the other. Thus lines of stakes, easily counted, surround the field, by means of which its area can be readily surveyed and divided, and its cultivation managed with system and ease. At Square Miles all quantities, numbers, and measurements are large, exact, and easily reckoned. Sheep and hogs are counted by the thousand, and horned cattle by the hundred. Every hay-stack contains one hundred tons, and every corn-crib one thousand bushels.

The ambition of the proprietor, who was brought up to thoroughly understand agriculture by his father, a very rich Ohio farmer, had been to demonstrate that land in large tracts might be cultivated with system, and with reasonably certain results, and, if managed with the intelligence and energy required for success in other kinds of business, such cultivation might be made as profitable as most of them, while being at the same time the safest of all. With this inspiration, when he retired from the commercial house in which he had accumulated a large fortune, he devoted to an experimental test of his views one of the two townships of land he owned in Iowa, and since then had labored at his problem with the zeal of an enthusiast, the steadiness of a veteran man of business, and the skill of a born and bred farmer.

But no experiment is a certainty, and the proprietor of Square Miles, after ten years'

trial of his, during which time he flung into the work all his zeal, steadiness, and skill, found that he had also been obliged to fling in all his resources of money and property, and contract large debts besides. Embarrassment followed; then came temporary loans at usurious interest, and other makeshifts; then judgments, executions, and mortgages. Still he continued to labor and strive courageously and hopefully, and in the end effectually. The darkest hour of his night was when the civil war came to a close—namely, in the spring of 1865—and the clearest beam of his morning is now brightening his broad, white forehead as he reposes his great frame on a lounge after a fatiguing journey he has just made from the county seat, whither he went two days ago to consummate some important business. His beautiful young wife, who sits beside him and holds his hand, seems as happy as he, for he has just told her of deeds executed and recorded, mortgages canceled, judgments released, and money paid and deposited.

"Let me see, then; how do we stand?" said the wife. "You know I have always refrained from questioning you about your affairs, lest I might be troublesome; but now all is settled, I would like to know what we own."

"In the first place," was his reply, as he doubled up his pillow so as to lift his head high enough to observe well her beaming features, "you know that we don't own the uninclosed township; that's sold and gone. In the next place, we do own the whole of Square Miles, with all the stock and implements, besides a good part of last year's crops. Next, we hold a mortgage against the land just sold for a hundred thousand dollars of the purchase-money. Next, we owe no man any thing—"

"Glorious!" exclaimed his wife. "And next?"

"That's all," he said.

"All! And Turtle's-back Farm—don't we own that? You didn't tell me that was in the deed."

"Turtle's-back, my pretty one, is not in the deeds. It has not been sold; it still stands in my name; but, for all that, it is not our property, nor ever was it ours."

"Oh, Mr. Richardson, why did you never tell me so before? Why did you let me set my heart on the beautiful place? Do you know I am more attached to it than I am to Square Miles, and have even thought of persuading you to build the new house there instead of here?" And she almost whimpered.

"Then twenty-three thousand and forty acres in complete order, well stocked, with unsold crops sufficient to pay the next season's expenses, and build a handsome house besides, and a hundred thousand dollars fully secured at eight per cent. interest, out of which she shall receive whatever sum she may be pleased to name as pin-money, are not enough to content a little woman who has said a thousand times she had no desire to be rich, but only wanted to be comfortable; but she must go and covet the possessions of other people, and make herself unhappy because she can't own the whole State! Margery, I'm ashamed of you."

"Please, now, don't be angry with me. I'm not covetous, but I have so long been permitted to look on the place as ours, the news you tell me disturbs me, to say the least. But who does own it, then?"

"The right heirs of my old friend Johnston, who you will remember to have seen here in the summer of 1863. He then placed in my hands forty-seven thousand dollars, to keep or invest for him as I should think best. You knew nothing of the matter, because there was danger the money would be confiscated if it were known to be in my hands."

"I see; you feared to trust your wife."

"With other people's secrets, yes, though I never withheld my own. For the same reason I was compelled, when I invested the money in Turtle's-back and its stock and improvements, to do it all in my own name. Thus, when my embarrassments came, the whole was subjected to my debts, beyond any power I possessed to relieve any part of it. What could I do more than write to my friend, informing him of my condition, and asking his indulgence until I could restore to him his own? This I did as soon as the war closed; but the letter, on the outside of which I wrote the usual request that it should be returned if it could not be delivered, came back, with this indorsement by the postmaster: 'All the family dead.'

"Had I been able to repay the money," continued Mr. Richardson, "I would have gone to South Carolina and looked up the heirs, whoever they might be; but as it was, I deferred doing so until I could acquit myself of the trust. The time to do this has now come, and early next week I shall be compelled to leave you for that purpose. While I am absent you and the children must make fifty new plans for the new house."

The following day he rode over to Turtle's-back to inspect its condition and take an account of the cattle and other personal property appertaining to it. The farm in question contained four thousand acres, most of which lay within boundaries formed by a considerable river and two of its tributaries, down to the banks of which the land fell off in such even and rounded slopes as to give the resemblance to a turtle's back—whence came the name. It was completely fenced, fully stocked with the best breeds, and provided with all needful buildings, though they were all of them of a rough and

temporary sort, except a very pretty white cottage that stood half-way down the southern slope, fronting toward the river, and sheltered from the northwest winds by the elevation at its back. A young grove of planted trees surrounded the cottage, close to which were also a garden of two acres, and a large orchard. Every thing showed conscientious keeping up, as though the trustee, to atone for having innocently imperiled the property confided to him, had done all in his power to increase its value. In consequence of which, as well as of the general and real advance in values from the settlement of the neighborhood, and the fictitious advance in prices from the superabundance of paper money, the property might fairly be called worth a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. And such was the estimate made by Mr. Richardson on a page of foolscap, as he and the overseer of the place sat in conference within the parlor of the cottage. "A pretty property—a very pretty property!" he said to himself. "Would to God my poor friend had been spared to enjoy it, and find here refuge from evil times! What happy neighbors we would have been! I wonder who will now become its occupant!"

The wife of the overseer opened the door, and there entered Mr. Robert Hagan, who, having called at Square Miles, had been sent over to the cottage to find the person he inquired for. The appearance of Mr. Richardson, and the reception he gave his visitor—both so different from what the latter had any idea of—had the effect of rendering useless and committing to oblivion the long and rather one-sided conversation he had composed during his journey and committed to memory; and in two minutes after the interview began he was frankly unfolding his business and laying bare all its weak points to the man he had prepared and drilled himself to approach as an adversary, with skirmishing and masked artillery. It was only after Robert had told all he knew concerning the fate of the Johnstons, and particularly all relating to Bella, and replied to numerous questions put by Mr. Richardson, that the latter, in his turn, made known what the reader already knows concerning the disposition of the fund confided to him. "Here is a little statement," he said, "that I had prepared for the purpose of making an exhibit to the heirs whom I was about going in search of. In fact, I had made arrangements to go to Carolina for that purpose the beginning of next week. But, after hearing what you have just told me, I can not delay for a moment. I must set out to-morrow to look up the poor child. Will you go with me?"

While he said this Robert was trying to look at the memorandum handed him, but what his ears heard made his eyes blind, and the figures danced illegibly before them.

"It foots up something over a hundred and fifty thousand, you will see," said the other, pointing to the bottom of the page.

Robert began to feel that his life had been a failure. "Then, Sir," he said, "you would have gone and looked up Miss Bella, even if I had not come to tell you what I have?"

"Certainly I should have gone to search for the heirs, whoever they might be; but, of course, had I known Bella was living, I would not have waited till this time." After a pause Mr. Richardson added: "I now see I have done very wrong. I should have made more strict inquiry. But I am all the more grateful to the good friends whose kindness to the poor child has in so large a measure repaired the ill consequences of my neglect, and to you who have been so good to her in her late trouble."

"But I haven't been good to her. I haven't done her any service, after all," exclaimed Robert, in a distressed tone, "since you say she was sure to have come into her property anyhow, and no thanks to me."

"Please to read the heading of the memorandum you hold," said Mr. Richardson.

Robert read it, as follows:

"Memorandum of property held by Samuel Richardson in trust for the right heirs of James Johnston; the same being the proceeds of a sum of forty-seven thousand dollars deposited by him with said Richardson in the month of July, 1863."

No shadow of doubt remained that all Robert had done for Bella—the selling his horse to set her up in the business of rice-planting, the discovery of the secret pocket and the letter it contained, so mysteriously made, and all his astuteness and energy since then exerted to unravel the clew to its end and restore her to her rights as sole heir of her father—all had been of no sort of advantage to her, save hastening by a few days Mr. Richardson's departure for South Carolina. But was that nothing?

When, during the evening of that day, Mr. Richardson related the history of Bella Johnston to his wife, and she, by numberless questions put to Robert, had drawn forth details that greatly increased its interest, that lady became quite reconciled to the relinquishment of Turtle's-back Farm to its real owner. "I am sure I shall love her," she said. "Do, my dear, go and bring her directly here. She must live with us, and be my companion and friend. Or should she get married and reside on her own place, then I will have the neighbor and friend I have so long wanted. Won't it be delightful?"

Her husband's face caught the glow of her enthusiasm, but when she glanced toward Robert she saw a face of distress—almost of despair.

JOHN WESLEY AND HIS TIMES.[1]

IT is estimated that twelve millions of the human race are taught weekly the lessons of religious experience wrought out in the active intellect of John Wesley; that no part of the known world has been unvisited by his disciples; that the tide of reform set in motion by his pure and lofty energy is still in the ascendant, is moving onward with ceaseless vigor, and shows no traces of decay. Wherever the Anglo-Saxon race penetrates it is pursued and softened by the influence of its unassuming saint. In Australia and South Africa, in America and the islands of the Pacific, the genius of Wesley is ever active. His schools and churches have belted the world with an illustrious chain. His writings have been translated into nearly all the languages of Europe, and are made familiar to the worshipers of Bramah and of Buddha. Since Luther no other man has exercised so wide, so benign an influence upon his race. Nor is it unjust to assert that but for his English successor the Reformation of the German teacher would have lost much of its effectiveness, and might have sunk into an empty formalism, at least in England, amidst the corrupting alliance of church and state. It was the aim of Wesley to withdraw religion from the control of the great and the powerful, of statesmen or of bishops, to make it the light and the solace of the workshop and the cottage, the almshouse and the jail; to diffuse its sacred teachings among the people, and preach, with saintly earnestness, the Gospel of the poor.

As contrasted with all other successful teachers of a faith, whether true or false, it is a striking trait of Wesley's triumph that he was never aided by the civil power; that his disciples have never wielded the sword of persecution, or gained any victories but those of peace. History, indeed, has no record of any other great religious movement, except the founding of Christianity, that was not perfected in violence, and sealed with the blood of its opponents. The Greek Church was planted in Russia by the civil power; the Romish Church won its supremacy by bitter wars and endless cruelties. Bernard and Dominic enforced their teachings by the sword; Luther and Calvin were often sustained by the arms of their adherents; the dark and treacherous brotherhood of Loyola obtained its ascendency by arousing in every land the fiercest flames of religious persecution. But of the millions[2] of devout believers who have lived and died in the simple faith of Wesley, not one has yielded to any sterner influence than the power of Divine love. As the vast wave of reform has swelled from the poor cottage at Epworth over England and America, over the Pacific and the Indian seas, it has never needed a Constantine or a royal protector; has been governed in its holy victories by no human hand.

For forty years the father of the Wesleys presided over the parish of Epworth, with various traits of character and intellect that might have suggested a Vicar of Wakefield. He was engaged upon learned and bulky works that were never likely to find readers. He was a devoted and godly pastor; yet his improvidence or his generosity was such that he was always in debt, and was once confined in jail. His parsonage was burned in the midst of his embarrassments, and John was left sleeping in his room, forgotten, and was at length rescued by a miracle from the blazing house, while the father knelt in hopeless prayer in the entrance. Yet the faithful pastor seems never to have lost the respect of his friends or the affection of his children. Susannah Wesley, the mother of the reformer, was no common woman, and among those who have formed the characters of useful men deserves no inferior place. Her intelligence, her liberality, her love of order, her rigid rule over her children, may not have been without their influence upon the institutions of her son.[1] She was the chief and unsparing instructress of her family; she began at once to correct their faults by the use of the rod in early infancy; they were brought up on Spartan fare, were never allowed to have any thing they cried for, and were taught a Spartan self-restraint; their minds were rigorously trained in solid learning; and if wealth or the pleasures of the senses were wanting to the pious household, health, virtue, and a suitable share of happiness seem to have flourished under the careful discipline of the remarkable mother. John Wesley always consulted her in the religious doubts and scruples of his opening career; and a firm and conscientious intellect shines out in the clear and decided letters in which Susannah Wesley replies to the inquiries of his active mind as to the dark points of election or the boundless mercy of God. Mother and son, the author and the offspring, have never held higher communings than are contained in these familiar pages, where there is only the simplest language or the tenderest epithets of affection.

Of nineteen children born to the priest of Epworth, ten only survived their infancy; but of these not one seems to have wanted a vigorous intellect or a cultivated con-

[1] Tyerman, The Life and Times of John Wesley—the most recent and comprehensive account of the reformer. Southey, Life of Wesley. Wesley's Journal and Works.

[2] Tyerman estimates the number of members at nearly 3,000,000, of Sunday scholars and hearers at about 9,000,000, in all parts of the world.

[1] She was fond of exhorting assemblies at the rectory, to the alarm of her less venturous husband.

science. Samuel, an elder brother, became a noted teacher of Westminster School, and was the companion or the acquaintance of the eminent men of his time, from Addison to Oxford; the sisters write like sensible, well-informed women; the poems of Charles and the institutions and example of John are more than sufficient proofs of the excellence of that system of training by which the Wesleys guided the progress of their children. Nor was the boundless generosity of the imprudent father, who covered himself with debt to advance their education, or the ceaseless prudence of the mother lost to the history of mankind. Epworth, a school of virtue and of mental strength, might well produce reformers. Here, in 1703, John Wesley was born. At six years of age (1709) he was snatched from his blazing home just as the roof was about to fall with a fearful crash; at eight he received the communion; at ten, a bright and lively boy, he was sent to Charter-house School; and amidst all the pains of poverty, living often on bread alone, studied with ardor, and became eminent among his equals for his scholarship. Yet as he advanced in knowledge his piety decayed; the traces of an education so deeply religious seemed erased amidst the society of those who had never known the happy influence of an Epworth; and frivolous pleasures and open sin clouded his higher nature, and left him drifting in a stormy sea.

Secluded in a poor and barren region, shut out from the cultivation of the cities, the plain parsonage at Epworth, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, was no doubt a lonely retreat for a learned clergyman and his intelligent family. Lincolnshire was bleak and retired; and if sometimes the crops were bountiful and the lanes and hedge-rows fragrant with hawthorn and elder, yet when the three sons had left their home for school and college, and the improvident rector, struggling with debt, was solacing himself in endless labors on the Book of Job, or remembering the days when he had published a poem on Blenheim, was known as a prominent friend of the revolution, and had been sufficiently renowned to secure a transient place in the Dunciad, his family of sprightly daughters, from the age of seven to twenty-one, except a man-servant and two maids, were the only occupants of the modest rectory, and perhaps felt, for the first time, its solitariness. Seldom have a group of virtuous and cultivated sisters found less of human happiness than did those of Wesley. While their brothers rose to usefulness and peace, unhappy marriages and various misfortunes were to cloud the lives of these excellent women. But at the time when the singular events occurred which we must briefly notice Wesley's sisters were still in the dawn of youth, living with their parents at Epworth. From little Kezy, of seven, whose touching story has formed the common germ of many a romance, to the grave Susannah, of twenty-one, or Hetty, of twenty, no cloud yet rested on the cheerful group who aided their mother in the domestic duties of the Lincolnshire parsonage.

In January, 1717, to his surprise, Samuel Wesley received a letter from his mother expressing a sincere joy to find, by his recent dispatch to his home, that he was still alive. The parsonage had been visited by a long series of spiritual assaults and satanic annoyances, which Susannah Wesley believed indicated death or misfortune to her absent sons. Nor have any events of an extraordinary nature proved less explicable by rational theories, or produced a stronger impression on minds not commonly superstitious, than those that now agitated the family in the lonely rectory. The calm Southey and the philosophic Taylor are inclined to attribute them to occult if not spiritual causes; Coleridge suggests animal magnetism; to John Wesley they seemed a plain proof of an unseen world; and the neighboring clergy urged the rector to remove his family from the haunted house, which, they suggested, must have fallen under the immediate dominion of Satan. With more courage, if less prudence, the brave rector, resolved not to shrink from the combat with his old enemy, pursued his literary labors in the midst of startling interruptions, and cheered his wife and daughters with the assurance that one Christian was a match for a legion of devils. Not one of his family shrank from his side. They came at last to laugh over their terrors. The groans and outcries, the heavy tramp of spectral visitants, and the rapid knockings that at times shook the house, grew so familiar as scarcely to be observed.

The manifestations—for we may well employ a popular term—began with the maid-servant, who heard loud groans as of a dying man outside the kitchen door, and ran in wild affright to her companions;[1] frequent knocks and terrible noises next alarmed several of the daughters; but when they told their terrors to their father he smiled and sent them earlier to bed. Within a few days he was himself convinced that they had told him no idle story. He was pursued by incessant knockings; sharp rappings interrupted him at family prayers. The noises grew so violent that it was useless to think of sleep at night; he went through the house with his wife to discover the mystery; the noises followed them; the sound of a man's footsteps was heard rushing up and down the stairs and back again when no one was visible, and the whole house shook under his

[1] Southey, Life of Wesley, i. p. 412–425, gives the letters of each member of the family.

tread. Thrice the rector was pushed violently by unseen hands; as he sat at table his trencher stood up and danced before his eyes; the noises rattled and thundered in every room, shook the bed on which the children slept, and played upon the footboard; spiritual forms were heard to glide through the rooms with a rustling sound; and once Mrs. Wesley saw something run from under a bed in the form of a badger. A mastiff they had brought into the house at the sound of the mysterious knocks was cowed, terrified, and ran for protection to his master. By day as well as night, in the very presence of the assembled family, the strange din was often kept up, until, after lasting for more than two months, with various intensity, it gradually passed away with a series of loud parting blows on the outside of the rectory.

Seldom was a supernatural story better attested. The sounds and disorders were not concealed. They were described in letters to the absent sons by each member of the family, who all agree in their narrative. The father, who first heard of them with a smile, wrote without a trace of doubt of their spiritual origin; and upon the sensitive nature of John Wesley they produced a lasting effect that was not without useful results. The spiritual world became to him more real; the sensual seemed only a barrier between the present and something better. Whether a direct interference of superhuman agency, or a trick of servants, neighbors, or children, the cause of the Epworth rappings was never discovered.[1] Meantime John, at seventeen, had sought and won admission, by his own good conduct and the generous aid of his elder brother, Samuel, at Oxford; and the small, frail, abstemious boy toiled on in poverty to win an education, and heard with wonder and singular interest the strange news from home. His mind had always been singularly active; he was fond of argument; he labored to find a reason for every thing he did.

At Oxford, where Wesley obtained a scholarship, and was afterward a fellow and a Greek lecturer and tutor, his rare attainments and regular conduct gave him a high place; but he had now been ordained a deacon, after due preparation and serious reflection, and with that rigid sense of duty which had been early impressed upon him, he cast aside the frivolous pleasures of his youth to enter upon his life-long contest with the powers of evil. It was his first aim to purify himself. Chained as yet to the formal observances of the church in which he had been educated, he strove to comply with all its requirements, and even to add to their severity. Rigid fasting, austere self-denial, frequent communion, incessant study, boundless charity, pious labors among the outcast and the poor, already indicated the honesty of that intellect which, having assumed a sacred office, was resolved to leave none of its duties unfulfilled. If all the world besides were torn by the low impulses of ambition, avarice, or pride, he, at least, knew none of them; the bishoprics and deaneries, with their rich incomes, for which all other young priests were striving, he, who might well have aspired to reach them, scarcely remembered. Far from coveting wealth, this generous soul wept, in its own poverty, that it was so much richer than others. A poor girl, one of his scholars, came to him one day nearly frozen. "You seem half starved," he said to her; "have you nothing to wear but that gown?" "Sir," she said, "it is all I have." He searched his pockets, but they were nearly empty. He looked up, and saw some pictures on the walls of his chamber. He was struck with self-accusation. "O justice! O mercy!" he cried, "are not these pictures the blood of this poor maid?" He had become suddenly conscious of one of the truths of religion, sold his luxuries, and gave the money to the poor. In his college course he received the first year thirty pounds, lived upon twenty-eight, and gave away the rest to the needy. The next year his income was sixty pounds; he still lived upon twenty-eight, and gave thirty-two; another year he received ninety, and gave sixty-two; the next he had an income of one hundred and twenty pounds, lived upon twenty-eight, and restored the remainder to those less fortunate than himself.[1] Nor through that long and vigorous life, when all the avenues of wealth and power lay open to him, did Wesley ever retain money longer than was necessary to bestow it in charity, or lose that boundless unselfishness that longed to make all others at least as happy as himself. He shrank with sensitive tenderness from accumulating wealth, lest it might belong to the half clothed and the starving.

Around Wesley soon gathered at Oxford a group of young men, touched by his genial influence, excited by his example, who, amidst the ridicule and scorn of their companions, seemed to emulate the virtues of their leader, who fasted and prayed without ceasing, who contemned the pleasures of life, and gave themselves wholly to deeds of charity and the service of the poor. Their regularity in their devotions won them the name of Methodists. The first Methodists were all High-Churchmen. A Pusey or a Keble would have approved the zeal with which they observed every ordinance of the

[1] Southey, i. 68, intimates a preternatural cause. Yet when the bed rose up with Hetty on it (see Nancy's account), Robert Brown, the servant, was in the room, and several of the family.

[1] Tyerman, i. 71. It was the practice, Wesley says, of all the Oxford Methodists to give away each year all they had after providing for their own necessities.

Established Church, and even strove to enlarge its catholicity by studying the apostolic constitutions, and increasing the rigor of its forms. Narrow, rigid, impetuous, sincere, Charles Wesley had joined his brother, upon whom he already looked with singular veneration, had shared in his religious ardor, and was gifted with a poetical temperament from which was to flow several of the sweetest and most powerful of modern hymns. Yet had he brought up with him from the strict discipline of Epworth a rigidity of opinion, an uncomplying temper, that was often to embarrass and disconcert the growing liberality of his brother. Another eminent name was soon numbered among the apostolic band. Wesley discovered that there was one, at least, among the Oxford students who, like himself, was struggling to attain a higher life; whose frame was emaciated by fasting and penance; who wandered through Christ-church Meadow on stormy nights, casting himself in spiritual agony on the cold earth; whose conscience was as sensitive as his own—and Whitefield was enrolled among the Methodists. No careful training at an Epworth had prepared the second great reformer for his marvelous career. He was born or educated in a tavern;[1] at the Bell Inn he had been serving rustics with ale and spirits at the age when Susannah Wesley had gathered her children around her to teach them the restraints of faith. His remarkable elocutionary powers had first been displayed in dramatic performances at a grammar school. His youth had been vicious and irregular; but from his seventeenth year a divine change had passed over Whitefield's nature: from that time a spotless purity marked his upward progress, and with John and Charles Wesley he joined with unsurpassed zeal in all the rigid devotion, the highest aspirations, of the new sect. Ingham, Hall, Kirkham, and several other students—some of whom finally yielded to temptation and were lost to the truth—united with the Wesleys, and are numbered among the first Methodists; and so long as the founder was enabled to infuse within it his own ardor, the remarkable association fixed the attention of the university, won the scoffs of the feeble, and deserved the respect of the sincere.

The movement at Oxford at once attracted wide notice, was ridiculed and defended in the public prints, and seems to have won no marked favor from the heads of the university. It was a protest against the vices of the age, a cry for purity and reform in the midst of a general corruption, that was met by a clamor of abuse. That Wesley should declare that no sincere Christian would plot and struggle for the rich benefices of the church; that he should preach poverty and abstinence to bishops reveling in affluence and plunged in the vices of the time; that he should assert the necessity of a vital faith to a clergy that were half skeptical, half indifferent; that he should prefer to preach the Gospel to the outcasts, the felons, and the poor rather than to lords and ladies; that he should live the unselfish life he professed—were offenses that naturally must have seemed unpardonable to courtly masters of colleges or ambitious priests. It was a period of moral decay. Deism had crept into the universities; the Established Church was filled with men who made religion a profession, and had won the highest prizes of the church by the arts of the politician and the grossest forms of intrigue. No one, in fact, supposed that it was wrong to buy a deanery or clamor for a bishopric; that it was necessary for prelate or priest to be a Christian, or to live in abstinence and go about doing good. The people were left in ignorance and vice; the cottages were filled with want and blasphemy. The bishop's palace was often the haunt of fashionable revelry, and the bishop's chief aim to save from his vast income a sufficient sum to leave his sons in opulence, and marry his daughters to titled husbands.[1] A Berkeley and a Burnet are the rare exceptions to the general moral degradation of the clergy, or that singular blindness which so often produces a shameless dishonesty in the high stations of the church.

Yet in his early religious career at Oxford Wesley may represent only a great and generous spirit, touched by the noblest and most unselfish motives, but still enchained by forms and governed by traditions. With his associates he was eager to observe every saint's day, to confess, to win heaven by penance and charitable deeds. The joy of believing had not yet reached him: he was austere, bigoted, and even cruel to Dissenters. It seemed possible that the Oxford movement might lead only to a modern asceticism and a new order of religious dreamers; that John Wesley might be transformed into a Dominic or a Loyola, a Newman or a Manning, and the generous impulses of his early honesty harden into cruel exclusiveness and pharisaical pride. Nor was his early preaching followed by success. He was curate at Epworth, assisting his father, and preached at the miserable village of Wroot to a "senseless" congregation; but no thronging multitudes, as in his later years, came trooping over hill and dale, through storm and sleet, to cover the broad amphitheatre of rocks and

[1] In a dull novel of the time, "The Spiritual Quixote," a favorite and frequent topic of humor is Whitefield's tavern life.

[1] The priests and bishops of Selwyn's correspondence, or Walpole's, rival the worthlessness of the nobility. See George Selwyn and Contemporaries. The Rev. Mr. Warner (iv. 131) writes letters not quite so bad as Sterne's.

dales with eager listeners. No fierce storm of excitement passed over the astonished hearers as for the first time they were raised from the dull horrors of a sensual life to the new glimpses of immortality; no tears and groans, shouts of terror or cries of joy, no entranced women or strong men bowed in agony, were the fruits of that subdued voice, that chained spirit, that were afterward to rush like a flame over England and the Anglo-Saxon race.

When his father died (1735), leaving behind him a vast unfinished treatise on the Book of Job, and probably many debts, Wesley reluctantly, by the urgent advice of his friends, made application for the rectory of Epworth;[1] but the Bishop of London, Edward Gibson, had been heard to speak disparagingly of him. The living was in the gift of the crown, and Wesley, it seems, was not thought worthy of the station. He had never desired to obtain it; he was conscious that his duty called him to some broader field, and he preferred to remain at Oxford, awaiting the signal from on high. He was soon after invited by General Oglethorpe to become missioner to Georgia. He consulted his mother. "Had I twenty sons," she replied, "I would rejoice to see them all so employed." Nor was it long before a ship set sail for the shores of that New World where the institutions of the modern apostle were to flourish with unexampled vigor, freighted with a spiritual crew not less devout, not less remarkable, than were the bold men and women who landed at Plymouth Rock. John and Charles Wesley, with two early Methodists, Ingham and Delamotte, formed the chiefs of a missionary band who were crossing the seas to convert the Chickasaws and the Creeks, the slaves and the profligates, the depressed blacks and the savage whites, who were thinly scattered through the swamps of Georgia.[2] Not for gold, they exclaim, did they leave their native country—for they were at ease at home—nor for the glittering dross of earthly honor, but singly to save their souls, to live wholly to the glory of God.[3] Nor was He ever absent from their thoughts. They founded a monastery on the breast of the uncertain sea, and transformed their ship into a house of prayer. Every hour of the day from the first break of dawn to the close of night was devoted to holy or useful exercises; they wearied themselves with ceaseless worship and rigid fasting, and at night slumbered peacefully in health of body and mind. But more firm in their faith than even the chiefs of Methodism were twenty-eight Moravians, under their bishop, David Nitschmann, who also formed a part of the remarkable crew. In the Wesleyans something of the dross of human passion still remained; nor had prayer or abstinence softened the rigor of their religious prejudices, or relieved them from the asperities of a human temper: love had not lifted them above self, nor were they yet the slaves and servants of their race. In the Moravians Wesley discovered a practical Christianity, of which he had probably not yet been conscious; for to them all human passions were dead: anger, resentment, envy, ambition, pride, were lost in boundless love. The humblest of mankind they admitted as their superiors; he who wounded or struck them was still their beloved brother, and they had early learned to forgive. They resented no injuries, complained of no injustice, and, as if raised above the cares of earth, lived in perpetual gladness, and made the ocean, as they passed along, melodious with their songs.

At length came a test, not untrustworthy, of the power of human conviction. A furious storm raged over the ship; death hovered around its helpless company; hope died amidst the raging seas, the wild winds, the angry sky; and Wesley confesses that, in the dreadful hour, he trembled with terror: he was still afraid to die. Great waves now broke into the vessel; the mainsail was split by the wind; it seemed as if the ship was already sinking in the depths of the sea; and the English colonists, screaming in affright, filled the air with lamentation. But the Moravians, who had begun their usual service, sang on a psalm in the midst of the storm, and when the huge waves were piled up above them, still made melody in their hearts: they were sharing in eternal harmonies, and might well contemn the puny discords of a transient being. Said Wesley to one of them, "Were you not afraid?" "I thank God, no," said the Moravian. "But were not your women and children?" "No," he said, gently, "our women and children are not afraid to die."[1] It is probable that Wesley himself, at a later period, had become as indifferent to the shocks and storms of life, and would have passed as bravely as Paul amidst the raging seas.

With no uncharacteristic ardor, yet still chained immovably to a rigid formalism, the two Wesleys began their pious labors among the savage colonists or natives of Georgia. Nor did Francis Xavier hold up more persistently the crucifix and the Virgin to the converts of India or Japan as the only means of future bliss than did the missionaries from Epworth and from Oxford insist, amidst the swamps of Savannah and the huts of the In-

[1] Mr. Tyerman seems to establish the fact of the application, i. 102, against many doubts. Wesley certainly presented his father's work on Job to the queen.

[2] Wesley's Journal begins with this expedition, October 14, 1735.

[3] Journal, October 14, 1735. He now learns German, a rare accomplishment, unknown to Gibbon and Johnson. The missionaries use no wine nor animal food.

[1] Journal, January 25, 1736.

dian villages, upon the saving force of the rites of the Established Church. Dissenters were rigorously driven from their communion. Saint's days and fasts were never to be overlooked. The ardent young men, in the rigor of their own convictions, could see no room for variance or reform. Yet nothing could exceed the sincere self-devotion of their lives. They preached in the midst of convicts or savages without a thought of reticence; they made painful journeys through swamps hung with wild mosses and teeming with malaria to carry Divine light to the wigwam of the Chickasaw; they bore heat and cold, privation, fever, insults, hatred, and the fear of death for no human cause. Yet the innate malice of the colony of convicts founded by Oglethorpe proved too stubborn for all their humane labors. Charles first fled back to England, driven from the palmetto huts of Frederica by the clamor of its termagant females and its riotous and drunken men; John, for a time successful and full of hope, was at length persecuted by his people, arrested upon doubtful charges, was hated or feared by the slaveholders, and left forever a land where, in his later liberality, he might have softened the hardest hearts. After the flight, the discomfiture of the two brothers, Whitefield came to Savannah, in reply to their summons, but found his leaders already gone; founded an orphan-house, which still remains, and soon went back to a more fertile field; and it might be no unworthy source of interest, if not of exultation, to the people of Savannah, that their sandy bluff, rising over the turbid river, was once trodden by George Whitefield and John and Charles Wesley; that the seeds of reform once sown in an unproductive soil by their faithful toils may in some distant century blossom into generous harvests.

One cause of the complete disappointment of Wesley's hopes was an inauspicious project of marriage. In his high conception of the clerical office he had never included celibacy.[1] He was fond of the society of pious, accomplished women; he never shrank, like Loyola, from an Isabella Roselle, or hid himself and his followers in monastic seclusion. In the ardor of his first labors at Oxford, amidst his prayers and penances, his visits to the prisoners and the poor, the rigid and spotless young clergyman had won the friendship, and perhaps the strong regard, of Mary Granville, the widow Pendarves. They corresponded upon religious topics under classical names.[2] Wesley was Cyrus, the lady took the not more appropriate one of Aspasia. Their letters soon transcend the common language of spiritual intercourse. "Should one," writes Cyrus to Aspasia, "who was as my own soul, be torn from me, it would be best for me. Surely if you were called first, mine eyes ought not to overflow, because all tears were wiped from yours." About this time a wealthy gentleman, Garret Wesley, had offered to make Charles Wesley his heir, and Mary Granville, who was intimate in his family, may have been not unwilling to become the wife of the gifted brother. But Charles declined the offer of wealth and station for a nobler aim, and after four years of animated correspondence Cyrus and Aspasia were separated forever. Mary Granville, who was the niece of Lord Lansdowne, returned to the gay world, to balls, ridottos, and Sunday concerts; Wesley to his prisoners and his Oxford austerities. Yet it is worthy of notice that the cousin of Garret Wesley, who finally inherited the fortune Charles had rejected, was created Earl of Mornington, and was the ancestor of the Marquis of Wellesley and the Duke of Wellington.[1] Had Charles yielded to a temptation that few others might have resisted, and John become the husband of Mary Granville, the allurements of wealth and station must have checked the pious ardor of the unselfish brothers. The Wellesleys would never have controlled the politics of England, the Duke of Wellington would have remained an unknown name, Napoleon would have found no Waterloo, and the world have lost its modern apostles.

Mary Granville, who was the friend of Swift and of almost every eminent person of the age, married Dr. Delany, one of Swift's chaplains, was intimate in her old age with the royal family, and received frequent visits from George III. and his queen at her Windsor cottage. She lived in the world of pleasure which Horace Walpole has painted with bitter asperity; her associations were among the great, the wealthy, and the famous; yet her keen and cultivated intellect must have watched with some pangs of regret the generous career of her early admirer, who gave himself to the poor and lowly, who would rather pray at the bedside of the dying felon than of the proudest peer, and who, instead of yielding to the allurements of the world, was never torn by its inferior passions, or shared in its selfish strife. Very different from Mary Granville was the second woman to whom Wesley is known to have addressed the language of love. Sophia Hopkey was the niece of a Mr. Causton, the chief magistrate and the most prosperous merchant of Savannah. General Oglethorpe had resolved that his austere missionary should have a wife. Mr. Causton invited Wesley to dinner. His niece was present. She was well-bred and intelligent: her zeal was aroused by Wesley's

[1] He sometimes enlarges upon its usefulness, but never enforces it. [2] Mrs. Delany's Memoirs.

[1] Tyerman. Southey.

religious ardor, and she shared in all the observances of the church. He was seized with a severe fever, and in his sickness Miss Sophy, notwithstanding his usual unwillingness to give useless trouble to any one, insisted upon watching at his bedside and supplying all his wants. Gratitude seems to have awakened love in the breast of the young clergyman, and he probably thought that one who was so devoted to his welfare might prove a faithful assistant in his missionary toils. He proposed marriage; but his friends, who had discovered that the young lady was unworthy of his affection, interposed; the Moravians, whom he consulted, advised him to proceed no further in the affair, and Wesley obeyed. Mystery still rests upon his later conduct, and he never publicly unfolded the reasons that led him to show a singular severity toward one he had evidently sincerely loved. She was married to a Mr. Williamson, who, Wesley asserts, had neither the claims of sense, knowledge, nor religion. He afterward, for some unknown offense, excluded her from his communion, and Causton,[1] who in England had borne no honest character, revenged the affront by ceaseless persecutions. He ruled over the little colony with uncontrolled power; the courts, the officials, and the jurors were his submissive subjects. Wesley was arrested and charged with a series of improbable offenses. He defended himself with courage, but was obliged at length to escape, with his friend Delamotte, through swamps and trackless woods to Charleston. From thence he sailed for England, still lamenting his own errors, and searching for a faith that might raise him above doubt or fear.

Purposeless and without a guiding star must that mind necessarily wander which has yet discovered nothing to believe; nor could Wesley have found any lasting satisfaction in the rigid observance of saint's days and fasts, in the use of the fabulous apostolical constitutions, in the conception of an unhistorical church, in hatred to Dissent, or ungenerous bigotry. He complains, indeed, that he was at this time a papist;[2] he meant that he had not yet received the incomparable gift of charity. But on his voyage to Savannah and on his return to London he had formed a close acquaintance and brotherhood with many excellent Moravians, had learned from them the nobler lessons of faith; with David Nitschmann, Peter Boehler, Gambold, and others had been taught the doctrines of an ancient church that in Bohemia had always repelled the formal corruptions of Rome, and which, at Herrnhut, still maintained a new and valuable growth. To Herrnhut Wesley resolved to go. He passed up the Rhine, amidst many traits of papal barbarism, and reached the curious village, whose simple cottages are placed close on the road-side that they may serve as traps for the wayfaring sinner, which he might scarcely fail to enter; and Wesley was received as a favored friend by the disciples of Count Zinzendorf. Here he saw a ritual more natural than the apostolical constitutions—a faith that never wavered; he saw love-feasts, band-meetings, perpetual joy and song; the grave-yard transformed into a bed of flowers, emblems of immortal bloom; a whole community unterrified at the prospect of death; an industrious population, laboring for the peace of the present and the future. Nor can it be doubted that his progressive mind had already broken through many of its fetters, and was preparing for its noblest achievements in the service of mankind.

It is pleasant to think that the gentle brotherhood from which Wesley was to borrow so many touching rites, such reverence for life, such joy in death, was probably a descendant of that vigorous church which, under Huss and Jerome, had preceded Luther in a bold defiance of the papal aggressions, and that the Moravian brethren had retained in exile and persecution traces of that simplicity and ardor which, in the purer ages, had marked the Christianity of the people. Huss had probably represented the popular faith of his native land. His followers fought as bravely and as madly against their papal tyrants as the Vaudois of the Alps, or the Covenanters of the Scottish glens against prelates and Stuarts. They had been crushed with a terrible overthrow. Yet the faith survived. Amidst the broad fields and pleasant vales of Bohemia the apostolic usages still lingered. At the dawn of the Reformation of Luther, Bohemia and even Austria became the strongholds of Protestantism. Nor was it until the opening of the Thirty Years' War that their pious people were again hushed into a dreadful silence, and, amidst the wild outrages of Wallenstein and the papal armies, seemed to lose forever their horror and dread of the gross corruptions of Rome. The Jesuits had made Bohemia the chosen scene of their bloodiest deeds. From the rack and the scourge had sprung up an outward submission to the papal rule. But the Moravian brethren, flying from the malice of the disciples of Loyola, had founded the pious colony at Herrnhut, had renewed and enlarged the usages of their ancestors, and were animated by a faith purified amidst the fires of persecution. Their missionaries were bearing the new tidings of the Gospel to the icy shores of Greenland or the swamps of

[1] Mystery covers this affair. Causton was a man of bad character; Oglethorpe a man of loose principles. Moore's account is probably true, and Wesley was the victim of corrupt men and women.

[2] Journal, 1739, August 17. "I was (fundamentally) a papist, and knew it not." He became a rigorous foe of Romanism, although never of its professors personally.

the Carolinas. Their ardent convictions were expressed in impassioned hymns, as joyous and as sincere as the last triumphant songs of the martyrs. Their preaching was the glad communion of ransomed spirits; their prayers no formal repetitions; their bishops—for they preserved the venerable title—were clothed with humility, and labor and prayer divided their peaceful lives.

Fresh from the instructive scenes of the Moravian village, Wesley came back to his native land. Touched by a holier fire, and already breaking away from that earlier formalism which had clouded his aspiring virtue, he, who lived only for the glory of God, might well see before him an unparalleled harvest prepared for the spiritual reaper. Nor was there ever an age in which England seemed more to demand the example of a spotless life, the labors of a new apostle, to save it from utter decay. Satirists and poets, historians and statesmen, have united in representing the reigns of the first Hanoverian kings as the carnival of political corruption and of national immorality. From the court, where the common restraints of domestic purity and family peace were openly disregarded, the fatal blight of moral lawlessness had penetrated through all orders of the people. A corrupt nobility, a throng of abject courtiers, reflected the vices of kings and princes; Walpole and Newcastle, Chesterfield and Bolingbroke, led that wild and dissolute gentry who wasted vast estates at the gaming-table or the race-course, who struggled for the notice of a worthless king, and looked with disdain upon their fellow-subjects of inferior rank. Pride grew with moral degradation; the privileges of caste, the license of wealth, were the chief objects of desire; the worthless noble scoffed at the people, and the people, without a manly sentiment, imitated the vices of the nobles. Shop-keepers and tradesmen filled their families with riot and license, like Walpole or Chesterfield, a Lady Kingston or a Lady Vane.[1] London rang with ceaseless dissipation, and murders and robberies, misery and crime, followed closely upon the footsteps of the kings and nobles, who were leading their people to a ruin that could not long be delayed.

The church looked on coldly while the nation sank into indolence or dissipation. The city clergymen were usually rigid in forms and faint in zeal; the rural vicar was often a drunkard or a gambler, the first at the horse-race, and unequaled at the chase. Some honest men still filled episcopal chairs, and some devoted pastors were scattered through the rural districts, but the English Church had ceased forever to deserve the confidence of the wise. It saw the degradation of six millions of Englishmen, but made no effort to rescue them. It planned no reforms; it strove to discountenance the reformer. It had left, as it would still leave, the great majority of the people in utter ignorance. It founded no schools; it stood, then as now, in the path of national education. Its wealthy bishops were not ashamed to live in opulence while millions starved, its rich deans and prebends to snatch the last morsel from the huts of the starving poor. Some faint elements of Protestant principle had preserved the Establishment from the utter corruption that had fallen upon the Romish Church in France. The English clergy at least retained some outward decorum; and it was only in the rural districts that the vicar was a wine-bibber, a gambler, a fawning sycophant of the great, or a dull follower of tedious forms; but that the English Church was rapidly passing into a condition but little different from that of the Romish hierarchy of the neighboring kingdom no one who reviews the events of the period will be inclined to doubt. Its wealth was great, its pride notorious, its political power invincible; but from the people it was forever alienated. Its neglect and its heartlessness had filled London with criminals, and plunged rural England in a depth of gross ignorance and barbarism that was unknown to intelligent Germany, and scarcely rivaled in starving France.[1] The laboring classes of England were so gross and brutal as scarcely to wear the appearance of men. They had often never heard the name of religion, or listened to the voice of prayer and praise. Burrowing in deep collieries, penetrating the bed of the ocean in search of tin, delving the harsh soil of Yorkshire or of Lincolnshire for a hard and miserable livelihood, the men and women who were most necessary to the welfare of England were neglected by its church and forgotten by its statesmen.

It was to the benefit of that august but downtrodden community of human souls—the people—that the Methodists began now to raise up their voices in unseemly and extraordinary scenes; to seek the objects of their labors in the places where they were most likely to be found; to exchange the pulpit for the lonely hill-side or the frosty wood; to cry out in the streets of London that there was yet a religion of the poor.[2] Still led, as they had ever been at Oxford, by the unpresuming superiority of John Wesley, the united brotherhood had made almost equal progress in spiritual liberality. They

[1] Smollett notices and Fielding paints the madness of the time. At Bath the ladies join in a fight in the rooms, and Mrs. Orme knocks down Mrs. Hillman. See Malmesbury, i. 179.

[1] Luther had founded free schools in Germany to enable the people to read the Bible. Wesley found England two centuries behind Germany in education.

[2] Journal, November, 1739. "The scene is already changed; Kingswood does not now, as a year ago, resound with cursing and blasphemy." "Peace and love are there." His first free school was at Kingswood.

had already abandoned the theory that penance and self-mortification were the paths of salvation; they proclaimed anew to a skeptical world the supreme necessity of faith; they demanded a reform of the church, the state, the age; they placed themselves at the front of their generation; and with unconscious power and unfeigned humility began to lead onward their fellow-men. Youngest yet most adventurous of the chiefs of Methodism, George Whitefield at twenty-five had boldly overleaped the barriers that had held him in bitter bondage when he had wandered, groaning, through the dark nights on Christ-church Meadow, or had grown faint and pallid with extraordinary abstinence. He had risen beyond the iron girdle of Pascal, the penances of Dominic, the filth and squalor of Francis of Assisi; had passed the narrow limits of the Establishment to preach love and faith to his countrymen. He was tall, fair-complexioned, graceful; his eyes were blue and mild, his manners easy, his gestures appropriate, his aspect at times commanding. His melodious voice, trained early to ductility and quick inflections, rose often in his impassioned moments to an extraordinary power, that seemed to his ardent hearers to resemble peals of thunder. Nor is it difficult to understand how his dramatic genius, sustained by an intense conviction, must have moved his great audiences with impulses such as a Garrick or a Chatham could never awaken. The churches of London were too small to contain the throngs that followed him. A swift religious revival began in the dissolute city. When he preached at six in the morning, long before dawn the streets were filled with a multitude carrying lanterns to light their way as they hastened to secure places in the crowded church. As he passed down the aisles, after service, the people staid to embrace and applaud him. His charity sermons were rewarded with such great collections as had never been known in England.[1] At Bristol, where he had been eagerly invited, a great throng came out on foot or in coaches to meet him; the people saluted him and blessed him as he passed through the streets; the congregations filled the church, hung upon the rails of the organ-loft, and even climbed on the roof of the building. When he bade them farewell, upon his voyage to Georgia, sobs and tears burst from old and young, and he was obliged to leave Bristol secretly, in the middle of the night, to escape the escort of horsemen and coaches that would have followed him out of the town.

Charles Wesley from his childhood had been sickly, often lingering on the verge of death. Rising from a severe illness, he found himself illuminated by unclouded faith. He was five years younger than his brother John. Yet together they had labored in the schools and prisons of Oxford; and now, when John came back from Germany, they began to preach and pray with the convicts and felons of Newgate.[1] By the barbarous laws of the period death was inflicted for trivial offenses, and the prisons teemed with subjects ripe for the exhortations of the Methodists. The two brothers won no useless triumphs. Parties of the condemned went gladly to the scaffold; felons were converted; the songs of pious joy resounded amidst the horrors of the jail. The singular power of John Wesley in exciting or soothing the sad and suffering began now to display itself: his benign, impressive countenance, his soft and tender voice, seemed to carry conviction, joy, and hope to the most abandoned of mankind. For a time he had remained in close connection with the Moravian society in London, but he gradually withdrew from their meetings, startled, perhaps, at the fanciful nature of their rites and their belief. Whitefield returned from Savannah, after a brief but fortunate visit, and the leaders of the new movement resolved to form their own societies, and to plant the germs of Methodism. In 1739 the labors of its three apostles began that tide of reform which was to sweep over England and America.

The Established Church at once excluded them from its pulpits.[2] Yet to the Methodists the English Church was to owe its safety from the rage of a people it had neglected and oppressed—its escape from that utter ruin which in the close of the century fell upon the Romish establishment in France. Clinging with unsurpassed devotion to the church of his fathers, however cold and harsh it had proved to himself, John Wesley inculcated upon his countless followers a tenderness and a respect for the hierarchy by whom he was freely denounced, urged upon them a careful attendance at its communion, revered its ordination with almost superstitious zeal, and once more reconciled the people of England to bishops and priests. He threw a generous mantle over the failings of the Establishment, and taught his countrymen to hope that its skeptical hierarchy might yet be converted, and its godless vicars become worthy of the profession they had unscrupulously assumed. But his unselfish devotion was met by no grateful return. Bishop Gibson coldly rebuked his enthusiasm; the sharp and brutal Warburton covered the Methodists with gross abuse. Wesley was even repelled from his father's pulpit at Epworth, was forced to preach to a great congregation

[1] Southey, Wesley, i. Tyerman.

[1] See Wesley's letter on the remarkable reform in the Bristol and London prisons.

[2] Journal, May, 1739. A note came to Wesley: "Sir, our minister, having been informed you are beside yourself, does not care you should preach in any of his churches." Journal, July, 1739.

from his father's tomb. The press gave forth a cloud of lampoons and bitter satires, written by angry priests against the new reform. In many of the riotous assaults that were made upon Wesley in his missionary tours the leader of the assailants was a drunken parish rector; and it was only in the later period of his career, when the school-houses and the churches he had founded in every part of the British Isles were softening the manners of the people and confirming the progress of the nation, when his influence had already aided in purifying the bench of bishops or enlarging the number of pious vicars, that the English Church began slowly to acknowledge its benefactor. Then, at last, his enemies were silenced, and one of them, Bishop Lavington, said, at the communion, "I am glad to sit beside so good a man as Mr. Wesley."[1]

Shut out from parish churches and cathedrals, Whitefield had already begun the practice of field-preaching. Standing upon a chair or table in the streets of London or Bristol, he would lift his melodious voice in the din of the crowded city, or amidst a grimy multitude of colliers at Kingswood; instead of the scanty congregations of the village rector, he would speak to thousands of astonished listeners, and melt innumerable hearts by the wonders of his theme.[2] If the parish churches were but thinly attended, and the cathedrals abandoned to choristers and bishops, there was no want of ardor in those vast assemblages that began now to gather at the sound of some well-known prayer or hymn, and hang with eager interest upon the sermon of the itinerant preacher. John and Charles Wesley soon followed Whitefield in his bold invasion of established custom. It was with some reluctance that John consented to take the field against Satan. "I could scarcely reconcile myself," he says, "to this strange way of preaching in the fields." Nor was there any deviation from clerical usages on the part of the Methodists that seemed so offensive to the rigid Churchmen as this vigorous method of assailing the common foe. To preach in the open air, without the shelter of a Gothic roof, to an audience thirsting for instruction, seemed to the courtly bishops who condoned the vices of George II. and his painted followers the height of dangerous enthusiasm; and when the village rector saw the Wesleys and Whitefield intrude within the sacred limits of the parish, gather without an effort a vast congregation, found societies and praying bands where the church had labored for generations in vain, and preach in defiance of prelate or priest, he was filled with no unaccountable rage. The bishop might have owed his episcopal chair to a royal mistress, or an easy oblivion of the vices of the great; the parish priest might be a drunkard, a spendthrift, and a gambler; but these offenses were as nothing in their eyes, and those of their order, compared with that fatal breach of discipline with which the Oxford Methodists were now overturning the usages of ages.[1]

Yet field-preaching had been the earliest and the only means of planting Christianity in a heathen or barbarous world.[2] Augustine had chanted his Gregorian melodies in the open air to the listening Saxons; Patrick had preached on the hill of Tara; Boniface invaded the forests of Germany with the eloquence of Columba; Paul preached on Mars' Hill; the Sermon on the Mount might well serve for an example; and it was soon remembered that two centuries had passed and the world been converted before a single church was built, and before early bishops and presbyters had any better pulpit than a lonely rock in the wilderness, a ledge in the Catacombs, or a stool in the atrium of a Roman dwelling. But field-preaching to the English prelates seemed to threaten the existence of their church, and recalled the days when the Puritans raved republicanism from drum-heads, and laymen preached equality in church and state. The more bigoted probably remembered that in the fierce war between prelacy and the Covenant, between the Scottish nation and the Stuart kings, the gallant Presbyterians, with the Bible in one hand, a sword in the other, had for generations worshiped amidst their native glens, with no roof above them but the kindling stars at night, or the friendly mist by day;[3] and it might well seem ominous of the loss of their ill-gotten revenues to Hoadley, Porteus, or Warburton to hear once more the hymns of multitudes rising in the wilderness, or the musical notes of Wesley or Whitefield enunciating doctrines that might condemn prelates to poverty, and the church to a general purification.

For more than half a century Wesley led the field-preaching of his country. His life was passed, on horseback or on foot, traveling over England, Ireland, Scotland, founding societies and planting the seeds of reform. His ceaseless labors were maintained by temperance, abstinence, self-restraint. He always believed that his regular health was due to a spare diet and constant toil; nor of the latter did he ever grow weary. He rose at four o'clock; he divided his day into various hours of duty; he traveled and preached

[1] Tyerman.

[2] Wesley and Whitefield frequently traveled and preached together.

[1] Journal, August, 1739. "A zealous man" could not forgive his teaching outside of the church walls.

[2] The persecuted Huguenots held their meetings in the wilderness.

[3] The Covenanters were the first field-preachers in the island. Their dreadful persecutions, their preservation by William of Orange from total extinction, are still fresh in the memory of Scotland.

incessantly; yet his writings, his poems, sermons, letters, exhortations, fill endless volumes, and seem enough to have occupied a common life; nor, in the midst of his endless toil, was he ever too busy to fly to the bedside of the sick and dying, to feed the poor, to soothe the penitent, or console the sad. Meanwhile, step by step, under his gradual progress, grew up a powerful religious organization, of which he reluctantly took charge, of which he was the involuntary bishop, founder, and guide, whose financial condition was always embarrassing from its rapid growth, and whose numerous bands of lay preachers and of regular priests were often torn by doctrinal differences, and sometimes paid no heed to the warnings of their chief. Fifty years of ceaseless labor passed over the active brain of John Wesley, yet he asserts that he never knew any lowness of spirit, or ever lost his peaceful sleep. He grew old by slow decay, and abstinence preserved him from the pains of a sinking frame.

An old foundry, the cathedral of Methodism, had been fitted up in London (1739) with plain benches and a wooden pulpit as the central shrine of the new sect. With labor and self-sacrifice Wesley had contrived to pay the trifling cost. The building was thronged with his followers, and never in St. Peter's or St. Sophia's was so pure and mighty a spirit evoked as that which now began to radiate on all sides the new principles of reform.[1] At five o'clock every morning the bell was rung in the plain belfry for morning service; at nine each evening for family prayers. The chapel, which would seat 1500 people, was, like the primitive churches, provided with separate places for men and women. There were no pews, and all the benches were alike for rich or poor. A band-room, a school, a book-room for the sale of Wesley's publications, the plain apartments on the second floor in which he lived when in London, and where his mother died, rooms for his assistants and domestics, and a stable for his horse, completed this modest ecclesiastical edifice, whose whole cost was about £800. Its extreme and rude simplicity Wesley cherished as the chief grace of ecclesiastical architecture. At the hour of worship he would permit no distinctions and no marks of human pride. In his new chapel he preached, held watch-nights, and wooed the guilty and the sad to his comforting communion with a joy such as no conqueror had ever known. He lingers with ceaseless fondness, in his journal, over the happy seasons of hope and love he had known in the Foundry. Its songs and cheerful shouts drew in the wayfarers, and once, Wesley relates, when a poor woman, overwhelmed with sin or care, was hastening by the doors of the chapel to cast herself into the Thames, the sweet chant of happy souls drew her within. She rose out of her horrible desperation as if to a new heaven, and casting all her cares on God, became one of the gentlest and purest of his flock.

Such were the victories this benevolent spirit best loved to win. Meanwhile the triumphs at the Foundry over sorrow and sin were repeated in those wonderful progresses which the spiritual conqueror was now making through all the dark places of his native land. Through all the loveliest and wildest landscapes of the British Isles—for Wesley was keenly alive to the varied charms of Nature—among the green vales and towering cliffs of Wales, through the soft scenery of the rich midland shires, on the bleak moors of Northumberland, beside the Liffey and the Clyde, the cheerful apostle roamed incessantly, though never without a purpose, and made hill and dale resound with the soothing strains of his message of love. Entering the market-place of some inland town, or placing himself in an open square of a city, he began to chant some hymn of promise. The people gathered at the sound of his well-known voice, and soon ten thousand eager listeners would hang upon his words, and catch the higher impulses of his generous nature. Now he was standing on Calton Hill, in the midst of the cultivation and genius of the Northern capital, speaking, at five o'clock in the morning, to an audience that never grew weary;[1] next he was crossing the Irish Sea, and gathered his varied congregation of soldiers, papists, infidels in the heart of Catholic Dublin; at Kingswood and Bristol the people swarmed in great throngs to listen to his voice; at London, in Moorfields and every open space where he preached, such vast multitudes poured out to hear him as were never known to listen to human exhortation before.

He had his favorite scenes in different parts of the country, where, in succeeding years, or at various intervals, he would return to meet the changing congregations, and renew the ardor of his early converts. On the slope of a verdant hill or the declivity of a mountain, in a dewy wood or a broad and open common, Wesley made his pulpit beneath the skies, and gathered his innumerable companies. Near Redruth, in Cornwall, is a remarkable amphitheatre, a Coliseum formed by Nature's hand. Its walls of smooth rock are nearly 800 feet high, and within their circumference 20,000 people often gathered around their preacher.[2] His congregation

[1] Tyerman.

[1] In Scotland all classes flock to hear him; he notices many attentions from the Scottish clergy. In Ireland he pities the papists and denounces their priests.

[2] Journal, September 2, 1770. "I preached in the natural amphitheatre at Gwenap. The people covered a circle of nearly fourscore yards diameter, and could not be fewer than 20,000. Yet, upon inquiry, I found they could all hear distinctly, it being a calm, still evening."

was as wild and dangerous as the lonely moors and towering rocks by which he was surrounded; yet the rude and brutal miners, the fishermen, and the smugglers of that bleak coast, who had never heard the name of religion or the voice of love, melted into tenderness as they felt at last that one generous breast was laboring for them. The vast assemblies listened with ceaseless interest to the small, insignificant preacher, whose voice penetrated to the most distant of his audience, and whose calm ardor broke every stubborn heart. They learned to sing the hymns of Methodism, to form praying bands and happy meetings, and to welcome the frequent return of the apostle to the natural cathedral with a wild enthusiasm that filled him with delight; for it is plain that Wesley found no common joy in these lonely journeys over hill and moor. Often in his journal he pauses to describe with animation the beauty of some novel scene—a vale in Caermarthenshire or a rich landscape in Scotland; and since Camden no one was so familiar as he with the varied charms of his native land. He had studied its secluded valleys, had passed its grandest hills; yet for him a holier interest was thrown over the varied landscape, since every shire was blooming with his spiritual harvests, and he passed on scattering every where the seeds of perpetual joy.

Almost inaccessible to weariness or physical pain, he made his way over hill, moor, and arid mountains, often frozen by the chill blasts and thickening snows of the uplands, or shivering amidst the Scottish mists; yet storm and frost never checked his ardor; never would he forget or pass over his appointment to preach. He pressed on with the resolution of a Cæsar over dangerous roads, through inclement weather, and often rose, hoarse with cold and worn with travel, to speak to the anxious throngs who awaited his coming; yet he relates that as he spoke his physical pains would disappear, his vigor return, and a genial ardor restore his feeble frame to unprecedented strength. Sometimes he preached while the fierce winds and the autumnal frost passed unnoticed over his attentive people;[1] more than once the rain descended and the lightning played while he described the triumphs of faith. Over his immense audiences Wesley exerted a singular influence, that was almost unknown to Whitefield or his followers; his calm and thoughtful rhetoric produced results that might seem appropriate only to the most impassioned eloquence. Sobs and cries broke from the sternest breasts; strong men fell down in convulsions of grief and despair. The room where he preached was often filled with loud outcries and wild exclamations; women fell into trances and groveled in the dust; and these "stricken cases," as they were termed, formed so marked a trait of the new movement as to excite the reprobation of the cold and censorious and startle the philosophical. But Wesley saw in these singular occurrences the natural struggle for a new life, and he, at least, was not appalled when his vast audience was shaken as if with a mighty wind, when wild sobs and shouts of agony passed over the startled throng, and they fell groveling on the earth; for he believed the Spirit of God was moving them to repentance. Nor in any period of strong religious excitement—when Savonarola preached and Bernard prayed—have similar traits of deep emotion been unobserved.

Persecution from every class and from every sect awaited the bold reformers who, in the most corrupt period of English history, ventured to preach honesty and a purer faith; and from the guilty nobles and venal bishops[1] who circled around the repulsive household of George II. and his prudent Caroline to the rude and boisterous miners and colliers, the Irish priests and the country squires, a tacit alliance was at once formed to crush the Methodists by sharp contempt and open violence. From the rude and ignorant common people, the victims of bad government and their own vicious tastes, Wesley's life was often in danger; he was bruised with stones, was beaten and dragged through raging crowds, was brought before the magistrates, forbidden to preach in country towns, denounced by bishops, and reviled by priests. Often the throng who assailed him with blows and oaths were led by a rural pastor, as drunken, as ignorant, and vicious as his flock; sometimes a country squire would amuse himself by breaking into a Methodist meeting with horses and hounds; or parties of huge and grimy colliers would lie in wait to seize the feeble missionary, and drag him away through the mire to throw him in the river. The new converts were treated no more gently than their teachers: their houses were often sacked, their windows broken, their women insulted, their lives endangered. At Roughlee (1748) Wesley was driven through the streets by a rabble armed with clubs and staves, and led by a deputy-constable; his followers were overwhelmed with showers of stones; some were dragged by their hair through the mire; neither age nor sex was spared; the rage of the persecution was visited upon old men and women, young girls and children; many were beaten with clubs, and one victim was forced to leap from the rocks into the river.[2] At Bolton the furious crowd shouted, blas-

[1] Journal, May, 1774. "I preached on the Green of Glasgow, although the north wind was piercingly cold, May 13. We crossed over the enormous mountains into lovely Wensledale," etc.

[1] The frivolous letters of Walpole and Selwyn offer a strange contrast to the deep earnestness of Wesley's Journal.

[2] Journal, August, 1748.

phemed, threw a Methodist down in the mire, broke into the house where Wesley staid, and were soothed into calmness by his presence.[1] The feeble frame of the preacher bore sufferings and indignities with superhuman strength. At one place he was struck in the forehead by a stone, wiped away the blood that flowed from the wound, and continued his exhortation.[2] At Falmouth, in one of his earlier journeys, the church-wardens and constables, the Cornish rabble and country squires, strove to drive him from a region that was soon to become the scene of a swift revival. In Wednesbury the mob surrounded the house, and cried, "Bring out the minister! we will have the minister!" They dragged him a mile through a heavy rain on a dark night to the justice's. The mob of Walsall assailed the mob of Darlaston; a fight followed; and Wesley was left in the hands of his new assailants. "To attempt speaking was vain," he says, "for the noise on every side was like the roaring of the sea. So they dragged me along till we came to the town, where, seeing the door of a large house open, I attempted to go in; but a man, catching me by the hair, pulled me back into the middle of the mob."[3] A rioter struck him on the mouth, and the blood gushed out. He was carried over the bridge, beside the deep river, and expected each moment to be thrown into the rushing waters. But his courage never failed; the dark night, the weary walk, the raging multitude, the chill rain, and blows and buffets, he met with resignation, or answered with loud and fervent prayer; nor to the eye of posterity will the eighteenth century present any more lasting or more instructive picture than that of its frail and weary teacher, bleeding with wounds inflicted by a maddened people, hovering over the brink of the rushing river, in the dark and stormy night, and on the verge of death, interceding for his persecutors.

In that combat of fifty years that Wesley, and his followers under his guidance, waged against the powers of evil, it is easy to infer where the sympathies of mankind will finally rest; but scarcely could we find space in many pages to relate the spiritual triumphs of half a century: how Charles Wesley and Whitefield, aided by an ever-enlarging throng of faithful converts, joined their more active leader in zeal; were sometimes separated from him by minute differences, yet were ever on his side; how Whitefield became a rigid Calvinist, while Wesley retained the liberal doctrines of his mother and his youth; how Whitefield passed like a spiritual storm over England and America; how he was enchained in the pious but erratic circle of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon; how he died comparatively young; how Wesley, with tender love, looked upon his friend for the last time, and pursued his labors alone. Deep beneath the exterior history of the brilliant and dissolute century, while good Queen Caroline died amidst a throng of courtly bishops, turning from them in despair;[1] while George II. sank into dust, and gave place to George III.; while the hopeless immorality of the great and famous awoke the polished rage of Junius, and the nobler reclamations of Johnson; when Pope and Swift were gone, and the Literary Club was at least giving an independence to letters that was to make it at last an instrument of national progress; when Pitt was covering the world with woe, or Granville and North stretching out a palsied hand to crush the patriots of New York and Boston; when France was blazing with the rage of an endless revolution, and all Europe preparing for a reign of terror—Wesley was toiling to convert the felon and to shield the poor. One hand at least was raised to stay the tide of evil, and teach humanity to man. His society grew into vast proportions. Persecution in a measure ceased. The press, indeed, abounded with light and serious attacks upon reform; with the heavy learning of Warburton and the easier strain of Lavington; with countless poems and satires, novels and plays, in which Wesley and his disciples were held up to scorn; but they have all sunk into oblivion, and their tone grew softer year by year. Wesley replied to the graver efforts with no want of vigor. But he must have felt, as years passed on, that he needed no defense. His journeys had become seasons of various but never delusive pleasures; his frail but venerated form had grown familiar to the most obscure and brutal of the English populace. The Cornish miner, the Newcastle collier, the Dublin rabble, the felons and the mobs of London, had learned that one generous spirit had devoted the brief moment of its existence to them. Of the incomparable value of Wesley's labors there could no longer remain a doubt. His schools and class-meetings were educating the nation. He had founded a perpetual fountain of virtue in England while Granville was wrangling with George III., and North feeding his licentious cavaliers. His followers were already moving in every town and village against the fortresses of sin; and if sometimes the rude ardor and the exuberant joy of some uncultivated Christian might shock the taste of educated men, yet was there a refinement of moral feeling, a spot-

[1] Journal, October, 1749.
[2] Journal, September, 1742.
[3] Journal, October, 1743.

[1] Thackeray, Lect., paints the gross corruption of the reigns of the Georges, p. 352. Lady Yarmouth sells a bishopric. "Which is the sublimer spectacle," Thackeray exclaims, "the good John Wesley surrounded by his congregation of miners at the pit's mouth, or the queen's chaplains mumbling?" etc.

less purity of life, a joy in death, found in many a poor cottage and lowly occupation which Addison would have celebrated above his own, and to which the polished art of Chesterfield might have seemed gross brutality.

The domestic life of Wesley had been marked by many pains and trials, which he bore with cheerful resignation. And his sensitive tenderness must often have been moved by the misfortunes that had fallen upon his sisters, and the ceaseless annoyances of his own unhappy marriage. When his father died, poverty had broken up the peaceful home at Epworth. His mother, who shared his high religious aspirations, at last came to end her life under the care of her son. Of his sisters, one who shared the poetical and cultivated faculties of her brothers, Mrs. Wright, was married to a husband coarse and harsh, and has left behind her graceful verses full of sadness. But the least happy of the accomplished sisters was the youngest.[1] Among the early Methodists at Oxford Westley Hall had won the confidence of the Wesleys by his outward zeal, had been introduced to the family at Epworth, and gained the affections of Keziah, the youngest of them all. They were engaged; but Hall, who seems to have wanted every impulse of honesty, soon declared that he felt it his duty to marry one of the elder sisters. The three brothers, shocked at his baseness, opposed his project with vigor; they strove to prevent the match in vain. Hall was married to the elder sister, who paid the penalty of her imprudence by a life made wretched by the vices and the cruelty of her husband, who separated her from her brothers, and finally abandoned her forever. She lived to an extreme old age, survived all her family, and was sometimes a guest at the tea-table of Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Williams. But for poor Keziah her lover's abandonment and treachery brought a lingering decline and death; and in a calm and yet vigorous letter of remonstrance to Hall, whom, in his generous confidence, John Wesley had once loved and trusted, he relates his base conduct to two of his sisters, which had destroyed the life of one and the happiness of the other.[2] Nor was ever a married life less fortunate than his own. Since Socrates no philosophic spirit had ever been linked to one less congenial, or bore with more serenity the pains of his unlucky choice. Generous, tender, trustful, Wesley had been nursed in a brief sickness by a certain Grace Murray. She had been a servant, was the widow of a sailor, and had won the esteem of Wesley and his followers by her piety and good works; he loved her with no light affection; and when his brother Charles hastened to prevent the marriage, Wesley nobly said, "The origin of the object of his affections was no objection to him; he regarded not her birth, but her qualifications." Grace seems to have been equally fond of her pious wooer, yet something intervened to break off the match: the remonstrances of Charles and the opposition of the Methodist societies may have touched the conscience of the young widow, or she may have been the light coquette the biographers have painted her:[1] but when she had married another person, Wesley came to her and said, "Grace Murray, you have broken my heart." Two years afterward he was married to the widow Vazeille. She, too, had been a servant; became the wife of a tradesman; and was left with four children and a small property. Her apparent piety and active disposition, no doubt, led Wesley to hope that she might prove a useful assistant in his various labors. But they were scarcely married before he discovered that her temper was violent almost to insanity, and that her pretended zeal had been assumed only to deceive. Not Xantippe was half so provoking. Jealousy, rage, discontent, and clamor pursued the unlucky teacher of peace. She strove to destroy his reputation by false insinuations, and interpolated and published his letters to alienate his friends. Often she assailed him with blows as well as angry words; and once a visitor who came in accidentally found that she had been dragging her husband by the hair around the room.[2] Yet all the traits of his conduct toward his unattractive wife show the mildness and dignity of his unselfish nature. He strove to shield her from public reprobation, and met her uniformly with unfeigned benevolence. They lived together for twenty years, with many separations, when Mrs. Wesley left her husband in furious anger, and seems never to have rejoined him.

His generous and trustful disposition exposed him to constant deceptions; and of his earlier friends, converts, or assistants, many, like Westley Hall, might well have shaken the trust of a less penetrating mind in the possible reform of human nature. But Wesley, full of hope, always pursued the erring with remonstrance, argument, and his most fervent prayers; was never weary in his chase of lost souls, or in striving to raise the fallen. Familiar as he was with every shade of evil, he yet educed from his experience the doctrine of "sinless perfection." It was almost an unpractical dream. He never hoped himself to attain

[1] Journal, December, 1747.

[2] Journal, December, 1747. After all his faults he still calls Hall dear brother.

[1] Tyerman, ii. 52, does not spare Grace Murray's character. She is a coquette, jilt, etc.

[2] Tyerman, ii. 110, 111. She robbed him, aspersed his character, revealed his secrets, etc. (see Wesley's letter), and persisted in an effort to ruin him.

that high estate. He saw little approach to it in the erring men and women by whom he was surrounded, and in one of them alone might detect some fruits of an ever-advancing faith. Fletcher, of Madeley, was his convert, and his friend for thirty years. He was a Swiss who had adopted England as his home, Wesley as his teacher, and Methodism as his faith. Mild, refined, intelligent, he, at least, was always true to his master. And Wesley said of him, "I do not expect to find such another on this side of eternity." "Fletcher," says Southey, "in any communion would have been a saint." And it is grateful to remember that when Whitefield, and even his brother Charles, were often separated from Wesley by doctrinal or practical differences, Fletcher remained always linked to him by the ties of a perfect sympathy; and when he faded away under the influence of an ungenial climate, passed from the world no unworthy representative of his teacher's doctrine of sinless perfection.

In the close of his life the results of Wesley's laborious career had become signally apparent. He had spoken, by holy deeds and generous words, to the deepest and purest impulses of his contemporaries. No one in England, of reflecting mind and suitable age, but knew that one of his countrymen was living in a manner that approached nearer to the model of the apostles and the saints than any other of his generation; who could not see that the vital principles of all rational Christianity were exemplified in marvelous distinctness in the conduct of a famous orator who would receive only £30 a year as his hire; who sought no bishopric with greedy avarice, like Warburton; who never cringed, like Hoadley, before the gamblers and profligates of the court; who lived among the poor and comforted the oppressed. Nor, as time passed on, and the unselfish nature of the perpetual missionary grew riper with years, did admiration fail to kindle into love. For many years before his death Wesley was the most renowned preacher of all England, and his congregation were all ranks and orders of the nation. To the glittering throng of orators and authors who still shine out amidst the fading century, his life was a perpetual sermon. Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, must have felt his influence. Hume and Gibbon listened and doubted; Chesterfield and Walpole sneered or smiled. Decency returned to the court after the accession of George III., and the stubborn king said openly that Wesley was the best man in the kingdom. He could scarcely have conversed often with Mrs. Delany without hearing of the rare virtues of her early friend. The noble, the great, or the gay often strove to allure the popular teacher to their region of gilded ease, pierced so often by the shafts of unsated passions; but he ever preferred to preach in lonely glens to surging throngs beneath the arching sky, or in some plain chapel where the glare of fashion was rigorously repelled. He had already reformed the English Church. Its pulpits were open to him whenever he chose to leave his own. Its bishops had at least felt his superior sanctity, and paid homage to his merit. Lavington was now his firm admirer, Archbishop Secker his correspondent; and Bishop Lowth said to him, "Mr. Wesley, may I be found at your feet in another world!" His simple rites, his prayers and hymns, his attentive congregations and joyous services, had wrought a signal change in the manners and aspirations of the clergy and laity of the Church of England. For when Wesley began his decorous and earnest meetings the conduct of the church prayers and ritual had been a scandal to the few who still revered them. The people in St. Paul's and St. Patrick's laughed and talked throughout the hours of worship, and slept through the sermon. The drowsy priest or bishop seemed scarcely to know that he had listeners. But with the access of Methodism many of Wesley's followers, touched by a nobler spirit, filled the pulpits of the church, and it ceased to be the fashion to practice atheism or contemptuous indifference in the house of prayer.

Naturally, the stronger feelings of Wesley and his companions found expression in a new literature of religious songs. From the sweet, plaintive, and mystic hymns of the Moravians he translated eagerly. His own poetical powers were considerable; his verses are sometimes melodious, and often vigorous; but far above the trammels of art is their bold and grand sincerity. Music and poetry were to him only the means of expressing the joys and triumphs of faith. Like David, he often chanted his own pieces to excited throngs, or sometimes, as he entered some secluded village, summoned his congregation by a resonant hymn, and awoke the sluggish by a not uninspired strain. The lyrics of Methodism opened a new vein of religious poetry. Joined to various and not inelegant melodies, they soon resounded in cottage and palace. Charles Wesley, with higher poetical gifts than his brother, produced several of the finest hymns known to the language. His "Jesus, lover of my soul," has no equal in modern, perhaps in ancient, sacred song; and the poet has expressed in tuneful numbers the last aspiration of all undoubting faith. Music and poetry helped to swell the triumphs of Methodism; nor is it impossible to conceive with what grand and mighty power these noble hymns, chanted by ten thousand voices, rolled through the wide amphitheatre of Redruth, or echoed amidst the glens of Wales.

Extreme old age came gently upon John

Wesley, and in his eighty-eighth year the gates of the celestial city awaited his approach. The last letter that he wrote, on the day before he sank into a final lethargy, was a cry of indignation against human slavery.[1] It was addressed to Wilberforce, who was then commencing his difficult and almost hopeless assault upon the slave-trade and the slave-holder. "Oh! be not weary of well-doing," wrote the aged teacher of humanity. "Go on in the name of God, and in the power of His might, till even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish away before it." His last hours were full of joy. When he was dead his friends sang a hymn, and knelt in prayer. He was buried from the chapel in City Road at five o'clock in the morning, to avoid a crowd, yet a vast throng came to gaze for the last time upon his venerable features, and passed reverently before him.

To such a man it would seem profanation to apply the epithet of great. He was only the peace-maker, meek and lowly, and he has inherited the earth. He had no malice and no harshness. His venial faults escaped the notice of his enemies; his virtues compelled their applause.[1] Bitterly as he denounced sin, he ever loved the sinner. He was the tenderest and most compassionate of his kind. His extensive learning, not unworthy of the age of Johnson and Gibbon; his ceaseless ardor in composition; his sermons, vigorous, clear, and powerful; his commanding eloquence, that never failed to win the interest of the cultivated and the rude; his rare conversational excellence;[2] the refinement of his manners, the ardor of his temperament, and the dignity of his thoughts—might well have won for him the orator's or the politician's fame; or he might readily have aspired to a bishop's chair, a rich prebend, or a deanery; but he who labored only for the glory of God must shrink from the paths of human greatness, and dedicate his varied talents to a higher purpose than the acquisition of temporary good. Among the saints and heroes who have reformed and cultivated their race his place must ever be with the first. To estimate his future influence upon the history of man exceeds the strength of reason or of fancy.

[1] In this particular he was in advance of Whitefield, who defended slavery, and purchased slaves for his orphan-house at Savannah. Had Whitefield lived longer he might have yielded his rigorous fatalism, which had far outrun that of Calvin.

[1] The author of the "Spiritual Quixote" admits "the talents and the pious labors of Mr. Wesley," ii. p. 299. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1872, "can only call him a great man....in a very qualified sense." He does not see that Wesley was above the common conception of greatness; that to compare him to Loyola or Benedict, as Southey does, is to liken cruelty with gentleness, spiritual pride with unfeigned humility.

[2] "Of John Wesley, he" (Dr. Johnson) "said, 'He can talk well on any subject.'" Boswell relates, "John Wesley's conversation is good." Johnson said, at another time, "But he is never at leisure." Bos., John., 1778. They were often together.

OLD KENSINGTON.

By MISS THACKERAY.

CHAPTER VI.

DOWN STAIRS IN THE DARK.

THERE are old houses in other places besides Kensington. Perhaps it is from early associations that Dolly has always had so great a liking for walls furnished with some upholstery of the past, and set up by strong hands that seem to have had their own secrets for making their work last on. Some of these old piles stand like rocks, defying our lives as they have defied the generations before us. We come upon them every where, set upon high hills, standing in wide country places, crowded into the narrow streets of a city. Perhaps it is the golden Tiber that flows past the old doorways, perhaps it is the Danube rushing by, or the gray Thames running to the marshes, or the Seine as it shines between the banks. There is an old house in the Champs Elysées at Paris where most English people have lived in turn, and to which Dolly's fate brought her when she was about twelve years old.

The prompter rings the bell, and the scene shifts to the Maison Vâlin, and to one night, twenty years ago, when the two little girls were tucked up in bed. The dim night-light was put on the round marble table, the curtains were drawn, but all the same they could hear the noise of the horses trampling and the sabots clanking in the court-yard down below. Lady Sarah had sent her little niece to bed, and she now stood at the door and said, "Good-night, my dears." The second night-cap was only that of a little stray school-girl come to spend a holiday, from one of those vast and dreary establishments scattered all about the deserted suburbs of the great city: of which the lights were blazing from the uncurtained drawing-room windows, and its great semicircle of dark hills flashing.

Lady Sarah had come to Paris to meet Dolly's mamma, who had been married more than a year by this time, and who was expected home at last. She was coming *alone*, she wrote. She had at length received Captain Palmer's permission to visit her children;

but not even her wishes could induce him to quit his beloved frigate. She should, therefore, leave him cruising along the Coromandel coast, and start in January, for which month her passage was taken. She implored Lady Sarah to meet her in Paris, where some weeks' rest would be absolutely necessary, she said, to recruit her strength after the fatigue of her journey; and Lady Sarah, with some misgiving, yielded to Dolly's wistful entreaties, and wrote to her old friend the Rev. W. Lovejoy, of the Marmouton Chapel, to take rooms for her for a few weeks, during which Dolly might improve her French accent and her style of dancing (Dolly had been pronounced clumsy by Mrs. Morgan) in the companionship of little Rhoda, who had been sent some time before to be established for a year in a boarding-school near Paris, there to put on the armor of accomplishments that she would require some day in the dismal battle of life.

John Morgan had been loath that the little girl should go; he was afraid the child might feel lonely away from them all; but Rhoda said, very sensibly, that if she was to be a governess, she supposed she had better learn things. So Rhoda was sent off for a year to Madame Laplanche's, toward the end of which time Lady Sarah came to Paris with Dolly, and the faithful Marker in attendance.

Dolly did not trouble her head very much about her accent, but she was delighted to be with her friend again, to say nothing of seeing the world and the prospect of meeting her mother. She went twice a week to Rhoda's school to learn to point her bronze toes and play on the well-worn piano; and then every morning came Madame De St. Honoré, an old lady who instructed Mademoiselle Dolli in the grammar and literature of the country to which she belonged. French literature, according to Madame De St. Honoré, was in one snuffy volume which she happened to possess. Dolly asked no questions, and greatly preferred stray scenes out of "Athalie" and odd pages from "Paul and Virginia" to Noel and Chapsal, and l'Abbé Gaultier's "Geography." The two would sit at the dining-room table with the windows open, and the cupboards full of French china, and with the head of Socrates staring at them from over the stove.

Mr. Lovejoy had selected for his old friend a large and dilapidated set of rooms, the chairs and tables of which had seen better days, and had been in their prime during the classic furniture period of the Great Napoleon.

The tall white marble clock on the chimney-piece had struck nine, and Lady Sarah was sitting alone in the carpetless drawing-room on one of the stiff-backed chairs. It was early times for two girls of eleven and twelve to be popped away out of the world; but Lady Sarah was at that time a strict disciplinarian, and seemed to think that one of the grand objects of life was to go to bed and be up again an hour in advance of every body else.

"And so there is only dreaming till to-morrow morning," thought Dolly, with a dreary wide-awake sigh. Dolly and Henriette, her maid, had two beds side by side. Dolly used to lie wide awake in hers, watching the dawn as it streamed through the old flowered chintz curtains, and the shadows and pictures flying from the corners of the room; or, when the night-light burned dimly, and the darkness lay heaped against the walls, Dolly, still childish for her age, could paint pictures for herself upon them, bright phantasmagorias woven out of her brain, faces and flowers and glittering sights such as those she saw when she was out in the daytime. Dolly thought the room was enchanted, and that the fairies came into it as soon as Henriette was asleep and snoring. To-night little Rhoda was sleeping in the bed, and Henriette and Marker were sitting at work in the next room. They had left the door open; and presently, when they thought the children were asleep, began a low, mysterious conversation in French.

"She died on Tuesday," said Henriette, "and is to be buried to-morrow."

"She could not have been twenty," said Marker; "and a sweet, pretty lady. I can't think where it is I have seen such another as her."

"Pauvre dame!" said Henriette. "He feels her death very much. He is half distracted, Julie tells me."

"Serve him right, the brute! I should like to give it him!" cries the other.

"He looks such a handsome, smiling gentleman, that Mr. Rab—Rap— Who could have thought it possible?"

"Oh, they're all smiling enough," said Marker, who knew the world. "There was a young man in a grocer's shop—" And her voice sank into confidences still more mysterious.

"When they came to measure her for her coffin," said Henriette, who had a taste for the terrible, "they found she had grown since her death, poor thing. Julie tells me that she looks more beautiful than you can imagine. He comes and cries out, 'Emma! Emma!' as if he could wake her and bring her to life."

"Wake her and bring her to life to kill her again, the wretch!" said Marker, "with his neglect and cruelty."

"He is very young—a mere boy," said Henriette. "The concierge says there was no malice in him: and then he gave her such beautiful gowns! There was a moiré antique came home the day she died, with lace trimmings. Julie showed it me: she expects to

get all the things. They were going to a ball at the Tuileries. How beautiful she would have looked!"

"Poor child!" said Marker.

"To die without ever putting it on! Dame! I should not like that; but I should like to have a husband who would buy me such pretty things. I would not mind his being out of temper now and then, and leaving me to do as I liked for a month or two at a time. I should have amused myself, instead of crying all day as she did. Julie tells me she has tried on the black velvet, and it fits her perfectly."

"Julie ought to be ashamed of herself," growled Marker, "with the poor child lying there still."

"Not in the least," said Henriette; "Julie was very fond of her when she was alive: now she is dead—that is another thing. She says she would not stop in the room for worlds. She thought she saw her move yesterday, and she rushed away into the kitchen, and had an *attaque de nerfs* in consequence."

"But did she tell nobody—could it have been true?"

"Françoise told *him*, and they went in immediately, but it was all silent as before. I am glad I sleep up stairs; I should not like to be in the room over that one. It is underneath there where are *les petites*."

"She would do no one harm, now or when she was alive, poor thing," said Marker. "I should like to flay that man alive."

"That would be a pity, Mrs. Marker," said Henriette: "a fine young man like that! He liked her well enough, allez! She cried too much. It was her own fault that she was not happy."

"I would rather be her than him at this minute," said Marker. "Why, he scolded and sulked and sneered and complained of the bills when he was at home, and went away for days together without telling her where he was going. I know where he was: he was gambling, and spending her money on other people. I'd pickle him, I would!" said Marker; "and I don't care a snap for his looks; and her heart is as cold as his own now, poor little thing!"

"It's supper-time, isn't it?" yawned Henriette.

Then Dolly heard a little rustle, as they got up to go to their supper, and the light in the next room disappeared, and every thing seemed very silent. The night-light spluttered a little, the noises in the court-yard were hushed, the familiar chairs and tables looked queer and unknown in the darkness. Rhoda was fast asleep and breathing softly; Dolly was kicking about in her own bed, and thrilling with terror and excitement, and thinking of what she had heard of the poor pretty lady down stairs. She and Rhoda always used to rush to the window to see her drive off in her smart little carriage, wrapped in her furs, but all alone. Poor little lady! Her unkind husband never went with her, and used to leave her for weeks at a time. Her eyes used to shine through the veil that she always wore when they met her on the stairs; but Aunt Sarah would hurry past her, and never would talk about her. And now she was dead. Dolly looked at Rhoda lying so still on her white pillow. How would Rhoda look when she was dead? thought Dolly.

"Being asleep is being dead.....I dare say people would be more afraid of dying if they were not so used to go to sleep. When I am dying—I dare say I shall die about seventeen—I shall send for John Morgan, and George will come from Eton, and Aunt Sarah will be crying, and, perhaps, mamma and Captain Palmer will be there; and I shall hold all their hands in mine and say, 'Now be friends, for my sake.' And then I shall urge George to exert himself more, and go to church on week-days; and then to Aunt Sarah I shall turn with a sad smile, and say, 'Adieu! dear aunt, you never understood me—you fancied me a child when I had the feelings of a woman, and you sneered at me, and sent me to bed at eight o'clock. Do not crush George and Rhoda as you have crushed me: be gentle with them;' and then I shall cross my hands over my chest and—and what then?" And a sort of shock came over the girl as, perhaps for the first time in her life, she realized the awful awakening. "Suppose they bury me alive? It is very common, I know—oh! no, no, no; that would be too horrible! Suppose that poor young lady is not dead down stairs—suppose she is alive, and they bury her to-morrow, and she wakes up, and it is all dark, and she chokes and cries out, and nobody hears.....Surely they will take precautions—they will make sure?.....Who will, I wonder? Not that wicked husband—not that horrid maid. But the poor lady underneath, I wonder who is sitting up with her? That wicked man has gone to gamble, I dare say; and Julie is trying on her dresses, and perhaps her eyes are opening now, and nobody to see—nobody to come! Ah, this is dreadful! I must go to sleep and forget it."

Little Rhoda turned and whispered something in her dreams; Dorothy curled herself up in her nest and shut her eyes, and did go to sleep for a couple of hours, and then woke up again with a start, and thought it must be morning. Had not somebody called her by name? did not somebody whisper Dolly in her ear? so loud that it woke her out of a strange dream: a sort of dream in which strange clanging sounds rung round and round in the air; in which Dolly herself lay powerless, gasping and desperate, on her bed. Vainly she tried to move, to call, to utter; no one came.

Julie, in white satin, was looking at herself in the glass; the wicked husband was standing in the door with a horrible scowl. Rhoda, somehow, was quietly asleep in her bed. Ah, no! she too was dead; she would never wake; she would not come and save her. And just then Dolly awoke, and started up in bed with wide-open childish eyes. What a still, quiet room! What a dim light from the lamp! Who had spoken? Was it a warning? was it a call? was this dream sent to her as a token, as the people in the Bible dreamed dreams and dared not disobey them? Was this what was going on in the room below? was it for her to go down and save the poor lady, who might be calling to her? Something within her said, "Go, go," and suddenly she found herself standing by the bedside, putting on her white dressing-gown, and then pattering out barefooted across the wooden floors, out into the dark dining-room, out into the anteroom, all dark and black, opening the front-door (the key was merely turned in the lock), walking down stairs with the dim lamps glimmering and the moonlight pouring in at the blindless window, and standing at the door of the apartment below. Her only thought was wonder at finding it so easy. Then she laid her hand softly on the key and turned it, and the door opened, and she found herself in an anteroom like their own, only carpeted and alight. The room was under her own; she knew her way well enough. Into the dark dining-room she passed with a beating heart, and so came to a door beneath which a ray of light was streaming. And then she stopped. Was this a dream? was this really herself? or was she asleep in bed up stairs? or was she, perhaps, dead in her coffin? A qualm of terror came over her—should she turn and go?—her knees were shaking, her heart was beating so that she could hardly breathe; but she would not turn back—that would be a thousand times too cowardly. Just then she thought she heard a footstep in the dining-room. With a shuddering effort she raised her hand, and in an instant she stood in the threshold of the chamber. What! was this a sacred chapel? Silence and light, many flowers, tall tapers burning. It seemed like an awful dream to the bewildered child: the coffin stood in the middle of the room; she smelled a faint odor of incense, of roses, of scented tapers; and then her heart stood still as she heard a sudden gasping sigh, and against the light an awful shrouded figure slowly rising and seeming to come toward her. It was more than she could bear; the room span round, once more the loud clanging sounded in her ears, and poor Dolly, with a shuddering scream, fell to the ground.

* * * * * *

A jumble of whispers, of vinegar, of water trickling down her back, and of an officious flapping wet handkerchief; of kind arms infolding her; of nurse saying, "Now she is coming to;" of Lady Sarah answering, "Poor little thing! she must have been walking in her sleep"—a strange new birth, new vitality pouring in at all her limbs, a dull identity coming flashing suddenly into life, and Dolly opened her eyes to find herself in the nurse's arms, with her aunt bending over her, in the warm drawing-room up stairs. Other people seemed standing about—Henriette, and a man whom she could scarcely see with her dim weary eyes, and Julie. Dolly hid her face on the nurse's shoulder.

"Oh, nurse, nurse! have you saved me?" was all she could say.

"What were you doing down stairs, you naughty child?" said Lady Sarah, in her brisk tones. "Marker heard a noise and luckily ran after you."

"Oh, Aunt Sarah, forgive me!" faltered Dolly. "I went to save the lady. I thought if she opened her eyes and there was no one there—and Julie trying on the dresses, and the wicked husband—I heard Henriette telling Marker— Oh, save me, save me!" and the poor little thing burst into tears and clung closer and closer.

"You are all safe, dear," said Marker, "and the young lady is at rest where nothing will frighten or disturb her. Hush! don't cry."

"Poor little thing!" said the man, taking her hand; "do not be afraid; she is a saint in heaven. The nuns must have frightened you; and yet they are good women, and will pray and watch all through the night. You must go to sleep. Good-night." And he raised the child's hand to his lips and kissed it, and then seemed to go away.

"I'm ashamed of myself, my lady," said Marker, "for having talked as I did with the chance of the children being awake to hear me. It was downright wicked, and I should like to bite my tongue out. Go to bed, Henriette. Be off, Mamzelle July, if you please."

"We are all going to bed; but Henriette will get Miss Dolly a cup of chocolate first and a little bit of galette out of the cupboard," said Lady Sarah.

Dolly was very fond of chocolate and galette; and this little impromptu supper by the drawing-room fire did more to quiet and reassure her than any thing else. But she was hardly herself as yet, and could only cling to Marker's arm and hide her face away from them all. Her aunt kissed her once more, saying, "Well, I won't scold you to-night; indeed, I am not sure but that you were quite right to go," and disappeared into her own room. Then Henriette carried the candle, and Marker carried great big Dolly and laid her down by Rhoda in her bed; and the wearied and tired little

girl fell asleep at last, holding Rhoda's hand, and watching the faithful nurse as she sat sewing at the marble table.

CHAPTER VII.

CLOUD-CAPPED TOWERS AND GORGEOUS PALACES.

When Dolly awoke next morning Rhoda was dressed and her bed was empty. The window had been opened, but the light was carefully shaded by the old brown curtains. Dolly lay quite still; she felt strangely tired, and as if she had been for a very long journey, toiling along a weary road. And so she had, in truth; she had traveled along a road that no one ever retraces; she had learned a secret that no one ever forgets. Henceforth in many places and hours the vision that haunts each one of us was revealed to her; that solemn ghost of Death stood before her with its changing face, at once sad and tender and pitiless. Who shall speak of it? With our own looks, with the familiar eyes of others, it watches us through life, the good angel and comforter of the stricken and desolate, the strength of the weak, the pitiless enemy of home and peaceful love and tranquil days. But perhaps to some of us the hour may come when we fall into the mighty arms, feeling that within them is the home and the love and the peace that they have torn from us.

Dolly was still lying quite quiet and waiting for something to happen, when the door opened, and her aunt's maid came in carrying a nice little tray with breakfast upon it. There was a roll, and some French butter in a white scroll-like saucer, and Dolly's favorite cup.

"My lady is gone out, Miss Dolly," said Marker, "but she left word you was not to be disturbed. It is eleven o'clock, and she is going to take you and Miss Rhoda for a treat when she gets back."

"A treat!" said Dolly, languidly; "that will be nice. Marker, I have to push my arms to make them go."

But when Dolly had had her bath and eaten her breakfast her arms began to go of themselves. Once, indeed, she turned a little sick and giddy, for, happening to look out of window into the court-yard below, she saw that they were carrying away black cloths and silver-spangled draperies, which somehow brought up the terror of the night before; but her nurse kissed her, and made her kneel down and say her prayers, and told her in her homely way that she must not be afraid; that life and death were made by the same Hand, and ruled over by the same Love. "The poor young lady was buried this morning, my dear," said Marker, "before you were awake. Your aunt went with the poor young man."

Marker was a short, stout, smiling old woman. Lady Sarah was tall and thin, and silent, and scant in dress, with a brown face and gray hair; she came in, in her black gown, from the funeral, with her shaggy kind eyes red with tears.

"You won't forget, my lady, that you promised the young ladies a treat," said Marker, who was anxious that Dolly should have something fresh to think of.

"I have not forgotten," said Dolly's aunt, smiling, as she looked at the two children. "Rhoda must get a remembrance to take back to school, mustn't she, Dolly? I have ordered a carriage at two."

There is a royal palace familiar to many of us of which the courts are shining and busy, and crowded with people. Flowers are growing among fountains and foliage, and children are at play; there is a sight of high gabled roofs overhead inclosing it; so do the long lines of the ancient arcades. Some music is playing, to which the children are dancing. In this strange little world the children seem to grow up to music in beautiful ready-made little frocks and pinafores; the grown-up people seem to live on grapes and ices and bonbons, and on the enormous pears displayed in the windows of the cafés. Every thing is more or less gilt and twinkling—china flowers bloom delicate and scentless; it would seem as if the business of life consisted in wandering here and there, and sipping and resting to the sound of music in the shade of the orange-trees, and gazing at the many wonders displayed; at the gimcracks and trinkets and strings of beads, the precious stones, and the silver and gold, and the fanciful jewels. Are these things all dust and ashes? Here are others, again, of imitation dross and dust, shining and dazzling too; and again, imitations of imitations for the poorest and most credulous, heaped up in harmless glitter and array. Here are opera-glasses to detect the deceptions, and the deceptions to deceive the glasses—bubbles of pomp, thinnest gilding of vanity and good humor.

Some twenty years ago Dorothea Vanborough and a great many ladies and gentlemen her contemporaries were not the respectable middle-aged people they are now, but very young folks standing on tiptoe to look at life, which they gazed at with respectful eyes, believing all things, hoping all things, and interested in all things beyond words or the power of words to describe. My heroine was a blooming little girl, with her thick wavy hair plaited into two long tails. She wore a great flapping hat and frilled trowsers, according to the barbarous fashion of the time. Little Rhoda

was shorter and slighter, with great dark eyes and a wistful pale face; she was all shabbily dressed, and had no frills like Dolly, or flowers in her hat. The two stood gazing at the portrait of a smiling little prince with a blue ribbon, surmounted by a wreath of flowers, glazed and inclosed in a gilt locket. I suppose the little girls of the present* bear the same sort of allegiance to the Prince Imperial that Dolly felt for the little smiling Count of Paris of those days. For the king his grandfather, for the dukes and princes his uncles, hers was a very vague devotion; but when the old yellow royal coaches used to come by rumbling and shaking along the Champs Elysées, Dolly for one, followed by her protesting attendant, would set off running as hard as she could, and stand at the very edge of the pavement in the hopes of seeing her little smiling prince peep out of the carriage window. He was also to be seen in effigy on cups, on pin-boxes, and bonbons, and, above all, to be worn by the little girls in the ornamental fashion I have described. He smiled impartially from their various tuckers; and, indeed, many of the youthful possessors of those little gilt lockets are true to this day to their early impressions.

So both Dolly and Rhoda came to tell Lady Sarah that they had made up their minds what they most admired.

The widow had been sitting upon one of the benches in the garden, feeling not unlike the skeleton at a feast—a scanty figure in the sunshine, with a heart scarcely attuned to the bustle and chatter around her; but she began to tell herself that there must be some use even in the pomps and vanities of life, when she saw how happy the little girls looked, how the light had come into Dolly's eyes; and then she gave them each a solid silver piece out of a purse which, contrary to the custom of skeletons, she held ready in her hand.

"Oh, thank you," says Dolly; "now I can get no end of things. There's George and Robert and—"

"It is better to buy *one* nice thing to take care of than a great many little ones," said Rhoda, philosophically. "Dolly, you don't manage well. I don't want to get every thing I see. I shall buy that pretty locket. None of the girls in my class have got one as pretty."

"Come along quick, then," said Dolly, "for fear they should have sold it."

They left the Palais Royal at last and drove homeward with their treasures. Dolly never forgot that evening. The carriage drove along through the May-lit city, by teeming streets, by shady avenues, to the sounds of life and pleasure-making. Carriages were rolling along with them; long lines of trees, of people, of pavements, led to a great triumphal archway, over which the little pink clouds were floating, while an intense sweet thrill of spring rung in the air and in the spirits of the people. Henriette opened the door to them when they got home.

"The poor gentleman from below," she said, "is waiting for you in the drawing-room. I told him you would not be long."

The gentleman was waiting in the drawing-room as Lady Sarah came in, with the two little girls shyly following. She would have sent them away, but a sort of shyness habitual to her made her shrink from a scene or an explanation. It may have been some feeling of the same sort which had induced the widower to go away to the farthest window of the room, where he stood leaning out with his back turned for an instant after they had come in.

Coming in out of the dazzle of the streets, the old yellow drawing-room looked dark and dingy; the lights reflected from the great amphitheatre without struck on the paneled doors and fusty hangings. All these furnished houses have a family likeness: chairs with Napoleon backs and brass-bound legs; tables that cry *vive l'empire* as plain as tables can utter; old-fashioned secretaries standing demure with their backs against the wall, keeping their counsel and their secrets (if there *are* such things as secrets). The laurel-crowned clocks tick beneath their wreaths and memorials of by-gone victories; the looking-glasses placidly relate the faces, the passing figures, the varying lights and changes as they pass before them. To-night a dusky golden light was streaming into the room from behind the hills, that were heaving, so Dolly thought, and dimming the solemn glow of the sky: she saw it all in an instant; and then with a throb she recognized this wicked husband coming from the window where he had been standing with his back to them. She had never seen him before so close, and yet she seemed to know his face. He looked very cruel, thought Dolly. He had a pale face and white set lips, and a sort of dull black gleam flashed from his eyes. He spoke in a harsh voice. He was very young, a mere boy, with thick fair hair brushed back from his haggard young face. He might have been, perhaps, about two or three and twenty.

"I waited for you, Lady Sarah. I came to say good-by," he said. "I am going back to London to-night. I shall never forget your—" His voice broke. "How good you have been to me," he said, hoarsely, as he took the two brown hands in his and wrung them again and again.

The widow's sad face softened as she told him "to have trust—to be brave."

"You don't know what you say," he said,

* Written before recent events in France.

in a commonplace way. "God bless you!" He was going, but seeing the two, Dolly and Rhoda, standing by the door looking at him with wondering faces, he stopped short. "I forgot," he said, still in this hard matter-of-fact voice. "I brought a cross of Emma's; I thought she would wish it. It won't bring ill luck," he said, with a ghastly sort of laugh. "She bore crosses enough in her short life, poor soul, but this one, at least, had no nails in it. May I give it to your little girl?" he said: "unless she is afraid to take any thing from me."

Lady Sarah did not say no, and the pale young man looked vaguely from one to the other of the two little girls as they stood there, and then he took one step toward Dolly, who was the biggest, and who was standing, straight and tall for her age, in her light-colored dress, with her straw hat hanging on her arm. I don't know how to write this of my poor little heroine. If he had seemed more unhappy, if he had not looked so strangely and spoken so oddly, she might have understood him better; but as it was, she thought he was saying terrible things, laughing and jeering and heartless: so judged Dolly in an innocent severity. Is it so? Are not the children of this world wiser in their generation than the children of light? Are there not depths of sin and repentance undreamed of by the pure in spirit? One seems to grasp at a meaning which eludes one as one strains at it, wondering what is the sermon to be preached upon this text.....It was one that little Dolly, still playing in her childish and peaceful valley, could not understand. She might forgive as time went on; she had not lived long enough yet either to forgive or to forget; never once had it occurred to her that any thought of hers, either of blame or forgiveness, could signify to any other human being, or that any word or sign of hers could have a meaning to any one except herself.

Dolly was true to herself, and in those days she used to think that all her life long she would be always true, and always say all she felt. As life grows long, and people, living on together through time and sorrow and experience, realize more and more the complexities of their own hearts, and sympathize more and more with the failings and sorrows of others, they are apt to ask themselves with dismay if it is a reality of life to be less and less uncompromising as complexities increase, less true to themselves as they are more true to others, and if the very angels of God are wrestling and at war in their hearts. All through her life Dolly found, with a bitter experience, that these two angels of charity and of truth are often very far apart until the miracle of love comes to unite them. She was strong and true; in after-days she prayed for charity; with charity came sorrow and doubt and perplexity. Charity is long-suffering and kind, and thinks no evil; but then comes truth crying out, "Is not wrong wrong; is not falsehood a lie?" Perhaps it is because truth is not for this life that the two are at variance, until the day shall come when the light shall come, and with the light peace and knowledge and love, and then charity itself will be no longer needed.

And so Dolly, who in those days had scarcely realized even human charity in her innocent young heart, looked up and saw the wicked man who had been so cruel to his wife coming toward her with a gift in his hand; and as she saw him coming, black against the light of the sunset, she shrank away behind Rhoda, who stood looking up with her dark, wistful eyes. The young man saw Dolly shrink from him, and he stopped short; but at the same instant he met the tranquil glance of a trustful, upturned face, and, with a sigh, he put the cross (shimmering with a sudden flash of light) into little Rhoda's soft clasping hand.

"You are not afraid, like your sister? Will you keep it for Emma's sake?" he said again, in a softer voice.

There was a moment's silence. Lady Sarah, never at the best of times a ready woman, tried to say something, but the words died away. Dolly looked up, and her eyes met the flash of the young man's two wild, burning eyes. They seemed to her to speak. "I saw you shrink away," they seemed to say; "you are right; don't come near me—don't come near me." But this was only unspoken language.

"Good-by," he said again to Lady Sarah, in a fierce sort of way, clinching his teeth. "I am glad to have seen you once more." And then he went quickly out of the room without looking back, leaving them all standing scared and saddened by this melancholy little scene.

The lights were burning deeper behind the hills; the reflections were darker. Had there been a sudden storm? No; the sun had set quietly behind Montmartre, where the poor girl was lying upon the heights above the city. Was it Dolly who was trembling, or was it the room that seemed vibrating to the echo of some disastrous chords that were still ringing in her ears?

Dolly went to the window and leaned out over the wooden bar, looking down into the rustling, glooming lilac garden below. How sad the scent of the lilac-trees in flower seemed as it came flooding up! She was still angry, but she was sorry too, and two great tears fell upon the wooden bar against which she was leaning. She always remembered that evening when she smelled lilac in flower.

Rhoda was very much pleased with her cross.

"I shall hang it on a black ribbon," said the child, "and always think of the poor gentleman when I wear it; and I shall tell the girls in class all about him, and how he gave it to me."

"How you took it from him, you mean," said Lady Sarah, shortly.

"No, indeed, Lady Sarah; he gave it to me," cried Rhoda, clutching her treasure quite tight.

CHAPTER VIII.

IMMORTELLES.

FRANK RABAN, having left the three standing silent and sorry in the calm sunset room, ran down to his own apartment on the floor beneath. He was to go back to England that night; he felt he could not stay in that place any longer; the memories seemed to choke him, and to rise up and madden him. As he came now down the echoing stairs he heard the voices of his servants: the front-door was wide open. The concierge was standing in the passage in his shirt sleeves; M. Adolphe was discoursing; a milliner was waiting with her bill. "Not two years married," he heard them saying; "as for him, he will console himself." Their loud voices suddenly hushed as he appeared. Adolphe flung the door open still wider for his master; but the master could not face them all, with their curious eyes fixed upon him, and he turned and fled down stairs. Only two years since he had carried her away from her home in the quiet suburban cottage—poor Emma, who wanted to be married, and whom he had never loved! Where was she now? Married only two years! What years! And now his remorse seemed almost greater than he could bear. He crossed the crowded road, heedless of the warning cries of the drivers, pushing his way across the stream; then he got into a deserted country close upon the bustle of the main thoroughfare (they call it Beaujon), where great walls run by lonely avenues, and great gates stand closed and barred. Would they burst open? would *she* come out, with a pale, avenging face, and strike him? She, poor child! Whom did she ever strike in word or thought? Once he got a little ease: he thought he had been a very long way, and he had wandered at last into an ancient lane by a convent wall, beyond the modern dismal Beaujon, in the friendly older quarter. Lime-trees were planted in this tranquil place. There was a dim, rain-washed painting upon the wall, a faint vista of fountains and gardens, the lilac-trees were blooming behind it, and the vesper song of the nuns reached his ears; he stood still for an instant, but the song ceased.

The old avenue led back to the great round Place in front of the Arc; for, in those days, neither the ride nor the great new roads were made which now lead thronging to the Bois. And the tide came streaming to the end of the long avenue of the Champs Elysées and no farther, and turned and ebbed away again from the gates of the Douane. Beyond them the place was as silent and deserted as though no roar of life was swelling. The young man hurried on, not caring where he went. If I had loved her! if I had loved her! was the burden of his remorse. It was almost heavier than he could bear. There were some children swinging on the chains that separate the great arch from the road; the last rays of the sun were lighting the stones and the gritty platform; twilight was closing in. I think if it had not been for the children he would have thrown himself down upon the ground. They screamed shrilly at their play, and the echo from under the great vault gave back their voices. A few listless people were standing about; a countryman spelling out by the dying lights the pompous lists of victories that had been carved into the stone—Jena, Marengo, Austerlitz. Chiller and more death-like came the twilight creeping on: the great carved figures blew their trumpets, waved their stony laurels, of which the shadows changed so many times a day. He staggered to a bench; he said to himself, "I should like this Arc to fall down upon my head and crush me. I am a devil, I am not a man. I killed her with neglect, with reproach, and suspicion! But for me she would have been alive now, smiling as when I first saw her. I will go away and never be heard of any more. Go away!—how can I go from this curse? could Cain escape?" Then he began to see what was all round about him again—see it distorted by his mad remorse. All the great figures seemed writhing their arms and legs; the long lists of battle seemed like funeral processions moving round and round him, fighting and thundering and running into one another. The Arc itself was a great tomb, where these legions lay buried. Was it not about to fall with a stupendous crash? and would the dead people come rising round about at the blast of the trumpets of stone? Here was an emperor who had wanted to conquer the whole world, and who had all but attained his object. Here was he, a man who had not striven for victory, but yielded to every temptation—a man who had deserted his post, betrayed his trust, cursed a life that he should have cherished. Though his heart were broken on a wheel and his body racked with pain, that would not mend the past, sanctify it, and renew it again.

A sort of cold sweat lay upon his forehead. Some children were playing, and had come up to the stone bench where he was sitting, and were making little heaps of dust upon it. One of them looked into his face and saw him clinch his hand, and the little thing got frightened, and burst out crying. The

other, who was older, took the little one by the hand and led it away.

Of what good was it thinking over the past? It was over. Emma was dead, lying up on the heights toward which Dolly had been looking from her window. He had been to blame, but not to blame as he imagined in his mad remorse and despair. He had been careless and impatient, and hard upon her, as he was now hard upon himself. He had married her from a sense of honor, when his boyish fancy was past. His duty was too hard for him, and he had failed, and now he was free.

It was that very evening—Dolly remembered it afterward—a letter came from her mother, written on thin lilac paper, in a large and twisted handwriting, sealed and stamped with many Indian stamps. Dolly's mother's letters always took a long time to read; they were written up and down and on different scraps of paper. Sometimes she sent whole bouquets of faded flowers in them to the children, sometimes patterns for dresses to be returned. Henriette brought the evening's mail in with the lamp and the tea-tray, and put the whole concern down with a clatter of cups and saucers on the table before Lady Sarah. There was also a thick blue lawyer-looking letter with a seal. The little girls peeped up shyly as Lady Sarah laid down her correspondence unopened beside her. She was a nervous woman, and afraid of unread letters; but after a little she opened the lilac epistle, and then began to flush, and turned eagerly to the second.

"Who is that from?" Dolly asked at last. "Is it from Captain Palmer?"

Her aunt laid one thin brown hand upon the letter, and went on pouring out the tea without speaking. Rhoda looked for a moment, and then stooped over her work once more. Long years afterward the quiet atmosphere of that lamp-lit room used to come round about Dolly again. The log fire flamed, the clock ticked on. How still it was! The leaves of her book scraped as she turned them, and Rhoda stuck her silken stitches. The roll of the carriages was so far away that it sounded like a distant sea. They were still sitting silent, and Dolly was wondering whether she might speak of the letter again and of its contents, when there came an odd muffled sound of voices and exclamations from the room underneath.

"Listen!" said Rhoda.

"What can it be?" said Dolly, shutting up her book and starting up from her chair as Henriette appeared at the door, with her white cap-strings flying, breathless.

"They are all disputing down stairs," she said. "Persons had arrived that evening. It was terrible to hear them."

Lady Sarah impatiently sent Henriette about her business, and the sounds died away, and the little girls were sent off to bed. In the morning her aunt's eyes were so red that Dolly felt sure she must have been crying. Henriette told them that the gentleman was gone. "Milady had been sent for before he left: she had lent him some money," said Henriette, "and paid the milliner's bill;" but the strange people who had come had remained. The lady had been packing up and carrying off every thing, to Julie's disgust. "A great stout lady and a little gentleman," said Henriette—connections, she imagined.

Events and emotions come very rarely alone; they fly in troops, like the birds. It was that very day that Lady Sarah told Dolly that she had had some bad news—she had lost a great deal of money. An Indian bank had failed in which they all had a share.

"Your mamma writes in great trouble," said Lady Sarah, reading out from a lilac scrap. "'Tell my precious Dolly that this odious bank will interfere once more with my heart's longing to see her. Captain Palmer insists upon a cruel delay. I am not strong enough to travel round the Cape, as he proposes. You, dear Sarah, might be able to endure such fatigue; but I, alas! have not the power. Once more my return is delayed.'"

"Oh, Aunt Sarah, will she ever come?" said Dolly, struggling not to cry.....Dolly only cheered up when she remembered that they were ruined. She had forgotten it in her disappointment about her mother. "Are we really ruined?" she said, more hopefully. "We should not have spent that money yesterday. Shall we have to leave Church House? Poor mamma! Poor Aunt Sarah!"

"Poor Marker is most to be pitied," said Lady Sarah, "for we shall have to be very careful, and keep fewer maids, and wear out all our old dresses; but we need not leave Church House, Dolly."

"Then it is nothing after all," said Dolly, again disappointed. "I thought we should have had to go away and keep a shop, and that I should have worked for you. I should like to be your support in your old age, and mamma's too."

Then Lady Sarah suddenly caught Dolly in her arms, and held her tight for a moment—quite tight to her heart, that was beating tumultuously.

The next time Rhoda came out of her school for a day's holiday Lady Sarah took the little girls to a flower shop hard by. In the window shone a lovely rainbow of sun rays and flowers: inside the shop were glass globes and china pots, great white sprays of lilacs, lilies, violets, ferns, and hyacinths, and golden bells, stuck into emerald-blue vases, all nodding their fragrant heads. Lady Sarah bought a great bunch of violets and two yellow garlands made of dried immortelles.

"Do you know where we are going?" she asked.

Dolly didn't answer; she was sniffing, with her face buried in a green pot of mignonette.

"May I carry the garlands?" said Rhoda, raising her great round eyes. "I know: we are going to the poor lady's grave."

Then they got into the carriage, and it rolled off toward the heights.

They went out beyond the barriers of the town by dusty roads, with acacia-trees; they struggled up a steep hill, and stopped at last at the gate of the cemetery. All round about it there were stalls, with more wreaths and chaplets to sell, and little sacred images for the mourners to buy for the adornment of the graves. Children were at play, and birds singing, and the sunlight streamed bright. Dolly cried out in admiration of the winding walks, shaded with early green, the flowers blooming, the tombs and the garlands, and the epitaphs, with their notes of exclamation. She began reading them out, and calling out so loudly that her aunt had to tell her to be quiet. Then Dolly was silent for a little, but she could not help it. The sun shone, the flowers were so bright; sunshine, spring-time, sweet flowers, all made her tipsy with delight; the thought of the kind, pretty lady, who had never passed her without a smile, did not make her sad just then, but happy. She ran away for a little while, and went to help some children who were picking daisies and tying them by a string.

When she came back, a little sobered down, she found that her aunt had scattered the violets over a new-made grave, and little Rhoda had hung the yellow wreath on the cross at its head.

Dolly was silent then for a minute, and stood, looking from her aunt, as she stood straight and gray before her, to little Rhoda, whose eyes were full of tears. What was there written on the cross?—

TO EMMA,
THE WIFE OF FRANCIS RABAN,
AND ONLY DAUGHTER OF DAVID PENFOLD, OF EARLSCOURT,
IN THE PARISH OF KENSINGTON.
DIED MARCH 20, 18—. AGED 22.

"Aunt Sarah," Dolly cried, suddenly, seizing her aunt's gown, "tell me, was that young Mr. Raban from John Morgan's house and Emma from the cottage? When he looked at me once I thought I knew him, only I didn't know who he could be."

"Yes, my dear," said Lady Sarah. "I did not suppose that you would remember them."

"I remembered," said Rhoda, nodding her head; "but I thought you did not wish me to say so."

"Why not?" asked Lady Sarah. "You are always imagining things, Rhoda. I had forgotten all about them myself; I had other things on my mind at the time they married;" and she sighed and looked away.

"It was when Dolly's papa—" Rhoda began.

"Mr. Raban reminded me of Kensington before he left," said Lady Sarah, hastily, in her short voice. "I was able to help him—foolish young man. It is all very sad, and he is very unhappy and very much to blame."

"Is he?" said Dolly; and then she walked away quietly; but before they got to the carriage she was at her rigs again.

This was their only visit to poor Emma Raban's grave. A few days after, Lady Sarah, in her turn, left Paris, and took Dolly and little Rhoda, whose schooling was over, home to England. Rhoda was rather sorry to be dropped at home at the well-known door in Old Street, where she lived with her aunt Morgan. Yes, it would open in a minute, and all her old life would begin again. Tom and Zoe and Cassie were behind it, with their loud voices. Dolly envied her; it seemed to her to be a noisy elysium of welcoming exclamations into which Rhoda disappeared.

TWO OF MY LADY-LOVES.

I WAS traveling, just five years ago last spring, among the mountains of Delaware County, when, in going down one of the steep hills of that region, my good horse Bob met with an ugly accident, which laid him up for a couple of weeks. It was in a quiet, lonely part of the country, several miles from any village. Just below the spot where the mischance befell I saw a cluster of three or four buildings, toward which Bob and I hobbled as best we could. There was a cheerful better class farm-house on one side of the road, on the other a smithy, and what might be the smith's cottage. There I found quite a good farrier, with a little barn, in which Bob was made comfortable. What was I to do myself? was the next question. I was too fond of my trusty nag to leave him. In no particular hurry to move on, and finding there was good trout fishing in a mountain stream close at hand, I resolved to take up my quarters near Bob and his barn. But where? The smith's little cottage was already full to overflowing. He had not even a garret to spare. Sleeping in the barn would scarcely suit a youngster of threescore-and-five. I looked inquiringly across the road at the neat country house, with its pleasant surroundings—the modest piazza, the row of noble elms, the flower beds, and the pretty paddock. The house struck my fancy. To my notion, every house has an individual expression, a countenance of its own, as much as the man who lives in it. Strut and pretension are written over many a doorway, solid respectability and good sense over

many more; simple comfort salutes you here, cheerfulness and good taste smile upon you there, while careless neglect or wild extravagance varies the picture. Now the house before me had a taking expression. Who lives yonder? was my question. The widow Jones, was Smith's answer. Would the widow Jones be likely to take me as a lodger for a week or two? Smith shook his head—couldn't say—didn't think it likely. The old lady was infirm; lived alone most of the time, with a young girl to take care of her. Smith's son worked the place, slept in the house at night. They didn't see much company, on account of the old lady's health. I hesitated a moment, then boldly entered the gate, and knocked at the door. Presently the door opened, and the bright young face of a pretty girl of seventeen appeared before me. So neat, so sweet, so simple—nothing flaunting or fly-away about her—so fresh, so pleasant, so modest, her whole aspect charmed me. There was something about her that commanded my respect. Quite unconsciously I took off my hat, and bowed my iron-gray head before her.

"Mrs. Jones lives here, I believe?"

"Yes, Sir;" with a pleasant half-smile of surprise.

"Can I see her for a moment?"

The smile was blended with a little doubt. There was delay in the answer.

"Perhaps you are the lady's granddaughter?"

"Oh no, Sir! I am only her servant-girl;" with a little blush on the round, healthy cheek, and the rosy lips parting with a smile that showed beautiful fresh teeth. The quiet simplicity of the answer charmed me. Before I could speak I was invited in, and shown into a parlor—dark, chilly, shut up, and stiff-looking, like most state apartments in the country. I had full leisure to admire every cold bit of furniture in the room. Fortunately a window had been opened, and the spring breeze came in, or I might have stifled. A quarter of an hour passed, when the same young face appeared, and I was invited across the hall into a very different-looking room, all cheerful comfort, where, seated in a large arm-chair, I saw the lady of the house, the widow Jones. Her whole appearance was thoroughly respectable, and even attractive, in spite of rheumatism. She looked surprised, as my young friend had done, apologized for not rising, and invited me to a seat near her own. Mine was rather a delicate negotiation. It was a bold step for a strange wayfarer to storm the castle of an infirm and aged widow lady after this impromptu fashion. But I told my tale with the best grace I could, and was received with a simple, cordial hospitality which my boldness scarcely deserved. The guest-chamber was made ready, the stranger made welcome, and in another hour I was sitting opposite Mrs. Jones at the neatest little old-fashioned tea-table you ever saw, with a dainty little supper before me. The young girl waited on us with a sweetness and a sort of innocent rustic friendliness that were far more agreeable to me than the studied graces of the most accomplished waiter at Delmonico's. Although charmingly neat-handed, I am happy to say her name was neither Phyllis, nor Imogen, nor Clytemnestra. It was Hannah. After tea, in the course of a gossiping chat, Mrs. Jones and I discovered that if not old friends, we had a right to be so, for we both knew a score of the same worthy people at Albany and Binghamton. Nine o'clock came only too soon. Then there was a little hesitation; then I was invited to officiate as chaplain at family prayers—a duty I discharged with much pleasure. I remember that Hannah sang an evening hymn with a very sweet voice, but with some shakes and quavers that were not in the tune. When we shook hands at parting, Mrs. Jones and I parted like old friends; and when I took from Hannah's honest working hand—no ring on it—a beautiful country-made candle (no hateful kerosene lamp), I could not help giving her a fatherly blessing, which she received very prettily.

Well, I never passed a pleasanter fortnight in my life. There was excellent trout fishing in the brook winding through the farm—Wildbrook, as Hannah called it—and I also carried on my geological hammering in a very satisfactory way. I was happy as any school-boy. Mrs. Jones, on farther acquaintance, proved to be a woman of great natural intelligence, with a good share of information, while, in spite of rheumatism, she had a most happy, cheery temper. She was truly a charming old lady, some ten years my senior. I may as well confess it—I fell in love with her. It is a fashion of mine to be all the time falling in love. During the last thirty years I have had many, many touches of the tender passion, with great satisfaction to myself and no harm to *the object*. Mine are loves in which there are no agonies, no ravings, no green-eyed monsters, but a constant succession of the most pleasurable emotions in the world. I am thankful that I am an old bachelor. It is only your old bachelor of the right stamp who can indulge in such loves. They are critical for young men. Married men have attachments of their own. Old maids, poor creatures, can not well indulge in tender affections for a score of gentlemen, old and young; they would be hooted at if they did; but they generally give away their hearts to nephews and nieces and babies innumerable. Such, at least, is the way of my dear sister Mehitable, three years my senior. But to return to my affection for the widow Jones. It prospered charmingly: my loves always

prosper. The attachment was, I flatter myself, mutual, with this difference, that on my part it had been love at first sight. I was smitten in the moment of first meeting those friendly old eyes, of first hearing that pleasant old voice. With the widow Jones it required, I fear, ten days of hospitality and friendly intercourse to produce the same happy results. Of course I fell in love with Hannah too. In fact, Hannah was quite irresistible. I defy any man to be in the house with Hannah ten days without being in love one way or another. If she was not a rustic belle, it was only because she was too modest, too busy, and too entirely absorbed in devotion to her kind friend, Mrs. Jones. Smith's curly-headed son was evidently desperately in love with her. I felt some jealous twinges on that score. I observed that his plow seemed always to head in the direction of Hannah's kitchen, no matter from what point of the compass it started. I did not admire Smith's son myself. He had not the honest, hard-working look of his father. He sported too many studs, too much watch-chain—all sh—m, of course. And one evening he came home with more than one drop too much under that watch-chain. Now I had seen Hannah blush when speaking of Smith's son—how lovely she looked, too, at the time! I was troubled: girls so often make foolish choices. If this were not the case, should I not have been married forty years ago? Should I now be wasting my sweetness on the desert air? I fancied Mrs. Jones was uneasy about Smith's son. One evening she began talking to me very freely about Hannah.

"I love that girl as if she were my grandchild. My own little ones died young. I feel it my duty to watch over Hannah as faithfully as if she was my own. She is a good girl. I believe she really loves me."

I assured Mrs. Jones that Hannah's affection for her was evident. It was a beautiful sight to see this young girl hovering about the old lady's chair with such pleasant, loving ways and words. It was worth traveling from Dan to Beersheba to see that living picture. Then Mrs. Jones told me Hannah had been more than once tempted away by the offer of higher wages than she could afford to give, and by the prospect of bettering herself in life.

"You may be easy on that score, ma'am," was my answer. "Your motherly kindness, and the careful home education you have given her, are worth more than heaps of gold to Hannah."

"Hannah seems to feel so; and if I was not sure that it is more for the child's real good to be living here, I should be the first to tell her to go. I only hope Smith's son won't carry her off!"

So did I, most heartily. Another week of felicity with my two lady-loves, and I was compelled to go. It was hard to say whether sweetness or sorrow was the strongest emotion as I gave the rheumatic hand of Mrs. Jones a grip which made her wince, and at the next moment almost kissed Hannah's rosy cheek—almost, not quite, however. In the expression of the master passion I flatter myself that I am as respectful toward the object as Sir Charles Grandison himself. Bob and I trotted slowly along the valley, feeling that we had lost our hearts irrevocably. But we were cheered by a distant glimpse of the widow Jones and Hannah waving their handkerchiefs to us as we passed out of sight, and by remembering that we were invited to return to Wildbrook for more fishing, hammering, and flirting.

As for the drudgery of my lawyer's office—the pranks of sundry nephews and nieces—the worries of their uncle—let us pass them over. Let us annihilate time and space—let us return to Wildbrook.

"All well, Smith?" I asked, as I chanced to meet my friend the blacksmith half a mile from the farm. "Usually well, Sir," replied Smith, with a friendly bob and grin. There must be great improvement in Mrs. Jones, thought I, if she is usually well. But in truth I knew the meaning of that country phrase. No doubt my lady-love was well as usual—and no better. In ten minutes more I was, not in the arms, but metaphorically at the feet, of my mistresses. In fact, I was more at their feet than ever, they made so much of me. There was no end to the tender attentions lavished on me. Ahem! Dainty little dishes, exactly to my taste, prepared by Hannah's skillful hands. The most charming little nosegay, fresh every day, on the table in my room—flowers gathered by Hannah, and prettily arranged by the widow Jones, as I well knew. There were forget-me-nots, pansies, rose-buds, and all kinds of sentimental blossoms. Excellent sport, too, in Wildbrook, and various successful expeditions among the rocks with my hammer. To my great joy I also discovered that Smith's son had vanished, sh—m watch-chain, studs, and all. But we all know that the course of true love is too much like that of Wildbrook—tossing and foaming and fretting among the stony barriers that beset its path. I found another rival in the field. The widow Jones was, I humbly hoped, still faithful: neither doctor nor dominie visited her more frequently than in the past. But, alas! I was by no means so sure of Hannah. A tall, lank, red-headed, awkward-looking chap had taken the place of Smith's son at the plow, in the kitchen, and at Hannah's feet. His name was Hiram Jenks. At the first interview I despised Hiram Jenks. I rated him very cheap. Hannah would assuredly never smile on such a red-headed hop-pole as that. But the same evening the scales fell from my eyes. I discovered that

not only with Hannah, but with the widow Jones also, Hiram Jenks was a fearfully dangerous rival to your humble servant! Hiram could write Mrs. Jones's business letters as well as myself—and Hiram could milk better than any man or maid in those parts. Hiram could carry Mrs. Jones, chair and all, a quarter of a mile if she chose, and had actually carried her to the foot of the garden. Hiram lifted the clothes-basket for Hannah, filled bucket and boiler, and, in short, was a perfect Ferdinand to this fair Miranda. Hiram had got the prize for a rare lily, and also one for the fattest pig in Delaware County. Hens, chickens, ducks, geese, horses, cows, oxen, cats, dogs, birds, and bees all prospered under Hiram's care. So I was told. I was sick of the fellow's name before I had been twenty-four hours in the house. Hiram could sing—occasionally joined Hannah in the evening hymn. Hiram could play on the flute! One fact I was told in confidence by Mrs. Jones, whispered in a corner, which added the last drop to the cup of jealousy I was thus compelled to quaff: Hiram was a school-teacher in disguise, and all for the love of Hannah! My grizzly locks stood on end with dismay! Hiram had given up a first-class district school, and followed the oxen, to bask in the sunshine of Hannah's smile. Here was a rival indeed! Here was romance! What chance had I? what could poor old Benedick do in the way of disguise and sacrifice? I had a nightmare on the subject, in which Hiram and I figured in a grand duello, armed with scythes, fighting *à l'outrance* in the widow's barn, while Hannah sat on one of the oxen and Mrs. Jones on the other, both laughing at us. It is said that troubles never come singly. This second visit to Wildbrook was decidedly not so happily peaceful as the first. I had not been there a week when there was an invasion of the farm. Two young girls made a raid upon us—two cousins of Hannah's, her nearest relatives, I was told. They were what I call rowdy young ladies—pert, pretentious, and boisterous. Cousins, indeed! That impudent assertion will require clear proof before I can believe it. Cousins far removed, certainly, if cousins at all. One was Adelina, the other Rosabella. They descended upon the farm-house in a maze of skirts, flounces, flowers, frippery, false hair, beads, buckles, and p—nt. Pert, giggling, rattling creatures they were, without one real charm of girlhood. They made broad love to Hiram, and even tried their weapons on old Benedick. Rosabella was a factory-girl somewhere. Adelina came from a "dollar store" somewhere. Hiram and I were thrown closer together by this invasion. He drove me up the mountains in quest of geological specimens, and piloted me to fresh fishing waters. My first antipathy to the fellow abated. I forgot my jealousy, and learned to do my rival some justice. And the cement of this new friendship was, I am sorry to say, vituperation of the young ladies, Rosabella and Adelina.

"They ain't fit to hold a candle to her. And I suppose you know, Sir, what their errand is?"

"Mischief, I warrant," was my sententious reply.

"Mischief all over," was his answer. "They want to get her away from Wildbrook. They tell her she is a servant-girl here. That's no news. Hannah knows she is a servant-girl: we all know it. They want to get her out of this safe, respectable home, and put her behind a counter in Albany, with half the men in the town to stare at her."

Crack! whack! went the whip, with such force that our steed made a plunge, and we should have upset and rolled down the precipice together—a lamentable end to two of Hannah's adorers—but luckily Hiram could not only milk a cow, he could rein in a horse as well.

This little ebullition having relieved the lad's spirits, he quieted down again, and resumed the conversation.

"I say Hannah's too good for that, Sir."

"Indeed she is. She is as good a girl as ever lived; much too good, too pretty, and too innocent to play the show-piece behind any counter. She is a dear little home bird: she must stay at Wildbrook until some one builds a cozy nest especially for her. He will be a lucky fellow that gets her."

"I guess he will," replied Hiram, with a tremendous amount of suppressed emotion, intently studying a tall mullein on his own private side of the road, but I could see that neck and ears were as red as his head. He seemed all aflame. I couldn't have got up such a blush as that for Hannah—not for the last forty years or so. Heigho!

"I wouldn't take a wife out of such a lot as Rosabella and Adelina belong to—no, not if she had twenty thousand dollars in her pocket!" observed Hiram, with great energy.

"Softly, my friend," I interposed, with the calmness becoming my grizzly locks. "There are ever so many good girls in factories, as we all know, and in 'dollar stores' too, let us hope."

"I beg pardon, Sir; that wasn't my meaning. I wouldn't say a harsh word against any honest woman's calling. That's not my way. But them girls at the farm do aggravate me. When I said a lot of girls like them, I meant girls that are all strings and streamers, and false hair and artificials; girls that haven't got a mite of common-sense, that haven't got any heart in 'em; girls that are too stuck up to be servants to an honorable old lady like Mrs. Jones."

"That's a very poor lot of girls indeed,"

was my reply. "I quite agree with you there. If a young girl has to earn her living, she is better off in a respectable family, under a woman who is kind to her and feels a real interest in her, than in the best factory or the best 'dollar store' in the land. It is a more healthy kind of life for body and soul."

"That's true, I'm sure," exclaimed Hiram, with emphasis. "You couldn't see a healthier-looking girl than Hannah from Maine to Texas. Just look at them two girls alongside of her! Pish!"

"And the best of it is, she has got a healthy heart, my boy. That's an article that is home-made. You can't make a healthy heart without God's blessing on ever so much home work. Mrs. Jones has done more for Hannah in that way than if she had given her a million in money. She has given the child something very like good mother's love."

"That she has, Sir. I'll say that for the widow Jones. It's a sight to see them two together; Hannah nursing her and waiting on her, and thinking for her and working for her, and Mrs. Jones looking so smiling and pleasant at Hannah."

"It's a sight for sore eyes, my friend. Ay, and there they are now, sitting together on the piazza, Hannah reading aloud, and Mrs. Jones knitting. Mrs. Jones is knitting me a pair of socks, Hiram, and Hannah is to mark them—ahem!"

But Hiram's faculties were absorbed by the tableau on the piazza. He did not heed my boast about the stockings. He did not heed the gate-post. We just missed upsetting. My two lady-loves gave a little scream each. They were nearly perfect, but they were women: they would give little screams once in a while. Not too good, you know, for human nature's daily food, etc.

In another hour I was summoned to New York by a telegram. Three months passed away among scenes and people very different from Wildbrook and its inhabitants. Then came a little note from Hannah:

"Dear Sir,—I am sorry to say this is to tell you that Mrs. Jones has enjoyed very poor health for seven weeks. She would like to have you come to Wildbrook to settle some business for her, if you could find it convenient. She has been dreadful sick some days. My heart aches about her. She is so poor I can lift her like a babe. It makes me feel dreadful bad. Please come very soon. Mrs. Jones sends her kind love. Mr. Jenks"—(scratched out)—"Hiram sends his best respects. So do I. Very respectfully,

"Hannah Bailey."

The next day I was at Wildbrook. My old friend was indeed very ill. She had sent for me to make her will. As she had only a thousand or two in money, with a life interest in the property, the paper was soon drawn up. There were a few charitable bequests, fifty dollars to Hiram Jenks with her thanks for his excellent conduct, and then, with a fervent blessing, five hundred dollars to Hannah, "the chief earthly joy and comfort of her last years." She lived only a week longer, and during that week she succeeded in urging Hannah to be married to Hiram without delay. They had been engaged a couple of months. The dominie was sent for, and the ceremony took place at Mrs. Jones's bedside. How dear little Hannah trembled! Hiram's freckled face was as beautifully expressive of honest natural feeling as if he had been an Apollo—or much more so, probably.

A week later, and we carried the good old lady to her last resting-place, beside her husband, in a little inclosure on the bank of the brook.

Hiram and Hannah removed into Chenango County, where Mr. Jenks is likely to become a prosperous model farmer. He has made one or two clever inventions which have given him a reputation. Hannah rules her husband, a great cheese factory, and two lovely babies. No! that last item must be corrected: stern truth compels me to say the babies rule Hannah. I have just passed a fortnight with them, and am a credible witness. Hannah makes a dear young matron. Hiram grows handsome on love and prosperity. The Widow Jones—that is, Kitty, the oldest girl, bearing the name of our old friend—is a perfect little beauty; Hannah the less would be a beauty but for her sandy hair. Those two damsels are likely to be the last of my lady-loves. Sitting one day in the kitchen watching Mrs. Jenks make a pie for my dinner, and dividing, meanwhile, my tender attentions very impartially between the little Widow Jones on one knee and the little Hannah on the other, it occurred to me to inquire after the cousins.

"How are those young ladies, Rosabella and Adelina?"

Hannah's pretty head drooped. A flush came over her face. Hiram took upon himself to answer:

"Adelina ran away last spring with Smith's son. He has had a couple of other wives already. They are keeping a saloon in Kansas."

"Ay, ay. Sorry to hear it. I hope Rosabella has done better?"

"Rosabella, Sir, has gone to the bad."

WHILE SHE SLEEPS.

Tired of jest,
Kissed to rest,
Fled like a bird to its nest—
To my breast
Softly pressed,
Love is a gentle guest:
Sleep and rest!

Breathing low,
Love shall grow
All its dear charm to know.
Flowers so
Hours thro'
Sleep i' the bud and grow—
Sleep and grow.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN the Grand Ducal Theatre at Weimar, over which Goethe presided, there were many fine and tasteful representations, doubtless; but Goethe never saw in his theatric realm any thing that would have charmed him more than something which we fortunate spectators of a later day and a foreign land have seen — his own Mignon and Gretchen living before us. The appearance of Jenny Lind twenty-five years ago (eheu! Posthume!) was the sudden introduction of the pure Northern element into the world of opera. That form of art had become, indeed, identified with the Italian name. Handel's operas were forgotten. Glück had become a name merely to the general audience of music, although those who have heard Viardot Garcia sing the "Iphigenia" in Berlin will always count him by experience as one of the great composers. Mozart had the mingled strain of the North and South. Weber stood alone. Beethoven's one great work of this kind was little known. There were, indeed, Northern operas full of exquisite music; but the great and most famous singers were Italian. The universally favorite composers were Italian; and the true method of declamatory or lyrical singing was held to be the Italian. Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti were the accepted masters, the orthodox line of musical succession; and from Catalani and Pasta to Grisi there was an equal line of renowned singers, each of them a *prima donna assoluta*, in the operatic phrase.

Suddenly to this camp of easy and unquestioned possession—*alarum: enter an army*—in the person of a fair-haired Swede. She had not the "grand manner," but she had genius, and the purest and most powerful voice, and the most admirable training. There was universal incredulity in orthodox musical circles, and as her fame rapidly grew there was a petulant protest. The old feud between the German and Italian musical temperament and character instantly appeared. The traditional opera critic declared that she was a very pretty ballad-singer, and did not disdain a certain kind of ventriloquism; but as for passion, for fire, for nobility, for grandeur, for the great style—*ma foi! pardon!* But in London the audience which had for so long annually hailed Grisi now stormed the doors of the theatre when Jenny Lind played. The enthusiasm was extraordinary. In Germany and Russia it was not less so; but in France she would never sing. Then she came to America, and the country was enchanted. It is many years since she sang her farewell to America in Castle Garden, and last year Mr. Justin M'Carthy said that he had recently heard her, and could not believe that it was the Jenny Lind of whom he had read and heard. And a few weeks ago a newspaper stated that the voice of Jenny Lind's daughter promises to surpass her own. So soon the dew is gone!

With so summary a rupture of the characteristically Italian line of singers a change was to be expected in the character of the opera, not to supersede the Italian, but to supplement it. This is, in fact, what we have seen. Already Bellini and Donizetti, and even Verdi, who still writes, and the success of whose last opera, "Aida," has recalled his earlier triumphs, are a little quaint and old-fashioned; and we see the characteristic opera of to-day when Marguerite enters in "Faust," clad in purity, and after breathing a brief exquisite strain, as if the perfume of a violet became music, disappears. In the music of these operas there are few popular haunting melodies. The instrumentation and the singing are rather a setting for the drama. The Mignon and Marguerite of Nilsson are poems set to music. The audience does not respond vociferously to marvelous vocal *tours de force;* but it is enchanted, spell-bound. They are operas designed for actors as well as singers, so that without a skillful actor such a work as "Mignon" would be inexpressibly wearisome.

The grand manner, as it is called, in the opera, as well as in other forms of art, is very easily described. It was merely the appropriate representation of certain broad, passionate effects. It was acting almost without shading. In the first act of the opera of the grand school the heroine was in love. The necessities of the work permitted only a general expression of it—in fact, the "most tremendous love-making," as a young friend expressed it. In the second act cruel fate separated the lovers, and there was a storm of mingled grief and indignation and despair. In the third act there was madness or death. Here were no shading, no subtilty, only emotions indicated by a few broad strokes; and if a singer had a fine presence, a fine voice, and sufficient tact, she was a lyrical artist of the grand manner. This was the opera of the time when a prima donna could properly rave only in white satin. We have changed all that. Look! here comes Mignon in the coarsest garb, fast asleep upon the cart in which she is drawn; and when the gypsy master beats her to awake her, she strikes back at him. Shade of Catalani! upon what time have we fallen?

Of the modern tendency of which we have been speaking, Nilsson is the most characteristic representative. The impression she produces is not primarily that of a great singer, but of an artist whose effects are produced by blended acting and singing. The singing arises naturally from the emotion and the situation, but only to make the expression more complete. The reserve of power is as remarkable as the display. The propriety of the character she represents, not the astonishment and applause of the audience, is the commanding law of the artist. In the Mignon and Marguerite, and Lucia also, there is always the paramount suggestion of the purest womanhood. A nameless refinement and grace in every look and movement separate her from those around her. At every moment she is cool, remote, superior; and you feel at once why she is sometimes called unsympathetic, and why the angels are always represented as blondes.

The delicacy and subtilty of Nilsson's acting, its fresh and bright humor, its exquisite shading, its deep tenderness, were unprecedented in our opera. This was so striking a charm that it was delightful to hear Cynicus decreeing that the whole thing was intolerable nonsense, and that the opera itself indicated the utter artificiality

of our civilization. "We copy," said he, "the exhaustion of an effete society. A jaded world tries to prick its palled appetite with this extravaganza of folly called the opera, and we badly imitate it. Look in that box yonder! That excellent lady has not as much ear for music as a cow. She talks through the overture; she does not understand Italian; she never heard of Goethe; she has no more conception of the story than pleasure in the music; but when Nilsson comes to the front and sings, and every body intently listens, my lady of the box bobs her head as if she were keeping time; and when the audience applauds she taps her gloves together, and says feebly that it is charming, charming! What a mockery!" exclaims Cynicus. "What unspeakable folly!"

Cynicus is fond of his own voice if he is indifferent to that of the singer, and he says, "Besides, how utterly absurd the idea of an opera is! In the name of Heaven, what does it all mean? What is it all about? I read Scott's 'Bride of Lammermoor,' and I weep a few drops privately, perhaps, over that sentimental story. It is a pretty tale told in intelligible and moderate English. But what insanity to set it to music, as you call it! Can any human being, who is not a victim of hysteria, imagine a man and woman actually making love in songs, and such silly songs? 'Yes—yes—yes; I love; yes—y-e-e-e-e-e-s; I l-o-o-o-o-v-e you—you—you; yes; I love; yes—yes; I-i-i-i-i l-o-o-o-o-o-v-e y-o-o-o-o-u-u-u-u!' What, I say, does it mean? It is humiliating to human nature. And by-and-by the man or the woman dies, and he dies singing the same stuff; and when you think that he is happily gone and good riddance, he revives, and they lift him up, and he roars out more ye-e-e-e-s, I l-o-o-o-o-v-e, and finally drops, and, thank goodness! is really not heard again. And the theatre is crowded with intelligent people, and they clap and shout *brava!* And they are full of enthusiasm, and wipe their eyes, and say to each other, 'Oh, isn't it too beautiful!' I give it up; there are no words! I put it to you as a rational Easy Chair," says Cynicus, "if it is not a saddening spectacle. Can the imagination conceive any thing more exquisitely absurd?"

Such talk is part of the comedy. The unspeakable humor is not in the opera, but in this view of it. Why does not the wise Cynicus complain of fairy stories? Do bean stalks grow into ladders? And if they did, and grew never so high into space, is it not clear that the higher they grew the more impossible it would be to climb them and to breathe at their tops? Do we not know—at least do not well-informed people know, and all people in a land of free schools ought to be well informed—that at a certain height in the atmosphere respiration becomes very difficult, and at last impossible? And pray what are ogres? Isn't it humiliating that human beings should believe in such monsters? And how could they possibly live in the air? Cynicus chides us with Shakespeare. But what could be more exquisitely absurd than to call canvas smeared with paint the forest of Arden, and wooden boards the sea-coast in Bohemia? When Cynicus goes to see "As You Like It" and the "Winter's Tale," he looks with his imagination; and if he had a note of music in his soul, when he saw the woes of Lucia or the maiden beauty of Marguerite, that note and his imagination would make the scene as real as the tragedy of Ophelia or the loves of Romeo and Juliet.

That uncomprehending man did not care when Nilsson went, nor rise in the parquet and wave his handkerchief when for the last time the steady heart that has been so deeply touched by the kindness of an American welcome looked farewell out of those true eyes. Yet when he hears an orator eloquently speaking, Cynicus thinks it is a triumph of human genius. But what is it that charms him, what is the deepest spell of eloquence, but song? It is rhythmic, flowing, ardent, passionate, musical. If speech be a Divine gift, is song less so? And if it be a noble use of speech to describe scenes, to portray emotions, to sound a passionate protest or appeal, can it be an ignoble use to describe the drama of love in song? What orator in the land holds and sways his audience by a finer or a truer spell, or lifts them to purer thoughts and better life, more surely than the fair-haired Swede—the bonny Lesley who has gaed ower the border?

It was curious to read in the newspapers that on Good-Friday business was almost suspended in the city of New York. Many great corporations and associations, said one paper, have consented to observe Good-Friday as a day of mourning. The Stock Exchange, the Produce Exchange, the Gold-Room, the Cotton Exchange, the Shipping Association rooms, and the majority of the public buildings—all places which must be presumed to be peculiarly susceptible to religious influences—were closed. The Roman Catholic churches were thronged, as usual, and we read that in the afternoon there was "the beautiful Tenebræ office." At the Episcopal churches there were also throngs of people. "At Trinity Church the seats were crowded, and the aisles were filled with standing worshipers, many of them merchants who came down town to do business and remained to pray." What would Governor Carver and Captain Miles Standish, or Cotton Mather or Roger Williams, have thought of all this? A few years ago how little general knowledge there was of the occurrence of these days! What does the more general observance of them mean? The paper says that Good-Friday will soon be as much of a holiday, or rest from business, as Christmas. Look at us closely, Governor Carver: does it mean that we are becoming more truly religious?

The traveler fondly recalls the pomps and spectacles of the Holy Week in Rome. From dawn to sunset he is hastening from church to church, from ceremony to ceremony. Now the Pope is washing the feet of the pilgrims; now he is serving them at table. Now begin the penitential psalms, and light after light is extinguished as the Pope prostrates himself amidst the wailing pathos of the "Miserere." Now from the great balcony he lifts his hand and signs the papal benediction, and now the converted Jews are brought to baptism and the Church's bosom. The air is full of the music of church-bells calling to prayer, to prayer. The pictures are all covered from view, and upon all the altars are the signs of grief and lamentation. And the robes that the clergy wear are the robes of mourning. It is a city of sorrow. Every where in

the churches are sounds of penitence. Good friend, why have we not sackcloth? Who are these thousands of people running and driving about as if the sorrow were a spectacle merely? Why does that priest take snuff as if he were an actor only?

Then bursts the splendor of Easter-Sunday. "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!" There is no spectacle in the world so imposing and magnificent as the pontifical high mass in St. Peter's. With the Swiss Guard around him, with the barbaric flabella waving at his side, borne aloft and seated on his throne, crowned with the triple tiara, and solemnly waving his jeweled fingers in the benediction, lo! the Pontifex Maximus, the Father of the Faithful, the chief bishop of his Church, the Pope of Rome! That wonderful procession moves up the great nave to the high altar, and the Pope kneels for his devotions. Then begins the function, the Pope himself intoning. It is a day of triumph. The Lord is risen. And as the Host is elevated the vast multitude falls prostrate, and the bells of Rome ring out a peal of joy. At night there is the illumination; the gorgeous fire-works at the Castle of St. Angelo, and suddenly St. Peter's itself, the central temple of the faith, is outlined in delicate flame upon the air.

Here is business suspended, and apparently a whole city uniting in great and expressive acts of devotion. Look closely, Roger Williams, and let us see if this is also the capital of soul-liberty. Here are poetry and music and romantic association; here are hoary tradition and wondrous history; and with all the mournful prostration of Good-Friday and the joyful splendors of Easter there are, of course, a deep, beautiful, and inspiring religious life, intelligence, industry, progress, and increasing fraternity. These, of course, are the characteristics of Rome; and as the observance of the Holy Week becomes more universal with us, the more closely, doubtless, in these aspects, will the city of New York come to resemble the city of Rome.

Certainly the Easy Chair is not objecting to this observance. When it meets people with sprigs of green in their hats on Palm-Sunday, or hears the exquisite music of the "Miserere," or delights in the symbolic flowers of Easter, it can only be glad that such a glamour of feeling and imagination is thrown upon our life. Surely if Christendom celebrates as the happiest day in the year the birthday of the Master, it may well kneel in sorrow upon the day that commemorates His death. There is no festival or holy day in the calendar which is not, in this sense, logical. But our question is whether we are to suppose that the increasing observance of the memorial days indicates increasing religious faith and greater purity and charity of life. Are such facts signs of any thing more than an older civilization, and a development of ecclesiasticism which is quite independent of the religious life of a nation? Nowhere, for instance, is there such a pervasive presence of ecclesiasticism as in Italy; yet no one would insist that there was more religion in Italy than elsewhere, or that the tone of human life and character there was higher and purer. Indeed, a good sermon for the Holy Week could be preached from the text that it is not he who saith Lord, Lord, but he that doeth the will.

"Poor sad Humanity,
Through all the dust and heat,
Turns back with bleeding feet
By the weary road it came
Unto the simple thought
By the Great Master taught,
And that remaineth still:
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will."

The older a civilization becomes, the more elaborate is its ecclesiasticism. In the primitive and simple days of any religious faith its whole ceremonial aspect is insignificant. Indeed, it is always difficult for the imagination to associate the founder of Christianity with the pomp of the Christian ritual as it is seen in any of its more famous temples. The vicegerent is borne upon a lofty throne, with the waving flabella and the triple crown, but it is not easy to imagine the King himself so crowned and borne. But as the faith becomes established and a hierarchy arises, and principalities and powers are subject to it, its whole external manifestation — in a word, its form—becomes elaborate and important, and often so engrossing that it ceases to be an aid and accessory, and stands for the thing itself. Almost inevitably as the form develops it is regarded superstitiously. There is a tendency to confound the form with the substance; and the satisfaction of ecclesiastical requirements and the performance of ecclesiastical functions are gradually identified with religion itself.

Undoubtedly the Roman peasant from the Campagna—and he is a very undeveloped form of human intelligence—who painfully ascends the sacred staircase upon his knees supposes that that act is in itself meritorious, and that to smile at it is blasphemy. But it is evident that if every person in Rome painfully ascended steps upon his knees three times every day, the performance would be no clew whatever to the real goodness of the population—except possibly in two ways: first, it might be supposed that they were very superstitious; and second, that they were probably mere formalists. It certainly would not be a necessary inference that they were more religious than other people, or that the religious sentiment was deepening.

Thus while every holiday is a gain for us in this country, and while every opportunity for serious meditation is to be seized and improved, there is danger that we may confound the form with the substance, and even suppose that a general observance of Good-Friday really indicates a more sincere consciousness of our sins and sorrow for them. A superb and elaborate ritualism affects the imagination and is very attractive, but there may surely be a question whether it is not true that the simpler the form the sounder the faith. The bare old Puritan meeting-house, indeed, ugly, inconvenient, cold, is not a very beautiful object compared with an exquisite chapel of crusted marbles decorated with every form of art, sweet with incense and thrilling with music. But the Puritan protest saved liberty. "Beware of enthusiasm," said the bishop to George Whitefield. But in the rude and illiterate congregation in the open fields, or in the barn or foundry or shop, at the fervent prayer-meeting or the love-feast, was there less of the truly religious feeling of England than in the "long-drawn aisle and fretted vault" of the cathedral?

The more rigid observance of the day will be a *Good* Friday for us only if it makes Monday and Tuesday and all the days of the week better.

A LATE newspaper says: "The old house in which Nell Gwynne lived in the city of London has been converted into an infirmary." "In St. Giles's Church," says Leigh Hunt, "lie Chapman, the earliest and best translator of Homer, and Andrew Marvell, the wit and patriot, whose poverty Charles the Second could not bribe." "Fleet Street," says Blanchard Jerrold, in the same strain, "holds a crowd of delightful associations. It is not the queen's highway, it is that of Johnson and Goldsmith and all their goodly fellowship. The genius of Lord Bacon haunts Gray's Inn; that of Selden the Inner Temple; Voltaire appears in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden; Congreve in Surrey Street, Strand; John of Gaunt, in Hatton Garden; and all the wits of Queen Anne's time in Russell Street by Drury Lane." With the same eyes the street loiterer of to-day would see other houses: that which Thackeray built, and in which he died; the house of Dickens; and that in which Mazzini lived. In his last days at Pisa one of his neighbors thought him an Englishman. "No," he answered, sadly; "I am an Italian; but I have lived for forty years in England."

The essential romance of London is fully suggested in the work of Gustave Doré and Blanchard Jerrold, which is reproduced in this country in *Harper's Weekly*. And as the American reader turns over its striking and beautiful pages, in which the genius of the artist shows all its grace without its grotesqueness, he can not help remarking how destitute of the peculiar charm of association our own great city is. Not only are the houses gone in which the noted people of former generations lived, and the streets which they walked changed beyond recognition, but the very fames are modern and local. There was a great deal of sly fun in an article published some years ago in the *Nation* upon the Knickerbocker literature, and Mr. Sparrowgrass took up the cudgels with great vigor in defense of the reputations that he thought assailed. But, after all, how frail the tenure of many of these reputations was! Indeed, how sadly like his own! Fifty years hence some reader, relishing the fresh and stingless humor of the "Sparrowgrass Papers," will pore over the biographical dictionary, and wish that he could see some spot especially associated with the pleasant writer. But if in that remote future there still be a Warren Street and a number seventy-three (or have we already forgotten it?), will it be any satisfaction to know that in another house which was then number seventy-three Mr. Sparrowgrass plied his trade in wine and cigars, and that Halleck used often to drop in and charm a morning hour?

In Florence you may read upon a plate set in the front of a house, "Here lived Michael Angelo;" and in London the house of Byron has, or is to have, a similar plate. But with us the house would be pulled down or the fame would be forgotten before the plate was engraved. The Easy Chair is not protesting; it is merely observing. In Miss Booth's "History of the City of New York" there is much that is interesting to New Yorkers; but two things are very evident. One is that the very sites of houses and events are scarcely recognizable; and the other is that it is not an interest in which a stranger or a foreigner could share. But Paris and London, like Athens and Rome and Florence, are cities of the world. In this very house some one of the world's masters lived. In that cemetery his ashes lie. Mr. William L. Stone has lately written another history of the city of New York down to the most recent events. From the pages that we have seen we are sure that it will be a very entertaining book; but the names of many of those who make certain places in the city interesting will be wholly new to the reader, and the spots with which they are associated he will discover to be invisible points: not houses, but corners on which other houses stand. The pleasure of seeing the site of the Mermaid, the whole neighborhood being entirely reconstructed, so that nothing is seen which the wits of the Mermaid saw, is shadowy and remote. But the pleasure of seeing the site of a vanished building which derived all its interest from people that we never heard of—!

It is this want of distance, of depth, and of imaginative perspective which perplexes the story-teller who would lay his scene in New York. Could any body write of any church or churches in the city with the peculiar impression which Dickens produces by his pictures of the old London churches in the "Uncommercial Traveler?" It is an impression not wholly due by any means to the mere genius of the author, but in great part to the essential romance of the subject. The Sunday afternoon saunterer going into such a church would see what Dickens saw. So with the strange life of the debtors' prisons—the Fleet, the Marshalsea. The actual, visible London has a romance due to its long history and various association, and to its material permanence. This gives a setting, an atmosphere of the imagination, which are invaluable to the author, and which are wholly wanting for literary purposes to us. This is what Hawthorne felt, and expresses in the preface to the "Marble Faun." And nothing in our literature shows more forcibly the charm and value of this kind of association than Hawthorne's "Tales of the Province House." This was a kind of gubernatorial palace of the colonial days in Boston, a little back from the chief street of that city. It was just the building to touch with its associations the sensitive imagination of Hawthorne, and he in turn touched it with his genius, and sent troops of young wistful gazers to behold it. It is gone now; but here was the beginning of romance in that city. There was the old building; there was the shy author stealing into it; there were the legends which he told. It is only the aggregation of such things that makes London poetic, and keeps its story-tellers at home.

Indeed, there is really more of this element in Boston than in our other cities, although it is disappearing there. In New York, when we have seen the old hotel at the corner of Broad and Pearl streets, in which Washington took leave of his officers, and the old Walton House in Franklin Square, and the old Dutch Church, now the Post-office, we have very nearly exhausted the actual historic houses. There are sites, indeed, but few houses of old association. We may stand in Broad Street and look up at the

Sub-treasury, and remember that it occupies the place of the Hall upon whose balcony George Washington took the oath as first President of the United States. But it is not the building. Boston has the advantage of us. It has changed the old State House, but it has not changed Faneuil Hall; and although we believe the church in Brattle Street is disappearing, in the wall of which was lodged the ball from the siege of Boston, yet the other church tower still stands unchanged in which the lantern was hung that sent Paul Revere galloping into the night to rouse the country to march to Lexington and Concord.

The difference of which we are speaking, between London and our own cities, is shown in other ways. Whistler's etchings of Wapping, and the opening chapter and constantly recurring scenes in Dickens's "Mutual Friend," are both recent works, and describe the life of the river-shore in London. Is there any thing in South Street or along West Street, in New York, that remotely suggests a similar life? There are slums enough, and dens, and bestiality, and crime, and disease, and unspeakable poverty and suffering; but the realm of Wapping, the life of the river, are as unknown to us as that of Chaucer's London. We New Yorkers live in a new city which is constantly newer. If a man builds a house in New York for his family, said one who had built more than one, he must expect to leave it in ten years and go elsewhere. Then it is pulled down or remodeled, and in a few years more it gives place to a greater. Even the husband, still active, looks in vain for Contoit's Garden, where he wooed his wife forty years ago. And the meek, damp little bowers of Niblo's paradise, with the dim oil lamps, which were so festive and fairy-like in thy youth, O Posthumus, where are they?

Yes, they were pleasant, doubtless; but are not the Central Park and Thomas's concerts better? The castle whose modest towers are "bosomed high in tufted trees" is very romantic, but would you exchange for it the comforts and convenience of your modern home? If Doré should come to make pictures of New York, he would find many admirable objects, but not the kind of romance which he illustrates in his "London." Many a Whittington has turned again as he thought of New York, and coming hither has made fame and fortune. But it is of London that the story of the real Whittington was told, and of a cat that never caught an American mouse. Our poetic interest in London begins in the nursery, and springs from our very earliest associations. It begins with the broken-down London Bridge and my Lady Lee who was therefore exhorted to dance over, and it is fostered and developed by the heroic history and the splendid literature which are not those of a country but of a race.

It is this London which Doré illustrates with his affluent and romantic fancy, and which Blanchard Jerrold describes, and it is this London which will be all the more romantic and poetic to us when the work is done. If only that true Londoner, Charles Lamb, could have seen it, how delighted he would have been! He has himself touched with exquisite skill how many of its scenes and places! His pictures of "Oxford in the Vacation" and of "Blakesmoor in H——shire" show his mastery even when not on the great pavement; but he still sighed for "the sweet security of streets." For to him London was a poem, as Doré makes it for all of us.

Editor's Literary Record.

POETRY.

WE like GEORGE MACDONALD'S last poem much better than his last novel. *Within and Without* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) is not a very happy title, but the poem is one full of genuine poetry, and with some rare gems of song scattered through it. Julian, an Italian count, disappointed in love, has taken refuge in a convent. Here he cries out vainly for some clear revelation of God to him. The convent is no refuge from his heart, and it is his heart which tortures him. He escapes, returns to his village, but in secrecy; rescues the lady of his love from a dangerous assault, barely escapes with her to England, where they are married. Five years elapse; a child is given them; Julian labors in a counting-house, the wife gives music-lessons. But a strange chasm has separated them: each loves, but doubts the other's love. At last she leaves him, that she may be no longer a burden; the child dies; he follows her; and in the "world not realized" wife and husband and child meet in an "infinite embrace." As we have described it the poem appears to be a love-story. But it is not that—at least not chiefly that. It is a religious poem. Love and the agony that love crucified brings to the soul are introduced only for the purpose of showing with a poet's power what is the consolation which true faith in a living and present God affords to a soul whose highest earthly life is blighted. The religion of the monastery, self-torturing, and the religion of a vital trust in God in the midst of daily work, strengthening and consoling, are brought into fine contrast. We do not think that the religious experiences which George Macdonald delights to depict are always healthy. But that they exist in actual life is certain; and as in physical life the study of disease is often the road to a true knowledge of health, as in mental life a study of insanity affords often a key to the comprehension of sound mental action, so in spiritual life the portrayal of religious experiences that are overwrought, and in so far unhealthy, is a serviceable aid to the right apprehension of those which are natural, healthful, simple. There are comparatively few hearts that are tortured by the religious questionings unanswered and the religious aspirations unsatisfied which appear to shadow George Macdonald's life; at least there are few souls that feel them as he feels them. But there are many whom they visit at times, and to whom his interpretations of unuttered and unutterable thoughts

are precious, and many more who need to be taught, what he is teaching with wonderful power, that true religious life is something deeper far than philosophy, unmeasurable by science, indefinable by theology, inexplicable to the reason, whose utmost powers are inadequate to solve the problems of the heart.

Mr. C. G. LELAND issues two volumes of poetry, both from the press of J. R. Osgood and Co. —*Original Poems* and a translation of Scheffel's *Gaudeamus*. Mr. Leland's passion for the German, and the humorous in the German, is his misfortune. Scheffel, who is a popular German humorist of the present day, has done nothing to deserve an introduction to an American public, unless it is simply as a specimen of German literature. His humor is neither very funny nor very refined. The "Original Poems" contain much that is worthy of praise, but we find it impossible to characterize them in a paragraph because of their marvelous diversity of character. His book is, indeed, almost like a collection of poems of different authors. In a word, Mr. Leland's characteristic as a poet is a versatility which enables him to treat widely different themes all with fair success, rather than a supereminent ability in the treatment of any particular class of topics.

FICTION.

WE referred in our April number to the *Household Edition of Charles Dickens's Novels* (Harper and Brothers), of which only the first volume, "Oliver Twist," was then before us. The second volume, "Martin Chuzzlewit," now lies on our table, and we refer to it here for the purpose of speaking a word of praise of the illustrations. The wealth of Dickens's genius has never been matched by any of his artists. Particular characters have had adequate interpreters; but no one has been found to catch the spirit of the great novelist's singularly diverse characters and reproduce them all in artistic forms. In this respect we do not recollect to have seen any illustrated volume of Dickens to equal this edition of "Martin Chuzzlewit." The artist, Mr. J. Barnard, of whose previous work we have no knowledge, shows in these illustrations a larger appreciation of the range of Dickens, better interprets both the grave and the comic, than either Cruikshank, Eytinge, or Darley, though possibly surpassed by each in single conceptions. Pecksniff and Tom Pinch, Tigg and the precocious Bailey, Jonas Chuzzlewit and Mrs. Gamp, are admirably photographed; and the face, once seen, can not be mistaken in subsequent pictures. Whether the scene be the rush to dinner in the American boarding-house, or Ruth Pinch preparing Tom's dinner, or Jonas Chuzzlewit after the murder emerging from the wood where the body of his victim lies, or Tom Pinch's reverie at the organ, the whole meaning of which lies in his uplifted face, the artist has caught wonderfully the spirit of the author; and if Dickens himself had held the pencil he could hardly better have interpreted his own thought. We know not who is to illustrate the remaining volumes of this series, but they will have to be remarkably well done to be worthy a place by the side of this volume.

Mrs. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, in her last novel, the *Thief in the Night* (Roberts Brothers), raises expectations in her first chapters which she disappoints in those which follow. The opening is that of a genuinely great novel; the close is the close of a great novel; but the middle of the story goes heavily. It opens with a scene wonderfully painted—a garden "sparkling under the earliest light of a June morning," in which "every thing spoke of life and joy and hope and health." An open window looks out upon this scene of beauty; within lies "a man murdered in his sleep, a dead man, straight and stark upon his bed, with stiffened blood about him." In the closing scene this dead man is brought to life again. The intervening chapters tell the story of his love and marriage and cruel life, ending in a seeming suicide that restores his wife to reason, and brings at last a union of hearts where before there had only been a union of names. The delay is quite too long for our patience. We can not wait to learn how this man came by his death till our author tells the whole story of his life. The medical skill which resuscitates the would-be suicide after so long a delay surpasses our belief; and though it is true the actual delay is measured by moments, or at most by hours, to the reader it is measured by the years which the story-teller places between the opening catastrophe and the final recovery. In all frankness, too, we are weary of tales of matrimonial infelicity and infidelity. Every novel repeats the old story—the wife married to the wrong man, loving, or thinking she loves, or distracted by a doubt whether she does not love, some one else. That inharmonious characters are sometimes woven together in life's web is true enough, but oftenest they grow into harmony; at all events, we are sure that the lesson which the novel should teach, if it deal with this topic at all, is that it should be the aim of all who fancy themselves unhappily mated to acquire congeniality of temper if nature has not endowed them with it; and this is not the lesson of the modern novel. Passion is not the man's master; certainly it never ought to be; but the novels rarely recognize in conscience power enough to control the soul—only barely enough to torment it. There are some fine passages in the "Thief in the Night;" and though the plot is commonplace, the story is not. But it is a misfortune that by far the finest chapter is the first one.

Fifty Years Ago (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.) is a very quiet story of New England life, told by an optimist. A brother and sister start in a chaise from their country home to visit an uncle in Boston. They are warmly welcomed; the sister makes her uncle's house her home the following year; she is a little perplexed between two lovers, either of whom would do very well as the world goes, but finally chooses the right one, and all ends, as it began, serene. Every body is kind and considerate to every body else. The wickedest man is the rejected lover, and his only crime is "worldly-mindedness;" and he revenges himself on the young lady for his rejection by presenting her with a gold watch, which she wears in memory of him to the end. It is a very placid story, but gives some very pleasant and, on the whole, life-like pictures of New England and New York of half a century ago, albeit we are left to surmise that at that time Satan had not entered the American Garden of Eden, an assumption we are inclined to question.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Autobiography and Memoir of R. and W. Chambers (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) possesses two features which distinguish it from ordinary memoirs. It is the biography of the two men who have contributed more perhaps than any one else to the cause of popular education in Great Britain through the press. They were among the first to discover that the era which confined literature to the few had passed away, and that the demands of the present age called for a new literature for the many. The same want which produced a Dickens to clothe with romance the before unrecognized life of the great unknown common classes, and a Macaulay to dramatize history in forms so vivid as to render his work a formidable rival of the novel in the circulating libraries, and later a Huxley and a Tyndall to present science in forms so popular that it should no longer be reserved for scientists, but should become the intellectual recreation of all thoughtful men, found almost its first exponent in the publishers of *Chambers's Journal* and *Chambers's Encyclopedia*. Their lives are intimately associated, therefore, with the literary history of Great Britain. And it is fortunate for her that the first systematic attempt to provide works of a popularly instructive and entertaining tendency was made by men whose spirit was so catholic, and whose ambition was so pure, so noble, so genuinely religious. The other feature which gives to this volume a peculiar character is the picture, or rather series of pictures, which it affords of Scottish life and character. Both the brothers were characteristically Scotchmen; both were proud of their nationality; both possessed powers of keen observation; both had an appreciation of the humorous; and these qualities have produced in this book, half memoir, half autobiography, a series of cabinet pictures of Scottish scenes which constitute its chief charm, though not, perhaps, its chief value.

History is something more than a record of public events. That such a bill was passed, such a war declared, such a treaty made, such an administration defeated, is only the shell of history; and it is because most writers know only the public side of passing events, only the outcome, that history is or has been regarded, if not by students, at least by common readers, as dry. To those who enjoy the analysis of human character and the study of human motives the *Life and Times of Lord Brougham*, Vol. III. (Harper and Brothers), will be an exceedingly fascinating book. It lets us into the secrets of English political life. It takes us behind the scenes, and introduces us into the political greenroom. We see the great men, the leaders of the nation, in undress, as it were. We get an insight into the secret manipulations of English politics, and we find that English kings are very much like American Presidents, and English premiers like American politicians. This volume is largely taken up with the history of the reform movement, 1825–1832. When we read, as on page 32, that it cost £20,000 for a candidate for the House of Commons "in merely preparing for the possibility of a contest," we take some comfort in the reflection that political corruption in America is not, as it is often said to be, unprecedented; and the picture which the author gives on page 41 of the results of the English attempt to limit suffrage by various property qualifications renders universal and unqualified suffrage far more endurable than it otherwise might appear to be. In a word, this is an admirable book for that large class of men who think America is the worst governed country in the world simply because they do not know any thing about the government of other countries. Apart from this, its political interest, it is wonderful as the "recollections of a busy life." History points to not a few greater men than Lord Brougham, but we do not now recall a busier one, one of more untiring energy, or more physical capacity for hard work. It was his power of good health which gave him his political courage, and carried him through some crises where less stalwart men would have hesitated and failed. We confess to reading with some admiration of the man who, in the midst of an exciting election, could try causes in court all day, jump into a carriage and drive from ten to thirty miles, make his political address, drive back again to his inn, spend the best part of the rest of the night in making preparation for the next day's work, and go into court in the morning to carry on, with undiminished vigor, the trial of the causes intrusted to him. The present volume completes the autobiography, but does not finish the story of Lord Brougham's life. The book ends with his resignation of the office of Lord Chancellor, in 1834, at the age of fifty-seven. Of the thirty-four years of his subsequent life it gives no hint. It would have been improved by an appendix finishing, though ever so briefly, the story which the autobiography leaves incomplete.

TRAVELS.

Among the many testimonies to the historical truth of the Scripture narrative, none perhaps are more valuable, because more indestructible and indisputable in their character, than those which are furnished by the geography and the manners and customs of the Bible lands. History repeats the romance of the sleep of a hundred years. When inspiration ceased, growth and change also ceased in the Orient. The Hebrew language, and then the Greek, passed out of use, and thus became exempt from those changes which are continually at work upon living dialects, and which, as illustrated by our English Bible, suffice in a century or two at the utmost to make the literature of the previous age, if not obsolete, at least ambiguous and difficult of comprehension. Life also was petrified. Every thing became fixed and, as it were, cast in permanent moulds. The sheik of to-day illustrates by his nomadic life and his generous but primitive hospitality scenes in the history of Abraham. The maidens still come out of the towns, as Rebekah did, to draw water from the unchanged wells. The country itself has undergone few alterations, except such as it has suffered from the devastation of perpetual wars. The foliage is thinned or destroyed; the climate has grown more dry, and the soil unfruitful. But no sudden convulsions, no slow upheavals, have operated to obliterate ancient landmarks; the face of the country is the same. Thus nature, life, and language remain unchanged, to hand down to all time the Bible story without alteration or erasure. Yet it is only

within the present century that any well-considered and successful attempts have been made to investigate either the life or the lands of the East, and elicit their testimony to the truth of the Scripture narrative. Though thousands of travelers have crossed the "Wilderness of the Wanderings," as it is called, it has remained a comparatively unknown land, since few travelers have had the opportunity to question, or at least to disprove, the idle tales which their monkish and Arabian guides repeat. Almost the first serious attempt at geographical investigation was made by our own Dr. Robinson. Researches thus inaugurated by an American have been prosecuted more vigorously since by Englishmen. The famous visit of the Prince of Wales to that country and the subsequent writings of Dean Stanley undoubtedly contributed to awaken a wider public interest in it. But, so far as we know, the book before us—E. H. PALMER'S *Desert of the Exodus* (Harper and Brothers)—is the first considerable fruit of any thing like a systematic official survey of this land. The book consists of two parts: first, an account of the results of the Ordnance Survey expedition to the peninsula of Sinai in 1868–69; second, an account of explorations on behalf of the Palestine Exploration Fund in 1869–70. We shall not undertake in these pages to follow Mr. Palmer, or to give the results of his examinations. But a careful examination, and a comparison with the works of Robinson, Ritter, and Stanley, lead us to pronounce the volume the best existing work for the purpose of tracing the course of the Israelites in their wanderings, and fixing the sites of the principal points of interest upon their journey. The work disavows, with seeming honesty, any dogmatic purpose, yet the result of these explorations is to confirm the sacred account by affording new evidence, if any were needed, that the geography of the peninsula corresponds wonderfully with the incidental geographical references afforded by the book of Exodus. Under Mr. Palmer's guidance the reader may stand by the banks of the Red Sea, where Israel stood "entangled in the land," and identify with much certainty the very spot where through the shoaling waters the strong east wind from the Lord made a dry passage for the Israelites; he may taste of the bitter waters of Marah; he may encamp in the broad plain that stretches out before Rás Sufsáfeh, and be reasonably sure that his tent is pitched upon the very spot where the children of Israel encamped to-day with fear and trembling before the mountain that burned with fire, and worshiped to-morrow with idolatrous and obscene rites the golden calf—a curious and striking illustration of the utter inefficacy of fear, or even awe, unmixed with motives of a more enduring character. And, though in all that he sees and hears he will find little to confirm the monkish legendary sites, which are generally fixed upon for the convenience of visitors, he will find much to confirm the historical truth of the biblical narrative, which later legends have done more to obscure than to elucidate.

We groan in spirit at every new volume of European travel. We have been over the Continent so often, and with so many cicerones, young and old, grave and gay, religious and profane, philosophical and poetical, aristocratic and republican, that a new book of travel extorts from us a sigh, and rarely secures from us any thing more than a professional perusal. But ADELINE TRAFTON has succeeded by her piquant descriptions, her lively comments and reflections, and her unfathomable fund of good humor, which does not desert her even in the direst experiences of seasicknesses, in producing in *The American Girl Abroad* (Lee and Shepard) a book of European travels that is as fresh as a spring flower, and as vivacious as a swallow. There is no flavor of guide-book in all her descriptions; indeed, we doubt somewhat whether she had one: certainly it was not open before her as she wrote. She has a genius not only for enjoying herself, but also for imparting her enjoyment to others. She demonstrates that an American girl can travel through Europe without an escort; and her practical directions to travelers at the end of the book are worth not only reading, but remembering, by every lady who proposes to make the grand tour.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FIELD'S *International Code* is a project of a law for the government of nations in their relations with each other and with foreigners. A year or two since the British Association for Promoting Social Science appointed a commission of eminent jurists and publicists of many countries to prepare such a code. The volume now before us is a draft of the first part, relating to Peace, which has been prepared by Mr. David Dudley Field, of this city, a member of the commission, with the co-operation of President Barnard, of Columbia College, and others, and will be laid before the association and the commission as a basis of discussion.

In about seven hundred sections, or articles, the author presents rules of international law touching all such subjects as boundaries, jurisdiction of territory, persons and property, allegiance, naturalization, domicile, diplomatic and consular business, the personal rights of foreigners, the extradition of criminals, uniform regulations for avoiding collisions at sea, for awarding salvage and adjusting general average, and for numerous commercial subjects, including submarine telegraphs, postal intercourse, etc. Among the most important of the latter are those prepared by Dr. Barnard upon weights and measures, proposing the metric system for general adoption, and upon money, proposing a convenient system of equivalent currencies. Under the title of Private International Law, a complete system of regulations is suggested for that complicated realm of jurisprudence known to the profession as "the conflict of laws."

This volume is, we believe, the first attempt to present an entire and systematic scheme to secure to nations the benefits of positive law in the regulation of their relations. Whether it be yet feasible will doubtless be a matter of debate, but one who examines this volume will very likely be surprised to see how many of these subjects different nations have already attempted, in a fragmentary way, to regulate by special compacts between two, or even by uniform compacts between a large number of powers.

To enforce the provisions of the code peacefully, Mr. Field proposes a general reduction of armament by the nations uniting in it, and the

adoption of a system of arbitration; and the effect of the rules he has drawn up would be to make it the interest and the right of all the nations not concerned directly in a controversy to compel each individual nation—by force, if necessary—to fulfill its obligations. The second part, which is now in press, contains regulations for the conduct of war, intended to mitigate its evils, and protect the rights of neutrals and private property on sea as well as on land. Those who believe with us in the progress of the human race can hardly fail to consider the success of the main principles advocated by Mr. Field as simply a question of time, and to hail the work of this commission as a very important step in advance.

Dr. T. J. CONANT'S work on the *Book of Proverbs*, in two parts, one for the learned and another for popular use, is issued from the press of Sheldon and Co., 677 Broadway. The first part contains the Hebrew text, the common version, and a revised version, in parallel columns; and in the subjoined notes the resources of ancient and modern learning are freely drawn upon for the illustration of the original text.

But our concern, in this connection, is with the part of the work designed for popular use and published by itself. The doctor's notes are instructive and spicy reading. The latter quality, it must be admitted, is a novel feature in biblical commentary, and to some serious-minded people may seem to be out of place. Where the Hebrew sage lets off one of the shafts of his wit at some culpable weakness or criminal folly, the doctor does not put on a grave face and treat the matter seriously, as though the sacred writer had inadvertently said a humorous thing which must be glossed over, but adds a clincher to make the shaft stick fast where it hits. We have space only for a single example of this characteristic of the original and the commentary. Chapter xix. 7, is thus translated:

> "All the poor man's brethren hate him;
> Much more do his friends keep far from him.
> He follows after words—them he has!"

On this the doctor comments as follows: "There is a polished irony in the concluding member. The favors he is encouraged to hope for from 'friends' he finds to be empty talk, and that in seeking them he has 'followed after words'—which he gets."

In this translation and commentary the book of Proverbs will have a new significance and interest for the young and old of both sexes, for professional and business men, for rulers and subjects, having words of wisdom for every relation in domestic and social, private and public life. The author in his introduction says, with equal point and truth: "Whoever masters its principles and rules of life, and intelligently applies them, can not fail to be a wise, a prosperous, and a happy man."

We are very glad to see a first volume of *Sermons* by the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE (Harper and Brothers). Mr. Talmage is accused far and wide of sensationalism. Critics, struck by his short, sharp, incisive sentences, his vehement language, his striking pictures, painted in the strongest possible contrasts, his not infrequent violations of scholastic taste and pulpit propriety, imagine that this is all, and that men run after him only because he is odd, only to see pulpit pyrotechnics and rhetorical ground and lofty tumbling. But he may console himself, if he feels the need of any consolation, by the reflection that he is indicted in good company. Almost exactly such criticisms as are brought against him were brought against Luther, and against Whitefield and Wesley, against Beecher the father when he first went to Boston, and Beecher the son when he first went to Brooklyn. But as in them all, so in Mr. Talmage, there are elements of power that the critics of words and phrases can not comprehend. Mr. Talmage is a genuine pulpit orator; and his oratory is none the less effective because it does not conform to pulpit canons. He wins his battles, as Napoleon, by his violation of all rules. It was only superficial critics who attributed the victory of the Prussians to the needle-gun; and it is only superficial critics who attribute the power of Talmage to his sometimes faulty but never weak rhetoric. The soldier is more than his gun, and the minister than his words. These sermons give a hint of the moral power that lies behind Mr. Talmage's burning eloquence and gives it force. He is a man of strong personal sympathies. When he returns from Europe he would shake hands with all his congregation if he could. He can not do that, but he preaches them a sermon on Christian hand-shaking instead. He lives among men, and preaches with constant reference to their lives. When he speaks of their indebtedness to God, he begins with a reference to their taking an account of stock and estimating what they owe. He rarely argues, and is not logical; but he possesses a vehemence of passionate faith, which is far more effective on most minds than logic. Nothing is proved by such a sentence as the following, but it carries faith in the Bible home to many a heart that would not follow an argument: "No, Sir; you shall not rob me of a single word, of a single verse, of a single chapter, of a single book of my Bible." He has a heart full of love for humanity. His Church is a life-boat, and he is bent on saving men. He cares little for forms, or creeds, or institutions; and even his Church is dear to him only because its chief object is "to save men for time and to save them for eternity." And finally he is full of Christ, and when he preaches on man's debt to God, makes more of the "bill for your redemption," and takes nearly as much space to dwell upon it, as to point out all other debts put together. We commend these sermons heartily as instruments that have done good in the pulpit, and will do a greater good through the press.

We have already given in our April number (page 752) an abstract of the philosophical principles embodied in what is certainly a very able as well as a very curious book, *Music and Morals*, by the Rev. H. R. HAWEIS (Harper and Brothers). We recur to it here chiefly to advise our readers of its publication, not to repeat the analysis then given. To what was there said we should, however, add that the biographical portion of the volume is quite as interesting as the philosophical; perhaps to most readers it will be more so. It, in fact, traces the development of music in the mental development of the great masters, whose growth as well as life is portrayed in the brief biographies, which occupy considerably over a third of the volume.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

OUR last summary of scientific progress brought the subject up to the beginning of January, and we now proceed to give a brief mention of the more interesting discoveries and announcements made since that time.

In the section of *Astronomy* (with which we begin, as heretofore), the most prominent feature has been the observation and the discussion of the great auroral display of February 4, which in many respects is to be considered as one of the most striking on record. Although visible simultaneously in both the northern and southern hemispheres and in the intermediate regions, and seen at nearly the same time in Europe and America, it yet appears not to have presented itself to observers in the high north; at least, no statement to that effect has so far been indicated. The results of numerous spectroscopic observations have been already published, and the number is increasing. Determinations have also been made in regard to the height of this aurora and of auroras generally; and the conclusion seems to be very general that it is a phenomenon which either occurs entirely outside of the earth's atmosphere or only enters it to a slight extent. An elaborate paper on this subject, by Heis and Flögel, in the Austrian *Journal of Meteorology*, discusses the subject at great length. The spectrum of the zodiacal light has also been reported upon. Richard A. Proctor takes the ground that the once popular idea that meteorites consist of matter ejected from the sun is not so far out of the way; and finds occasion to believe that, under certain circumstances, the formation of protuberances on the celestial luminary may be followed by the discharge of matter, which passes beyond the sphere of the sun's attraction, either in the form of solid bodies or of gases, undergoing subsequent condensation. The temperature of the sun has also been critically discussed in the Academy of Sciences of Paris, where M. Vicaire lately maintained that its heat must be less than 5500° F., instead of some hundreds of thousands or even millions, as claimed for it by Zöllner and Secchi.

In *Meteorology* and *Terrestrial Physics* we have the important work of Mr. Ley on the laws of the winds, in which he presents certain views as to the variations of the barometer under different circumstances, which he claims to have been thoroughly substantiated by observations which are based on Ballot's law—familiar to every meteorologist.

Dr. Friedmann, in a paper on the meteorological peculiarities of different parts of the country, indicates the changes which occur in proceeding round the globe in the temperate latitudes from the Pacific Ocean westward. The system of telegraphic signals of the weather, for the guidance of business men, mariners, and for other practical purposes, already adopted in many parts of Europe and the United States, has lately been commenced by the government of New South Wales. Mr. Croll, in continuation of his controversy with Dr. Carpenter as to the cause of ocean currents, again expresses very forcibly his belief that such currents are in all cases caused by the winds.

Chemistry has been enriched by the labors of an active band of workers, mainly in the organic and technical departments, and important applications of general principles have been made to meet the wants of mankind. An interesting fact is stated by Merget—that iridium and certain other metals are so sensitive to the vapor of mercury that a new and important photographic process will doubtless in time be based upon this discovery. It also furnishes a means for testing the amount of mercurial vapor in workshops much superior to any at our command. This is based upon the discovery that mercurial vapor is extremely volatile, and its emanations extend to a great distance in a very short time.

Various new organic compounds are announced—among them a new fossil resin, known as rosthornite; a new hydrocarbon, named abietine, obtained from the Sabine pine in California; a new red coloring matter, from the wattles of the grouse, called tetronerythrin; a new anthracene derivative, called carbazol, as also carbazoline; melolonthine, obtained from the cockchafer, etc. Deheraine points out the sources of nitrogen in plants and in the soil; and the existence of milk-sugar in certain vegetable juices is indicated.

In *Mineralogy* we have the announcement of two new mineral substances — monzonite and ilsemannite.

In *Geology* we have fresh statements in regard to the rapid rising of the earth on the coast of Sweden, this, from certain facts adduced, appearing to date from the beginning of the present century. The continual changes in the position of the magnetic pole are ascribed by some authors to the alteration of the level of the land and water throughout the globe, more especially in the northern hemisphere, Mr. Howorth endeavoring to show that this rising toward the pole is very general, so much so as to have produced, within the historical period, a very appreciable influence upon the navigability of certain waters.

Geographical Science has an extensive record of progress both in the direction of facts already established and the announcements of preparation for the future.

Dr. Petermann takes the ground that the land of Ophir of the Scriptures is that portion of South Africa lately explored by Carl Mauch, and that the gold was derived from mines in the immediate vicinity. Dr. Beke contests this assertion, and places the situation of Ophir much farther to the north. He does not think it necessary that Ophir should have been a gold-producing country, but simply one to which it was carried, and thence shipped to other regions.

Dr. Schweinfurth, after laborious explorations in Africa, has returned to Germany, where he is engaged in completing the record of his adventures. Attention is called by Dr. Petermann to the modification required of previous ideas as to the shape and extent of Spitzbergen—the result of the investigations of the past summer.

Nothing new has been learned in regard to the history of Dr. Livingstone, although a well-appointed British expedition has been fitted out, and is probably far on its way to the region where Livingstone was last heard from.

The Palestine Exploration Society of New York has issued a circular asking for assistance to prosecute original investigations in the same field where the British society has won so much renown. We have advices from Mr. William H. Dall to the 5th of November of his explorations in the Aleutian Islands, announcing some interesting results both as to the physical condition of the seas and their inhabitants. Reports of the movements of Professor Marsh during the past summer in the regions of the Rocky Mountains and westward, of Professor Powell in Colorado, Professor Hayden in Montana and Idaho, of Lieutenant Wheeler in Arizona and Nevada, and Professor Cope in Kansas, have all been made public, indicating important additions to our knowledge of the paleontology and physical condition of these regions.

Professor Hartt has returned from Brazil with interesting results from his researches there, both in Ethnology and Zoology. In the line of deep-sea work we have a report, by Professor Draper, of the results of the cruise of the New York school-ship *Mercury*, extending from Sierra Leone to Trinidad, and giving some important facts as to ocean temperature and currents. The expedition of Professor Agassiz on the Coast Survey vessel *Hassler* has been heard of at various points up to Montevideo, with indications of important discoveries in regard to the zoology of the deep waters of the ocean. It is announced that the British government vessel, the *Challenger*, is now preparing to start in the summer for the deep water of the Pacific Ocean, to be accompanied by Professor Wyville Thompson and a corps on a three years' cruise.

The Coast Survey steamer *Bibb* has completed a line of soundings between Cape San Antonio, in Cuba, and Yucatan. Professor Stimpson, who accompanied the vessel, reports a very great scarcity of animal life along all the deep waters of the intervening channel, where a temperature of 39½° F. was met with.

In *Anthropology* we have the discovery of the remains of man in the post-tertiary of Hungary, and of two new lacustrine villages in Switzerland; the one, belonging to the bronze age, on Lake Leman, the other, to the stone period, on Lake Bienne.

The subject of *Zoology* in general, as might be expected, has numerous papers belonging to its records, some of high scientific interest, others of a more popular cast. An important paper has appeared from Professor Van Benéden on the subject of parasites and commensals of fishes on the coast of Belgium. Professor Agassiz announces, as one of the results of his expedition, that *Chironectes*, a small pelagic fish, weaves together with its hand-like pectorals a floating nest of sea-weeds, in which the eggs are deposited and hatched out in the open sea. Professor Cope brings to light numerous new forms of extinct animals, among them various fossil fishes and reptiles. Professor Marsh announces a new species of *Hadrosaurus*, and a pterodactyl; Professor Leidy, a new synthetic type of mammals, which he calls *Trogosus*. Professor Morse communicates papers on the embryology of *Terebratulina* and of the ascidians; and also upon the carpal and tarsal joints of birds, in which he shows the existence of several bones not previously recognized. Professor Van Benéden maintains that *Limulus*, or the king-crab, is not a crustacean, but an arachnid; while the controversy between Professor Dana and Mr. Henry Woodward as to whether the trilobites had legs or not has been kept up by these gentlemen.

In *Physiology* we have papers intended to show that fibrine is formed from albumen; and that it is to glycogen in muscular tissue that its power of continued action is mainly due, this ceasing as the glycogen becomes exhausted.

The occurrence of a parasitic thread-like algæ in a species of phenogamous plants is one of the most interesting announcements in *Botany*.

Under the head of *Agricultural and Rural Economy* we have the suggestion that the *Phylloxera*, or new grape-vine louse, can only be exterminated by inundating the vines in the winter season with water, as is done with the cranberry crop. Perhaps a still more important announcement, if correct, is to the effect that if a branch of a tree or vine be bent so as to occupy an inclination below the horizontal, the vigor of vegetation therein will be increased to an enormous degree.

A Russian treatise upon the rinderpest tends to show that, under certain circumstances, this disease may be treated very successfully by inoculation. Typhus in cattle, it is also said, may be cured or measurably ameliorated by the hypodermic injection of carbolic acid and another substance, kept secret. A process devised by Dr. Louvel for keeping grain free from the attack of insects in large vessels subjected to a partial vacuum is also said to be a success in its practical application.

In *Fish-Culture* we record the appointment of Fish Commissioners by the State of Alabama, and the application of the American Fish-Culturists' Association to Congress for aid in supplying the fresh-water streams and the lakes of our country with such fish as are best adapted to them.

In *Domestic Economy* we have the renewed assurance that the best temperature for boiling all kinds of vegetables and meats is 200°, a great economy of fuel and improved cookery being the result. It is also now maintained, contrary to the previous opinion, that meat extracts are not nutritious, but that their only useful function is that of a stimulant, under circumstances when nothing else will answer so well. The origin of many fires has been traced to the rapid combination of oxygen with rusty iron which has been secluded from the air for a time and then suddenly brought in contact with it.

Much progress has been made, as might have been expected, in *Technology*, especially in the art of dyeing; many new colors, such as Campobello yellow, a new aniline black and a white, aurantine, indigoline, etc., having been reported. The use of caseine, derived from cheese, in cotton printing, as a substitute for albumen, is said to be increasing. A method has been discovered of welding copper as thoroughly as iron; and it has been announced that the manufacture of iron was carried on upon a large scale in India as early as the third and fourth century, huge columns equal in size and weight to the shaft of a sea-going steamer having been lately discovered. Various patents have been taken

out for the improvement of nickel plating; and this art may be considered as having attained to a high degree of perfection. A new fulminating explosive named fulminatine has been published. The application of non-conducting substances for preventing the escape of heat has been extended to preventing its entrance, by a lining applied to the interior of iron buildings in India, which is said to be so efficient for this purpose as to make a difference of eight or ten degrees in the temperature of an edifice. A new process for manufacturing red-lead furnishes a largely increased yield, and of a much superior quality. The utilization of suint, or the secretion found in the wool of sheep, and composed mainly of potash, is now carried on very largely in France, the value of the product being much greater than the expense of making this substance marketable.

Therapeutics and *Hygiene* are illustrated by papers on the propagation of disease by flies, by Professor Leidy; the cure of cholera by hypodermic injection; the existence of micrococci in measles and scarlet fever; the use of xylol as a cure for small-pox; the efficiency of bromide of potassium as a treatment for epilepsy; the advantages of combining the inhalation of chloroform with the hypodermic injection of morphia as an anæsthetic; the suggestion by Vaughan that malaria is caused by the exhalation of vegetable oils, etc.

In various discussions upon the subject of antiseptics carbolic acid seems to be in less favor, such substances as chromic acid and sulphate of copper being assigned to a decidedly superior position. Carbolic acid, however, in combination with potash or soda, as a carbolate, still seems to meet with much approval.

Our *Necrology* embraces the names of Mr. Charles Kessler, of Reading; Mr. L. Vortisch, of Germany; Dr. William Baird, of the British Museum; Dr. G. E. Day; Dr. Sartorius, of Mexico; Mr. Robert Patterson, of Belfast; Dr. Granville and Dr. Goldstucker, of London; Dr. A. J. Spring, of Liege; Rev. Canon Moseley; Dr. Blythe; Professor S. F. B. Morse; and others.

MEAT EXTRACTS NOT NUTRITIOUS.

The increasing skepticism of physiologists in regard to the nutritive value of the various meat extracts, so much advertised at the present day, has been rather fortified by the publication of an elaborate paper of Müller, of Paris, upon the subject of the physiological character of meat extracts in general. In this, starting out with the proposition, first, that meat extracts do not have any nutritive value, and second, that they sometimes have a certain action which is to be attributed only to their mineral principles, and especially to the salts of potash, he proceeds to examine the various preparations, whether bouillons or extracts, and then inquires into the action of the nitrogenous principles contained in these preparations, and finally devotes a third part to a discussion of the action of the potash salts.

We have not the space to give the details of his elaborate researches under these three heads, but present the following summary of his conclusions upon the subject: First, that meat extracts are aliments neither directly, since they contain no albuminoid matters, nor indirectly, since their nitrogenous principles do not arrest disassimilation. Second, in feeble doses they may be useful by the stimulating action of the salts of potash, which favor digestion and circulation. Third, in stronger doses, instead of being useful, they may have an injurious influence; administered at the end of long sickness, when the economy of the system is exhausted by prolonged abstinence, the salts of potash may have an injurious effect, manifest in proportion as the system has lost all its chloride of sodium. Far from favoring nutrition, they interfere with it by the direct action of these potash salts upon the globule which produces the least absorption of oxygen, and by the predominance in the serum of salts which only dissolve carbonic acid physically, and do not permit the exhalation of the normal quantity of this gas, and consequently the introduction of oxygen. Fourth, the physician should always bear in mind that to give these extracts alone is to maintain the patient in a condition of inanition.

SELF-REGISTERING EARTHQUAKE INDICATOR.

Erkmann has laid before the Natural History Society of Prussian Rhineland and Westphalia a plan of a self-registering apparatus for recording earthquakes, which, although somewhat complicated, is said to be not without its merits. The principal objects of this apparatus are, first, to record the exact hour and minute in which an earthquake has taken place at any given point; second, to determine the number and duration of the oscillations of the pendulum, and the relative force of the earthquake; third, from the difference of time at different stations, to determine the velocity of the propagation of the wave; fourth, to ascertain the duration of the earthquake, as also its beginning and ending, and whether acting by shocks in waves or radii; fifth, to indicate the shocks that without its agency would be inappreciable, and thus determine the absolute frequency of this phenomenon.

DRY EARTH THE BEST DISINFECTANT.

In the course of a recent discussion before the Lyceum of Natural History upon the subject of disinfectants, in which Dr. Endemann, Professor Joy, and others participated, it was stated that, of all disinfectants, dry earth was the most satisfactory. Dr. Endemann had tried all the disinfectants sold in the market, by composting blood, decayed meat, and vegetable garbage with them in boxes, and leaving them for six months in the best condition for a fair test. At the expiration of the time the only sample that remained absolutely sweet and inodorous was the one made up of dry earth and peat. As the result of numerous experiments conducted by himself, Professor Joy stated that he fully concurred in the statement of Dr. Endemann.

GALACTINE.

In a paper published in the Transactions of the Physical Society of Geneva, M. Morin remarks that Mulder has shown that there are three nitrogenous substances in the animal organism belonging to the proteine group, to which this serves as the base—namely, fibrine, albumen, and caseine; the first solid, and the two others liquid, but capable of being transformed into solids.

According to Mulder, also, there are two nitrogenous substances in the animal organism in another group (that of gelatine)—namely, chondrine, contained in the tendons, and gelatine, found in bone, or formed by the action of heat and water upon the membranes.

Morin proceeds then to show that there is still a third substance occurring in most of the elements of the animal organism, sometimes as a constituent element, and at others as a morbid product, such as in abnormal urines. He has found this in the liquid of the cotyledons of the fetus of the cow at different periods of development, in the hen's egg in different stages of incubation, in the blood, in the liquids of the digestive tube, etc., and, in fact, so frequently that it becomes necessary to recognize it as an element of the organism. This he formerly called *gelatiniform matter*, since it resembles gelatine, but is distinct from it by well-marked characteristics. The same substance was subsequently termed *albuminose* by Mialhe. Morin now proposes the name *galactine* as the better term, and states that when fresh, or just precipitated, it appears in the form of a gelatinous or viscous mass, becoming solid by desiccation, but not brittle, and remaining capable of being kneaded between the fingers. Its characteristic peculiarities lie in being soluble in water, insoluble in alcohol, either hot or cold, in being transformed into gelatine by the prolonged action of water or heat, and of being precipitated like gelatine by a solution of tannin; but with this difference, that the precipitate formed by the gelatine is insoluble in warm water, while that produced by galactine is dissolved at a temperature of 140° F., and reforms in cooling. As already stated, this substance has been found in the blood, in the gastric juice, in the liquor of the cotyledons of the fetus, and in the egg, where it is deposited as a germinating or an initial force, destined to start the final development. It also occurs sometimes in abundance in liquids produced by disease, in which case it is rejected like albumen, as if the organs had lost the faculty of assimilating it. It also occurs in the juice of certain plants employed as food for cattle, and it is not at all impossible that its occurrence in the animal economy may be the result of its extraction from plants, or, at least, not always produced by the process of digestion. In nutritive qualities galactine probably ranks with albumen, fibrine, and caseine.

ACTION OF STRYCHNINE ON VASO-MOTOR NERVES.

Dr. Sigmund Meyer has published the results of some experiments upon the action of strychnine on the vaso-motor nerve-centre, using for the purpose dogs and rabbits, and calling to his help the cymograph. In most of the experiments the poison was introduced into the venous circulation in the form of an aqueous solution of nitrite of strychnine. In a short time after the injection a very considerable increase of the pressure of arterial blood was appreciable. The decided increase of pressure in the aortic system occurred in animals breathing independently, as well as those poisoned with curare, in which artificial respiration had been produced. In the course of the experiment it was shown that the increase of pressure described is caused by a contraction of the smaller arteries consequent upon a central excitation of the vaso-motor centre in the brain, and the increased elevation of the resistance to the current of the blood in the arterial system. The contraction of the arteries in question could easily be appreciated by direct inspection of the intestines. While the pressure of the blood was very high, the occurrence of the periodic variation discovered by Troube was frequently observed.

LIFE-BOAT.

Mr. N. J. Holmes, engineer of the Orkney and Shetland Islands Telegraph Company, writes to the London *Times* in regard to the subject of life-boats, and states that three valuable lives having recently been lost by the swamping and sinking of an open boat with stone ballast, he had recently built a life-boat thirty feet long by eighteen feet broad, which he had found to be unsinkable, and requiring no ballast, being in every respect a life-boat. This is the form of the safety-boat invented by Captain John Moody, built on the "ray" principle, drawing only seven inches of water, carrying no ballast, self-emptying, and "as stiff as a steeple" in a gale of wind, with a fifty-foot mast and ample sails. He has been employing her in very dangerous work, repairing the heavy shore end of the Great Northern Telegraph Company's cable in the North Sea, under circumstances when an ordinary boat must have capsized.

ORIGIN OF COAL.

According to Professor Würtz, the formation of coal depends entirely upon the action of the iron which was dissolved in the waters of the coal period. The combinations of iron with which coal is always accompanied are pyrites, iron spar, and hydrated oxide. These were doubtless derived from the strata interjected between the coal beds. In this case the oxygenated water appeared to act upon the metallic sulphurets which were contained in the crystalline slates, from the destruction of which these coal strata were derived. Coal, consequently, is the normal result of the eremacausis of organic substances in waters which contain sulphate of iron and free carbonic acid. An immense pressure upon the mass, while in a plastic condition, was also, without doubt, an additional element of importance.

RENDERING KEROSENE INEXPLOSIVE.

According to a French journal, if amyl-alcohol be added to petroleum or mineral oils, it renders them inexplosive, even when brought into contact with burning substances. This is the discovery of M. Hurtault, who has taken out a patent for it.

USE OF CASEINE IN COTTON PRINTING.

The use of caseine as a thickening material in cotton printing continues to increase in favor, the substance being applied by adding a very little cold water to the caseine, and about two to three per cent. of magnesia, giving a thick and gummy solution, which runs when exposed to heat, but not in the cold, the melted mass being soluble in alkaline liquids. When insoluble colors are printed with this solution they become fixed, in consequence of the running produced by steaming. The colors, however, will

not wash. If the caseine is treated with a larger quantity of magnesia, say from five to ten per cent., we do not have a solution, but a thick, semi-fluid, homogeneous paste, which can be stirred around in water without giving a true solution. In barytes water, however, this paste becomes a thin, gummy solution, which is well adapted, in certain cases, for thickening. This melts almost completely by heat, and the mass is insoluble in alkali. The solution can be kept for a long time without decomposition, but must be protected against the carbonic acid of the atmosphere, which will gradually cause the barytes to precipitate, and thus diminish the solubility of the magnesian combination.

YOUNG ON THE SPECTROSCOPE.

Number 109 of *Nature* contains an article, in detail, by Professor Young, of Dartmouth College, upon the construction, arrangement, and best proportion of the spectroscope with reference to its efficiency. These notes are reprinted from advanced sheets of the journal of the Franklin Institute, to which the article was originally communicated.

ARTIFICIAL MELLITIC ACID.

Professor Schulze, of Rostock, has devised a method of forming mellitic acid artificially by the direct oxidation of carbon by permanganic acid in an alkaline solution.

PIGMENTS AND DYES USED BY THE ANCIENTS.

From a memoir by M. Rousset upon the pigments and dyes used by the ancients it would appear that the variety was very considerable. Among the white colors, they were acquainted with white-lead; and for the blacks, various kinds of charcoal and soot were used. Animal skins were dyed black with nut-galls and sulphate of iron. Brown pigments they made by mixing together different kinds of ochre. Under the name of Alexandria blue the ancients—Egyptians, as well as Greeks and Romans—used a pigment containing oxide of copper, and also one containing cobalt. Fabrics were dyed blue by means of pastel-wood (*Isatis tinctoria*). Yellow pigments were principally derived from saffron and other native plants. Vermilion, red ochres, and minium were known from a remote antiquity, although the artificial preparation of vermilion was a secret possessed only by the Chinese. Kermes was used in Egypt in the time of Moses. Among green paints the ancients knew only certain green-colored compounds of copper with the acetate of that metal. The celebrated Tyrian purple was obtained from a mollusk known as the *Janthina prolongata*, a shell abundant in the Mediterranean and very common near Narbonne, where Tyrian purple dye-works were in operation at least six hundred years before Christ.

SEWAGE COMMITTEE OF BIRMINGHAM.

A committee was appointed by the town of Birmingham, England, to inquire into the best method of disposing of the sewage of that city, an injunction having been obtained restricting them from allowing it to be discharged into the small river Tame. They reported that they felt inclined to follow the example of other towns in England, of precipitating the solid portion of the sewage and converting it into useful products, and to apply the remaining water to purposes of irrigation. On this subject they remark, as the result of their inquiries elsewhere, first, that land improves greatly under this irrigation; second, that, as a rule, no complaints are made of nuisance arising therefrom (in the few instances in which nuisance has arisen it has been the result of carelessness in conducting irrigation); third, the health of the district where irrigation is carried on is not injuriously affected; fourth, cattle thrive on the irrigated land, and no case of their being affected with entozoa has ever been heard of; fifth, no other manure has been found necessary for the crops, and the produce, both in quality and quantity, is very satisfactory; sixth, the water, after passing through the land, is purified in a satisfactory manner; and, in one case, cattle drink the effluent water.

MONZONITE, A NEW MINERAL.

Von Kobell describes a new mineral, called Monzonite, as occurring in Monte Monzoni, in the Fassa Valley.

KEENAN'S BOILER COATING.

Much value is assigned to a substance known as Keenan's Boiler Coating, as a means of preventing the radiation of heat from steam-boilers, and the saving, in consequence, of fuel as well as of time in bringing steam up to the proper degree of tension. The substance is a pulp composed of paper, oil, and certain chemicals, and is laid cold on boilers, steam-chests, steam-pipes, or any other article that is to be protected from the outer atmosphere, to the thickness of an inch and a quarter; on superheaters two inches are required. The boiler, however, must be kept warm during the coating process. When the pulp has properly set it receives three coats of paint, and can, if necessary, be grained and made to look ornamental.

The editor of the London *Mechanic's Magazine* has recently examined certain boilers coated with this substance, and found that with boilers in actual operation the exterior exhibited a gentle warmth just perceptible to the touch. He also was informed that it was the practice of the stokers to draw their fires at half past three in the afternoon and to close the dampers, the steam being then at about thirty-five. On resuming work in the morning, at five o'clock A.M., the gauges generally showed twenty-five pounds of steam, or a loss of only ten pounds during the night as the result of radiation.

FIRES CAUSED BY IRON RUST.

A possible cause of fires is suggested by Colonel Angus Croll by the following hypothesis: When oxide of iron is placed in contact with timber, excluded from the atmosphere, and aided by a slightly increased temperature, the oxide parts with its oxygen, and is converted into very finely divided particles of metallic iron, having such an affinity for oxygen that, when afterward exposed to the action of the atmosphere from any cause, oxygen is absorbed so rapidly that these particles become suddenly red-hot, and, if in sufficient quantity, will produce a temperature far beyond the ignitable point of dry timber. Wherever iron pipes are employed for the circu-

lation of any heated medium (whether hot water, hot air, or steam), and wherever these pipes are allowed to become rusty, and are also in close contact with timber, it is only necessary to suppose that under these circumstances the finely divided particles of metallic iron become exposed to the action of the atmosphere (and this may occur from the mere expansion or contraction of the pipes), in order to account for many of the fires which periodically take place at the commencement of the winter season.

ACTION OF LIGHT IN ELIMINATING OXYGEN FROM PLANTS.

In the course of some experiments recently prosecuted by Müller on the action of light of different degrees of refrangibility upon the elimination of oxygen from the green portions of plants, it was ascertained that the curve of intensity for the assimilating action of the different rays possesses several maxima, and that the highest intensity of the secretion of oxygen lies in the red of the spectrum, between the Fraunhofer lines B and C, or in that part of the spectrum the rays of which are most completely absorbed by both living and dead chlorophyl.

RIVOT METHOD OF EXTRACTING GOLD AND SILVER.

A new process of extracting gold and silver from their ores, devised by Rivot for treating the California ores, has been lately published, and is said to be applicable under certain circumstances in which the usual methods can not so readily be employed. The principal stages in this method of treatment are presented in the following summary:

1. Roasting of the pyrites in heaps, or in reverberatory furnaces, in such a manner as to almost completely oxidize the metallic sulphides, and to reduce the formation of sulphates to a minimum.

2. Pulverizing and mixing of the roasted pyrites with the ores.

3. Roasting of the mixed mass with superheated steam in a revolving furnace, with exclusion of air.

4. Amalgamation in vertical mills, which are capable of a great out-turn, and of working wet or dry, as may be desired, and which divide the mercury well, and effect a more speedy and complete amalgamation, owing to the pressure of the millstones.

5. Separation of the mercury from the residues.

6. Squeezing of the mercury through coarse linen bags or wooden cylinders.

7. Distillation of the amalgam in cast iron tubes provided with receivers cooled by water.

8. Smelting of the metals recovered by amalgamation in black-lead crucibles, and casting in iron moulds.

NEW GROUND FOR STEREOCHROMIC PICTURES.

A new painting ground for stereochromic pictures, invented by Schweiger, consists of carbonate of lime, cement, and quartz sand, mixed with a solution of *potash* water-glass, of which so much is added that the mass can be laid on with a brush, and in greater quantity the more porous the ground. The carbonate of lime may be either chalk or marble powder. The quartz sand must be clean and well washed, and of even grain. The mass of carbonate of lime and quartz sand together should be three to four times the volume of the cement. This, besides possessing a good absorptive power and durability, is white, and in this respect is very superior to some kinds which otherwise have equally meritorious qualities.

THE PRICKLY COMFREY AS A FODDER PLANT.

According to Voelcker, the prickly comfrey, a native of Caucasus, is at present cultivated in some parts of Ireland as food for dairy stock. The plant is perennial, is easily propagated by cuttings from the root, and yields a heavy crop. The ordinary produce is about thirty tons to the acre in several cuttings; but eighty-two tons have been reached. An analysis made of this substance showed that it would probably have the same feeding value as green mustard, turnip tops, or Italian rye-grass grown on irrigated land.

HYDRATE OF CHLORAL AS AN ANTISEPTIC.

When hydrate of chloral was first introduced into the *materia medica* its expense was so enormous as very materially to interfere with its applications. In consequence, however, of improved methods for its preparation, and the great extent to which this is now carried on, the cost is now very much less, and it is, therefore, possible to make use of it as a reducing agent of metals, as a preservative of objects of natural history, etc. For this latter purpose it would really seem to be of much value, as it is decidedly antiseptic in its character. In one experiment one-half of one per cent. of chloral added to some concentrated dried egg albumen kept it for a long time from putrefying. For such application the chloral hydrate must first be dissolved in water, and then the albumen added to the solution.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE MANUFACTURE OF SUGAR.

The Abbé Moigno, in a late number of *Les Mondes*, makes a mysterious announcement in regard to the sugar industry, in which he asks what his readers would think if he were to say that he expected soon to be able to reveal the details of a process by which the juice of the beet root, treated immediately after its extraction, first by lime, and then by a mysterious, sovereign agent, should furnish spontaneously, in the condition of very pure crystals, all the sugar which it contained; or what would be thought of the statement that a Frenchman had lately entered into his sugar-beet root establishment with freshly collected beets, and come out in a few minutes after, having the pulp in one hand, and in the other the crystallized sugar? He promises before long a satisfactory answer to these conundrums!

PHOSPHORESCENCE OF MARINE ANIMALS.

According to Professor Panceri, of Naples, the phosphorescence of marine animals is due in all cases to matter cast off from the animal, but still adherent to it; and he is of the opinion that the property is that of dead separated mat-

ter, and not of the living tissues. In all cases (excepting *Noctiluca*) he found that this matter was secreted by glands, possibly special for this purpose, but more probably the phosphorescence is a secondary property. Further, the secretion contains epithelial cells in a state of fatty degeneration, and it is these fatty cells, and the fat which they give rise to, which are phosphorescent. Hence the phosphorescence of marine animals is brought under the same category as the phosphorescence of decaying fish and bones, being due to the formation, in decomposition, of a phosphoric hydrocarbon, or phosphureted hydrogen itself. In *Pennatula* Professor Panceri has made phosphorescence the means of studying a more important physiological question, namely, the rate of transmission of an irritation. For when one extremity of a *Pennatula* is irritated, a stream of phosphorescent light runs along the whole length of the polyp colony, indicating thus, by its passage, the rate of the transmission of the irritation. A careful study was also made by Professor Panceri, by means of the spectroscope, of the light of phosphorescence.

ANHYDROUS ALCOHOL.

Chemists are well aware of the difficulty of rendering alcohol absolutely anhydrous, or entirely free from water. According to Erlenmeyer, if alcohol of 0.792 specific gravity be treated with an excess of burned lime for two days, and then distilled, absolutely pure alcohol can be obtained, provided that the first run be returned to the distilling apparatus. This is necessary, since that which comes over during the first half of the operation is not entirely free from water.

TEMPERATURE OF LAVAS.

According to the investigations of Dr. Fuchs, of Heidelberg, it would appear from a study of the chemical processes which take place in lavas at the moment of eruption, and by the observation of the broken crystals in the lava, that the melted masses some time before the eruption must have had a higher temperature than at the moment of eruption.

REACTIONS OF ALCOHOL.

Mr. Hugo Tamm, in a brief abstract of certain experiments upon the action of permanganate of potash upon various substances, such as filter-paper, tartaric acid, coal gas, tallow, turpentine, benzole, alcohol, ammonia, etc., states that the two most interesting facts which he found were that alcohol boiled with an equal bulk of a solution of permanganate of potash was partially transformed into acetate of potash, and that in the same condition ammonia was converted into nitrate of potash.

THEORY OF DISINFECTING POWDERS.

A recent treatise upon carbolic acid and its compounds discussed the general theory of disinfecting powders, especially those containing carbolic acid, and ascribes the virtues of the latter in preventing putrefaction to their poisoning the germs in the air before they reach the mass, and filtering out the elements which dispose to putrefaction. This is perhaps due to another cause—their power to absorb water from a moist putrescible material. After showing the power of carbolic acid to prevent fermentation and putrefaction, the author of the treatise examines its position among other agents having like powers, and from the fact that its chemical constitution is similar to the bulk of the fermentescible mass, and consequently its action is not explainable on account of its chemical properties, he comes to the conclusion that the chemical constitution and the chemical properties of a body have no direct relation whatever with the power of that body to arrest fermentative or putrefactive change.

ANTIQUITY OF THE MANUFACTURE OF IRON.

The antiquity of the manufacture of iron on a large scale is shown in an article by Mr. Richard Mallet, upon the working of iron in India, where, according to this author, it had been carried on upon a scale so stupendous as to rival the production of the largest steam-hammer forges in Europe at the present day. Among other illustrations mentioned is that of a wrought iron pillar at the principal gate of the ancient mosque of the Kutub near Delhi, which is as large as the screw shaft of a first-class steamer. This is slightly spindle-shaped, and is surmounted by a capital of elaborate Indian design, carved by the chisel in the solid iron. The entire length is about sixty feet. Its diameter near the surface is sixteen inches; it contains about eighty cubic feet of metal, and weighs upward of seventeen tons. Near its middle is an inscription of six lines in Sanscrit, from which its age has been assigned to the third or fourth century of the Christian era.

ON THE TRUE TEMPERATURE OF THE SUN.

At a recent meeting of the French Academy M. E. Vicaire called attention to the state of our knowledge in regard to the temperature of the sun. The highest estimate of this temperature is about 18,000,000° F., by Father Secchi; the lowest from 2662° to 3201° F., by Pouillet; and other physicists have given varying estimates, generally under 200,000° F. Perhaps the most surprising feature connected with these estimates is that the two extreme results—viz., those of Secchi and Pouillet—have both been derived from observations on radiation made by means of apparatus which is essentially identical in principle. M. Vicaire showed that the difference in these results has arisen, not from any thing in the observations themselves, but from the fact that Father Secchi has made his reductions by means of an erroneous formula. Correcting this error, he finds for the temperature of the sun, from Father Secchi's observations, 2548° F.—a result almost identical with that of Pouillet; and he finally arrives at the conclusion that *the temperature of the solar surface is entirely comparable with that of terrestrial flames*, and is certainly less than 5500° F.

In the discussion which followed the reading of M. Vicaire's paper the president of the Academy called attention to Sir William Thomson's very remarkable essay on the age of the sun's heat (*Macmillan's Magazine*, March, 1862), in which it is shown that the sun's radiation amounts to about 7000 horse-power for each square foot of its surface, and that coal burning at the rate of half a pound per second produces almost the same result. But Rankine has estimated that in the furnace of an ordinary loco-

motive coal is consumed at the rate of one pound per square foot of grate surface in from 30 to 90 seconds. Hence the force expended in radiation from a square foot of the sun's surface is only from 15 to 45 times greater than that developed from an equal surface of coal burning in the furnace of a locomotive; and as the increase of radiation is much more rapid than that of temperature, it would require an increase of temperature of less than 1000° F. to make the radiation from the coals the same as that from an equal area of the sun's surface.

Sainte-Claire Deville and Edmond Becquerel entirely concurred in the views expressed by M. Vicaire. M. Fizeau remarked that these conclusions were in perfect harmony with photometrical experiments, which show that the intensity of the Drummond-light is 56 times less than that of the electric light, which latter is only 2½ times less intense than sunlight itself. It therefore follows that the two last-named sources of light are in all respects comparable, and we must admit that their temperatures can not differ so excessively as is indicated by many of the recent estimates of the heat of the solar surface.

ILSEMANNITE, A NEW MINERAL.

A mineral which has been termed Ilsemannite has lately been described as new by Höfer, and as occurring in some heavy spar from Bleiberg. From its chemical composition it is believed to be a product of the decomposition of wulfenite.

CROLL ON OCEAN CIRCULATION.

Mr. Croll, in further discussion of the subject upon which he and Dr. William P. Carpenter are at variance—namely, that of "ocean currents"—remarks, in *Nature*, that the true way of considering the matter is to regard the currents as merely one grand system of circulation, produced, not by the trade-winds alone, but by the combined action of all the winds capable of producing this action; and the effect upon the currents depends upon two circumstances—namely, the direction of the prevailing winds and the conformation of the sea and land. From this it results that the general system of winds may sometimes produce a current directly opposite to the prevailing wind blowing over the current.

Taking into the account the result of the conformation of the sea and land, Mr. Croll thinks, and he expects to show, that all the principal currents of the globe, the Gibraltar current not excepted, are moving in the exact direction in which they ought to move, assuming the winds to be the sole impelling cause. The influence of the rotation of the earth he considers greatly overestimated, such rotation exercising no influence in generating motion on the earth's surface; but if the body be already in motion, the rotation will deflect it to the right in the northern hemisphere, and to the left in the southern.

Difference of specific gravity, as resulting from difference of temperature between the equatorial and polar regions, might, if sufficiently great, produce some such interchange of equatorial and polar water as Dr. Carpenter supposes; but this difference of temperature, in Mr. Croll's opinion, could not produce currents like the equatorial current and Gulf Stream in a wide expanse of water. Taking Dr. Carpenter's own data as to the difference of temperature between the waters at the equator and the poles, and also his estimate of the rate at which the temperature of the equatorial water decreases from the surface downward, he thinks he has proved, in a paper published in the *Philosophical Magazine* for October last, that the amount of *force* which gravity exerts on, say, a pound of water, tending to make it move from the equator to the poles, supposing the pound of water to be placed under the most favorable circumstances possible, is only $\frac{1}{300}$ of a grain.

ROSTHORNITE, A NEW FOSSIL RESIN.

A new fossil resin, named rosthornite, is described by Höfer as occurring in the coal of the Sonneberg, in Carinthia. This has a fatty lustre, a brown color with garnet-red gloss, wine-yellow by transmitted light, and a light brown to orange-yellow streak. When heated in the air it gives off white vapors having an aromatic odor, and burns with a smoky flame without leaving any residue. In chemical composition this mineral approaches most nearly to enosmite, and still more to the fossil resin of Girona, in New Granada. This substance can not be properly assigned to any of the groups already established among the fossil resins, but seems rather to conform to the type of a solid resin, rich in carbon but poor in oxygen.

EXTENSION OF THE AURORA OF FEBRUARY 4, 1872, TO THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.

Students of cosmical physics have been much interested in learning whether the great aurora of February 4 was visible in the southern hemisphere, as in the northern. Letters received by the French Academy from St. Denis (Bourbon Island), latitude 21° S., longitude 55° E., decide this question in the affirmative. One writer says that during the night of February 4, 1872, "a brilliant aurora was seen here. It commenced at half past 8 o'clock P.M., or about five o'clock Paris time. The heaven was then tinged with a purple shade, which gradually increased and extended from the south toward the southeast and southwest. It looked like the eruption of an immense volcano. In the south the coloration extended up to the zenith. Between ten and eleven o'clock the aurora attained its greatest brilliancy and extent. It then shone so brightly that I could distinctly see the lines of my hand and the features of the by-standers. At midnight the aurora was a brick-red color. At three o'clock it became pale again, and the color gradually changed to a golden-yellow, like that of sunrise."

Comparing this account with that of the observations in Europe, it is found that the principal phases of the phenomenon were seen almost simultaneously in both hemispheres. But Mr. Janssen, the celebrated eclipse observer, who was in India on this night, saw nothing unusual, which raises the question whether the auroras seen in the two hemispheres were actually joined at the equator, and not entirely separate. Mr. Janssen's testimony, however, being only negative, this can not be settled until the reports of other observers near the equator have been received. Indeed, we learn that the aurora was very brilliant at Alexandria, in Egypt, which renders it probable that it was continuous from the northern to the southern hemisphere.

Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes April 24.—The most important measures adopted by Congress during the month are the Soldiers' Homesteads bill and the Senate bill for the reduction of taxation.

In the Senate, March 28, the House bill to repeal duties on tea and coffee was amended by the addition of the entire Tariff bill of the Finance Committee slightly modified, those modifications being the excepting from that bill the clauses reducing present duty on rice and on silk manufactures. To this was added an amendment abolishing all internal tax, except on spirituous and malt liquors and tobacco. The attempt to include the income tax in the exceptions was defeated by 21 to 19. The abolition of internal taxes was agreed to by 28 to 11. The bill passed at last by a vote of 35 to 4. The repeal of the income tax provided for in the bill is to take effect immediately on the enactment of the bill, although the repeal of the other internal revenue taxes named therein is fixed from and after the 1st of July next.

A resolution was adopted in the House, April 2 (yeas 153, nays 9), declaring the Senate amendment to the House bill repealing the duties on tea and coffee unconstitutional.

In the House, April 1, a bill was passed repealing all laws giving portions of fines and penalties to informers in internal revenue cases.

The Soldiers' Homesteads bill, having been passed by both Houses of Congress, was signed by the President April 4. It is entitled "An act to enable honorably discharged soldiers and sailors, their widows and orphan children, to acquire homesteads on the public lands." Its main provision is that soldiers or sailors who have served ninety days may enter one hundred and sixty acres of public land, and have the time of their service in the army or navy deducted from the time required of other citizens to perfect the title; or if they have been discharged by reason of wounds received in the service, the whole time for which they enlisted is to be deducted. Soldiers' widows and minor children, through a guardian, can also have the benefit of this act.

In the Senate, April 10, Mr. Patterson, of New Hampshire, presented the petition of the Governor and prominent citizens of New Hampshire, asking the United States to set apart the proceeds of sales of public lands to each State in the proportion of 30,000 acres for each Senator and Representative, to be applied to the establishment of State universities for the higher education of women.

In the Senate, April 4, a bill was reported from the Committee on Commerce to promote the ship-building and commercial interests of the United States. It provides for the payment of a drawback equal to the duties paid on timber, metals, and all other articles which may be imported and used in the construction or equipment of vessels of all kinds built in the United States and employed exclusively in trade with foreign countries; and in case American material is used in the construction of such vessels, the Secretary of the Treasury is to pay a bounty equivalent to the duties imposed on similar material or articles of foreign manufacture when imported. The bill further provides that American vessels which have been registered in foreign countries since January 1, 1861, may, within two years from the enactment of the bill, be registered as American vessels under such regulations as the Secretary of the Treasury may prescribe; that foreign-built iron ships, of not less than 2000 tons, when owned by United States citizens, may, within three years, be registered in the country for foreign trade; that all ship stores and coal to be used in American vessels on voyages from the United States to foreign countries may be taken from bond and disposed of for such purposes duty free; and that all vessels hereinbefore mentioned may be taken by the government for the naval service in time of danger after due inspection and appraisement, the regulations for which are minutely provided in the bill.

In the House, March 25, a bill was passed authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to contract for a statue of the late Admiral Farragut, to be erected in Washington, at a cost of not more than $20,000.

In the House, April 5, a bill was passed authorizing the appointment of shipping commissioners by the judges of the several circuit courts of the United States, to superintend the shipping and discharge of seamen engaged in merchant ships belonging to the United States, and for the protection of seamen. This bill provides for one commissioner to be appointed by the judge of the circuit court in circuits where there is a seaport, whose duties are well defined in the bill. It provides for the manner of contracts, for remuneration, engagements, and discharges between seamen and masters of ships, and is intended to insure protection to a hitherto oppressed and neglected class.

In the House, April 15, the River and Harbor Improvement bill, appropriating about $5,000,000—including $225,000 for Hell Gate—was passed; as was also a bill for the appointment of a commission to inquire into the depredations on the Mexican frontier.

An influential delegation from Texas waited on President Grant, March 28, to request government protection from the Mexican raiders on the Texas frontier. Of late great depredations have been committed, and Mexican troops have not hesitated to arrest American citizens, and hold them, while droves of cattle were conveyed to the Mexican shore of the Rio Grande. Cattle valued at from $6,000,000 to $10,000,000 have been stolen from Texas by Mexicans during the last six years. The President promised to bring the question before the cabinet.

In replying to a memorial signed by a number of prominent men, President Grant announced, late in March, that he had appointed Brevet Major-General Andrew A. Humphreys, Professor Benjamin Peirce, and Captain Daniel Ammen commissioners to examine and consider all plans and proposals for an interoceanic ship-canal across the Isthmus, and to report thereupon.

An order was issued by the President, April 15, approving the recommendations of the Ad-

visory Board of the Civil Service, and announcing that they would be enforced as rapidly as the proper arrangements could be made. The President adds: "The utmost fidelity and diligence will be expected of all officers in every branch of the public service. Political assessments, as they are called, have been forbidden within the various departments, and while the right of all persons in official position to take part in politics is acknowledged, and the elective franchise is recognized as a high trust to be discharged by all entitled to its exercise, whether in the employment of the government or in private life, honesty and efficiency, not political activity, will determine the tenure of office."

The regulations, as stated by the Advisory Board, limit and modify the operation of the rules already adopted so far as the welfare of the service seems to require. It is stated to be desirable that every part of the country should have an equal chance in the competition for executive offices at Washington, and to that end it is recommended that the Advisory Board may direct when examinations shall be held for such appointments in the various States. The Board also expresses the opinion that when an officer has discharged his duty efficiently, and his reappointment seems desirable, there is no good reason that he should not be appointed at discretion. In such a case his official service has been both an examination and a probation, and they therefore recommend that when the term of an officer expires by limitation of law, the incumbent may be reappointed at pleasure.

While deprecating perpetual proscription, it is recommended that no person shall be appointed to a position in the service who shall not have furnished satisfactory evidence of his fidelity to the Union and the Constitution.

Regarding the customs service, the Board recommends that when vacancies occur in chief positions the Secretary of the Treasury shall ascertain if there be suitable and available persons already in the customs service within the district in which such a chief vacancy occurs, and if such persons are found, that the appointment shall be made from them; but if they are not found, it may be made at discretion.

Regarding the consular service, it is recommended that if the compensation is $3000 or more, the positions shall be filled at the discretion of the executive; less than that, and more than $1000, it is suggested that the positions be filled in accordance with the rules governing clerical and other appointments.

The report also deals at length with grading and grouping officers in the Executive Department, in collectors' and surveyors' offices, and in the internal revenue service.

In the Assistant Treasury at New York the Board proposes three groups, of which the first includes the Deputy Assistant Treasurer as the highest grade, and officers whose salary is $2000 or more, but less than $2500, as the lowest. The second group includes as the highest grade officers whose annual salary is $1200 or more, but less than $1400. The third group comprises clerks whose annual salary is less than $1200. From this arrangement it results that an officer who enters at the lowest grade of the first group, and who receives a salary of more than $2000, is in the first line of promotion to the Deputy Assistant Treasurership. In the various other assistant treasuries the first group includes, in their order, all officers subordinate to the assistant treasurer, or depositary, whose salaries are not less than $1200. The second group includes all other clerks; and the third includes the female counters.

In the postal service they propose, for the positions which are not included in arrangements made for the General Post-office at Washington, three groups for every local post-office, of one of which the postmaster is the highest grade, and clerks whose annual salary is $1200 or more, but less than $1400, the lowest; another group, consisting of clerks whose salary is less than $1200; and another of letter-carriers.

The regulations which are appended to the report are nineteen in number, and specify in separate detail the requirements alluded to in a general way in the preceding report.

The national debt of the United States was reduced $15,000,000 during March.

Morse memorial meetings were held in various parts of the United States April 16. The meeting at Washington, D. C., in the hall of the House of Representatives, was perhaps the most noteworthy. Sympathetic telegrams were there received from all parts of the world, and speeches were made by distinguished men. The Speaker of the House presided, assisted by Vice-President Colfax. The President and cabinet, Judges of the Supreme Court, together with the Governors of the States, in person or by proxy, occupied seats on the inner semicircle. Senators and Representatives occupied the other seats on the floor. On the clock in front of the main gallery was the oil-painting, by Bogardus and the Berbam brothers, of Professor Morse, forwarded by these gentlemen to be used on this occasion by request of the Morse Memorial Association of Washington. Around the outer frame of the portrait was the legend, "What hath God wrought!" The ceremonies were opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Adams, of New York, after which a few remarks were offered by Mr. Speaker Blaine. Hon. Fernando Wood made an address especially interesting on account of his early association with Mr. Morse when the latter began his struggles for the recognition of his invention. Mr. Wood was a member of the Congress of 1842, which granted the first appropriation made for testing the magnetic telegraph. Of the 89 members of the House who voted for the bill, only eleven, said Mr. Wood, are living, among whom are Millard Fillmore, Caleb Cushing, Robert C. Winthrop, Henry A. Wise, Richard W. Thompson, Samson Mason, Hiland Hall, and the speaker. At the conclusion of Mr. Wood's speech Hon. S. S. Cox spoke briefly, and the meeting was closed.

The Connecticut State election, which took place April 1, resulted in a Republican victory. Jewell received a majority of twenty-eight over all the other candidates. All the Republican candidates for State offices are elected by majorities ranging from 490 to 531. The Legislature stands, in the House, 130 Republicans and 114 Democrats, in the Senate, 15 Republicans and 6 Democrats; Republican majority on joint ballot, 28.

The Rhode Island State election took place April 3, and resulted in the success of all the Republican candidates except the Lieutenant-Governor. Seth Padelford was chosen Governor, and Charles R. Cutler Lieutenant-Governor.

The Republican State Conventions, electing delegates to the Philadelphia Convention, have been held as follows: in Ohio, at Columbus, March 27; in Iowa, at Des Moines, March 27; in Pennsylvania, at Harrisburg, April 10, nominating General J. F. Hartranft for Governor; in Massachusetts, at Worcester, April 10; in Florida, April 12; in Virginia, at Richmond, April 17; in North Carolina, at Raleigh, April 17, nominating Todd R. Caldwell for Governor.

The National Colored Men's Convention met at New Orleans April 10. Resolutions were passed condemning the Liberal Republican and Labor Reform movements, and eulogizing Senator Sumner.

A bill to incorporate the New York and Philadelphia Railroad was defeated in the New Jersey Senate March 28.

The total vote of the Mormons in Utah in rati-

fication of the constitution for a State was 25,324, nearly one-half of which was cast by women.

The State of Illinois has placed the sexes on an equality of rights, so far as occupation is concerned. The language of the statute recently signed by Governor Palmer provides that "no person shall be precluded or debarred from any occupation, profession, or employment (except military) on account of sex." It is stipulated, however, that the act shall not be construed to affect the eligibility of any person to an elective office. Another important proviso is also inserted, as follows: "Nothing in this act shall be construed as requiring any female to work on streets or roads, or serve on juries."

The remains of Major-General Robert Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter, were finally interred at West Point, New York, April 3. There was a funeral procession in the metropolis in honor of the deceased soldier.

The Committee of Seventy's charter for the city of New York passed both branches of the Legislature April 18. The leading feature of the new instrument is the cumulative voting principle, which commences at the foundation of the political structure in the election of the Board of Aldermen, and is repeated, step by step, in the choice of the heads of all the city departments, until it runs through the entire municipal government, both in its legislative and executive branches. The Board of Aldermen, to be elected on the third Tuesday in May, will consist of forty-five members, or nine from each Senatorial district, and an elector will have the privilege of voting nine times for a single candidate, or of distributing as he pleases among several. This board will have all legislative authority, and the exclusive power to appropriate money for every object of city expenditure. They will also elect four of the Commissioners of each of the departments of Public Works, Public Parks, Charities and Correction, and Finance, and the six Commissioners of Public Safety. The power of the Mayor is largely restricted, leaving him but little control of municipal affairs.

In the New York State Senate a bill was passed, April 18, for the construction of Vanderbilt's under-ground railroad for New York city, running from City Hall Park to Fifty-ninth Street, to connect with the New York Central and Hudson River railroads. The bill was passed by the Assembly April 23.

DISASTERS.

Violent shocks of earthquake were felt in California March 26, continuing at intervals for several days. The centre of the disturbance was apparently at Lone Pine, where the buildings crumbled and fell, burying the inhabitants beneath the ruins. Over thirty persons were killed, and a large number were wounded. For three hours the earth was in a constant tremor, and a chasm thirty-five miles long, and varying from three to forty feet in width, was opened in the valley. There has been no parallel to this earthquake since the year 1812, when the missions of San Juan Capistrovo and La Purisima, in Southern California, were destroyed.

Ten men were severely—some fatally—burned by an explosion of sulphur in Pott's Colliery, at Locust Dale, Pennsylvania, March 26.

Another fire-damp explosion took place in the Pinebrook shaft of the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company, at Scranton, Pennsylvania, April 8. One man was killed and several were injured.

A terrible explosion occurred at the Cunard dock, Jersey City, April 11. The tug-boat *Davenport* was towing four barges out of the dock, when, with terrific force, her boiler burst, utterly demolishing the tug, sinking one of the barges, instantly killing six men, and injuring a number of others.

The steamer *Oceanus*, from Red River for St. Louis, when twenty miles above Cairo, April 11, exploded her boilers, wrecking the boat and scalding or drowning upward of forty persons.

The town of Ayer, Massachusetts, was nearly destroyed by fire April 13. Scarcely a building in the business portion was left unharmed.

The official report of the losses, insurances, etc., of the great Chicago fire was made early in April. The Fire Marshal limits the duration of the burning to twenty-eight hours, and places the number of buildings destroyed at 25,000, covering an area of 2000 acres. The origin of the fire he admits has not been discovered. The total losses are summed up in $190,526,500, of which $52,000,000 were on buildings, and $138,526,500 personal property. Some of the items of loss were: business blocks, $33,515,000; public buildings, $3,384,800; schools and churches, $3,238,780; dry-goods, $13,500,000; household property, $41,000,000; manuscript works and public records, $10,000,000. The total insurance was $90,000,000.

OBITUARY.

General Humphrey Marshall died, March 29, at Louisville, Kentucky, aged sixty years.

Major-General John M. Oliver, who served under General Sherman during the war, died in Washington, D. C., March 30.

Professor Samuel Finley Breese Morse, the father of the telegraph, died in New York, April 2, aged eighty-one years.

EUROPE.

The sitting of the tribunal for the settlement of the *Alabama* claims opened at Geneva April 15. None of the five arbitrators were present. Great Britain and the United States only were represented, the former by Lord Tenterden and Messrs. Taylor and Bernard, and the latter by Messrs. J. Bancroft Davis, Caleb Cushing, and Charles C. Beaman. The official proceedings were confined to the delivery of the documents to the secretary of the tribunal, to be transmitted by him to the arbitrators. The counter case of the British government was accompanied by a note in which it was stated that claims for indirect losses, as follows, would not be admitted, viz.: 1. Loss in the transfer of American shipping to the British flag; 2. Loss from enhanced insurance; 3. Loss from prolongation of the war.

Mr. Lowe, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, submitted his budget to the British Parliament March 25. The estimated expenses of last year were £72,736,000, while the actual expenditure was £71,720,000. The estimated receipts were £72,315,000, while the actual receipts were £74,535,000. The estimated receipts for the

coming year are £74,915,000; the estimated expenses, £71,313,000. That portion of the budget resolutions which proposed the immediate reduction of the duties on coffee and chiccory fifty per cent. was carried in the House of Commons March 25.

The English university boat-race took place, March 23, on the Thames, during a blinding snow-storm. The Oxfords were ahead at first, but the Cambridge crew won by a length and a half. Of the races of the past thirteen years Cambridge has won four and Oxford nine.

An explosion occurred, March 28, in a coal mine at Atherton, near Bolton, England, by which twenty-eight men were killed outright. Eleven were rescued, but they were fearfully burned. There is great excitement in the vicinity of the mine.

An explosion occurred in a safety-fuse manufactory in Cornwall, England, March 30, by which seven women were killed and several were dangerously wounded.

While the races at Lurgan, Ireland, were in progress, April 2, a stand crowded with spectators gave way, and about two hundred persons were precipitated to the ground amidst a confused mass of broken timbers. Thirty of them were seriously injured.

Arthur O'Connor, the young Fenian who assaulted Queen Victoria, was convicted, April 11, by a jury, and sentenced to receive twenty lashes and be imprisoned for one year.

Rev. F. D. Maurice, a prominent English divine, scholar, and earnest worker in the cause of education, died April 2. He is best known in this country by his sermons and biblical expositions.

The French National Assembly took a recess March 30 until April 22. Previous to the adjournment President Thiers addressed the Assembly. He guaranteed the maintenance of internal order, declared the army was faithful, and assured the Chamber that no interruption of peace was threatened from abroad. In the course of his speech he intimated that France was not entirely isolated; she was not without alliances.

The French Legislative Assembly, before adjourning, appointed a committee to represent it during the recess. President Thiers, addressing the committee April 3, confirmed the report that official notice had been given Belgium of the termination within the stipulated time of the treaty of commerce. He had explained to Belgium that this action was necessary, as France required full liberty to remodel her commercial system in accordance with her altered circumstances. The new tariffs, he said, would be terminable every six months. Referring to foreign affairs, he stated to the members that questions had arisen between Algeria and the neighboring province of Tunis, and, although he was aware that the Porte claimed the suzerainty of Tunis, he had considered it expedient to treat directly with the local government with regard to Algeria, and should continue to do so. He alluded also, in conclusion, to the restoration by Russia of her fortifications in the Black Sea, and said England was responsible for this infraction of the Treaty of Paris. In the course of his address President Thiers defined the attitude of France toward the Spanish crown. He declared it was the interest of France to keep Amadeus on the throne, because his overthrow would lead to the revival of the candidature of Montpensier or the Hohenzollerns.

Henri Rochefort, Paschal Grousset, and M. Assi sailed for the penal colony of New Caledonia April 5.

The early April elections in Spain for members of the Cortes resulted in the following choice: ministerialists, 201; radicals, 62; republicans, 42; Carlists, 38; opposition conservatives, 32. There were disturbances every where throughout the kingdom.

Señor Castelar, the well-known Spanish republican, addressed a meeting of his followers in the city of Seville April 11. In the course of his remarks he said his party aspired to "the formation of the United States of Europe and the foundation of a universal republic."

General Del Rey, Spanish Minister of War, announced his intention of leaving the ministry April 9, and tendered his resignation. Efforts were made to induce him to reconsider his determination and withdraw his letter of resignation, but they were ineffectual. General Zabale has been appointed to succeed him.

The session of the German parliament was opened April 8. The emperor was not present, and the speech from the throne was read by the Chancellor of the Empire, Prince Bismarck. The speech enumerated the various subjects of legislation to be submitted to the parliament for the regulation and development of the national institutions. Among them are new military and penal codes, uniform beer and malt taxes, and the ratification of the commercial treaty with Portugal, of the consular convention with the United States of America, and of the postal treaty with France. The increase of German commerce permits the government to raise its estimates of the revenue, and, accordingly, reduce the rates of taxation. Bills are promised to provide for the disposition of the loan surplus of 1871 and of the sums received on account of the French war indemnity. Alsace and Lorraine are recovering from the shock of the late war. The foundations of German administration have been laid in those provinces. The Prince Chancellor concluded the royal address with the following expression "to the members:" "You will share the satisfaction felt by the federal government at the results of the first year of the empire, and joyfully anticipate further developments. You will also receive with satisfaction the assurance that the policy followed by that government has proved successful in retaining and strengthening the confidence of all foreign powers. The strength acquired by imperialization is the bulwark of the Fatherland, and the guarantee of peace to Europe."

The Düsseldorf Picture-Gallery was not destroyed in the fire of March 20.

A postal convention was concluded between Russia and Italy March 26.

ASIA.

By a telegram from Constantinople, *via* London, April 8, we learn that the city of Antioch, in Syria, has suffered severely from another earthquake. Half the town is said to be in ruins, and 1500 lives are reported to have been lost. In the year 145 B.C. this city was entirely destroyed by an earthquake; and the catastrophe was repeated in A.D. 458, 526, 587, and 1822.

Editor's Drawer.

APROPOS of Mr. Daniel Drew's contract with Duncan, Sherman, and Co. to deliver to them five millions of dollars of Erie stock during the year 1872 at 55, we have this anecdote of that eminent speculator:

Not long since he met a Methodist clergyman in New Jersey, and having rather a fancy for him, asked him if he wouldn't like to make a little money. The minister replied that he never speculated nor gambled in stocks, not believing it to be right; besides, he was only worth some fifteen thousand dollars, and could not afford to peril it. Mr. Drew, after some further chat, said he could suggest something that would be perfectly legitimate, and proposed, if the parson would act upon his suggestion, to guarantee him against loss, while the prospect for a handsome profit was quite promising. The arrangement was accordingly made. Some weeks later the divine came over to New York and called at Mr. Drew's office to ascertain the result.

"Well," said Uncle Daniel, "the fact is, that thing I told you about has busted; but I promised to guarantee you against loss, and I will keep my promise."

So, figuring up the amount invested, with simple interest, Mr. Drew handed over a check, and the pastor congratulated himself upon the result.

"But," said he—and here is where Uncle Daniel's joke comes in—"but, Mr. Drew, I told one of my elders what you had agreed to do with me, and *he* went and bought a little stock."

"Did he?" said Uncle Daniel. "Why, how sorry I am! I'm afeerd he has lost some money."

"Yes," continued the good man, "and he told another of the trustees, and *he* went and bought some."

"You don't tell me!"

"Yes, Mr. Drew; and the brethren thought it was so good of you to give *me* a p'int that *they all went and bought.*"

"Well, I'm *so* sorry!"

"So am *I.*"

"Why, they must have lost considerable money—must have pretty much cleaned 'em out. They oughtn't to've done it. Buyin' stocks you don't know nothin' about is mighty risky business. You tell 'em that."

"But, Mr. Drew, they're nearly ruined."

"Shouldn't wonder; and I'm truly sorry."

The good parson returned to his flock, most of whom had already ascertained the true condition of things. *Somebody* had "unloaded" to the country brethren. Probably it was not Uncle Dan'l.

A GENTLEMAN in Maine sends us word of a Mrs. B—— who was describing her two daughters to a lady who had never seen them. After dwelling upon their merits, she said, with a profound and technical air, and with mouth genteelly puckered up, that "one was a *bluenett* and the other was a *bronze.*"

A CORRESPONDENT in Iowa sends us a certified copy of a genuine Irish will lately admitted to probate as valid in that State. The estate consists of one hundred and twenty acres of valuable land, with buildings and stock. The will was written by the eldest daughter. Whether the administrator will pay over when any one of the heirs does any "divilment" remains to be seen.

April the 25, 1871.

I, Patrick Hoyt, having but a short time to live, do will to my dearly beloved wife all my worldly substance during her life, which said property can not be sold till Francis E. comes to age; then it will be sold and equally divided among John, Margaret, Andrew T., James C., Rose, Annie, and Francis E. *Any one of them that does any thing wrong will get five dollars.*

PATRICK HOYT.

Witness— {DANIEL NOONAN, {TIMOTHY WHEELAN.

THEY have in New Hampshire an eminent lawyer, who just before the last election in that State was invited to preside at a children's festival, and to make an address. The children themselves came to him to urge the matter. "Well," he said to them, "I will not promise to speak myself, but I will promise to procure a Governor or an ex-Governor to be present and speak to you. You may rely on that." When the time came for the celebration he took the chair, and said, "I have been very fortunate; I have obtained the Governor himself, a real Governor, Governor Weston—a Democratic Governor, *such as you will never see again!*"

'TILDA, our colored help, was before the war a field hand in old Virginia. When the war was over she, with thousands more of her race, found her way to this city (Washington, D. C.) in order to better her condition, as she said, "by a life wid de Norf people." In seeking employment it was not her policy to acknowledge her inability to do any thing else than hoe corn; so, as she claimed to have had some experience in housework, she was received on probation. One day, soon after her arrival, I had occasion to make some pies, and, of course, a *turn-over* for our little three-year-old. Being called to another part of the house, 'Tilda was left in charge, with instructions to *watch that turn-over*, which I had placed in the stove oven. Perhaps my feelings can be imagined—certainly I can not describe them—when, upon returning to the kitchen some half hour later, I was met with the exclamation, "Mrs. P——! oh, Mrs. P——! I done watch dat ar eber sence you gone up stairs, an' I don't seen it *turn ober* yit!" "Turn-over" being a provincialism, though found in Webster's Unabridged, 'Tilda may, I think, be excused for holding me so strictly to the letter of the law.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES has spoken of Mr. James T. Fields as the best story-teller he ever knew. Mr. Fields was in Philadelphia in March, and delivered a lecture on "Cheerfulness" to the good people of that city, in the course of which he mentioned the fact of the chronic melancholy of his New England friends, and expressed the belief that "cheerfulness was one of the fine arts which was nearly lost among those grave people, who take even their pleasures sadly." In one of his New England audiences not a smile, not an emotion, had greeted him

throughout his lecture, and he felt as though he had gotten into a public dormitory by mistake. When he finished, deep sadness had fallen upon his audience. His manager asked him to be introduced to some of the principal men of the town, but one by one they all passed out of the building, until a single individual remained. This man the manager struggled with in order to redeem the hospitality of the place, and finally prevailing, introduced him, while Mr. Fields grasped his cold, reluctant knuckles, as the man who had *laid out more people* than any other five men in those parts. Mr. Fields thought the man looked him over as though he were then taking his measure.

The ready wit of Bishop Ames is well known to all who have had the pleasure to attend a conference where he presides. He can settle a debate with a *bonmot*, untie the knottiest tangle of technicalities with a wise saw, or effectually extinguish an aspirant for prominence by some ludicrous comparison. He does not even spare his reverend colleagues when opportunity serves. One of the latter with whom he was in company lately referred to the astonishing tenacity of memory possessed by a certain local preacher, who, hearing him preach one of his best sermons, went off and used it himself, gaining great celebrity thereby. "That," said Bishop Ames, "was clearly a case of *petty larceny*."

At the annual conference in P—— a brother arose in his place and asked leave to retire, as he had been called in great haste to perform some pastoral duty. "Bishop," said he, "I must reach the dépôt at twelve;" and, quoting a familiar stanza, continued, "'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels."

"Oh," replied the bishop, "you had better take the street-car; it will answer quite as well."

The gravity of that conference was considerably upset for some minutes as the brother stood pondering the practical suggestion, and then disappeared, while the bishop called up the next business.

In Mr. John Esten Cooke's "Life of General Robert E. Lee" we find the following anecdotes, showing his nice sense of humor and the simplicity of his character:

On one occasion two members of his staff sat up late at night discussing a keg of whisky and a problem in algebra. Upon meeting one of them in the morning General Lee inquired as usual after his health, and learned in reply that he was suffering from a headache. "Ah, colonel," remarked the old man, "I have often observed that when the unknown quantities, x and y, are represented by a keg of whisky and a tin cup, the solution of the equation is usually a headache!"

Standing round the camp-fire on a bitter cold morning, and shivering before each blast of a biting wind which came from the frozen north, the thermometer below zero, more than one member of General Lee's staff was heard to mutter an aspiration for a glass of whisky toddy, or some other alcoholic stimulant. No one noticed that the general took any cognizance or was even aware of this half-articulate expression of a wish. But presently emerging from his tent with a stone bottle or demijohn under his arm, he drew near to the camp-fire, and said, "Gentlemen, the morning is very cold: the kindness of a friend enables me to offer you a cordial. Pray bring your tin cups and taste what I have here." There were one or two onlookers who noticed a twinkle in the old soldier's eye and a lurking smile upon his mouth, which taught them to anticipate a "sell." But the majority of the company hastily fetched their drinking-cups, and stood expectant round their chief. The cork was drawn, and the liquor proved to be—*buttermilk*.

From the first volume of a work on "Monuments and Monumental Inscriptions in Scotland," just published by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, historiographer to the Historical Society of Great Britain, we quote a few quaint inscriptions:

At Ancrum Moor a monument commemorates "Maiden Lilliard," a young Scotchwoman who, at the battle of Ancrum (1545), distinguished herself by her extraordinary valor. The epitaph proceeds thus:

Fair Maiden Lilliard lies under this stane;
Little was her stature, but great was her fame;
Upon the English loons she laid mony thumps;
And when her legs were cuttit aff she fought upon her stumps.

The following lines commemorate the wife of David Stewart, shoe-maker, who died April 11, 1803:

For twenty years and eight I lived a maiden's life,
And five-and-thirty years I was a married wife;
And in that space of time eight children I did bear—
Four sons, four daughters, who ever lov'd most dear.
Three of that number, as the Scriptures run,
Preach up the way to heaven, and hell to shun.

This in remembrance of a clock-maker:

Here lyes a man who all his mortal life
Past mending clocks, but cou'dna mend his wyfe;
The larum o' hys bell was ne'er sae shrill
As was her tongue, aye clacking like a mill.
But now he's gane—oh, whither nane can tell—
I hope beyond the soun' o' Matty's bell.

And then what are we to think of this, copied from a stone in the church-yard at Kelton?—

Here lyes the corps of Agnes Herries,
Spouse of Robert Corion; also Mary,
Agnes, Marion, Margaret, at one birth;
Robert, Andrew, James, at one birth.

In the parish of Fenwick is a stone to the memory of James White, who was shot to death by Peter Inglis and his party in 1685:

This martyr was by Peter Inglis shot,
By birth a tyger rather than a Scot,
Who that his monstrous extract might be seen,
Cut off his head and kickt it o'er the green.
Thus was that head which was to wear a crown
A foot-ball made by a profane dragoon.

James Orr, weaver, thus celebrates his wife and children:

Affliction sore with meekness long I bore,
Physicians were in vain,
Till God did please that death should seize,
And eas'd me of that pain.
Here also lies 2 girls, 2 boys,
They were part of my earthly joys;
But life's a jest, and all things show it:
I once thought so, but now I know it.

On the word of a Christian and a navigator (writes a welcome correspondent), the following

stories are true—most of them are so to my own personal knowledge, and the others are so well vouched for that it would be simply a misdemeanor to doubt them.

Our parson is responsible for the first. Said he:

"Poor Jones died while you were away last summer. In all my experience I never saw so disconsolate and grief-broken a creature as poor little Mrs. Jones: it was very sudden, you know. I went to the house as soon as I heard of it; I prayed, I exhorted, I offered my sympathy; but her sorrow was uncontrollable. In such cases I think it best that the mourner should be left alone. There are times when the natural feelings *will* have sway in spite of all the consolations of the Gospel; and this was evidently one. So I prepared to depart.

"'I will leave you, poor bereaved one,' I said, 'with this injunction: Pray—pray that God will vouchsafe His Comforter, that He will make broad thy back to receive its burden, that He will enable you to perceive the promised bow in the—'

"'Oh, rector!' she burst in, 'how *can* you think—think—of such a thing? It's too—too—too-hoo—*premature*, I'm—I'm sure!'

"And," continued the old gentleman, checking the off rein and wheeling away from the gate, "after some cogitation I fancied that I discovered that the bow I was *talking* about and the 'beau' she was *thinking* about wasn't the same kind of a bow at all."

Every body, twenty-five years ago, knew Sam Slick's "Cato Cooper." Cato, full of years and honors, was long since gathered to his fathers, but being dead he yet liveth in Cato II., now in *his* turn verging upon the sere and—no, not *yellow*, by any means! Cato is *pur sang*, and remains all unbleached despite the threescore Acadian winters that have pelted him with their hail and snows, and all the spring and autumn deluges that wash the spots out of piebald cattle, and drench black sheep's fleeces to the purity of the bursted cotton pod. Cato is not unmindful of his illustrious sire and his lofty descent from the F. F. D.'s (Dongola), as is abundantly evidenced by a tale of the country-side, which preserves the haughty rebuke administered by him to *his* son—Cato de free times—whose early proclivities to frog ponds and mud puddles evinced such plebeian tendencies of soul as oftimes vexed the brain of his aristocratic sire with doubts of the fidelity of his sometimes overmagnanimous spouse.

Cato—it is some twenty years since—was one afternoon trying to puzzle out the road from "Ould M'Slaggerty's" whisky-mill to "home an' Chloe," when, as he tacked up a small eminence, he was hove all aback by the sight of Cato III., apparently nearly in a state of nature, disporting hugely among some ducklings in a greenish puddle, half pool, half ditch, that stood by the way-side. Cato II. went backward from the blasting vision till the fence "fotch'd him up ker-whang." He stretched forth an arm, he (after several essays) pushed back from his encumbered eyebrows the picturesque old ruin that adorned his head, and, in a voice of mingled agony and wrath, cried out, "Cato! Cato Cooper! Goramighty! is dat *you*—*my* son, Cato Cooper? Come heah dreckly, Sah! I'll larn you to be playin' in de mud puddles, you blaasted young sweep!—an' nuffin but you ole gray bob-tail shirt on too! Pretty capers dem for 'spectable man's chil'en! don' ye tink so? Come out dat, I say, 'fo' I *baash* you ugly head wid a rock-'tone! come out dat, yah! Nex' ting peoples comin' 'long de road be s'pectin' you's some *low Irish young one 'r nudder.*"

But here Cato's adjuration was cut short by a shriek of concave-rending laughter. Behind him two men rolled helplessly on the grass, while a third, desperately clinging to the palings, choked out,

"You darn drunken ole rang-a-tang! that ain't your Cato; that's Squire Haliburton's monkey broke loose, an' a-wringin' the necks of Mother Mulholland's young ducks—"

But Cato heard no more.

Last winter one of the "Sen*ay*tors to Ottawa," from the country of Evangeline, while wandering over his "princely domain," got entangled in the woods, and, for a time, lost. He discovered after a while, what is usual in such cases, that he was moving in a circle while striving to get out. Fortunately he was extricated before dark. That evening, relating his adventure to a friend, who related it to us, he enlarged upon his bewilderment when he ascertained that he had come back to his own tracks, and declared that it made him think of the old "children's story" about the "world goin' round;" and "raley swanned" he couldn't "help 'maginin'," while he was so "bothered," that "*thar was raley somethin' in it!*"

A Baltimore correspondent, of good moral character, vouches that the following small anecdote was greatly enjoyed the other evening at a Presbyterian singing-school rehearsal in that city:

During the usual intermission a young gentleman who was in the habit of being out late o' nights approached the instrument, and on taking the seat vacated by the professor, asked that worthy,

"Professor, in what key is 'Days of Absence?'"

"The night-key," was the prompt reply.

The value of women in this age of woman's rights had a queer exemplification in one of our Territories upon a recent occasion. It appears that an Indian boy belonging to one of the Northern tribes had been living for a considerable time in a family consisting of a young man and his young wife, the latter a *petite* and charming person. She had occasionally paid some attention to the Indian boy, and for his services had rewarded him with a smile of approbation, and in one way or another had captivated the heart of the savage completely.

It became necessary for the young wife to go away on a long journey to the eastward, on a visit to her mother. After her departure the Indian was quite restless, and made frequent inquiries of the husband about the little squaw. He was put off with evasive answers, and was finally told that the young wife had been sold, and would probably come back no more. This set the Indian to thinking, and appeared to make

him very uneasy. One day when the husband, in company with Colonel Brackett, was about going out, the Indian came up and asked if it would not be possible to purchase the little squaw back. The husband appeared to reflect some time, and finally answered,

"Yes, but I should have to give a horse for her."

This seemed too much for the Indian, who instantly replied,

"Oh, don't do dat; give 'em my little dog; dat's enough for her!"

How is that for the equality of women?

THIS from a friend in Iowa:

Last evening at a little dinner-party, in which Judge Dillon, of the United States Circuit Court, and others of local fame, participated, the conversation turned upon the recent change of base by the Rev. Mr. Hepworth, and the resulting unfavorable comments of some of his former admirers. The "situation" was thusly described:

It reminds me of a story told by Mr. Lincoln while receiving the sympathies of his friends in the evening after his defeat for the United States Senate by Judge Douglas. "When I was a boy at school we had among us a big clumsy Hoosier lad, who one day fell and received some severe bruises. As he didn't seem inclined to continue the play we asked him,

"'What are you going to do about it?'

"'Well, boys,' he replied, 'I suppose I'm too big to cry about it, but it hurts so goll-darned bad that I can't laugh at it.'"

And that's "what's the matter" with the Unitarians.

A VIRGIN of mature years from one of the rural towns of Pennsylvania was visiting in the far-famed city of Gotham, and being quite a novice in city life, her friends took great pains in exhibiting to her the numerous lions of the great metropolis. Nothing seemed to delight and interest her so much as a visit to A. T. Stewart's palatial establishment. A polite and gentlemanly young clerk devoted himself to the ancient maiden with charming assiduity, answered all her inquiries with interest and promptness, escorted her through the different departments, displayed the goods most temptingly, and finally, having gone the rounds, was about to depart with a profound bow. The lady, however, detained the young man, and was most profuse in her thanks for his great courtesy; but she suddenly stopped, and exclaimed, with great discomfiture and chagrin:

"*There*, I have taken this long journey to New York, and visited Stewart's great store, and yet have never seen the candy department!"

Imagine the discomfiture of the old lady at her ungratified vision of the "sweets;" also of her entertainers, the New Yorkers, that such palpable and unpardonable ignorance should lurk beneath a lady-like appearance and demeanor.

YOU have thousands of readers (writes a correspondent at Nashville, Tennessee) who appreciate a good thing at the expense even of that "bulwark of our liberties," the trial by jury. The Hon. N—— B——, for many years before the war, and at present, our highly respected circuit judge, while perhaps as good a *nisi prius* judge as has ever worn the judicial ermine, is at the same time one of the most genial of men. No one enjoys or can tell a good story better than he. This one I think well worthy preservation in your treasury of good things, the Editor's Drawer. Not many years ago, the judge says, a man was on trial at Waynesborough, in this State, on a charge of murder. The evidence for the State in—of itself fatally defective—the defendant on his part, by the testimony of several unimpeachable witnesses, established a perfect "alibi." The judge and every one else supposed the prosecuting attorney would thereupon give up the case. But no; he was an obstinate fellow, whom the defendant's counsel had made mad, and, moreover, he "had no use for" the defendant any way, and argue the case he would. Court adjourned till the next morning. Meanwhile our attorney-general spent a good portion of the night in ransacking the books for "bloody cases," more especially those in which the judges had indulged in a vast deal of rhetoric in their descriptions of the horrible nature of the crime of murder. These extracts he read to the jury in his speech the next morning, quoting also freely from the Old Testament as to the proper disposition to be made of the murderer, and closed up in a perfect conflagration of English adjectives in giving his own notions as to the *indescribable heinousness* of the crime of murder. The Court then charged the jury briefly, who, after a few moments' retirement, brought in a verdict of "Guilty of murder in the first degree!" Of course a new trial was at once granted. Defendant's counsel, however, was naturally curious to know how the jury *could* have found that verdict, and so, walking up to one of the most intelligent of the twelve, he said to him, "How on earth did you find that verdict? on what *evidence* did you base it?"

"Oh!" said the juryman; "thar wa'n't nothing in the *evidence* that *teched* him; but, you see, *the law was so —— strong!*"

UNCLE JOHN VERNAM, of Livingston County, New York, had a droll way of expressing his views, and evidently had some practical ideas about the ministerial commission. Every Christmas he sent to each clergyman in the village of Mount Morris a first-class ham of liberal dimensions. Some years ago a new preacher settled in the town, and started a new sect. When Christmas came the old settled clergymen received their large hams, but the new apostle was favored with a small shoulder. Meeting Uncle John, he asked why he gave to the brethren a "big ham" and to him a "little shoulder."

"Oh," said Uncle John, with a twinkle in his eye, "that's all right, all right. You come about as near to a minister as a shoulder does to a ham."

THE State of Ohio has a practical liquor law, under which imprisonment as well as fine is not only possible, but frequent. In the quiet rural village of Coshocton, in the county of the same name, whisky and its uses are not classed with the "lost arts," but the liquor law seems to have binding force. At the last term of the Common Pleas Court "in and for said county," held in the village aforesaid, one Shikes, a Teutonic citizen of versatile business pursuits, was tried for selling whisky "contrary to the statute," etc., and "against the peace and dignity," etc. He

was found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of fifty dollars, and to be imprisoned in the county jail for thirty days. To this the prisoner at the bar offered serious objections, and protested as follows:

"Chail! Go to chail! *Me* go to chail! But I can't go! Dere's my pizness—my pakery. Who pakes my pread when I ben gone?"

Casting his eyes about the court-room appealingly, they fell upon the good-natured face of jolly Chris Ellwaner, a fellow-countryman, who has no "pizness," and forthwith a brilliant idea occurred to him. Turning to the Court, he said, in sober earnest:

"Dere's Chris Ellwaner! He's got noting to do. Send him!"

Chris was not sent, but remains at large to be the butt of the village over Shikes's novel idea of vicarious imprisonment.

When I was commanding the second brigade, second division of cavalry corps, Military Department of the Mississippi, while colonel of the Twelfth Indiana Cavalry (writes a friend in Western New York), there occurred a comical little incident, which I send you, and which you are welcome to for the Drawer.

I was riding across Canal Street, in New Orleans, not far from the bronze statue of Henry Clay. My Irish orderly rode up and said, as he pulled his forelock, "Does them N'Orleans fellers like a nager so's t' pit a statter of him in the fashionablest sthreet they've got?"

"That isn't a nigger, Tom," said I; "that's the great Clay statue."

"Might I go look at it?"

Tom galloped off, on my permission, rode round the statue, dismounted, and climbed up on the granite pedestal; and then, mounting his horse again, he soon overtook me.

"Did they tell yez that was clay?" said he, with every appearance of disgust.

"Yes," I said.

"Well, Sir, it's a lie—it's *iron!*"

A piquant anecdote in illustration of the spirit of Young Oxford comes to us by last steamer. It is notorious that all the dons are not quite as orthodox as they might be, and two or three of them are decidedly heterodox. A budding B.A. met one of these heterodox dons the other day and asked, "By-the-bye, Mr. Blank, were you ever vaccinated?"

"Yes," was the don's answer. "When I was a little boy I was vaccinated, and I was also baptized; *but neither took.*"

It was a very improper observation in a don, of course; but perhaps the wit may be allowed to atone for its levity.

Alphonse Karr, the gardener-poet, has offered a *bonmot* to the world. He was lately present at a banquet given by the disciples of Hahnemann. Toasts were given to the health of every medical celebrity by every body, when the president remarked, "Monsieur Karr, you have not proposed the health of any one."

The poet rose, and modestly replied, "I propose the health of the sick."

Biddy has a curious felicity in perverting the meaning of a message which she is directed to deliver. Paddy excels in the same thing, but Biddy treads close upon his heels. Neither of them ever boggles or hesitates; they dash off something that sounds like what they have been told to repeat, and then plume themselves upon having made no greater mistake. Commodore Shubrick was visiting Fenimore Cooper, and Pat was directed to ask for letters for the old gentleman at the post-office. Full of zeal, he inquired, "Have you iver a letter for Mr. Brickbat?"

The puzzled postmaster asked a by-stander if he knew who was staying at the Hall. He mentioned the name of Shubrick.

"Sure, and he's the man," said Pat; "but didn't I make a good guess at it?"

Mr. Gallup called at the house of a lady friend, and was informed that she was not at home. He left his compliments, desiring Biddy to tell her mistress that Mr. Gallup had called.

"Ma'am," said Biddy, "Mr. Trot called to see you, and left his likeness."

The alarming increase of suicides among us, and the liberal space hitherto accorded to details of that style of exit, have suggested that an equally satisfactory and much more succinct mode of communicating the facts to the public might be made in tabular form—say like this:

Amos Peters, New York—revolver (Colt's).
G. R. Watson, Newark—river (Passaic).
Ellen M'Gorran, Forty-first Street—laudanum.
Robert Flyn, Brooklyn—rope.
John Burdick, Hoboken—window (fourth story).
O. F. Gould, Harlem—rum (S. Cruz).
Thos. Healy—thrown from wagon (2' 40").
Ab'm. Vanderzee, Williamsburg—razor (jugular).
Etc., etc., etc.

Not bad for an insurance man. At a social party recently the following question was put: "What is religion?" The answer: "Religion is an insurance against fire in the next world, for which honesty is the best policy."

Attorney-Generals have curious law questions submitted to them. Here are three recently propounded from a neighboring State:

To the Atorny-Ginral:

Dear sur,—Please releave a perplexd colecktor:

1. If a man is assessed for a dog and won't pay it what shall i do?
2. If the dog dies after it is assessed and before it is payable must i coleckt it?
3. If a man is assessed for a dog who never had a dog how shal i git rid of it?

A talented clerk was deputed to answer, and did so as follows, after consulting "Ram on Facts:"

1. Make the dog pay it.
2. Yes, unless it is too far gone.
3. Tie a tin pan to its tail.

The following criticism by a Scotch sexton is not bad:

A clergyman in the country had a stranger preaching for him one day, and meeting his sexton, asked,

"Well, Saunders, how did you like the sermon to-day?"

"It was rather ower plain and simple for me. I like thae sermons best that jumbles the joodgment and confoonds the sense. Od, Sir, I nev-

er saw ane that could come up to yoursel' at that."

Mr. Hawkins, the eminent English lawyer, who was second counsel in the famous Tichborne case, is one of the ablest men at the English bar—keen and vigilant as a hawk, with a great fund of pleasantry and genuine humor, which quite relieved the long tedium of the case. Law courts require a little humor, and it must be owned that nowhere else does a small joke go such a long way. A witness having died, the Tichborne counsel mentioned the fact that the crier was calling him below.

"Why do you say *below?*" quoth the Attorney-General.

"He is *your witness*," was the reply.

In the memoir of Robert Chambers, by his brother William, allusion is made to the exceedingly quiet town of Peebles, their birth-place, and the strong local attachments of the Scottish people. An honest old burgher of the town was enabled by some strange chance to visit Paris, and was eagerly questioned, when he came back, as to the character of that capital of capitals; to which he answered that "Paris, a' things considered, was a wonderful place; but still, Peebles for pleesure!"

Dean Ramsay tells an amusing story of the cool self-sufficiency of the young Scottish domestic—a boy who, in a very quiet, determined way, made his exit from a house into which he had very lately been introduced. He had been told that he should be dismissed if he broke any of the china that was under his charge. On the morning of a great dinner-party he was intrusted (rather rashly) with a great load of plates, which he was to carry up stairs from the kitchen to the dining-room, and which were piled up and rested upon his two hands. In going up stairs his foot slipped, and the plates were broken to atoms. He at once went up to the drawing-room, put his head in at the door, and shouted, "The plates are a' smashed, and I'm awa'!"

How touching was the grief displayed in B—— at a funeral a little out of town! The undertaker, who was directing matters in a very professional and proper way, noticed a man giving orders, and, as he thought, rather encroaching upon the duties and privileges of his own office.

"And who are you, my friend, that are so busy about here?"

"Oh! you don't know me?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, I'm the corpse's brother."

That was a sly old Scotchman who, on marrying a very young wife, was rallied by his friends on the inequality of their ages.

"She will be near me," he replied, "to close my een."

"Weel," remarked another of the party, "I've had twa wives, and they *opened my een.*"

Young men who will sit up late on Saturday nights playing cards, and go to church next morning with a "full deck" in their pockets, should be careful about their being so bestowed as not to fall out. When Bob Howe went to the Baptist meeting in Circleville, and took his seat with his sweetheart in the front pew in the gallery, he had occasion to use his handkerchief, and drawing it rather suddenly from the breast pocket, drew out with it the entire pack of "Cohen's best linen," which flew all about below. The good minister "saw" it, and knowing whereof he spoke, simply observed, "Young man, your psalm-book has been poorly bound."

That seemed to be the prevalent impression.

Mr. Twain was recently found at home, in his library, dandling upon his knee, with every appearance of fond parientness, a young Twain—so young as not yet to be able to "walk upright and make bargains." Mrs. Twain, on showing the visitor into the sanctum, and finding spouse thus engaged, said,

"Now, Mark, you *know* you love that baby—don't you?"

"Well," replied Mark, in his slow, drawling kind of way, "I—can't—exactly—say—I—love—it—*but—I—respect—it!*"

It rather hit the nail on the head when a lady, on being asked what she thought was the true meaning of the words, "the pestilence that walketh in darkness," answered that, in *her* opinion, "it was *bed-bugs.*"

Near P——, in West Virginia, is a local court presided over by an honest old farmer, who in earlier years was an attorney at law. The judge is a unique specimen—muscular, impatient, quick-tempered, but not ungenerous. Recently, while on the bench, he espied in the audience an old negro whom he had employed to haul some timber from his saw-mill near by, but who had been induced to do the same kind of labor for another person, to the neglect of the judiciary. The judge immediately suspended the trial, quit the woolsack, and approached the African with,

"You —— old rascal! why didn't you haul timber for me, as you promised? I'll teach you a lesson!"

Old Afric squared off, shucked his coat, spat on his hands, and replied:

"Come on, massa! come on! Dis ole chile used to spank you when you's a boy, and, by golly, he can jis do it agin!"

The judge's "motion" was overruled, and a *nol. pros.* entered.

In the neighboring village of B——, writes a Western correspondent, lived an old gentleman of the name of Newberry, whose fault-finding propensities had won for him the cognomen of "Old Growler." Across the way lived another Newbury (spelled with a *u*), who enjoyed getting off a joke at the expense of his grumbling neighbor. One morning a stranger came into the store of Newbury in search of a pair of boots. Not finding any to fit, the obliging shop-keeper informed him that maybe "Old Growler" across the way could fit him with a pair. Over the way he went, and asked, "Mr. Growler, can you fit me to a pair of boots?" The cordwainer, irate at being thus trifled with, instantly sprang to the door, and applied his own boot to the person of the offender, with such force as to effect his speedy exit from the room, at the same time mildly inquiring, "*How does that pair fit?*"

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IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE.

"HOW PURE IS THIS ATMOSPHERE!"

IN America a genuine old-fashioned grandfather is a rare blessing. The habits of the people are so essentially migratory that the young fledgelings tumble out of the family nest before they are able to fly; and even if they condescend to remain in the vicinity of the old homestead they are continually trying new situations, building new nests, and changing from tree to tree, until old age forces them into quiescence, not where they have chosen, but where they happen to be. These home bodies are, however, an exception to the general rule. Young birds are not satisfied with such circumscribed restlessness, but prefer to fly away over mountains and rivers, hundreds and even thousands of miles, before they find an abiding-place which suits their fancy. And as, in either case, the old birds at home are unable to follow their wandering children, three generations are seldom seen together, and the sage wisdom of a grandfather is almost an unknown language—one of the lost treasures of the past.

The majority of Americans in the nineteenth century have no local attachments. Not one in ten thousand lives in the house where his father lived before him. This taste for change will last until our broad country, from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate, is well filled with homes, villages, and cities. Then will arise the Old-World love for a homestead descending from father to son, the Old-World reverence for time-honored customs, and the Old-World belief in the wisdom of grandfathers, all now considered mere effete superstitions of the past.

But in its day and generation our family

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stood out a bright example to the surrounding country. We had a grandfather who sat in his arm-chair, crowned with wisdom and silver hair, and related to us stories of the good old times. We were brought up to believe in the degeneracy of cities with their follies and false ideas of pleasure, and to admire rural life with its simplicity and rational enjoyment. We were never weary of hearing tales of the deep chimney with its fire of logs, the dairy and spring-house with their stores of cool milk and golden butter, the rustic gatherings, and the long journeys at no greater speed than two good horses could attain. We cherished a secret scorn for our modern range, we condemned the locomotives as prosaic, we despised modern society for its false pretension, and longed for the naïve simplicity of country life. Judge, therefore, of our delight when one June morning grandfather in his deliberate manner remarked: "Priscilla, change is necessary to the welfare of all. You are not looking as strong as I could wish, and I have implicit faith in the remedy of my youth—the remedy of common-sense. In these degenerate days people are whirled along from town to town in hot, dusty cars, losing the scenery, the fresh air, and their tempers. Now I propose, my child, that we take the open carriage, and ride leisurely into the country, enjoying the broad sky and changing clouds, the varying landscape, and the good plain fare of the village inns. Once off these hard pavements, we shall find smooth winding roads, and, no doubt, discover much to interest us in the simplicity and rustic politeness of the farming population."

Cousin Sue and I were charmed with the plan, and before many days had passed we started for Arcadia, the light carriage drawn by Bob and Sultan, our handsome bays; grandfather driving, and Sue and I on the back seat, in search of the picturesque. Sue and I were attired in our oldest dresses, and carried only hand-sachels in the way of baggage; for "your plainest attire, my dears, will be more than handsome down in the country," said grandfather.

We soon left Marathon behind us, and a rising ground showed its distant spires and the cloud of smoke hanging above them. "How pure is this atmosphere!" exclaimed grandfather, checking the horses, and expanding his lungs with long breaths of delight; but just as we had opened our mouths to follow his example a whirl of dust and a whiff of coal-oil heralded the approach of a line of teams from the refineries, and around the corner came the heads of the slow-moving leaders, the first of a train of forty wagons, each one loaded with the well-known odoriferous blue casks which have added so much to the dirt and wealth of Marathon. The heavy feet of the draught-horses churned up the dust, and the penetrating odor of the petroleum filled the air. Coughing and choking, grandfather touched Sultan with his whip, in the hope of passing the pestilential procession; but from a cross-road on the right a peddler's red wagon rattled into the turnpike before us, and pertinaciously kept close in front of our carriage, enveloping us in a cloud of dust, exasperating because unnecessary. If grandfather slackened his speed so as to fall behind, the red wagon would slacken also; if we started forward again, the red wagon would rattle ahead, the horses on a full gallop, and the tin pans on top clattering in distracting harmony. Remembering that a stern chase is a long chase, grandfather checked the horses into a slow walk, but after one free breath there was the red back of our adversary close before us again, and the dust more stifling than ever. As a side remark, I here wish to protest against the dog-in-the-manger policy peculiar to peddlers' wagons. I say wagons, because the peddlers themselves are invisible, hidden away in the recesses of their caravans, and therefore the aggravation seems to proceed from the clumsy vehicles themselves. They will neither go on nor allow others to do so; and it is a question whether their red color may not be considered an additional grievance.

Toward noon we approached the village where we were to dine, and after driving through a barren, sandy public square we reached the hotel, and were ushered into a large room lighted by eight windows guiltless of either blinds or curtains, where an army of flies buzzed joyously. Ten wooden chairs, a centre table, and a spittoon composed the furniture, while the "Father of his Country" and "S. T.—1860.—X. Plantation Bitters" adorned the wall. On the ringing of a huge bell we went to the dining-room, where the long table was already filled with people engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with the dishes.

"Pork-steak, beef-steak, fried ham and eggs," said the ringleted damsel at our elbows.

"Beef-steak," said grandfather; "and, my good girl, bring us some fresh boiled eggs, and a little honey in the comb."

"We ain't got any eggs, Sir, except what's on the ham; we expected some from Marathon to-day, but they haven't come. We don't keep honey, but here's some first-rate jam."

"Well, well, never mind; a pitcher of milk, then."

"We've got no milk, Sir; milk is scarce out here; but I can get you a cobbler or julep at the bar."

"We are still too near the city, my dears," said grandfather as we drove away. "By evening I trust we shall leave the turmoil far behind us, and enter the real Arcadia."

On we journeyed, and the broad road

lengthened out before us in endless monotony. It ran with mathematical precision from one town to another, and when we reached the summit of a small elevation we could trace its white line straight before us as far as the eye could reach. On either side, shut in by zigzag fences, were corn and wheat fields, and the hot sun burned their faces and ours with the persistent blaze of a cloudless June day. The light top of the carriage, extending over the back seat, afforded some protection to Sue and myself, but poor grandfather simmered in front, and mopped his face in silence. About four o'clock we came to a way-side inn.

"We will stop here and rest a few moments," said grandfather. "Perhaps some iced milk would refresh you.—Here, Sir," he called out to a half-grown youth who, with his hat drawn over his eyes, was lounging on a bench at the door; "will you bring us a pitcher of iced milk?"

"We don't sell milk here," replied the boy, with a prolonged stare.

"No, I suppose your customers seldom call for it; but these ladies would like a glass with a lump of ice."

"But we ain't got any at all. We sell it all in Marathon."

"Have you any buttermilk, then?"

"No; we don't keep buttermilk."

"Any cider?"

"No; we don't keep that either."

"What in the name of Andrew Jackson *do* you keep?" asked my thirsty ancestor, testily.

"The best lager made in Marathon; it came out by rail this morning."

"I have never tasted this modern beverage, Priscilla, but I will now venture, as it is all they have," said grandfather, handing me the reins.

Fanning himself vigorously with his hat, he disappeared into the house, leaving the boy reclining on his bench with easy grace. After a pause this youth opened a conversation:

"Fine day, ma'am."

"Yes," I replied, "but rather warm."

"It 'll be a deal hotter before it gets through. I say, have you got any pills?"

"What?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Any pills or powders for fever-nager or liver-complaint?"

"What can he mean?" exclaimed Sue.

"Why, you're patent-medicine agents, ain't you? They always travel through the country with horses instead of taking the cars. There was one along last week who had his women folks with him, and his medicines under the back seat."

"We are not agents," I replied; "we are traveling for pleasure."

"For what?"

"For pleasure."

At this juncture grandfather appeared, and we drove away, followed by the dull curiosity of the pill-consuming boy, who even left his bench and advanced to the middle of the road, shading his eyes with his hand to gaze after the singular beings who were traveling for "pleasure."

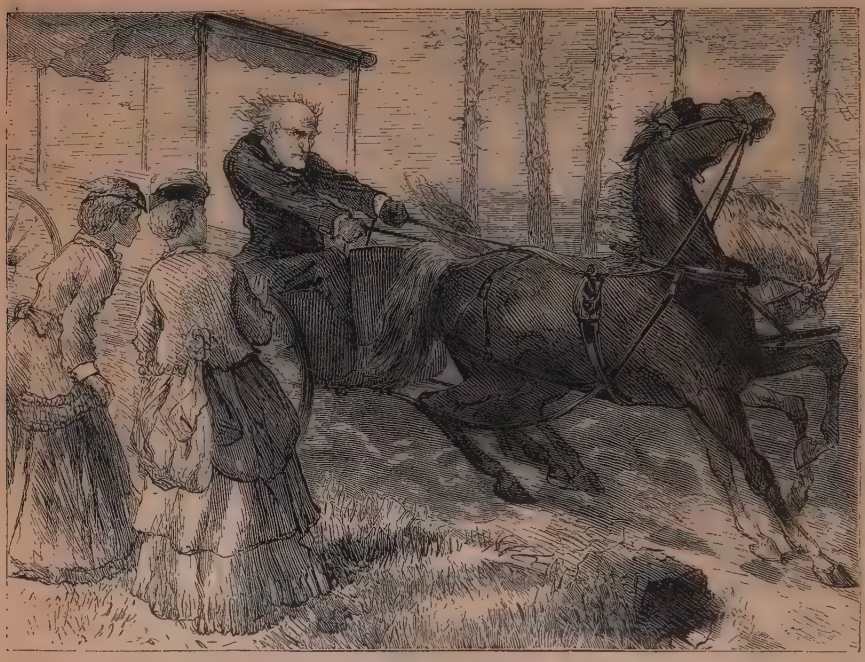
The heat grew more intense, and the horses drooped under the burning sun, so that it was dusk before we reached Phyle, where we were to pass the night. Driving to the hotel, we alighted amidst a group of loungers, and struggled into the crowded house, where all was bustle and confusion. No private rooms could be obtained until eleven o'clock, when most of the guests would depart; supper was over, but we were at liberty to go into the dining-room and pick up something; the old gentleman must attend to the horses himself, as the men were all busy with the procession. The Bridge Commissioners were in town, and to-morrow the question of the new bridge would be decided; delegates from the surrounding towns were present; there was to be a torch-light procession, and the Hon. Galusha A. Brown would address the voters on the square at eight precisely. Sitting on hard chairs in the crowded parlor, Sue and I passed a dismal hour, while grandfather, in his shirt sleeves, worked over Bob and Sultan in the stifling stable. Unable to find any thing eatable in the dining-room, we started for a walk in the balmy evening to cool our aching brows and escape the din and confusion; but the streets swarmed with children and dogs, the roar of a cannon came from the square, and finally we met the procession, with a brass band at the head and drums at the foot, and were obliged to swallow the clouds of dust rising up from the patriotic feet of the bridge advocates, and a finishing whirl from the carriage in the rear conveying the Hon. Galusha to the scene of his triumph. At midnight we were shown into disordered rooms, where, upon feather-beds, we tossed uncomfortably until welcome daylight dawned. The sun rose in an unclouded sky. With the aid of a sleepy boy grandfather harnessed the horses, and we drove away from Phyle. The road grew narrow and winding, and as hills appeared around us, grandfather's spirits rose.

"This is more like old times!" he exclaimed: "then all the roads were hilly, and far better they were, too, for man and for beast than the modern turnpike. I was once thought to be an adept in the art of driving, my dears, and I never saw a hill too precipitous for my fancy. Yes, this is something like old times."

After several hours we came to a place where two roads met, and as there was no guide-board, we hesitated which to take.

"The left-hand road seems to be the most traveled," I remarked.

"Priscilla," said grandfather, solemnly,



TRYING THE BRAKE.

"when you are in any doubt, look at the sun; then you can not err. In old times people were better instructed in the science of the heavens, and needed no guide-boards. We are going east, and the right-hand road turns eastward; so naturally that is our course."

We turned to the right, and the tracks grew fewer and fainter as we advanced. At length we reached the summit of a very high hill.

"Rather precipitous," said grandfather; and Sue and I held our breath as Bob and Sultan somewhat unwillingly commenced the descent. "Whoa, boys, whoa!" called out our driver, wrapping the reins around his wrists and bracing his feet against the dash-board. Faster and faster we went, for the horses could not hold back, and finally they raced down the sharp pitch, broke into a gallop on the bridge, and continued it half-way up the opposite ascent. Much frightened, Sue and I heaved a sigh of relief as our gay steeds dropped into a walk; but when we reached the summit, there before us lay another pitch even more dangerous than the first. Grandfather reined up, and Sue, who is something of a coward, exclaimed,

"Oh, please, let me get out and walk."

"Well, my dears, perhaps you would do better to get out, both of you; for, as the horses have no breeching, I must contrive a species of brake for the carriage, or they may do us some injury."

"No what, grandfather?"

"No breeching, child; we do not require it in the city, and I suppose Cæsar forgot it."

Leaving me at the horses' heads, grandfather went to the road-side and began pulling a long rail out of the fence. Bravely he worked, and the perspiration fell in drops as he dragged the unwieldy log across the road to the carriage, and, raising it with great exertion, ran it through the spokes of the hind wheels.

"Now, children, go on before, and I will see how the brake works."

We started, and when half-way down the hill were frightened by a tremendous noise in the rear. First came the horses, foaming and fretting, just ready to break away; then grandfather, on the front seat, without his hat, his hair streaming, his face scarlet, holding on to the reins with all his strength; the locked wheels of the carriage came banging along, hitting every stone, and throwing a cloud of dust over us as they crashed on down to the bottom of the hill.

Picking up the lost hat, we followed, and found the equipage safe on the bridge, and grandfather laboring to pull out the rail. "I think I had better put it in the carriage," he said, panting, "for we may need it if there are any more hills." So we toiled up the ascent, the unwieldy rail in every body's way, and threatening to take our lives at one fell blow. Any more hills indeed! It

was well we took the rail, for we spent the rest of the morning lifting it in and out of the carriage, running it through the hind wheels, and walking up and down endless hills in clouds of dust and dews of perspiration. Worn with fatigue, we at last reached Megara, the village where we were to dine. "What abominable roads you have about here!" growled grandfather, as he sank into a chair; "I never saw such hills."

"You don't mean to say you came over the hill road?" asked the fat landlord. "Why didn't you take the left-hand road? It's as smooth as your hand."

"But that road turns to the west."

"I don't know nothing about east and west," replied Boniface; "but that's the road, and nobody thinks of coming over the hills nowadays."

Our dinner consisted of fried ham and eggs; no vegetables or ice in the house. While we were reposing in the parlor the door opened, and a gaunt young woman appeared, her hair arranged in an enormous chignon, with a solitary curl dangling down her back. "Good-afternoon, ladies," she said, seating herself in a rocking-chair and smiling graciously. "You be from Marathon, perhaps?"

"Yes," I replied, with dignity.

"Well, I thought I'd come in and keep you company a while. You see I've got a dress-maker in the back-room, and I'm hevin' a dress made over. I thought likely you could tell me whether 'twas most genteel to hev panyers in the upper skirt or not. I see by the *Bong-Tong* that panyers is much worn, although you don't seem to hev none on; them dresses of yours are cut in the fashion of two years ago. Hev you got any others with you?"

"No," I replied; "we brought no trunks."

"Well, now, for my part, I like to hev my things in the style, especially when I'm traveling," pursued our visitor; "folks here in Megara are mighty particular about fashion. Excuse me, but is that the latest thing in hair?" pointing to Sue's somewhat disheveled coiffure.

Here I felt called upon to explain that we made no attempt at elaborate toilets, as we had come into the country for rest and change of air; but it was only too evident that our rank and consequence were sadly diminished by the antiquated style of our garments; and after some further conversation the young woman remarked, "You're female suffragers, ain't you?" At Sue's vehement disclaimer the young woman blandly replied, "No offense, Sis; I only thought so because the suffragers mostly pays no attention to the fashions. Good-day."

We left Megara soon afterward, and as we journeyed the clouds began to gather, and a light breeze cooled the heated air. "How delightful this is!" we exclaimed, and for half an hour we reveled in the realization of our dreams. A large drop plashed suddenly upon the dash-board. More followed, until a sheet of water was pouring down

"YOU'RE FEMALE SUFFRAGERS, AIN'T YOU?"

upon us, while the thunder rolled, the lightning flashed, and the horses plunged in fright. For fifteen minutes we breasted the storm, but the rain drove in such torrents upon us that we finally turned around and interposed the back of the carriage between us and the storm. There we waited patiently, the water oozing through the top down upon our heads, while grandfather, unable to protect himself in his exposed position, sat in a pool, with a water-fall running down his back. The horses, shriveled and forlorn, crowded against each other, and Bob occasionally looked over his shoulder reproachfully at us as we sat in the dripping carriage, and no doubt had his own horse thoughts on the subject of the picturesque.

When we were thoroughly wet through the storm abated, leaving behind a steady rain and hopeless gray clouds to cheer us on our way. The clay road was so slippery that the horses could not be urged out of a walk, and disconsolately we plodded along, wet, cold, and miserable. Toward evening we came to a railroad crossing, and seeing a locomotive coming, we drew up to wait. The train dashed by with its long cars filled with warm, dry travelers, who looked up carelessly from their papers to see us sitting there in the rain.

"That is the evening train to Marathon," said Sue. A vague wish dawned in our damp bodies, but no one dared express it in words; and we plodded onward.

Late at night we arrived at Parlet, and, stiff with cold and exhaustion, silently sought our beds. The next morning, however, the sun rose brilliantly in a clear sky, and the dewy fields, refreshed by the rain, looked like green velvet spread over the earth. Inspired by the fresh beauty around us, our courage rose, and we defied Fate to daunt us in our voyage of discovery. The inevitable ham and eggs were devoured with healthy appetites, and with renewed hope we started on our journey. Any thing equal to that road I never saw, and hope never to see again; part of it lay through a swamp, and was of that delicate construction known as "corduroy." We jolted, slipped, and dragged along, until the carriage, clogged with earth, creaked like a great caravan, and the original color of the horses was lost in mud. Toward noon we met a boy with an ox team. "Is the road any better beyond here, young man?" asked grandfather. "Wa'al, there air some pretty bad chuck-holes, but I guess you can squeeze through," was the reply. With this encouraging hope we went on; Bob and Sultan, their high-bred courage all gone, showed symptoms of lying down in the middle of each chuck-hole and giving it up. With the aid of the whip we at last reached Corinth, and as the landlord was absent, the good-natured landlady bustled around to get us a "real good dinner." In the intervals of preparation she occasionally looked in upon us so that we should not feel lonely, and during one of these visits directed our attention to a work of art on the wall. This gem was evidently the pride of her heart; it represented an unhappy man skewered into a dress-coat, his hands carefully spread on his knees, and his ears rasped by a high shirt collar. By his side sat a fat woman done up in red silk, a gold chain round her head supporting a cameo pin on her forehead, and bracelets, rings, and other ornaments in gorgeous profusion. In the foreground near a rose-bush stood a child, with round eyes and elaborate curls, gazing at nothing with cherubic sweetness. I admired this *chef-d'œuvre* in silence; but Sue, with the rash courage of youth, ventured a bold question. "Your likeness, madam?"

"Wa'al, now," said the lady, highly flattered, "it was taken for us, Jotham and me, and I reckon it *do* look like us when we get them clothes on; but I shouldn't have thought you'd known it for me in this here old dress."

"Your little girl?" pursued Sue, emboldened by her success.

"Wa'al, no; the fact is, we never had no children; but I kinder thought it ud look better to have a child in the picture, so I jest borrowed one for the day."

Before long detachments of boys appeared at the door and stared at us with open mouths; if we raised the windows for fresh air, each one was immediately taken possession of by more boys, who whispered together and inspected us curiously. When dinner was announced three half-grown girls stood in the dining-room ostensibly to wait upon us, but in reality to stare, for they never removed their eyes from our party. Pork and beans, hot soda biscuit, fried ham, pickles, and mince-pie composed the bill of fare; no ice, but plenty of flies. As we finished our meal, the landlady, after a prolonged whispering with unseen friends in the kitchen, bashfully addressed grandfather as follows:

"If you please, Sir, is the show coming this week or next?"

"What do you mean, madam?" asked grandfather, in some surprise.

"The show, Sir—the circus. We heard tell as how the manager and the ladies as rides the horses were coming first in a carriage; and that's you, ain't it?"

"Good Heavens, no, madam! We are traveling for pleasure. Let the horses be brought around immediately," added grandfather, angrily, as he left the room.

While we were putting on our outer garments the children of Corinth gathered around the door, new reinforcements coming in constantly from every house in sight. "What's up, Bill?" called a distant voice outside. "It's the ladies as rides in the circus," bellowed Bill, making a trumpet

of his hands to increase the sound. "Get Jake and Jim, and hurry up, if you want to see them."

"I say, miss," said a courageous little girl, pulling my shawl as I got into the carriage, "is that the clown?" pointing to grandfather. With this parting speech we drove away from Corinth, and our meditations were prolonged and deep.

All the afternoon the road continued execrable. Chuck-holes and corduroy alternated with each other, and the horses toiled wearily in the heavy mud. We expected to reach Argos at six o'clock, but seven found us still plodding on, the road growing rougher and more wild with every mile. Not a house was to be seen, and the night was growing dark when we plunged down a steep hill and brought up—at a coal mine! The river and canal flowed alongside, and rough-looking men with lamps on their hats rode in and out of the bowels of the earth like so many gnomes.

"IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, IS THE SHOW COMING THIS WEEK?"

"Is this the road to Argos?" asked grandfather, meekly.

"The road to Argos? No. This here's the road to the coal mine, and this here's the end of it. You'll have to go back four miles, and turn to the right over the bridge. Argos is five or six miles from here."

Grandfather looked profoundly discouraged, and Sue glanced apprehensively at the steep hill and gathering gloom.

"Your horses look pretty well tuckered out, mister," continued the miner, who had been examining Bob and Sultan.

"I am afraid they are exhausted, as you say. Is there any farm-house in the neighborhood where we can be accommodated for the night?"

"Wa'al," said the man, reflecting, "p'r'aps Ben Jones will take you in. Bill, come here and show the gentleman the road across the fields to Jones's."

A grinning urchin appeared out of the ground and led the way, through gates and meadows, to a small house whose twinkling light beamed out in the darkness cheerily. Ben Jones received us readily, and ushered us into the hot kitchen, where, with the thermometer at ninety-nine, Mrs. Ben and a graduated row of children were eating flap-jacks. With glowing hospitality the matron prepared a fresh supply, which, together with fried pork and coffee, completed our repast. Mrs. Jones informed us that she sold all her milk and eggs to go to Marathon; that she didn't raise much garden-stuff, as she could get it cheaper from the canal-boats coming down from the city. "I like to go to town once in a while myself," she added, "to see the fashions, and get a taste of strawberries or peaches. We ain't got no fruit here but water-millions, and they're *so* fillin'."

The evening passed away, and Mrs. Jones, charging into the little army, dispatched them by detachments to bed. Then, as she produced a flaming kerosene lamp, she asked,

with lively interest, "I suppose you see the hanging last week?"

"You mean Foot, the murderer? Oh no," said Sue, with a shudder.

"You didn't go! Laws, ain't that strange? Why, I'd good thoughts of going up to Marathon myself on purpose, and taking Timothy John; it ain't often one gets such a chance. I read his last confession out loud to all the children last night. I thought it ud be a warning to them. I suppose there's lots of fires and fights up to Marathon 'most every night, ain't they? I always read all I can get hold of about them; it's something lively to think of in this dull place. Wa'al, good-night, ladies; I hope you'll sleep well," concluded Mrs. Ben, as she left us at the door of our bed-chamber.

It was a still, warm night, and Sue and I expended all our strength in vain upon the small window—it would not open. Finally discovering two nails at the top, we succeeded in pulling them out and letting some fresh air into the room, which had been heated like an oven by the hot sun on its sloping roof. A feather-bed and gay patchwork quilt invited us to simmering repose. We slept, and the mosquitoes came up from the canal in battle-array, and reveled until they were satiated; they then drew off their forces and retired in good order, leaving their marks behind them.

The next morning we left the hospitable farm-house, and retracing our steps past the coal mine and up the steep hill, we took the lost road to Argos. Bob was dead lame, and Sultan coughed as only a horse *can* cough. Sue and I concealed our mosquito-bitten faces under thick veils; and grandfather, drawn up with rheumatism, vouchsafed not a word from the front seat.

At ten o'clock we reached Argos; the horses were put up in a stable, and silently we took the noon train for Marathon.

Moral by grandfather: "Tempora mutantur."

Moral by Sue: "Three wise men of Gotham," etc.

Moral by the historian of the expedition, which takes the form of an anecdote: A Frenchman went to visit some friends in Scotland, and was taken up to the summits of all the neighboring mountains before daylight to see the sun rise. Another guest arrived. The Frenchman drew him aside, and in a tragical tone demanded, "Aimez-vous les beautés de la Nature? Pour *moi*, je les ABHORRE!"

OFF THUNDER BAY.

A LEGEND OF LAKE HURON, 1772.

"We sail, we sail in our Mackinac boat;
Over old Huron on we go;
Above, above us the summer clouds float,
Sailing aloft as we sail below;
Behind us the north wind sings in our wake,
Wing-and-wing he bears us away;
And off to the right o'er the sparkling lake
Looms up the headland of Thunder Bay."

Her brown hands toy with the flowers in her lap—
Spicy juniper, balsam sweet;
Her black hair waves from her red-beaded cap
Down to her little moccasined feet.
"Alone with ourselves, alone with our love,
Wing-and-wing through the summer day,
We sail below, and the clouds sail above,
O'er the deep waters off Thunder Bay."

Upon the Evergreen Isle in the north
The Indian mother silent waits;
The old French father strides back and forth,
And hails the ship coming through the straits:
"Ho, brave voyageur, our child hast thou seen—
Petite Marie, Flower of the Snow?
We find but the fringe of her mantle green,
The print of her foot off Tuskenoe."
"Ah oui, Antoine," cries the voyageur;
"Down on Huron her boat we met;
But a blue-eyed stranger was with La Fleur,
And all the canvas was southward set.
The wind was fair, the boat sailed at its best,
Wing-and-wing went dancing away:
They sailed southeast, we were tacking northwest;
We passed each other off Thunder Bay."

O'er the island fort the English flag waves;
English soldiers pace to and fro;
Behind, the plateau with Indian graves;
A little French town on the beach below.

The old commander comes down from the height,
Hails the vessel with pompous mien:
"A young subaltern escaped last night—
A boat sailing southward have you seen?"
"Ah oui, capitaine," cries the voyageur,
Bowing before the gold-laced form;
"We saw a young soldier with sweet La Fleur;
We caught the gleam of his uniform.
Two lovers behind and two sails before,
Wing-and-wing they vanished away—
First a sail, then a speck, then nothing more
Save the blue offing of Thunder Bay."

The Indian mother soon passed away—
Passed away with her fading race;
But year after year, and day after day,
French Antoine watched with eager face—
Watched the long point of the green Bois-Blanc shore;
Watched for his child with longing pain;
Watched for the sail-boat that came back no more;
Watched out his lingering life in vain.
The cross of St. George came down from the height;
Stars and Stripes wave in Huron's breeze;
A hundred long years have rolled into night;
A navy dots the fresh-water seas:
But still the lake sailors see the white sails
Wing-and-wing on a summer day;
As the boat glides past them the soldier hails,
And they hear his song off Thunder Bay:

"We sail, we sail in our Mackinac boat;
Over old Huron on we go;
Above, above us the summer clouds float,
Sailing aloft as we sail below;
Behind us the north wind sings in our wake,
Wing-and-wing he bears us away;
And off to the right o'er the sparkling lake
Looms up the headland of Thunder Bay."

THE CITY OF THE SAINTS.

THE BARBER'S SHOP.

ROME is three cities: at least no one knows Rome who has not studied it under its three aspects—the ancient, the ecclesiastical, and the modern. In a previous article we have visited ancient Rome; have looked upon the ruins of its former greatness from the Palatine Hill; have wandered down the Forum where Cicero walked, where Cæsar set up the democratic rostra, and Antony pleaded potently for his murdered friend; have walked under the arch which Titus set up to celebrate his own triumph, but which remains to celebrate the triumph of Christianity; have turned aside to gaze with wonder on the monumental remains of a Trajan and a Hadrian; and have been carried back by the ruins of the Coliseum to the tragic scenes of religious persecution of a Nero and a Domitian.* And now we return again to this grandest and most disagreeable city of the Old World, to look a little at that ecclesiastical life which is at once its glory and its shame, which attracts within its walls thousands of tourists annually, but repels us by its very presence from choosing it as a residence.

As to modern Rome, the less one sees—and smells—of that the better.

We write of Rome, let us say here, not as it is to-day under King Victor Emanuel, but as it was under Pope Pius IX.

We are not at a hotel: we are too familiar with European travel to pay first-class prices for third-class accommodations. We have taken apartments in the house of a Roman family, who reserve what is cleanly for their tenants, and the opposite for themselves. In all these Roman lodgings there is something exteriorly grand. They are old, decayed, in a measure dilapidated, and yet there is a charm in their very antiquity. They are not convenient lodging-houses, are often dark and damp and cheerless, but they are—what shall I say?—Roman: no other word expresses it. With their covered terraces, their obscure corridors, their tumbling staircases, their unswept halls, they are repulsive to the housekeeper, but attractive to the antiquary. You respect them, but it is only for their old age. The very loungers who hang about the door form picturesque groups—if you do not come too near. Our landlord is, I believe, a Roman noble. His chief source of income is the petty rent he derives from the apartments in the front of the house: he and his family live in the rear. In Rome industry is not aristocratic, but dirt is. The father and his son frequent a caffè, drink water—for the Romans are not intemperate—read a newspaper, and talk Italian politics. The young ladies, of whom there are two, remain in slatternly morning-gowns till the afternoon promenade, when you may see them on the streets dressed like ladies, and carrying themselves as those who know by experience nothing of poverty. The

* See *Harper's Magazine* for December, 1871.

aim of a true Roman's life is to do nothing, or as near it as possible. If you are inclined to find fault with your own apartments—and they will not bear to be measured by American standards—go into theirs. They are mere kennels; the dirt and confusion which reign would strike dismay into the heart of a citizen of the Fourth Ward of New York city. The public halls partake of this Roman characteristic. They are never swept. They constitute, in fact, a sort of private street, for there is no porter, and the main door stands open day and night; a rather disagreeable street to enter, also, late in the evening, for there is no light in the hall. We carry matches and a taper in our pockets, or grope our way up to our own apartment as best we can, vividly remembering, and vainly striving to forget, the fearful stories we have read in childhood of Italian assassination.

This aspect of decay characterizes the entire city of Rome. It is the very opposite of Paris. One typifies the modern, the other the ancient. Shiftless! is the exclamation which springs involuntarily to the lips of the Yankee tourist a hundred times a day. It impresses itself upon you at every turn of every street. The markets are held under large umbrellas. The barber's shop is a little awning stretched across the sidewalk. There is no energy, activity, industry. The very sports are idlers' sports, in which two or three stalwart Romans engage, while half a score of idle on-lookers gather around to see.

In such a city one may enjoy much; yet it is a city of pitiful sights. Rome is like an old man who has acquired neither wisdom nor experience by age. His hair is white, but scraggy and awry; his clothes are not only threadbare, they are tattered and not overclean; he totters and trembles as he walks, and loves better to sit dozing in sunny nooks; his face is not haggard with dissipation; there are noble capacities in his broad brow, and restfulness and repose in the expression of all his features; but there is no latent fire in his eye, no determination in the lines of his effeminate mouth, no vigor or resolution in any motion of his limbs; he is guilty of no great crimes, because he is guilty of nothing great; he is only hopelessly lazy.

M. Taine's description of Rome here occurs to us, and we open his entertaining volume to read it.

"I must compare Rome to an artist's studio; not, however, to that of a fashionable artist who, as with us, covets success and parades his profession, but to that of one who is old and wears long hair, and whose genius of former times now displays itself in disputes with his creditors. He is bankrupt, and his creditors have more than once stripped his lodging of its furniture; but, as they could not carry away the walls, many fine objects in it have been forgotten. At the present moment he lives on his own ruins, acts as cicerone, and pockets his fees, somewhat despising the rich whose crowns he receives. He eats poor dinners, but consoles himself with souvenirs of the glorious

A ROMAN MARKET.

A STREET SCENE IN ROME.

exhibitions in which he once figured, quietly saying to himself, and even at times openly, that next year he is going to take his revenge. It must be stated that his studio has a bad odor; the floor has not been swept for six months, the sofa has been burned by the ashes of his pipe, and his old mouldy shoes lie in a corner, and you see on the buffet fragments of sausage and bits of cheese; but this buffet is of the Renaissance epoch, and that threadbare tapestry hiding an old mattress is of the *grand* siècle, and along the wall, traversed by the rickety stove-pipe, are ranges of pieces of armor and rare inlaid arquebuses. You must visit the place, but not to remain in it."

We have not forgotten our purpose to visit to-day ecclesiastical Rome, and to see as little of modern Rome as may be; but modern Rome is itself a product of ecclesiastical Rome. It is a city of loungers and idlers, because it is a city of churches. The ecclesiastics are the aristocracy: it is true that they are held in contempt by a growing class among the common people, but they are the aristocracy for all that. Every thing in Rome tends to concentrate the activity, the energy, the thought of the city on the Holy Mother Church; and I sometimes think that the contrast between the ecclesiastical splendor and the common poverty and decay is deliberately contrived, in order to enhance the magnificence, and so increase the power, of the ecclesiastical ritual. That contrast, at all events, is very striking, and is carried out in every detail. No pains or expense contributes to ornament or even to keep clean the city, and neither is spared to beautify the churches. In the churches benches or chairs of the most ordinary description serve the purposes of pews, or there are no pews at all, the worshipers, rich and poor alike, kneeling on the cold stone floor; but the magnificence of the altars and their ornaments surpasses description. When off duty, the priests are attired in very simple vestments, live in uncarpeted rooms, and, if we may believe all that we are told—and skepticism is the unpardonable sin in Rome—on very humble fare. Even the pope, in his private life, enjoys few luxuries, not suffering fires to be kindled in his private apartment even in the coldest weather. But in the chancel, and performing the services of the Church, no splendor is too great for the ecclesiastic, who thus impresses upon the people the distinction between the man and the priest. In her commendable desire to make the people venerate religious institutions, the Church of Rome has succeeded in preventing them from venerating any thing else. Nothing is worth our energy or ambition but to serve God; and the popular theology of the Roman Catholic Church recognizes no service of God except the service of the Church. So nothing is respectable in papal estimate but that which serves the papacy, and nothing is done decently and in order but public worship. Every man who possesses a religious spirit makes haste to enter the Church, which has thus absorbed, but can not util-

ize, the energy of the nation. With a population of twenty-five millions, there are two hundred thousand ecclesiastics in Italy—that is to say, one priest for every one hundred and twenty-five laymen, including women and children. I do not think any one knows how many there are in Rome itself, but it is estimated that one-quarter of all the Roman Catholic bishops of the Church are resident on Italian soil. Even if these men were not by nature reactionists—even if they were not, as many think they are, studying how to prevent progress and the diffusion of intelligence among the common people—the very fact that all the intelligence, energy, and culture represented by these two hundred thousand ecclesiastics are taken from the nation, and devoted to services which are almost without exception scenic displays, would be enough to account for the long sleep of centuries from which Italy is but just arousing herself.

But it is only when one is away from Rome, or behind the scenes when in it, that he is able coldly and critically to estimate the effect of this ecclesiastical system. While the play is going on he is affected by the performance in spite of himself; it is only when the curtain has fallen, and he has got out from the illusive glare of the foot-lights into the clear air, and under the star-lit canopy of heaven, that he realizes the truth of Shakspeare, slightly altered:

> All the Church's a stage,
> And monks and priests are only players.

The ornamentation is not tawdry, but truly magnificent; the ceremonial not a poor burlesque, but one well calculated to impress the sensuous imagination. All that painting, statuary, architecture, and music can do is done to bring the reason under the dominion of the sensibilities; and the soul, first charmed, then entranced, is finally led captive. Protestants vie with Roman Catholics in their eagerness to obtain an audience with the pope, and to receive the papal benediction. And if Luther could see the crowd of his professed followers that throng the Sistine Chapel, and, under the influence of its music, yield themselves to the influences of the place, and bow in a genuine though transient adoration, he might almost burst from his grave to inaugurate a new Reformation.

Ancient Rome centres about Palatine Hill and the ancient Forum, on the east bank of the Tiber. Ecclesiastical Rome centres about St. Peter's and the Vatican, on the west bank of the Tiber. This is the heart of Roman Catholicism, and this Leonine City, as it is called, is all that is left of the once powerful temporal dominions of the pope. We take our stand on the east bank of the Tiber, a little above the point where the Bridge of St. Angelo crosses it. Immediately before us rises the grandest ecclesiastical building in the world, the Basilica of St. Peter's. Just to the right of that is the Vatican, the Capitol of modern Rome, the winter residence of the pope, and the most complete and valuable gallery of sculpture and antiquities in the world. In the foreground, as we look upon this picture which the artist has transferred to our pages, on our left is the Ghetto, the miserable quarter of the unhappy Jews; and on the right the Castle of St. Angelo, the papal citadel and the papal prison-house. Fitting portals are these to the entrance of the papal city. One epitomizes the history of the wretchedness and poverty, the other that of the oppression which is synchronous with papal supremacy.

The story is told of a Fourth Ward rough, who being converted at a mission meeting one night, met upon the next morning in Broadway a well-known Jewish merchant, whereupon, without word of warning, he struck the unoffending gentleman a blow as vigorous as it was skillfully directed, which brought him instantly to the ground. The astonished merchant, as soon as he could recover his breath, demanded of his assailant the cause of this assault. "Because," said the bellicose member of the church militant, "you helped to kill my Saviour at Jerusalem." The bewildered merchant assured the young convert, who was making ready for a new expression of his warlike zeal, that he wasn't there. The by-standers interfered, and the partially pacified rough went his way, to be, let us hope, better instructed in the precepts of the Christian religion. The story sounds apocryphal, but the spirit of the Fourth Ward rough reflects exactly that which animated the Christian Church for centuries toward the Jewish people, and which still lingers in prejudices which too often ostracize them from Christian society. Where they were not subjected to absolute persecution, threatening to their property and their lives, they were placed under the most degrading and servile restrictions. They could own no land, belong to no guild of mechanics, enter no university, engage in no form of art, employ no Christian service. They were shut up to trade, and then taunted with being a nation of traders. Romanism can not rightfully be held alone responsible for this hideously unchristian treatment, for even Luther proposed to burn their prayer-books, Talmuds, schools, synagogues, and houses, lodge them in stables like gypsies, deny them the use of the public highways, and compel them to manual labor.

It was a part of this policy that in Italy and Spain confined the Jews of every town to quarters of their own, known as Ghettæ, but we believe that the doubtful honor of preserving in the latter half of the nineteenth century this foul institution of the Middle Ages belongs entirely to the papacy, whose

The Ghetto.
St. Peter's.
THE LEONINE CITY.
The Vatican.
Castle of St. Angelo.

THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.

theology maintains that the pope can never have erred, and therefore can never learn wisdom. The Roman Ghetto is situated on the borders of the Tiber, in the most horrible and neglected quarter of the town, a place subject to inundations and prolific in pestilence. The population is far too numerous for its contracted quarters, but no Jew is allowed to take up his abode beyond it. At nightfall the gates are closed; woe to the child of the Hebrew race who after that hour is found without the boundaries of the Ghetto. They can own no real estate, enter no academy, college, or lyceum, engage in no scientific, artistic, or literary career, nor even sing in public, or play upon an instrument.

We speak of the past as if it were the present. Pope Pius IX. took away the gates of the Ghetto, and abolished the absurd restriction which forbade the Jews the liberty of the city after nightfall; and, we believe, under the new government of United Italy the last legal restriction has been removed; and although the Ghetto continues to be, in fact, the Jews' quarter, the law no longer shuts them up within it.

Leaving the Ghetto upon our right, we cross the bridge which spans the Tiber at this point, and which, in our picture, is represented immediately in the foreground. For over seventeen centuries the waters of the Tiber have been running beneath its arches, and still it shows no signs of the decrepitude of old age. These old Romans built their public works stronger than their public institutions. The same Emperor Hadrian who erected the mausoleum to which we are going erected this bridge (135 A.D.), and the same pope who converted the mausoleum of the heathen emperor into a citadel of the Christian primate rechristened the Pons Ælius, entitling it the Bridge of St. Angelo. But the ten colossal angels who stand upon either side of the roadway as you cross are of a later date. They are continually in the highest state of excitement. In the calmest day their marble robes flutter in the imaginary wind. And for over two centuries they have stood here, poised in an

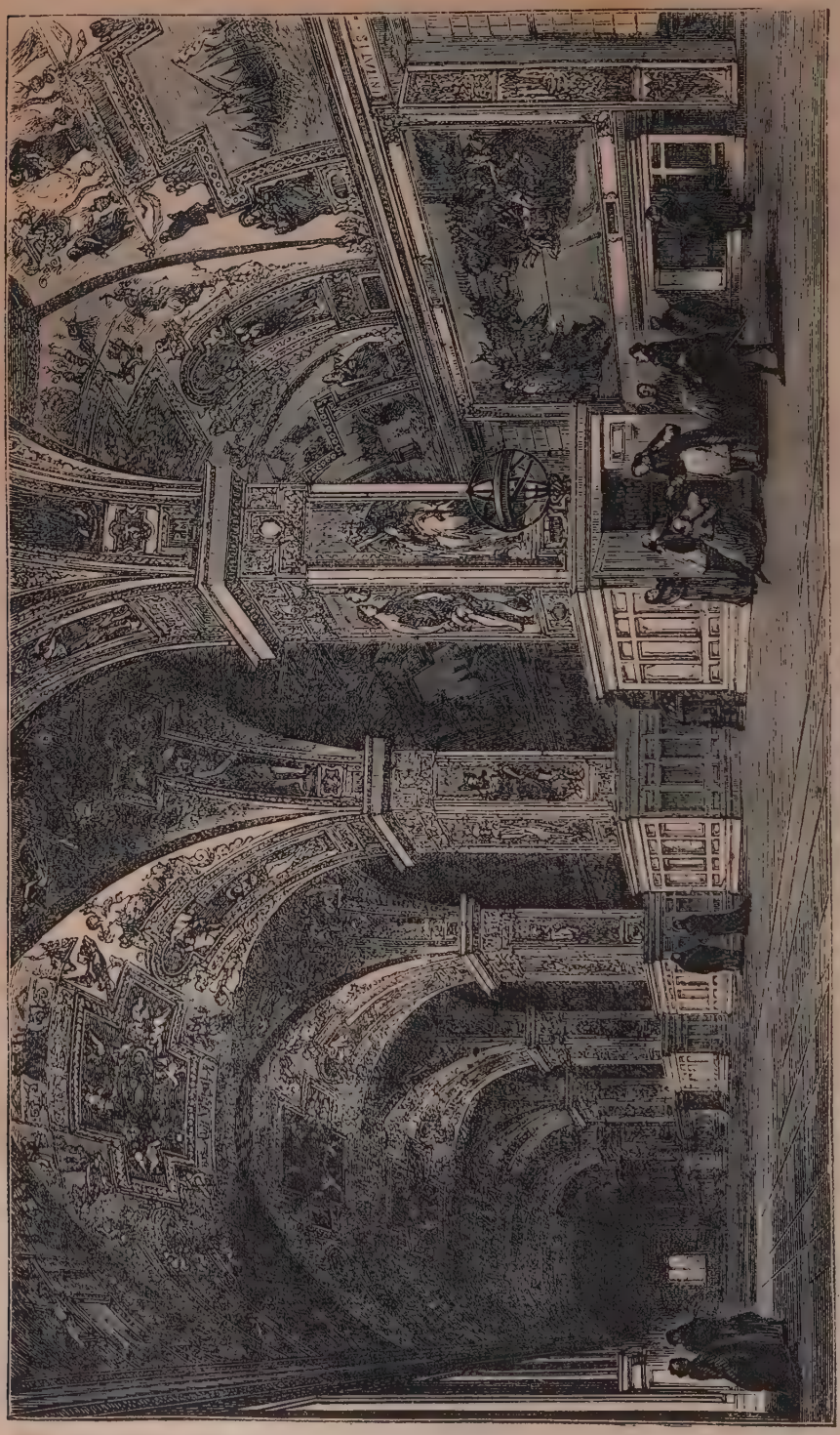
expectant attitude, as if they were all going off at the sound of the last trumpet. They were made at a time when the artistic taste was very sensational, and they are very sensational angels.

A wonderful history could this Castle of St. Angelo tell if some magic influence could give its dumb walls the power of speech. Hadrian, whose passion for building has in Rome more than one witness in substantial structures which neither violence nor time has been able to destroy, erected this massive tower as his tomb. Here were laid to rest the ashes of his son Ælius, Hadrian himself, the Emperor Antoninus Pius, his wife, the elder Faustina, and four of their children. In one of the upper rooms was placed a colossal statue of Hadrian, the head of which, here found, may still be seen in the museum of the Vatican. From the time of its erection until now this castle has witnessed how many and how great changes! Situated on the banks of the Tiber and at the outskirts of the ancient city, it was converted into a fortress, and looked down upon many a bloody conflict between Goth and Roman. On its summit, if we may believe the Roman Catholic legend, Gregory the Great saw in a vision St. Michael sheathing his sword in token that the prayers of the Romans for preservation from the plague had been heard. The building on which the divine messenger had stood could no longer endure a heathen title, henceforth it has been known as the Castle of St. Angelos, or Angelo; and if any one doubts the truth of the legend which produced this change of name, the bronze statue of St. Michael is there to convince him of his error, standing with sword in hand just where the angel himself stood. During the fierce struggles between popes and emperors and rival popes, which disgraced the history of the Church during the tenth and eleventh centuries, this castle was the centre of many a bloody rencounter. From being a Roman it became a papal castle.

Its interior history has never been written, and no man can write it. It has been alike the castle and the prison-house of the papacy. Within its walls languished and died, a prisoner, Pope John XI. It heard and treasured up the cries and prayers of unhappy Beatrice Cenci, whose tragic history Shelley has made famous. The subterranean dungeons, whose tragic tale shall not be told till the last great day, still remain, and the visitor enters them with a shudder, and thanks God that the power which put them to so cruel a purpose as that to which they were often put has passed forever away. A covered passage leads from this castle to the Vatican, and thus renders it an easy and practicable place of refuge for the pope in every time of peril.

Ten minutes' walk takes us from the Castle of St. Angelo to the piazza of St. Peter's. Neither pen nor pencil is adequate to convey any impression of the grandeur of this, the largest and noblest church edifice in Christendom. A single view is unable to do this, and the first impression of the beholder is one of disappointment. The magnificent dome of Michael Angelo is dwarfed and belittled by the façade of Carlo Maderno. The projecting nave cuts off from the view of the beholder a considerable portion of the dome which crowns the edifice. While within, every pilaster and niche and moulding and statue, being increased to proportions that should make them correspond with the edifice itself, take from the beholder at his first glance that impression of the grandeur of the whole which he would otherwise receive. The very cherubs are colossal angels six feet in height. It is only gradually that the mind becomes accustomed to the grandeur with which it is surrounded. We pace the church, and find its length that of three ordinary city blocks. We turn to our guide-book and study its figures. The front of the basilica is as broad as five of the larger American churches would be if standing side by side, and is about as high as three such churches piled one above the other. The roof of the nave is as high as the top of one of the tallest of our city steeples. Above this mammoth pile towers the dome to such a height that the steeple of Trinity Church, of New York, might be placed on the floor beneath it, and would only reach to the base of the walls of the dome; and another steeple, if it could be placed upon the top of Trinity, would pierce the dome and lantern, and just overtop the great gilded cross.

These magnificent proportions afford a fine opportunity for other than architectural display, and Rome is not slow to avail herself thereof. The solemnities and festivities of Holy Week at Rome are ordinarily terminated by what most visitors regard as the grandest spectacle of all, and by what certainly is, as a pyrotechnic display, without a parallel in the world. The American Fourth of July fades into insignificance when compared with the illumination of St. Peter's. All the lines of the vast façade of the church—the roof, the ribs of the stupendous dome, the form of the lantern, and the cross surmounting all—are traced out with rows of lamps or lanterns; and as the golden light of an Italian sunset fades away, and the purple shadows of evening settle over the city, these are lighted, coming out like stars in heaven, until the whole structure blazes like a constellation. Every architectural line, every column, cornice, capital, every arch and entablature, are pricked out in fire against the sky. Fire-works of the most brilliant description are set off also from the neighboring Castle of St. Angelo on Easter-



THE VATICAN LIBRARY.

ST. PETER'S ILLUMINATED.

Monday night. It is difficult for any description to suggest the magnificence of the spectacle of the illumination of St. Peter's, because words can not depict to the imagination the vastness of the edifice that is thus etherealized in light, and which, seen from a distance, seems to stand, or rather to hang over the city above which it towers, "shining and glittering in the calm night like a jewel."

But all this grandeur and display afford to the American Christian but a poor compensation for the indolence and the beggary which every where accompany them, and which group themselves especially about the great church edifices. We push our way up the

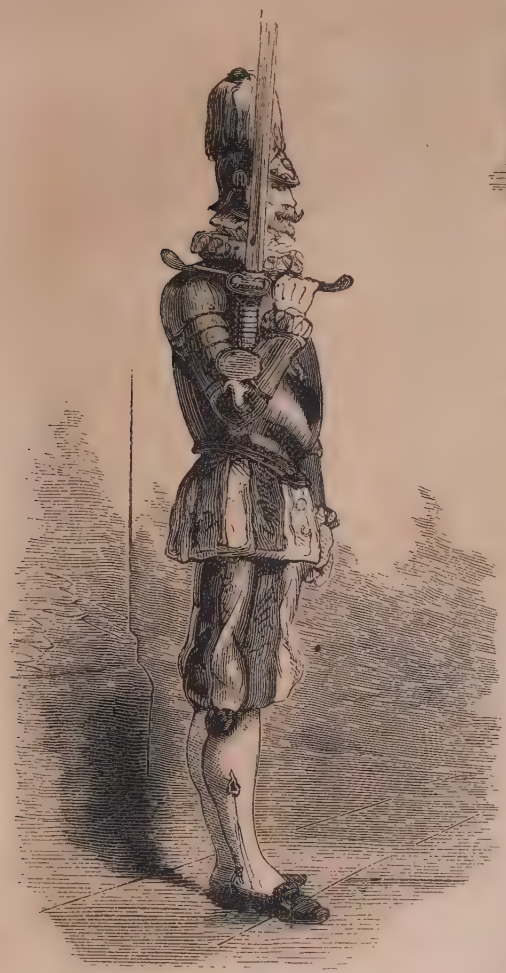
steps of St. Peter's through a group of peasants and beggars, which looks far more picturesque in the artist's representation than it does in the reality. There are Italian country-folk with their babes in their arms making their first visit to the papal city, and looking with a dumb admiration on the half-comprehended grandeur of its great basilica; there are rough-looking and ragged fellows who remind you forcibly of the banditti of the Italian opera, and whom you would not care to meet in a lonely street on a dark night; there is the street musician, his pipes by his side, who has made a hard bed of these holy steps, which in half an hour from now you may see a peasant pil-

THE STEPS OF ST. PETER'S.

grim kissing with her reverential lips; and there are beggars in every variety of unseemly rags and wretchedness, appealing to the passer-by for a little money for the love of the Holy Virgin. In Rome cleanliness is not next to godliness, and Romish godliness gives very little evidence of being profitable for this world, whatever may be its value for the world to come. Romanism makes beggary respectable. The most honored religious orders are the mendicant orders. A noble joins the order of the Jesuits. His superior places him, hat in hand, at the door of his church to beg for his new brethren from his old associates. The pope himself is supported by Peter-pence contributed by the faithful. We do not know whether the Apostle's precept, "If any would not work, neither should he eat," is in the Douay version or not, but the principle certainly has no place in the religion of the Romans. Under a system in which mendicancy receives religious veneration, beggary is not shameful, nor the beggar an outcast.

Another feature which catches the American eye, and little accords with the American idea, is the presence in the church of a foreign soldiery. The Swiss Guards (not composed exclusively of Swiss soldiers, but of those of various nationalities—the term being technical and not geographical), especially during great pageants, stand sentinel at the basilica and the Vatican. You meet them at every step. And as you see these bright uniforms and burnished swords you inwardly contrast this papal kingdom with that of the Master, and find yourself murmuring, "My kingdom is not of this world." The pope's body-guard (*Guarda Nobile*) consists to a great extent of native Romans—members of old aristocratic families.

ONE OF THE POPE'S BODY-GUARD.



A SWISS GUARD.

From the vestibule of St. Peter's—which our readers have visited so often under other guides that we shall not ask them to visit it again with us—we ascend by long corridors and staircases into the Vatican, a perfect labyrinth of saloons,

CARRYING THE TIARA.

galleries, chapels, and halls. The name is derived from that of the hill on which the papal palace has been built, which is itself perhaps derived from a deity, Vaticanus, the presiding god of the first rudiments of speech, though upon this linguists are not agreed. Where now stands St. Peter's formerly stood a basilica erected by Constantine. The obelisk which still stands in the Piazza in front of St. Peter's was brought from Egypt by Caligula. In the immediate vicinity stood his circus, the scene of those horrible tortures inflicted by Nero upon the Christians, when, as Tacitus relates, they were clothed in the skins of wild beasts and worried to death by dogs, or nailed to crosses and left to suffer a lingering and horrible death, or smeared with pitch and burned to light up the nocturnal revels of the barbarous tyrant.

The Vatican, which Pope Pius the Ninth just now persists in regarding as his prison, is one of the most extensive palaces in the world. It fulfills, indeed, three functions: it is a museum and library; it is the Roman Catholic Capitol, and so the centre of its political life; and it is the private residence of the pope.

As a museum the Vatican is without a peer in the world. Corridor after corridor of statuary opens from its long hall; its museums are stocked with every kind of relic, sacred and profane, real and imaginary; and its very walls are paneled with fragments of stones bearing very ancient inscriptions. But to the student its library is its chief charm. Up to twelve o'clock this is exclusively enjoyed by scholars and students and priests of the Church. At noon the public are admitted. At first one hardly surmises he is in a library. He finds himself in an immense hall, the walls of which are frescoed in the most brilliant colors. He looks down through a long double row of arches, supported by huge square columns. Each of the four sides of these columns contains a painting—not a picture lining, but a fresco wrought upon, the wall. Against the base of these columns, built around with closed doors, are the cases for the manuscripts, of which there are 24,000, besides 20,000 printed books. Even in her library the weakness of Rome is manifested — every thing is constructed for display, nothing for utility. Between the columns stand magnificent tables, surmounted with works of art which have been presented to the popes from time to time. Eleven long corridors, in addition, make up the magnificent library of the Vatican. The tourist grows bewildered as he walks through these long galleries, with the endless variety of curious and valuable relics with which they are filled. The present fades away; he stands in the midst of a venerated past. Neither in picture, gift, nor book is there any thing to remind him of the nineteenth century. Stop! we are mistaken. In one of the smaller rooms of the library his attention is arrested by a picture of a locomotive on the track and a telegraph line and poles, painted in the earlier years of the present pope, who commenced his administration as a progressive man. It is an ominous sign that not even from the Vatican can the Jesuits exclude the spirit of the nineteenth century.

Of all the volumes in the Vatican the most valuable are certain copies of the Bible.

One manuscript, containing all the Old Testament and nearly all the New Testament, dates as far back as the fourth century. The visitor looks on this ancient roll with a sense of veneration that approaches awe. But the most interesting volume is what is known as "Raphael's Bible." It consists of a long open gallery or portico of thirteen arches opening upon a square or courtyard. Each of the thirteen sections contains four quadrangular frescoes, illustrations of Scripture scenes, painted chiefly by Raphael.

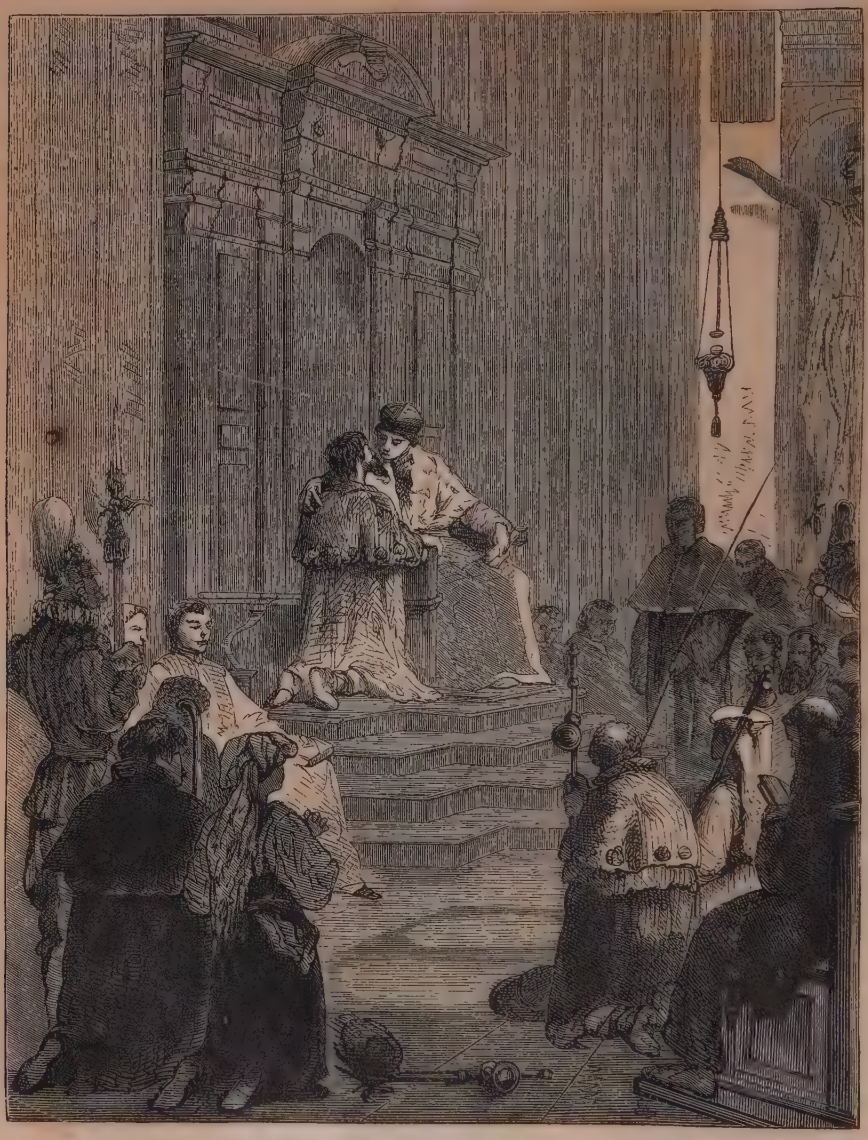
We have but a day before us, and have no time to visit the gallery of tapestry, the Etruscan antiquities, the Egyptian museum, the picture-gallery, the papal manufactory of mosaic, the papal armory, and the papal mint. From the Vatican as a museum we turn to visit the Vatican as a palace.

The Pope of Rome has a public and a private life. His public life is one of pious ostentation. It is avowedly and purposely one of scenic display—avowedly, however, not for the purpose of personal aggrandizement or the gratification of personal vanity, but as a means of honoring God, whose representative he is supposed to be. The papal ceremonial belongs to an age which thought grandeur and glitter synonymous, and which could conceive of no better way of typifying the splendor of the Divine character than by physical emblems, which to the modern, or at least to the Anglo-Saxon, mind seem paltry and feeble. The pope, in his official capacity, is the vicegerent of God upon earth. It is the aim, therefore, of the papacy to separate him as far as possible from the common people. He lives in seclusion. When he appears in public it is only in stately and splendid ceremonials. All means are taken to render his person as sacred to the sensuous imagination of the Southron as possible. Kings are content with a single crown; the pope has four, and each a triple crown. The growth of this tiara, the badge of his civil rank and power, from a simple ecclesiastical cap to its present magnificent proportions curiously illustrates the growth of the temporal power of the pope. Of these four tiaras the finest is that which was given by the Emperor Napoleon I. in 1805. Words fail to describe the brilliance of this more than imperial symbol, flashing with diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, rubies, and pearls.

Nor is it alone in such an emblem of royalty as the crown that the papal grandeur is manifested. It pervades the minutest portion of his dress, and the minutest details of the ceremonials in which he engages. From the very earliest ages of the Christian Church it was customary before partaking of the sacred cup in communion to drive away the insects liable to gather about it. This, which was at first a natural precaution, became in time an essential part of the ceremonial. At first the celebrant used for this purpose a little wicker basket, in which the bread was carried to the church, or the cloth which was employed to cover the cup; then a little fan was introduced. It gradually grew in size and in importance, and now the fan constitutes a most important feature in every papal procession connected with the offering of the mass.

The same principle runs through the etiquette of the Roman court and the Roman

FAN-BEARERS.



THE GRAND PENITENTIARY.

ceremonial, which is the most rigid and punctilious in Christendom. From the altar-boy to the cardinal deference to superiors is emphasized in every possible way. In the Church ceremonials precedence is observed as rigorously as in court. The cardinal of the highest rank swings the censer at the pope, a bishop at the cardinals, a priest at the bishops, and a deacon at the priests. So every one in turn receives his homage, and the reverence due to the priesthood as the representatives of God is duly impressed upon the people.

The same gradation of ecclesiastical authority reappears in the doctrine and practice of absolution. For all minor and ordinary offenses the priest can pronounce the sinner absolved. Certain crimes the bishops may withdraw from the jurisdiction of the priests for their own hearing and adjudication. But there are some offenses for which the pope alone can grant absolution. A cardinal, armed with the delegated powers of the pope, and known as the "Grand Penitentiary," sits at St. Peter's on Thursday and Friday of Holy Week to receive confessions of such crimes, and to absolve from them. We are curious to inquire what are

THE POPE DISPENSING THE BENEDICTION.

the heinous offenses for which a pope can alone grant absolution. Prominent among them are the false accusation of innocent priests, and the neglect of mothers to procure the baptism of their children.

Such a reservation of the more serious offenses, while it strengthens in the popular estimate the authority and dignity of the pope, lends him also a peculiar grace. He is regarded as pre-eminently the one through whom the Divine blessing descends upon the children of men. Analogous to the system of absolution is that of benediction. The gracious power of all the clergy is derived through the pope, and his personal benediction possesses in the Roman Catholic mind a virtue which the Protestant mind finds it difficult to appreciate. There is, perhaps, no scene in Rome which produces a more profound impression than the annual dispensing during Holy Week of the papal benediction by the pope himself from the great gallery over the porch of St. Peter's. Borne upon the shoulders of his attendants, surrounded by devout ecclesiastics, dressed in his pontifical robes, one tiara upon his head, the other three resting upon the balustrade before him, with the symbol of the

keys richly embroidered upon the cloth which covers it, he scatters blessings from his hands upon the crowd of faithful ones who gather in the court below, troubled with no doubts that whatsoever he binds on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever he looses on earth shall be loosed in heaven.

It would, however, be unjust to the pope and the papacy to assume that the object of all this display, and this careful gradation of authority and punctiliousness of etiquette, is for the personal aggrandizement of the man. At least it would be unjust not to advise the reader, leaving him to give what credence to the claim he may, that it is claimed "that all this effort at splendor and magnificence is purely and wholly a tribute of man to honor the religion which God in His love and mercy has given, and that no part of it is for man's own honor."

Two circumstances lend confirmation to this view, and give to the ceremonials of the Romish court a peculiar character, which distinguishes them from those of royalty.

One of these circumstances is the honor which the supreme pontiff himself pays to the symbols of the Deity. He yields allegiance to no man; but he publicly and sol-

CARRYING THE HOLY SACRAMENT TO THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

THE THRONE-ROOM.

emnly proclaims his allegiance to a Divine Master. Before the altar he bows as the commonest peasant in his Church must do, and stands before the host in reverential attitude and with uncovered head. The same veneration which he demands for himself as the representative of Christ he pays to Christ. When he showers his benedictions upon the people, or walks the street in ecclesiastical procession, they uncover before him. Woe to the luckless wight who dares refuse this token of homage to his sacred person! But when on Holy Week, as a part of its ceremonies, he carries the consecrated emblem, converted by ecclesiastical benediction into the real body and blood of Christ, to his private chapel in the Vatican, he walks bare-headed, protected from the burning sun by a canopy borne above him by eight attendant bishops, and by an umbrella carried by a ninth ecclesiastic. Thus in theory, if not in fact, he teaches the people to transfer to God the honor which they pay to him. The whole system of ecclesiastical homage, rising in such elaborate gradation from the lowest to the highest rank of the hierarchy, constitutes the successive steps by which the worshiper ascends to the very throne of God.

Another circumstance which lends additional confirmation to this view of the Roman ceremonial is the fact that in his private life the pope lays aside all this grandeur and display. We have never entered his more private apartments, but if we may trust the report of those who have, they are as plain as those of the private priests. The papal throne-room, the first of his apartments, is indeed a large and well-proportioned hall, rich with gilding and arabesque and fresco. A company of soldiers might manœuvre on its marble floor. Here the pope holds his public receptions. This is his court-room, and here he does not lay his ecclesiastical splendor by. But as you pass from this room to those that are within, all showiness disappears. When at last you reach, if you are so favored, the private office of the sovereign pontiff, you find a plain room about fifteen feet by twenty, not lofty, lighted by a single window, without a fireplace, with no other ornaments than two or three devotional paintings and an exquisitely chiseled statue of the Virgin Mary, and with no other furniture than a writing-desk, a small book-case, a thin carpet, and two or three plain wooden chairs. Here, after an early breakfast of bread and chocolate, the pope works until about eleven o'clock, when the routine of his public life begins. He neither gives nor accepts entertainments. His table, we are assured, does not cost more than thirty cents a day; for he is a frugal liver. And his chamber is as simple and as free from luxury as his office. His ostentation is for the Church. If it is, as we think it, a mistaken service of God, it is at least charitable to hope that it is an honest one.

And so we take leave of the pope and the Vatican.

THE GUILLOTINE.

THE GUILLOTINE—AFTER LUCAS LOSSIUS, 1551.

IT is generally taken for granted that the beheading instrument used in France and some other countries of Europe was invented, or at least perfected, by the amiable and philanthropic physician whose name it bears, but in reality this doubtful honor belongs to some earlier inventor whose name has not been preserved. An instrument of this kind was used in Germany early in the thirteenth century, and was known as the "Panke" or "Diele." In 1233 it was mentioned in the criminal statutes of the Netherlands, and its name appears in many accounts of executions in Germany and other countries about the same period.

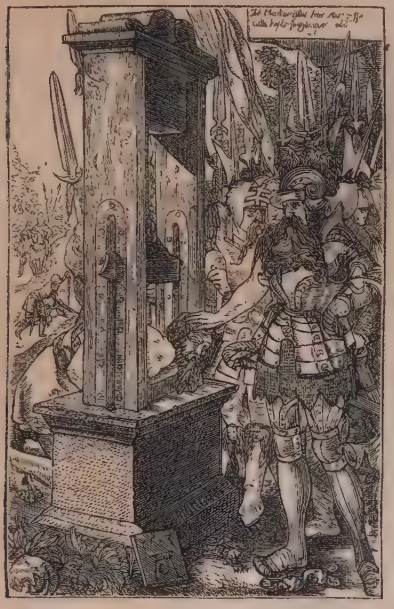
We learn from old engravings, several of which are reproduced in connection with this article, that it was in active operation in Germany in the sixteenth century. Many similar pictures are in existence; and in the old council-chamber at Lüneburg is preserved an ancient door, dating probably from the thirteenth century, on which is carved a representation of the guillotine in operation. In a work by Lucas Lossius, "Annotationes Scholasticæ," printed at Frankfort in 1551, we find the picture of one of these instruments, which differs in several important points from the ordinary model. It consists of two short upright posts, with a block between them, on which rests the head of the kneeling victim. The blade is loosely fastened at the top of the posts, and is driven down upon the sufferer's neck by a sturdy blow from the executioner's heavy maul. Very similar to this instrument is one we find pictured in an engraving published in Frankfort by H. P. Rebenstock, in 1573, representing the execution of Manlius! Strange to say, the beheading of this old Roman by the guillotine was a favorite subject with the German artists of the sixteenth century. George Pens, a pupil of Albrecht Dürer, engraved it on copper in 1553, as did likewise another pupil of the same master, Albrecht

THE GUILLOTINE—AFTER H. P. REBENSTOCK, 1573.

Aldegräver. From the inscription on the latter's work, which we reproduce in exact imitation of the original, it will be seen that it represents the execution of the younger Manlius. According to the custom of the time, when artists were not afraid of an anachronism, the Romans are depicted in the

garb of the German knights of the sixteenth century. Here we see the guillotine of the French revolution—the axe suspended by a cord and running between grooved posts. Nothing is wanting but greater mechanical perfection in the gearing.

In Italy a similar instrument, called the *mannaia*, was used for the execution of persons of quality. Beatrice Cenci suffered death by this instrument in 1599. In England a similar machine was used, and a full description of it may be found in the British State Calendar for 1708. The "maiden" of Scotland, which was used for the beheading of Morton in 1581, was an instrument similar to those already mentioned, and is supposed to have been brought over from Germany by the very man who suffered by it. It is still preserved in the museum of the Antiquarian Society at Edinburgh. Even France possessed it as early as the fifteenth century, under the name of "Doloire;" and two centuries later the unfortunate Duke de Montmorency was executed with this instrument, at the instigation of Richelieu. It seems then to have passed out of use and to have been forgotten.



THE GUILLOTINE—AFTER A. ALDEGRAVER, 1553.

When, therefore, Dr. Joseph Ignace Guillotin, on the 1st of December, 1789, proposed in the French Constituent Assembly to alleviate the horrors of capital punishment by adopting a machine which would dispense with the axe or sword, he was merely reviving an old contrivance, which had been superseded in Germany, France, and Italy by the very instruments of decapitation which he was trying to abolish.

Dr. Guillotin's motion was not formally acted on until the 20th of March, 1792, when a resolution was passed ordering a decapitating machine of the kind described by the doctor to be adopted. The plan was submitted to the carpenter employed by the government, who demanded 5000 francs for making the machine, but finally, after much chaffering, a better bargain was made with a young German mechanic named Schmidt, who agreed to furnish eighty-three of the new instruments—one for each department—for the sum of 500 francs each. It was first tried on the 18th of April, 1792, upon a number of corpses at the Bicêtre Hospital, and was found to work with rapidity and precision. A week later it was employed for the decapitation of a convicted highway robber named Pelletier. The dreadful use to which it was afterward put in the wholesale massacre of innocent men, women, and even children made its very name a horror, and probably contributed not a little to its not being adopted in England and the United States, instead of the gallows, as a means of inflicting capital punishment. It consists of a block resting between two upright grooved posts, between which slides a heavily weighted knife with an oblique edge. The sufferer is strapped firmly to a plank, and thrust face downward between the posts, so that his neck is directly under the knife. A spring is touched, the heavy, keen-edged blade descends, and the head is severed from the body as easily as a sharp razor severs a hair.

Dr. Guillotin himself narrowly escaped being a victim of the instrument which bears his name. He was thrown into prison during the reign of terror, but was released on the death of Robespierre, resumed the practice of his profession in Paris, and died quietly in his bed on the 26th of March, 1814. The story that he died broken-hearted because of the infamy attached to his invention is, of course, untrue.

The question whether death by the guillotine is comparatively painless was raised in France soon after the reintroduction of the instrument. In 1795 Dr. Sömmering, in the *Moniteur*, denounced it as too rapid in its operation, and maintained that sensation did not cease immediately after decapitation. Many experiments were tried to test the truth of his theory. Eminent physicians assiduously attended executions, and by striking at the severed head, shouting in its ear, and divers other ways, endeavored to ascertain whether sensation survived the shock of decapitation. Sömmering's book was followed by Gédillot's "Historical and Philosophical Reflections upon Execution by the Guillotine," and the next year the same author continued the discussion in a work entitled "Anecdotes of Decapitated Persons." But the question remains unanswered.

THE EXPLORATIONS OF DI CESNOLA IN CYPRUS.

THE COLOSSUS OF GOLGOS.

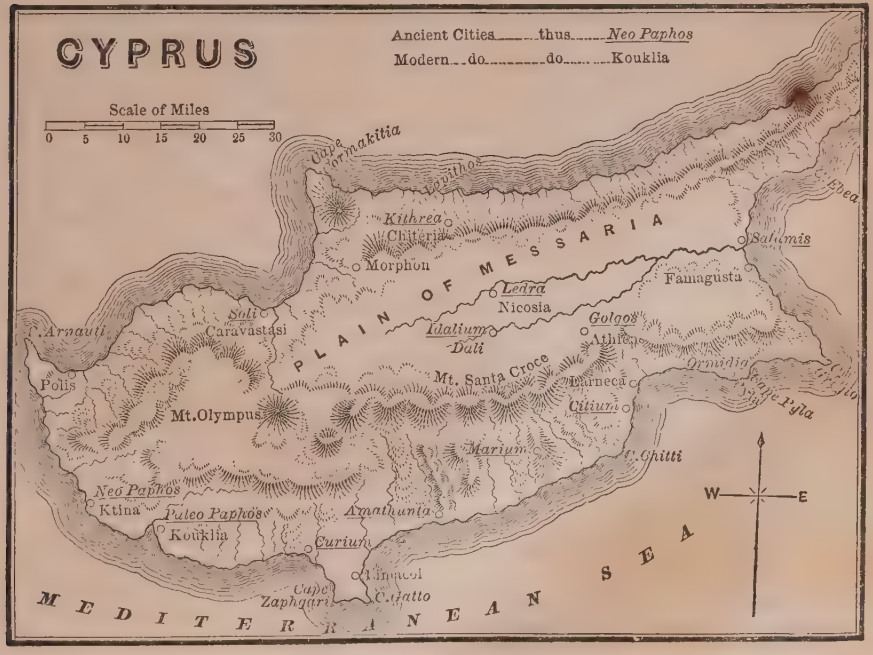
AMERICA is a long way off from the ancient historic world, and our people who do not visit Europe and make acquaintance with antiquity in the great museums there have little opportunity for perfect realization of the oneness of the race in all ages. We are not often brought into direct contact with the results of ancient thought and handiwork, and hence we are comparatively strangers to the men and women who lived in Asia and around the eastern shores of the Mediterranean two and three thousand years ago. Within a few years, however, we have begun to see more of the long past, and it has at length occurred that an American citizen and representative abroad has conducted a series

of explorations and excavations among the remains of Phœnician and Greek antiquity, the result of which has roused the attention of the entire scientific world, and contributed to modern knowledge a greater amount of important material than has ever before been produced by any one search. The importance of General Di Cesnola's discoveries in the island of Cyprus, and the archæological and artistic value of the collection of antiquities which he has made, can hardly be overestimated. As yet the public have heard of these only through a few brief statements of travelers which have found their way into the papers. Few have any conception of the extent to which these explorations have been carried on—an extent of which an idea may be gathered from the one fact that Di Cesnola, besides his other excavations, has opened more than 8000 ancient tombs.

VENUS AND HER CANEPHORÆ—TERRA COTTA, FROM THE SALINES.

The contemplation of the old will ever touch the deeper depths of the human soul, until all things are made new. The thoughtful man can not look upon an heir-loom of a hundred years with a careless eye. He can not linger in the shade of the "old stone mill" without a reverie. He can not enter the circle at Stonehenge without weird and solemn shadows. He can not sit down at Pompeii with Cicero and Tully, and—more marvelous than the scene itself—hear them discourse of disinterred cities of the East, and of their wonderment that man should have penetrated such distant lands, without feeling "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue." Walking up through the ages, he can not read the cartouch of the Pharaoh of the Exodus, at On, without the soul's welling up in visions of patriarchs, prophets, priests, and kings, and of temples not made with hands, in realms where all is known, deciphered, revealed.

In this progressive and material age and country we are prone to forget and neglect the old. Few of the mass of mankind are aware how little is new in design, and fewer still how great and direct is our indebtedness, in every walk of life, to the antiquary and his coadjutors. They have given us the great volume of monumental history—without which eras must have been forever



GREEK GLASS—FROM THE TOMBS OF DALI.

unknown—with its treasured leaves of coins, medals, seals, cameos, gems, busts, statues, paintings, tablets, monuments, tombs, palaces, temples, implements, utensils, the marvelous creations of art, and the thousand handiworks of the artisan; and with pages of ethics and æsthetics, and of inscribed languages, some of which yet baffle the philologist.

The Bible—our sacred history and our life—has been collected, collated, preserved, and transmitted to us in its blessed completeness by comparative philology in its broadest sense, by exegesis, translation, and commentation, through great labors, great tribulations, and vast sacrifices, and with the tears, prayers, and martyrdom of God's followers; a combined and continued work of intellect and faith, mind and soul, which only inspired pages could evoke. Now bearing this in mind (but without attempting to indicate the part of the antiquary in it), it is always interesting to the moral and intellectual world to read at least some of the lessons in the monumental volume referred to.

The very darkness of the nations of remote antiquity, in which the archæologist gropes in the most difficult of his researches, is the fulfillment of the prophecy. The monuments which he finds in the débris of the ages antedate that darkness, and their inscriptions are contemporaneous with and corroborative of the prophecy. We read the prophecy, behold the fulfillment, and see more clearly than ever that the doom of nations is in time, not eternity. "He stretches out His hand against them," and destroys them. They may meet with greater or lesser vicissitudes, and enter a nearer or deeper oblivion, than man might propose; but the great Disposer knows the sins of peoples and rulers, and the uses of the agents of His will, better than man. We see in Egypt representations of the inkstand and stylus upon monuments older than any written history; we read with Champollion and Bunsen inscriptions over four thousand years old recording the events of that distant age; we behold illustrations and confirmations of Holy Writ; and it has been eagerly asked, "Were the Mosaic annals first written in hieroglyphic?" A connection has been traced between Egyptian, Jewish, and Assyrian inscriptions. Upon the remains of Assyria's ancient cities, that Layard and Botta have disturbed in their sleep of twenty-five centuries, we read, with Rawlinson and Hincks, cuneiform inscriptions that confirm Jewish Scripture, correspond with Scripture narrative, and throw a bright ray of light upon "the darkest chapter in history." These triumphs over the cuneiform and hieroglyph can not be overestimated; they have already reconstructed the history of the East; and the world is looking with great interest on the distinguished scholars who are striving to correct the errors that have crept into chronology, and to unfold to us long-lost ages of history.

GREEK HEADS—FOUND AT DALI.

Standing out more clearly than in any written description, we see in our monumental volume many a pageant—of national life with its social life in every walk—as it passes with a majestic sweep from the cradle to the grave, bearing its train of religions, ceremonies, superstitions, idolatries, gods and goddesses, into the same grave of forgetfulness, while our God lives and reigns.

The profane history and literature of the most ancient nations are lost, or have come down to us only in a few fragments. For example, of the forty-two sacred books of religion, science, and art of the Egyptians that, according to Clemens of Alexandria, were extant 200 B.C., only a single vestige is known to exist, the "Ritual," or "Book of the Dead," found in the tombs of the kings at Thebes; and that is the only extant specimen of purely monumental hieroglyphic character in all the remains of Egyptian literature. Manetho, the only Egyptian historian of any note, is put at fault by the tablet of Abydos; and the errors of Herodotus, into which he was led by the designing Egyptian priesthood, are corrected by Egypt's monuments. The inscriptions upon the monuments of Assyria, recently discovered in Mesopotamia, utterly overthrow the authority of the fragments of Eastern historians, except the "scheme" or chronology of Berosus. While profane history and literature are mainly and forever lost, the Bible has been preserved, and the inscribed remains of the East witness the truth of Divine history and the errors of human history. More than this, these monumental records, of Assyria in brick and of Egypt in stone, with their checks and balances and apt illustrations, are growing, in the hands of the paleographer, into models of human history.

From the monumental evidence (to us unnecessary) of the existence of the seven-branched candlestick, in its reproduction upon the Arch of Titus at the time of its burial in the bed of the Tiber, the Christian turns, as from the end of the old dispensation, to the contemporaneous and precious inscriptions and emblems of the faith, hope, and trust of the early Christians and martyrs that are near at hand in the Vatican, and sees in them a monumental proof that the "Light of the World" had then come.

Sometimes the antiquary finds a fact that changes a settled opinion of mankind, or a key that unlocks a long-lost treasure. The two marble fragments discovered in the Roman Forum in 1817, which completed the Capitoline Tables, corrected important misstatements of Livy, and, with certain discoveries of books and palimpsest manuscripts, enabled Niebuhr to write the most reliable history of Rome. Bouchard found the Rosetta Stone, and in the hands of Young and Champollion it is the key to all we yet know of hieroglyphic character. Chevalier Bunsen, the assistant of Niebuhr, sat at the feet of Champollion, and has given us that great and crowning work of his life, "Egypt's Place in Universal History."

The wide range of life in a single field of research is in many instances remarkable. At Pompeii we have an expanding vision of the ideal and the practical; and we wander from the frescoes and mosaics upon which Sir Joshua Reynolds founds the first well-developed opinion of ancient painting, on, through every phase of art and life, to the counterpart or prototype of every utensil and implement found in the most perfect kitchen of the great hostelries of America.

The teachings of a single class of objects of antiquity are in some cases very comprehensive. Coins, for example, not only teach the highest forms of art, but they tell us the names of nations, dynasties, and successions; they spread before us records, customs, ceremonies, and superstitions; they indicate to us the sites of cities, and their wealth, importance, and magnificence; they are the "memorials of grand events or of illustrious men, with accurate portraits;" and they

GREEK VASE AND CUPS—FROM THE TOMBS OF DALI.

have given us striking illustrations of ancient geography, and have corrected the errors of geographers.

This monumental volume is not only invaluable to religion, history, literature, language, and every-day life, but it has given to architecture its most imposing and magnificent designs, and to art its wondrous forms of grace, beauty, majesty, and expression, like the unrivaled busts of the emperors at the Ufizzi, the matchless Demosthenes of the Vatican, the marvelously expressive Laocoön, and that perfection of sculpture, the Niobe.

Notwithstanding all that has been done, there are yet "lost arts" and arts declining, and ages of history are comparatively unknown. Therefore every discovery of the antiquary and archæologist excites the deepest interest.

There are islands of the sea—sepulchres of the ages—which can unfold the history of ancient civilization to one who searches their dark recesses with a heart for classic memory, and who can read their language of death; and Cyprus, from its history and position, is pre-eminently one. It must have been the first of the "isles of the Gentiles" beyond the sea which were "divided in their lands" by the sons of Japheth, as recorded in that concise statement of the generations and abiding-places of mankind, the tenth chapter of Genesis, the complete truth of which the very rocks of the East attest. Assyria appears for a time to have ruled over it. Phœnicia stamped her most polished of all Semitic civilization upon it up to the close of the Trojan war, and encouraged colonies of Greece and Carthage. Pausanias tells us that the Arcadian chief Agapenos, returning from the siege of Troy, was driven by a storm to Cyprus, where he founded a colony and built Neo-Paphos and its temple to Venus; and that he found the Cypriotes already worshiped that goddess, and Golgos and its temple were dedicated to her. It attained great prosperity under the seven independent kings, whose subjects numbered five millions. Solon visited one of these princes, Philo-Cyprus, gave him wise counsel, and, upon leaving, implored his goddess to send her favoring gales to waft him home. It was conquered and held for a time by the Pharaohs. Then it was enveloped in the dark cloud of Persian conquest, which hurled back from its shores the Greek hosts of Cimon and Aristides. Evagorus, the adroit and sagacious King of Salamis (the patron of arts and literature, and the entertainer at his court of distinguished men of all nations), successfully rebelled, acquired possession of the entire island, and extended his sway over Tyre. Soon came the vast forces of Artaxerxes in one of the most formidable military and naval expeditions of ancient days — six hundred ships of war and six hundred thousand men—the bay of Citium and the plain of Mesaurea were crimsoned, and Evagorus was restricted to his tributary kingdom of Salamis. It naturally, in due time, came under the dominion of Alexander the Great. Ptolemy Soter lost it in the great sea-fight off Salamis, but regained it; and it continued a possession of the Ptolemies until it passed under the empire of Rome. Here, in Cyprus, the West first met the East, and Greece first knew the wonder of Eastern art. Here Greek and Oriental idolatry met. Here Venus arose from the sea and took up her abode with her attendant Graces. The smoke of the sacrifices of three hundred altars arose from Paphos, whose temple was decked with gifts of kings and conquerors. Not only the more ancient world, but all Greece came to worship; her poets sang of the Cyprian goddess and her train, and of her island temples,

from the age of Homer, through all their siren strains, until they sang no more; and then the lyre of Rome took up the refrain. Titus made a pilgrimage to its shrines on his way to the capture of Judæa, and Tacitus, who accompanied him, described its altars and minutiæ of its worship. Cato is reported as attempting to enrich Rome with its arts, many cargoes of which were lost at sea. Cyprus was the field of the first great mission to the Gentiles. Saul and Barnabas were chosen and sent into it; and here was the first great triumph of Saul, the conversion of the Roman governor, and the blinding of the sorcerer. Here must have been a grand Christian church, which knew the presence of Mark, and cherished the birth-place and home and grave of Barnabas. The scene changes. Turbaned hosts appear and recede before the mailed form of Richard the Lion-hearted, and reappear. Alfieri comes with his tragic muse; Boccaccio lays the "Genealogy of the Gods" at the feet of a Lusignian king; and Shakspeare conducts hither the swarthy Moor, as to a more genial and natural clime.

VASE FROM THE PHŒNICIAN TOMBS AT DALL.

In the Cyprus of to-day Time has left us his impress in ruin. Greece has left us there a people of Hellenic lineage. The Roman *aratrum* stirs the soil, and the vines still yield the classic wine of Strabo and Pliny in the life-prolonging Commandaria. Venice has left us Nicosia, and that most beautiful of ruined cities, *Famagosta*, with its moat, draw-bridge, and porte; its glacis, walls, and bastions; its old bronze guns of the doges on the ramparts; its magazines of the arms of chivalry, stained with the blood of the followers of Baldwin, Tancred, and Saladin; its ruins of palaces, and of the magnificent church of St. Sophia and her three hundred Gothic sisters; and its grim guardian lions of the "Bride of the Sea." Olympus towers amidst the storm, and Santa Croce pierces the sky with the church Helena planted in the days of her devout pilgrimage. Heaven has left us that balmy air, and that brilliant sky reflected by a sea never so blue. This is apparently all. All else of that great kaleidoscopic past is but a memory.

Some objects of interest were found here years ago. The Codex Cyprius, containing the unmutilated gospels, was discovered in the ninth century, and brought to Paris in 1673. Pococke, in his travels, speaks of ruins and some tombs, but makes no mention of works of art. Abbé Mariti, who visited the island in the latter part of the last century, saw a marble head of Caracalla, some coins and medals, and a grotto in which were found idols and lamps; but the Turkish government disallowed subterranean researches. Later, among other objects, a number of silver bowls were found, the most perfect of which is in the private collection of the Duc de Luynes, and very closely resembles those since discovered by Layard at Nimroud. In 1845 a bass-relief in black basalt was found at Larnica, in what was probably the palace of the King of Citium, upon which is sculptured the figure of Sargon, King of Assyria (father of Sennacherib), the remains of whose palace at Khorsabad contributed the valuable series of Assyrian monuments in the museum of the Louvre. Upon the bass-relief is inscribed, in cuneiform character, "From the great King Sargon to his vassal friend the King of Citium."

COLOSSAL PHŒNICIAN HEAD—TERRA COTTA, FROM DALI.

It is a most striking historical and archæological coincidence, and a valuable comment upon ancient Cyprus art, that, at about the time this bass-relief was found at Larnica, an inscription that Sargon had caused to be made was discovered at Khorsabad, stating that his power had compelled the seven kings who had their abode "in the middle of the sea of the setting sun" to send to Babylon their tribute of works in metal, gold, silver, vases, and ebony.

There had been no systematic research in Cyprus, except at one point, and this failed. To Di Cesnola, therefore, the field was in reality new, and it is certainly a subject of congratulation that an explorer so able as he has proved was led to enter it.

Count Luigi Palma di Cesnola is of an old Italian family. He is a nephew of the late Count Alarino Palma, who was conspicuous in the Italian revolution of 1821, fought for Greek independence, was president of the tribunal of Missolonghi, and a judge of the Supreme Court of Athens. He is now a man of about forty, and by tastes and education eminently fitted for the work which he has accomplished. He graduated at the Italian Royal Military Academy, having previously fought with distinction in the war of Italian independence, and was afterward on the staff of General Ansaldi in the Crimea. He came to America in 1860, and after the battle of Bull Run, in 1861, entered the volunteer service. He soon became Colonel of the Fourth New York cavalry. His regiment entered the service twelve hundred strong, received eight hundred recruits, and returned at the close of its term one hundred and ninety men. Di Cesnola distinguished himself upon many occasions, especially at Perryville, Brandy Station, and Aldie. At the latter battle his gallantry so impressed Major-General Kilpatrick that he presented him his own sword upon the field. At the next charge, the fifth he had led that day, his horse was shot under him, he was wounded, and fell into the hands of the enemy, and was confined many months in Libby Prison, where he acted as military instructor to his fellow-prisoners. He was specially exchanged, upon the unanimous request of the officers of his regiment, in time to take part in the closing scenes of the war. At the end of the war he was brevetted brigadier-general, became an American citizen, and received the appointment of consul at Cyprus, where he early verified the expectations of his friends by a successful resistance of Turkish tyranny. During the complications between Greece and Turkey in 1869 he sympathized with the former; and in the absence from Cyprus of the Greek consul he acted for him with great tact and discretion, closing in a few days' time the civil and criminal affairs of three hundred Hellenic subjects, and issuing passports to five hundred. The Greek population of the island, more than a hundred thousand, expressed to him through a committee its grateful appreciation of his character and services; and the president of the Greek cabinet, M. Boulgaris, tendered him the chief command of the Greek cavalry in the event of war with Turkey.

COLOSSAL PHŒNICIAN HEAD—STONE, FROM DALI.

LUIGI PALMA DI CESNOLA.

In studying the antiquity of Cyprus he found all writers vague and contradictory. He had no confidence in any historical statement of a date prior to the epoch of the Lusignian kings. Traditions were deceptive. The ancient buildings were constructed of sun-dried brick, and long since returned to mother earth, leaving no surface ruins. He found none of the original names upon old sites, except that of Dali and one or two others, contrasting unfavorably in this respect with the adjacent coasts of Syria and Asia Minor. His ability, military training, good physique, persistent energy, wide knowledge of human nature, and broad sympathies peculiarly qualified him for the work he loved. With a special firman from the sultan he commenced the work in earnest; and, in its progress, he made a special study of native traditions, thoroughly examined the general field, and defined the sites of the twelve ancient cities of note.

At the southeast part of Cyprus is Larnica—literally, "the place of the tombs"—the sea-port of the island, and the long-reputed site of ancient Citium. To the rear of the town, southerly, is a body of salt-water called the Salines, which name is also applied to a cluster of houses upon its otherwise deserted shores. This was the port of Citium, but time has long since placed a ridge of land across its mouth. It was to this port that Zeno often walked, from his birth-place at Citium, to mingle and converse with the people of all nations and tongues that congregated in that great commercial mart; and it was there that he styled himself a citizen of the world, an expression which we have retained, in his own language, in our word *cosmopolite*. Citium was destroyed by the Egyptians at the time of their conquest. Cimon, the great Athenian commander, died there while besieging it. The city was again destroyed by Ptolemy Soter; and yet again by an earthquake, 200 B.C., and with it nearly all of its population of two hundred and sixty thousand souls. Upon arriving at his consular residence at Larnica, Di Cesnola heard of the massive stone tazza recently discovered at Amathunta, and just then con-

VASE FROM THE PHŒNICIAN TOMBS AT DALI.

tributed by Napoleon III. to the museum of the Louvre. It is nearly eleven feet in greatest diameter, about seven feet high, and weighs thirty thousand pounds. It has inscriptions in Phœnician, Hebrew, Syriac, and Greek, and is believed to be of the ninth or tenth century B.C. His attention was soon attracted by some coins and terra cotta fragments in the possession of the citizens of Larnica. Beginning his researches among tombs that were opened years before, he found ere long that the town was upon the necropolis of the ancient Phœnician Citium, the Kittim of the Scriptures; and he opened several hundred tombs in its immediate vicinity, and found many objects of ancient art, mostly in terra cotta. Among them were a great number of the statuettes of the crowned Venus, which were evidently sought by the world as the little shrines of Diana were sought by the Ephesians. Here was the water-carrier of the East, the bearded giant of Assyria, the sphinx of Egypt, the woman of Phœnicia playing the lute, and many an illustration of busy life, normal and grotesque. It was then that he realized, as never before, the similarity of all ancient Eastern art; and he foresaw that, by patient research in the island, an additional light might be thrown upon the ethnography, history, religion, and art of the East.

During the early days of a most delightful and never-to-be-forgotten visit to the discoverer, it was the writer's good fortune to be guided by him over the district of Larnica. We went from the beach east of the town away inland to the picturesque and stupendous Roman aqueduct (that still conducts water to the city), and from thence down the Salines to the sea, noting columns, cornices, fragments, mosaics, tombs, and the excavations which had been carried on by the aid of bars of iron and wood, the common hoe and basket of the East, and the most useful and used implements of those countries, the human hands, and visiting frequently his men, then working amidst the undulations of débris on the arid waste of the old port.

While sojourning at Dali, a few miles northwest of Larnica, in 1866, Di Cesnola was conducted by one of the inhabitants to a stone, several feet below the surface of the ground, which had excited curiosity. He at once perceived it was a part of a tomb, and soon found he was walking upon the necropolis of the Greek Idalium, which ceased to exist before the Christian era. This famous city was one of the four especially consecrated to Venus, as she herself says to Jupiter,

"Est Amathus, est celsa mihi Paphos, atque Cythera,
Idaliæque domus."

Virgil also tells us that the largest temple dedicated to the Cypriote Venus was here, and that the goddess assumed the name Idalia. Catullus, in his epithalamium on the marriage of Manlius and Julia, could bestow no higher encomium upon that wondrous bridal beauty than that she was "lovely as Idalian Venus." In the tombs of this necropolis were sarcophagi of stone and marble—one with female figures, a hare, an ibex, and geometrical designs; and sepulchral columns with Greek inscriptions, some of which are quite platonic. One reads, "Artemidoros was a wise and just man, and a good hunter. Hail to him!" Another, "Do not distress yourself, O Evokianes, that nothing in this world is immortal!" A great many tombs were opened, revealing a grand collection of objects of Greek art.

Among the coins are some of the best Greek period, the age of Phidias, since which the art of die-cutting has declined. Coins of this class are the finest specimens of Greek art; and the coins of Greece, as a whole, take precedence of all other ancient monuments. Here were found noticeable coins of the Greek imperial class, some of the best preserved and most beautiful of the Alexanders, and coins of the Selencidæ, and those of the small but remarkable series of the kings of Cyprus.

VASES FROM THE PHŒNICIAN TOMBS AT DALI.

The collection of Greek glass which the explorer accumulated gradually increased until it became positively wonderful. Greece, Sidon, Carthage, and Egypt excelled in glass and in the imitation of gems; and the colored glass of Egypt especially has never been equaled. Egypt was the mother of this and other Greek arts, and of Greek architecture too, as is proved by the prototype of the Doric column in the grottoes of Beni Hassan, that are as old as Abraham. In this collection of glass we have articles of the same class, not only plain and simple, but various in form and color, and also iridescent and incrusted. There are plates, for example, of several sizes; they are simple in form and finish, and fluted, and with handles; they are plain white, and in the various colors, and in different shades of the same color; they are iridescent, and in different degrees; and they are incrusted—surely variety enough to please the most fastidious! The finest cups are ribbed and iridized, blue and ribbed, conical with green or blue incrustation, green and cylindrical, white opaque fluted, and cups with special plate of blue incrusted; a conical *kantharos* (wine-cup) of transparent glass, with a belt of blue spots; a cylindrical cup with pressed ornaments, of raised lines and annulets; a shallow bowl of light green glass with raised ribs, iridized in most delicate tints; a bowl resting on a foot, with wide expanding lip, encircled by a raised spiral thread; and a bowl of dark blue glass covered with beautiful iridescence of emerald-green and purple tints—a marvelous example of color. There are saucers to match these; and *paterœ* in variety, and of surpassing beauty—some with handles. The bottles are of all sizes and shapes known to any people; a violet one in the form of an inverted cone, with blue spiral lines around the neck; one of blue and amber, encircled with raised spiral lines; one with pressed ornaments in relief, of vases and paterœ in squares, ribbed at the bottom; a cylindrical one with lines around the exterior, dividing the liquid contents into four and eight equal portions; an elegant one with a spiral line around the neck, and serpents in relief trailed over the surface; one of a dark purple, in the form of a bird, with a handle; bottles of plain glass with crinkled handles; others with broad handles, and lathe marks around the exterior; a red *oinochoe*, or special wine-bottle; an early and fine specimen of the *oinochoe*, or wine-jug, used at the *symposion;* an *unguentary* with yellow spiral lines, iridized; one of iridized opaque glass; a white lachrymatory with very delicate incrustation; and a curious one with a long neck. The most finished *amphoræ* are in yellow; one has blue and yellow feather ornaments, and serpentine handles of opaque glass; and there is one of blue, with two ribbed handles. Of the numerous other glass vases, the most noticeable are with one handle, and iridized, and the square indented vases. There are sticks not unlike a bishop's baton; heads—one double-faced—but-

VASES FROM THE PHŒNICIAN TOMBS AT DALL

tons, necklaces, seals, and other objects of utility and beauty. This collection of glass now numbers seventeen hundred pieces, and is the finest extant.

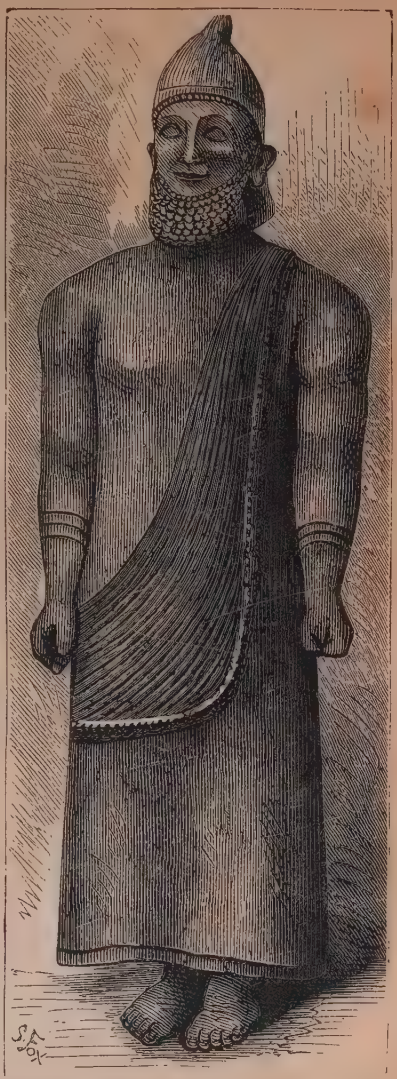
In bronze there are statuettes—of Osiris, a hawk, an archaic equestrian figure, a warrior (with Greek initials on the pedestal), a Minerva, and a Pomona; bracelets, anklets, rings (plain and serpentine), amulets, hair-pins, a scarf-pin with a warrior's head, mirrors and mirror-cases, brooches and buckles, the strigil for scraping the skin at the bath, tweezers, pinchers, archaic lamps, modeling implements, vases, cups, a tripod, an ink-stand with remains of the ink, a shield, spear-heads, battle-axes, javelins, and arrow-heads; and there are hooks and nails of brass.

The gems and stones are engraved in mythological and other designs: intaglios of Minerva and Castor and Pollux in carnelian, Abundance with the cornucopia in carbuncle, Mercury in red jasper, Mars in garnet, heads in onyx and agate, and armorial devices with

Greek legends in sapphire and amethyst. There are some fine paste cameos—one a head of one of the Cæsars, white on dark blue.

In the very rich collection of jewelry and other articles of gold should be mentioned rings, engraved with legends, the palm, the yew, Hygeia, and temples; serpentine rings in folds; a ring set with two sapphires divided by a zigzag fillet; ear-rings with drops of grapes, melons, leaves, hearts, triangles, chains, and with glass drops of amphoræ and Egyptian figures; others in the form of globes, each set with six carnelians; an ear-ring of elegant design, the top set with a carbuncle with pearled borders, the drop in the form of a triple fir cone beautifully granulated with minute beads of gold; a pair found in one sarcophagus, one a figure of Venus, the other of Cupid; hoop ear-rings, the tops of finely executed female heads crowned with ivy, the drops of variegated beads; the same with *repoussé* calves' heads; ear-rings of fine granulated work, terminating in wreathed female heads, and in heads of calves, lions, and bulls; a specimen of strongly plated ear wires; a necklace (with ear-rings) of emerald beads connected by gold links, the clasp set with a carbuncle; another of gold links and carnelian beads, the large oval clasp of embossed and twisted work set with carnelian; an amulet with loops in form of a therm of Pan, and hollow—probably to contain a small papyrus; a bracelet of plain solid gold in three folds, and others of heavy gold wire; beads, plain and granulated; buttons with corded borders, and with the Graces, Fortune, the cornucopia, etc., in relief; spoons with small round bowls; medallions; a statuette of a child; funnel-form mounts for glass bottles; and mortuary ornaments. The latter are thin plates of pure gold which were placed on the brow of the dead. The usual form is a flat band about six inches long, varying in width, pointed on the lower side at the centre, and rounded at the ends, in which are holes for attaching to the forehead. They are finely pressed, in low relief, in designs of acanthus leaves, lines, scrolls, and in some cases of female figures. In silver we have bracelets, rings, spoons, and daggers; and in copper, cups, plates, mirrors, shields, lances, battle-axes, and tripods.

In marble, alabaster, and stone there are statues, statuettes, and other objects: Venus holding the dove; worshipers of Venus; torsos that may yet kindle in the breast of the reflective artist something of the fire the Belvidere gave to Angelo; a Roman senator; Hercules; Pan playing the pipes; women playing the tambourine and the harp, and holding children, flowers, fruit, fans, and the lotus; a fine head of Cybele; veiled figures; Egyptian heads; heads of animals; vessels of the bread-baker; plates, tripods, unguentaries,



THE ASSYRIAN HERCULES—FROM THE TEMPLE OF VENUS AT GOLGOS.

lachrymatories, vases; cylinders with a variety of impressions; seals and lamps.

The objects in terra cotta are numerous, and are plain and colored red and black. The drapery of the many statues and statuettes is generally graceful. Venus and her attendant Graces and worshipers receive a greatly varied artistic treatment. In the most imposing form the goddess is seated, crowned, and near are standing her canephoræ. Of the other articles worthy of mention there are archaic horsemen; chariots (biga and quadriga) with warriors, upon whose shields are representations of the fish; men baking bread, pounding in mortars, and playing pipes; grotesque figures and masks; dancing girls; Æsopus with a bag; a fine

Greek. *Egyptian.*

SEMI-COLOSSAL HEADS—FROM THE TEMPLE OF VENUS AT GOLGOS.

head of Pallas Athene; feet with shoes, in which are colored strings; a horse with a hole in it, on four wheels, found in the tomb of a child, whose toy it undoubtedly was; a donkey with two water-jars; a lioness with four whelps; bulls, goats, tripods; lamps with various ornaments (warriors, Cupids, dolphins, birds, and animals); lachrymatories, Egyptian votive offerings, and vases in great variety.

In the extensive collection of pottery the vases are in many designs, and among the most remarkable is a two-handled *aryballos* (jug), with two anchors and a rope in relief on the side; a *lekythos* (cruet or pitcher), with two handles, ornamented with scroll-work in red and black, and varnished; a yellow one with a neck in the form of a female head with long ringlets, and with two small spouts in front, painted in rings and cross-lines; handsome ones in white pottery, with designs in brown; a *kantharos* (cup or bowl) of white clay, with standard and handles; a red-glazed one with circular designs in black, within and without; the *stamnos*, a wide ear-handled jar for oil and wine; a curious red-glazed *oinochoe* (jug or pitcher), with designs in black; the *kyathus* (wine measure), in all sizes, with notched scale on the handles; a *krater* (large wine vessel, like the Italian "Vase of the Campania"), with fluted handles, and designs in red and blue; a glazed *kylix* (cup), with blue designs on a red ground; a most interesting archaic *amphora*, rudely painted in brown—two men seated in a biga, and two attendants, and birds under the handles; a red-glazed one, with a divinity designed in black upon one side; a *hydria* (water jar) of a very early period, with representations of birds and trees; and the *kalpis* (later form of the *hydria*) in unusual designs. These examples rival those of the same classes from Vulci, Athens, and Camirus, and some of them are among the finest of the early specimens of Greek fictile art. Probably the only collection of objects of Greek art discovered in a single locality which, as a whole, rivals this of Dali (but which is inferior in terra cotta and devoid of glass) is the famous "Kertch Collection" of Greek antiques of the most exquisite workmanship in the Imperial Museum of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg—perhaps the last one formed by that royal collector, Mithridates the Great.

But this was not all that transpired at Dali. While Di Cesnola was unearthing this Greek necropolis he discovered, some feet beneath it, the necropolis of the Phœnician Idalium. This Phœnician city died, and was laid away with its treasures, and in the course of time a Greek city sprang up, and in turn silently entered its dark home, without knowing or suspecting that it reposed upon another and an older city of the dead. As these archæologic strata came in view, with visions of still remoter times and arts, and called into requisition nice distinctions between mere differences and progress, the great subject of the growth of art appeared to the mind of the studious explorer as never before. The Phœnician tombs were oven-shaped, and sealed at the mouth by a rough stone, and in some of them were sarcophagi of marble and stone. Time had left no human remains except a few skulls, which, with due precaution, were preserved entire. The gold leaf placed by the Phœnicians over the mouth of the dead was frequently found. A large number of objects of Phœnician and Eastern art were brought to light.

It is somewhere said that the ancient East excelled us of to-day in the arts and sciences, and that it is not pure science, but the application of it under our dispensation, that gives us the pre-eminence. It is certain that Eastern nations must have been advanced in scientific discovery, and must have known at an early day some difficult processes of art in order to have made the Egyptian work in gold and bronze, the molten calf, brazen serpent, gods of Laban, and other works; and Phœnicia brought many of the arts to a high state of perfection. A Phœnician artist was selected to execute the most important works in Solomon's Temple—the costly decorations, the beautiful things in gold and brass that pertained unto the House of the Lord — and the artisans of Tyre assisted in the construction of the Temple and the house of David. The bowl Menelaus gave

Telemachus, and the silver vase Achilles proposed for the reward in the funeral games of Patroclus, were of Phœnician workmanship. The importance of the discovery now under consideration will be more fully realized if we remember that, at the time Di Cesnola opened these tombs, no specimen of Phœnician sculpture and no ancient works of purely Phœnician art were known to exist. And so he has opened a new page, illumined with objects three thousand years old, bright in color as yesterday.

The articles in bronze found in these tombs are spear-heads, javelins, arrow-boxes, battle-axes, swords, knives, tweezers, and mirrors; similar articles are in copper. In gold are ear-rings of a very pretty loop pattern, the drop a flat crescent. In stone are statues of Phœnicians and Egyptians, Assyrian heads, statuettes resembling Pan, a statuette of the Phœnician Jupiter, with a patera in one hand and a cornucopia in the other, and heads of the bull. In terra cotta there are Phœnician heads, one with a casque; gigantic Assyrian heads, with the beard in a bag; fire-worshipers, and the *Mehriah*, or victim of sacrifice to the god of fire; lamps; perfume holders, ornamented with female figures, and with holes whereby they may be attached to the person; a curious Phœnician procession — two donkeys carrying baskets, a man on horseback with two water jars, a chariot with three musicians, one with a man holding a sabre, one with a lady, one with a gentleman, and a warrior with casque and shield; little terra cotta houses, with heads at the windows, and women at the doors; hundreds of vases, from plain low cups (single and in clusters) to tall and graceful ornamental objects with two tubes or spouts, and handles; several with Phœnician inscriptions like those upon the stones of old Citium, and others colored and varnished; many in the forms of animals and birds, or with the handles only in such forms; a favorite form with a pedestal like a crown, and upon it two vases and two female heads, and varieties of this with heads of animals; a very fine vase covered with men and animals; and an exceedingly interesting one, ornamented with designs of female figures and flowers, and surmounted by a female head. Some of the most beautiful of these vases are three feet high, and four and a half feet in greatest diameter, finely colored red and black, and although nearly thirty centuries old, they are as fresh as when first from the maker's hand. In pottery are fine red vases, with geometrical designs in black, cups, jars, and the hundred articles of household use.

But the vases found at Dali have a deeper interest than novelty, symmetry, and beauty. Among the Greek vases are several of an Assyrian character, and upon one of them there is a chariot with two men, one driving and the other with a drawn bow—a similar design to the hunting scenes upon the sculptures of Nineveh. In some of the ancient tombs that have certain Assyrian marks

Assyrian. *Egyptian.*

STATUES FROM THE TEMPLE OF VENUS AT GOLGOS.

THE PHŒNICIAN HERCULES—FROM THE TEMPLE OF VENUS AT GOLGOS.

were alabaster vases with wedge-shaped ornaments. In a few tombs having Egyptian traces were black terra cotta vases, like those in the admirable viceroyal collection of Egyptian antiquities at Boolak. These Dali vases are just now the most interesting examples of that art which, next to sculpture, best illustrates the civilization of nations. Most of these styles have heretofore been called Greek; and it is an interesting fact that some of the earliest of those found in Greece resemble those of the Peruvians. A little more than half a century ago nearly every thing beautiful known in this art was called Etruscan, but most of those works have since been resolved into the Greek styles. A study of these Cyprus vases by the learned specialists must result in a clearer and wider view of the growth and transmigrations of ceramic art. Its culmination was in Greece, in those incomparable illustrations that, to all who have seen them, are inseparable from her immortal epics. She learned of Phœnicia, and the "honeysuckle ornament" of her painted vases is in bass-reliefs from the walls of the northwest edifice at Nimroud. But when the source of Greek art is reached, a full, rich, ornate stream will be seen issuing from the mother Egyptian fountain. All the elegant forms of Greek vases—ornamented with arabesques, and the Tuscan border, and the square border, and scrolls of the Athenian, Sicilian, Etruscan, and Greco-Italian vases, and with the Egyptian cornice—are pictured upon the walls of those most interesting grottoes in the hills of Sheikh Abd el Koorneh, behind the Memnonium, and were common upon the oldest tombs in Thebes before the time of Moses. Di Cesnola's excavations at Dali continued at favorable seasons for three years, and, with the assistance of two hundred men, he opened *eight thousand* tombs.

He next turned his attention to Golgos,

HEADS OF COLOSSAL GREEK STATUES—FROM THE TEMPLE OF VENUS AT GOLGOS.

which was formerly confounded with Paphos. Some of the old writers evidently used the latter word to indicate both, and others thought they were one. Strabo and Ptolemæus do not mention Golgos. Pliny and Catullus speak of it as distinct from Paphos; and Di Cesnola finds it fifty miles away. Between the years 1817 and 1864, the French archæologists, Count de Vogne, Mas Latrie, Perretie, Salzmann, and others, expended several hundred thousand francs searching for its temple of Venus, but only succeeded in defining the site of the ancient city, now occupied in part by the village of Athieno, a few miles northeast of Dali. Di Cesnola passed some time there in 1866, without results. During the winter of 1869–70 he thought that by excavating at the foot of the hills of Athieno he would find the Golgos necropolis; and he not only found it, but the temple* itself, the object of so many fruitless efforts. This famed edifice had been violently destroyed, and immediately covering the remains was a deposit of ashes several inches thick. It was a quadrangular structure, sixty feet by thirty, running from northeast to southwest, with a door on each side near the northwest and southeast angles. The columns were not found, and, like those of most of the temples discovered in Assyria, were undoubtedly of wood. The bases indicate Doric and Ionic architecture. It must have been at least fifty feet high; and the discoverer conjectures that, unlike other temples to Venus in Cyprus, it was roofed. It had no windows, but was lighted by stone lamps, each in the form of an Ionic temple, with red columns. Many of these were found; and stone vases, which probably contained the oil, and several stone chairs, all showing much use. Outside of the southeast entrance was a large vase (probably for religious ablutions) badly shattered. Several lines of double pedestals ran through the centre of the temple, on which formerly stood colossi. A few coins were found, one a silver coin of Evagorus I. Votive offerings of stone were scattered all over the temple area: nurses with infants, eyes, noses, ears, arms, heads, fingers, legs, male and female masks, the cow with sucking calf, pigeons, lions, and cats, with holes by which to hang them to the walls. Conspicuous among these is the parturition scene as enacted in Cyprus at the present day; and most conspicuous, others which may here be nameless.

Xerxes destroyed temples in Greece because it was impious to inclose within walls the immortal gods, whose temple was the universe. Later this destruction was repeated by Theodosius, and in Golgos his famous edict was literally carried out. His followers, not satisfied with mutilation, in some instances buried the pieces of a statue a mile apart. The iconoclasm at the taking of Constantinople in the beginning of the thirteenth century, of which the horses of St. Mark are the survivors, has been considered the greatest destruction of ancient art at any one time; but, in the light of Golgos, we may well conceive of a more irrecoverable loss to art itself. The early Christian church did not despise art, but it hated idols, and its religion was spiritual; hence the decline of the arts was contemporaneous with the introduction of Christianity. Theodosius and his followers did not distinguish between art and its defilers. His destruction of paganism was all that placed him, in the lines of the old ecclesiastical writers, on a level with Constantine; yet that was a mere formal destruction, not a spiritual triumph. Lovers of art in all ages must feel a certain satisfaction that the outraged citizens of Antioch tore down his own imperial images in his lifetime and dragged them through the streets, and an additional satis-

* His report of this discovery to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Turin was warmly received.

GREEK HEADS—FROM THE TEMPLE OF VENUS AT GOLGOS.

faction in the hope that it was a nice sense of the eternal fitness of things which prompted him to refrain from the full execution of his subsequent terrible threat against that city.

In the débris of the temple of Golgos were found a thousand statues, one-third of them the size of life, several colossal and heroic, and all more or less mutilated. As Di Cesnola gathers up these *disjecta membra* he exhibits a tinge of sadness akin to what one feels in ministering at the scene of some fearful holocaust of precious life. These remains indicate that the temple stood a thousand years, and was dedicated to Astarte, and then to Aphrodite. There are statues of Venus, and many of the other figures hold her sacred bird, the dove. The presence of Hercules and Apollo is further proof that the ancients were accustomed to place statues of other deities in temples dedicated to a particular divinity. Among the terra cotta statuettes found in and about the temple is *Nana*, the Chaldæan Venus; *Ishtar*, the Assyrian; *Mylitta*, the Babylonian; *Astarte*, the Phœnician (the strange goddess *Ashtoreth* that beguiled Solomon); *Aphrodite*, the Greek; and *Amathunta*, the bearded Venus. It is by these and other examples in the collection that art illustrates the oneness of the race—the oneness of its sin, its idolatry, its aspiration, and its need of a real and spiritual savior.

The first group of these remains which attracts attention is of the Assyrian type, and its prominent object is the Colossus of Golgos, which is about twenty-eight feet in height. Upon the head is the helmet-shaped Assyrian cap, with a knob at the top. The long beard is in four parts, incased, and the neck bears an inscription. This great work probably represents a high-priest of *Ishtar*, and is believed to date from about the eighteenth century B.C. There is another huge priestly form, with the beard in four rows of knotted curls, and the hair in six long braids. There is a splendid Hercules of heroic size, rigidly erect, the loose garment of the old East wrapped around the body, the feet naked, the arms bare and bursting with muscular development, the head bearing the helmet cap, and the beard closely curled. It is in perfect preservation, and is scarcely inferior to the Colossus in antiquity. There are other large figures with inscriptions upon the necklaces. Among the bass-reliefs is a herdsman with cattle. We have here, in the Assyrian type, something contemporaneous, at different dates, with that great paramount power of Western Asia, whose civilization is believed to have been hardly surpassed by any ancient, and whose "material arts and appliances did not fall immeasurably below the boasted achievements of the moderns." The cunning hands that moulded some of these works may have been among those sent by the kings of Cyprus, who, with the servants of Manasseh, King of Judah, and the artists of Phœnicia, made the silver and gold and "pleasant furniture" of the "rejoicing city," and placed upon the palace walls of Esar-haddon the beautiful and elaborate bass-reliefs that have

been recovered from that *darkness* which, for a time, obscured Nineveh. They have the same grand characteristics of Eastern sculpture—vastness of scale and tranquillity of expression; they excite the same surprise and admiration; and it may, in a measure, be said of them, as a distinguished writer has said of the bass-reliefs: "The careful finish, the minute detail, the elaboration of every hair in a beard and every stitch in the embroidery of a dress, remind us of the Dutch school of painting." The representatives of the Phœnician type are many, and badly broken. Some of the large heads are very striking in execution and expression. Perhaps the one possessing the greatest interest is a gigantic Hercules, with knotted club in hand, the helmet representing the head of a lion, whose open mouth reveals the giant's face. It is singular that none of these statues can be positively identified as of Persian origin, although the island was a long time under the satrap's domination. Yet Persia succeeded to the inheritance of Babylonian and Assyrian civilization; and her arts so closely resemble the Assyrian that it is difficult to distinguish them, and we are almost convinced of the correctness of the opinion that they had no originality. The Egyptian type is well represented, and one of the best-preserved examples is a fine female figure holding the lotus. Among those of the Greek type we have sepulchral bass-reliefs with inscriptions, and one of a bacchanalian scene; Aphrodite and her priests; Urania; a woman with bracelets, playing the lute; an "*auletris*" (female playing the double flute); a laureate sculptor with implements in hand, in studio garb, the upper garment reaching from neck to knee, and the sleeves terminating at the elbow; fine statues of children and youth; a large figure of a priest, with a globe in one hand and a bird in the other; a beautiful life-sized statue of the Macedonian period, the head bound with laurel, a branch in the right hand and cymbals in the left; colossal heads, with the shelly hair of early Greek art; and some of the finest and most expressive of antique heads—a vision of that matchless sculpture of Greece, which, like her poetry, outlived her liberty, philosophy, and empire. There are also examples of Roman art. No museum possesses a single statue of a period so remote as many of these; and some of them are by far the oldest known to exist. Until this discovery, those taking precedence in age were Assyrian statues in the British Museum, and Egyptian statues, dating from the eighth and fourteenth centuries B.C. respectively.

We can have but an inadequate conception of the satisfaction and pleasure of the distinguished discoverer in the society of this great company of illustrious guests. The *growth of art*, in its highest form, is unfolded to him as never before to man. How eagerly and swiftly he glances down the old ages! He sees primitive art alike in all nations, and prescriptive in form and practice. As prescription relaxes, the genius of the artist is seen in the member released to him. Even Assyrian art appears national and progressive. Growth under mortal guidance is never perfect; tares come up with the wheat; defects appear with excellences; and in the presence of prescription the growth of art is slow. Greece holds archaic forms for centuries, and then makes rapid strides, until prescription is driven from its last stronghold—the heads of heroic and religious myths—and her genius culminates in the unequaled majesty, serenity, and purity of Phidias, and in the strength of expression, gracefulness of form, and refinement of Scopas. But sculpture, like the empire over its favorite haunts, has its decline. Praxiteles represents the form entirely nude—modeled from a notorious courtesan; and although public opinion forces a compromise in a form like that of the Venus of Milo, the lower part of which is draped, yet from this time nudity

STATUE OF MACEDONIAN PERIOD—FROM THE TEMPLE OF VENUS AT GOLGOS.

Stone—from Salamis. *Terra Cotta—from Paphos.*

GREEK HEADS.

is popular; and "the decline of sculpture is apparent when its practice ministers to voluptuousness" instead of addressing the nobler sentiments. The splendors of Greek sculpture contributed to a religion which Athanasius defines the "deification of lust." No wonder in this corruption of its genius, and in the presence of spiritual faith, that it should have entered into a long sleep, and that its history should have been styled the history of idolatry!

The French *savant*, the Duc de Luynes, in his "Transcriptiones et Numismatique, Cypriote" (Paris, 1863), states that only three inscriptions in the Cypriote language were known to exist, and that they were not deciphered. In the temple of Golgos the discoverer found thirty-four, which he expects will prove of much interest and value to the paleographer and historian. Although under its own kings and in its own tongue Cyprus seems to be an agglomeration of all art, yet Di Cesnola sees in the light of Golgos a national art as well as a national language—an art less free than the Greek, less prescribed than the Egyptian and Assyrian, and which contributed some of the "presents" brought by the "kings of Tarshish and of the isles" to the wise son of David. These statues of the old types and ages all have an affinity, and were carved here from the hard calcareous stone of the island, mainly by Cyprus artists. These artists studied and practiced all forms of ancient art; and although forced to imitate their conquerors, they always retained something of a national character. The colossal high-priest of Assyria has a Cypriote—not a cuneiform—inscription upon the neck. This Golgos collection, therefore, is unique, and its artistic and archæological value can not be estimated.

The discoverer now centred his thoughts upon Kouklia, and defined and purchased the site of ancient Paphos. But at that point, just when he fondly hoped that some of the most excellent works of Praxiteles and Lysippus were within his reach, envy and bigotry procured an *iradé* from the sultan forbidding all further excavations in Cyprus.

Besides the foregoing, Di Cesnola found the following and other articles worthy of note in various parts of the island: gold, silver, copper, and bronze coins—Judæan, Greek, Ptolemaic, Cypriote, Roman, Byzantine, Lusignian, and Venetian; a beautiful gold coin, weighing twenty-two dollars, struck by Ptolemy Philadelphus, and bearing the portrait of Arsinoe, his sister-wife and queen; fine specimens of the gold coins of the Byzantine emperors; and many Roman, Byzantine, Lusignian, and Venetian coins, valuable as missing links in numismatic chains; Egyptian scarabæi, and pieces of Roman and Egyptian bronze; Roman lamps with the maker's name; a small earthen bowl with four loops, and with delicate turquoise-blue glaze; a curious red-glazed vase, with two tall spouts and a handle, and with incised patterns of short zigzag and diagonal lines—an unusual type of archaic Greek ware; an *oinochoe*, with trefoil lip and a strainer, painted with an ibis in brown; a most interesting vase, with double handles, resting on four loops, painted in red and brown with birds and masks; yellow pottery of the same character and date as that found at Rhodes in the last ten years—the ware of this period (fifth century B.C.) has an ash-colored ground, painted in red and brown with circles of geometrical patterns, lozenges, checkers, and sometimes with men and animals; a headless marble Cybele, with a lion; two stone lions upon the *Mihir*, or winged sun; large terra cotta plates, enameled with flowers, and heads and statuettes of the same material, that are probably of Persian origin; *Kithrea*, or fire-worshipers, of Cilician workmanship; and a majestic statue, about three times the size of life, of a Greek high-priest of olden times, holding in the left hand the head of a bull. This statue has a special interest for the writer, apart from the noble posture, the graceful drapery, and the benignant face—so like the most refined expressions of Signol. Leaving Dali and Golgos on the left, we had crossed the wide-extending plain of Mesaurea without meeting a single soul, and quartered near the walls of Famagosta, whose Turkish gate was widely opened to us, although until recently it had never shadowed a "Christian dog," even a pass from the sultan being received by the governor with the remark, "This will enable you to enter, but not to depart." Our first excursion was to Salamis; and as we sat upon a mound near the foundations of a Byzantine palace, and our eyes went from the plain to the great chain of mountains, and thence over the magnificent expanse of bay

THE GREEK PRIEST—FOUND AT SALAMIS.

that widens out, by the Dinaretum of Pliny and the Clides, to embrace Seleucia across the sea, imagination came, with its stirring, changing, thronging scenes. First appears the argosy of Teucer, the exiled son of Telamon—a hero of Troy, and the best archer of Greece—who, sadly failing to avenge the death or gain the body of Ajax, comes hither to found a new Salamis. But whiter than all others is the spotless sail that bears that greater, Christian archer, Saul of Tarsus—whose arrows find the joints of the most impenetrable harness—to establish a better and a heavenly kingdom on these Gentile coasts. Some months later all the fancy of that day was revivified upon beholding a likeness of this statue, and reading, in the familiar lines of the discoverer, "found where we sat together at Salamis." Among the Crusaders' and Oriental arms are swords, rapiers, daggers, stilettos, and knives, some of them of expensive workmanship; ancient Persian daggers; Damascus blades; a Crusader's sword, double edged, with inlaid cross of gold; a Knight Templar's sword, with a marquis's coronet on the hilt; the helmet and gauntlets of a Knight Templar of rank; on one side of the helmet is engraved a soldier, with casque and lance, and over the soldier a Crusader's sword and shield, the face of which is a lion's head; and on the other side is an equestrian figure. It is impossible to state, at the present writing, the number of articles in Di Cesnola's collection; but in August, 1870, when the representative of the Russian Imperial Museum examined it, there were about *thirteen thousand* pieces, comprising many statues and statuettes, eighteen hundred lamps, five thousand vases, two thousand coins, six hundred gold ornaments, seventeen hundred pieces of glass, three hundred pieces of bronze, and a hundred inscriptions. Of the two thousand vases first discovered, eight hundred and sixty-nine are of different designs. The natural expression of the faces in the collection is most remarkable. There are faces of luxury, poverty, stately dames, beautiful damsels, old crones, men of action, men of mere words, cynical men, and bubble-

blowing boys—faces one has known from childhood, and that he meets every day upon the street. But this wonderful collection is especially pre-eminent in that it illustrates the growth of ancient art more fully than any other. It therefore attracts great attention in Europe, where it is considered one of the most important discoveries of the century; and the royal museums have sent their representatives to inspect it. In July, 1870, the Emperor Napoleon III., sharing the enthusiasm of the Parisian savants, authorized a liberal offer for it in behalf of the Imperial Museum of the Louvre, the expenses to be borne from his private purse; but when the acceptance reached Paris he, as emperor, had ceased to be. It is to be hoped that America, of which the discoverer is a worthy and honored citizen, will anticipate the action of London, Berlin, and St. Petersburg.

The importance of the discoveries in Cyprus is recognized by the world of science, and Di Cesnola has been made an honorary member of the Archæological Societies of Athens, Rome, Dresden, Berlin, and Paris, of the Royal Academy of Sciences and the Anthropological Society of Turin, and of the Italian Geographical Society of Florence; and decorations have been bestowed upon him by the kings of Italy, Bavaria, and Greece.

When we remember the dispersion and temporary loss of different books of the Bible, the *destructions* of early history—of Rome, Gaul, and Britain—of the history of his own country by a Chinese emperor, of the Alexandrian library, with the works of the great minds that made illustrious the Alexandrian school, of the coins, paintings, and hieroglyphs of the Montezumas, and a world of vandalism, ancient, medieval, and modern, and think how little we should know of the mighty past were it not for the vast labors and sacrifices, under Providence, of the antiquary and his collaborators, our hearts go out to them in gratitude. Although the names and specialties of these discoverers and conservators of knowledge are various, they are *one body*—ever present in all time, looking back through the ages and forward with the prophecy, grasping every fact, collecting from every source, investigating, proving by all known methods, and preserving the wisdom of the past for the present and future. In that future, so laden with the wants and cravings of spiritual and intellectual man, the cycle of civilization may repeat itself; and *our* idols and treasures may be ground between the upper and nether millstone, in the presence of the ever-unfolding apocalyptic vision. But this *body* will grow in grace, power, and beauty—religion, geology, philosophy, and art blending in it harmoniously—and, ever bearing the inscription, "*A thousand years are but as yesterday unto Him whose kingdom is from everlasting to everlasting, and whose truth endureth forever!*" it shall live on, in its sublime study of time, until time shall be no more!

MY GODMOTHER'S POMANDER.

SO my grandfather lay a-dying! My godmother had sent for my mother and me, and I might go to the death and to the funeral, perhaps to the reading of the will, and there might be other mysteries that I knew not of. Who could tell?

There was great haste. But there was no mistake about it. I was mentioned by name in my godmother's note: "Bring Clara; she will be a great comfort to me. Fox is here. I am sorry the roads are so bad; but do come to me, dear Mary. I have had such a sad time alone, till Fox came." My godmother was a young woman. She had married my grandfather when he was past threescore-and-ten. She had crossed the ocean with him, coming from England; he had been very kind to her then and ever since. It made a great talk when they were married, very soon after they landed. The world said it was a plot to catch the old gentleman, who was very rich.

My godmother said, frankly, "It is the custom in Europe, and my father approved of the match before I left England. My husband would not allow him to speak to me about it lest I should feel myself bound to favor his suit authorized by my father. I understood it all. I am glad to have such a good husband, so rich; but it is sad to have driven away Fox."

Fox was my grandfather's grandson—our dear Cousin Fox, the supposed heir to the great estates of the house of Fox. But in the short time that intervened between the return of his grandfather and his second marriage Cousin Fox had fallen in love with my godmother, and was very bold in his attentions and very desperate in his disappointment; and my grandfather got him a position in a commercial town, where he spent much money and led a wild life, and finally went into the army under General Braddock, and was considerably cooled off, or made a man of; for he was but a boy when he adored his grandmother and defied his grandfather.

All this my mother told me, and much more, during our drive to town on that eventful day. She described to me my christening, which took place when I was five years old, my grandfather and my new grandmother being my sponsors. She forewarned me that I would be adopted now by my godmother, and said, oracularly, "It rests with you whether you become a woman or a fine lady's lap-dog."

As I had never been in the habit of talking to my mother, I sat silent in the carriage

and pondered over my future until we reached the town of A——, where my grandfather lived.

The countless windows in the large house blazed a fire-light welcome that I have never since been able to disconnect with death.

We met my cousin Fox on the staircase; he was standing in the light of a roaring fire behind him, the most gallant and noble figure I had ever seen. He embraced my mother and took my hand. I felt at once warmed and protected.

In the chamber of death, as the housekeeper had respectfully called my grandfather's room, my godmother sat alone by her husband's bedside, looking fair and frail and very much dressed for such an occasion. She was not to blame for that, however. The delicate tints of her complexion, the richness of her gown of green satin, and the fashion of the day to wear much lace, and her fair hair a little disordered, made her beautiful to look upon as she greeted us, with tears in her appealing eyes.

"He has been dying all day," she said. "He likes me to be near him; he will not recognize you."

My cousin Fox approached the bed, and took his hand.

"It is Fox," said my godmother. "You knew him yesterday; he has come to see you, my dear. And Mary and little Clara—don't you know them?"

My grandfather was sitting up in bed, supported by many pillows, and breathing strangely. He turned his eyes toward Cousin Fox when he took his hand, and there was a struggle in his face.

"You know Fox?" repeated my godmother.

"Certainly," he said, with an indefinite bow of the head, and with much difficulty. "Give Fox some supper, and Bur—Bur—Burgundy." Then he made an effort to smile; his powdered wig fell over his right eyebrow, which was very bushy and black—his smile, too, seemed to have slipped on one side—and his eyes rolled up in his head as he said again, "Burgundy, Bur—gun—gundy for Fox, my dear;" and died, thinking kindly for another, as he had done when living.

My godmother straightened his wig, and Cousin Fox closed his eyes.

"I am very glad I was not alone," said she; and we left the room together. Later in the night my mother and Cousin Fox went back to my dead grandfather, and I did not see them again till the next morning.

I drove to the funeral in the family coach, seated next to my godmother. I was present at the reading of the will, which left the estates and money equally divided between Cousin Fox and my godmother. My brothers and I were ultimately to inherit my godmother's portion, and a request was added that I should live at the homestead as the adopted child of Mrs. Howard Fox.

A large wardrobe of mourning clothes was made for me before I went home with my mother. I had a memorial ring, and in the spring I returned to my godmother, to live with her.

Cousin Fox had also a home at the old homestead, but he was still in the army, and we saw very little of him for two or three years. I watched for his visits as for the return of birds in spring, or flowers.

What is a godmother?

Of course I knew the Church acceptation of the word, and Cinderella's godmother, and a French fairy tale of a wicked old godmother; but what was mine to me—to me, a simple little country lass, transplanted to a vase in my lady's boudoir, expected to bloom with the gaudy colors of the tulip when I was at best but a wild flower?

At first, to me, my godmother was very much like Cinderella's. Touched with her wand, I lived in a trickle of delights and surprises. The rats and pumpkins of this life were made luxuries and pleasures by her fairy hands. I was rolled through my duties in a glass coach. My tastes should be cultivated; I should not be a drudge; I should live a life enchanted!

Such was my godmother's amusement during her period of mourning—a distinct time in my memory, when my godmother wore black satin gowns, fine muslin folded meekly across her bosom, her hair covered but not concealed by a triangle of muslin, some bright locks escaping on her forehead as if they had bloomed there. We lived much in a small oval room, full of sunlight, my godmother at her embroidery frame, working with silk and wonderful floss of brilliant colors, gold thread and beads, and weaving for me beautiful stories of Penelope, Zenobia, Matilda of Flanders, and some maids of honor she had known in France.

I read the "Canterbury Tales" and the "Faerie Queene" and "Comus" aloud, not to my godmother alone, but to the sovereign heroines she had told me of, who were as real as the figures of her rich embroidery. The mignonette border was under the windows of the oval room, from the garden walk up to the house itself, and it was in bloom when I first saw Colonel Johnson, and first heard of Penelope's constancy and wifely cunning. Colonel Johnson trampled on the flowers of the mignonette as if they had been straw, and my godmother bent over her dazzling silks, but she was not taking out or putting in.

"Penelope," said this bold suitor in a red coat, "when this work shall be finished, what then?"

"Then I shall begin this pattern of Æneas and Dido."

That was all I heard, so, naturally, I asked about Penelope.

When my godmother began to admit the world a little, and to skirmish on the borders of society, she told me gravely that I must really begin to study, and make myself accomplished. I was thirteen—no longer a child. If I showed so little taste for study, perhaps it would be better to send me home for the summer; but my mother would be shocked to find me so sad a trifler and so little improved. Perhaps the convent in France where she was educated would be the best place for me for a few years. I would have there no distractions. Nothing was in such bad taste as a forward child. Evidently the clock had struck twelve.

I went to my room and contemplated sadly the change. While I was thinking profoundly as to how it would feel to have my wings pulled off, and thereafter to creep, I heard a noise. A delightful, cheering, hearty noise, nothing silken and fluttering about it. I ran out of my room, and from the broad landing where the staircase separated I saw my godmother receive Cousin Fox. It was a thrilling picture in my eyes. He knelt on one knee and kissed her hand. She, pathetic and tremulous, imprinted a most decorous kiss on his bronzed forehead.

A friend of hers, Colonel Johnson, witnessed the scene, but he did not see through her dependent, pleading manner, as she said, "You have come home this time to stay, Fox, haven't you? We need you sadly, Clara and I." I gave a cry of delight, which made dear Cousin Fox run up the stairs to greet me.

"Oh, bad little girl, to grow so tall and maidenly," he said, but hugged and kissed me as if I were yet a little child.

I took his kisses back into my room, and have kept them ever, as one keeps the scent of rose leaves when the flower has gone. How gladly I accepted the old child place in his affections! I felt that I had a champion in him. My joy that he had come home was too full and flowing to be repressed.

Cousin Fox said that night at tea to my godmother, "How pleasant it is to have this bright little bird twittering about the old house!" And although it made me shy to be noticed so openly by a very tall British regular, I was very happy—happier and of more importance in my own eyes than I had ever been in my life.

It was the year of the peace of 1763. The French colonies were ceded to England. Cousin Fox resigned his commission, and made himself very busy in managing the property at home, and attending to the affairs of our late grandfather that had never been settled since his death. He went very often to New York and Philadelphia. He was a man of fashion—a prince, I thought—and very interesting to my godmother, who used every art she possessed to keep him always at home, and to add him to her list of knights; but all in vain. His manner to her was deferential and courteous to the highest degree—nothing more. He was never dazzled by her brilliancy, never piqued into any thing beyond a scornful notice of her mode of life.

When he was at home my godmother was very restless. Every day there were riding-parties or pleasure-parties to the houses of distant friends. Every night had its amusement: card-parties, the theatre, routs, country dances—any thing but a quiet evening at home. I reflected that this might be because, in public, my Cousin Fox was generally on duty upon my godmother; and often she made an occasion to tax his devotion, and enjoyed the interpretation that the world put upon his fidelity. Fickle and capricious, with no self-control, she often exposed her feelings to me, sometimes in confidence, more frequently because she disregarded me altogether. I was not a woman at thirteen. I had, I fear, accepted the lap-dog position of my mother's warning. When I looked well as an accompaniment, I was the companion of my godmother in her pleasure-seeking.

One day we went to the woods, a large party on horseback—a *fête*, it was called. We spent a long, fretful, weary day. Our complexions and tempers were the worse for it in the evening. We entered the house on Cousin Fox's side, and stopped to rest in his den, which was seldom invaded by the female portion of the household. It was a little low room on the ground-floor, almost all hearth and fire-place, the wainscoting of pine wood painted black. It was very attractive in winter when it was ablaze, but sombre in summer, and smelled of damp.

My godmother, standing on the red bricks of the hearth, her figure in relief against the black mantel-piece, and illumined by the light of candles, the green color of her riding-dress heightened by the contrast with black and red, an unusual, pensive expression in her face, seemed to be some one else for a moment—perhaps because I had never seen her in Cousin Fox's room before, and she may have been waiting for him to extend some hospitality to her.

He merely said, however, "You have to-day several times reminded me of the chaste goddess Diana—of the goddess of the chase, I mean, Mrs. Fox."

"Or of a chased goddess, you might mean," she answered. "I never had a harder time to keep off bores, and never a more unsuccessful. No thanks to you, my recreant grandson. Those Browns are not in our circle, Fox!"

"I am glad to hear it."

"Nevertheless, how devoted you were to them! I thought you looked annoyed when I ventured to ask you to hold my stirrup!"

"The third time, madam, or the fourth?"

"I don't remember. Do you wish me always to ride with a groom?"

"I have no wish on the subject."

"Then you were not annoyed? Why did you look so?"

"I was very much annoyed; indeed, I was enraged."

"Enraged because you must leave the Browns?"

"No; you mistake me. Birdie, did you have a nice day?"

"Fox, were you in a rage because I was troublesome?"

"Birdie, did you have a pleasant day?" said Cousin Fox.

"Birdie is too well-bred to interrupt your answer."

"I beg your pardon, madam. Will you excuse my answer?"

I could not bear to hear my godmother's taunting laugh. Therefore I left the room.

Soon my godmother followed me, and stood before a small oval mirror in my room, looking at herself with a smile of triumph. She kept her hair in braids close to her head that night, and wore a very simple muslin dress, but the Diana expression had been left in the den. Her sole ornament was a silver pomander attached to her girdle.

I wondered that I had never seen it before. "What is it?" I asked. "A charm like a Canterbury brooch, godmother? Where did you get it? What a delicious, spicy fragrance!"

"Your cousin Fox gave it to me before I married, child! It is a family relic. Your uncle Fox gave it to his bride, and Fox gave it to me; but your grandfather did not exactly approve, and so you have not seen it."

Out of its perforations came to me something more than a spicy odor. Not by association, but by intuition and a sense of sympathy, I perceived the story it told.

Cousin Fox, in his young, mad devotion, had lavished upon her all his treasures—his love, his faith, his hope, this bauble that must have been sacred in his eyes, for it was his mother's, who had it from his father when he was a bachelor—all had been poured out upon her.

And why did she wear it now, and why the glittering, triumphant look in her eye? Cousin Fox had betrayed himself. He was hers again, as he had been when first he gave her his love and the silver pomander. I felt it before I heard his voice calling to her, "Come down! Come down! I am hungry. Come!"

There was no one else in the world to him at that moment. The happiness in his voice made his words a love-song. He might as well have shouted, "Come to me, my beloved! I am waiting and longing and hungering for you! Come! come!"

I ran down to him, and my godmother floated down a moment after. One glance that he gave her caused his blissful heart to overflow. He saw that she wore his lover's gift. He saw her downcast eyes, her sweet, girlish avoidance of his admiration. Much more he saw that lovers see; and all that lovers are blind to was hidden from him.

I ran out into the lonesome moonlight, to not hear his protestations and love-making, to not see my godmother enchant and enchain him, to not see his fetters fastened while he was at his devotions.

The very next day my godmother gave Cousin Fox an opportunity to tell me of his new happiness.

As I listened to his love-story I was awe-stricken—he told it with so much feeling and humility. He told me how desperate and reckless he had been when he lost her; that he was sure she would never look upon him as a man; that he had come home merely to protect her, and had never had a ray of hope until the night before, when some expression of despair escaping him had led to an explanation and an avowal.

"And godmother has been loving you all this time too?" I asked.

He whispered, "Yes." He believed it with all his heart.

"I thought it was Colonel Johnson," I said.

"I thought it was Colonel Johnson too," he answered, quickly; "but she only pities him. He has been devoted to her so long, and is so mad a lover. Birdie," he added, after a silence, "we are only going to tell you of our engagement till Colonel Johnson goes home to England next month."

"Is my godmother afraid of him, then?"

"She would not hurt him unnecessarily," he said. "Neither would I. He's a noble fellow!"

"When he asks her to go home with him, will she not tell him then?"

"He will not ask her again, she is quite sure."

My godmother was a liar.

Even as we spoke, a faint shadow fell upon my cousin Fox's bliss as we heard Colonel Johnson's horse's hoofs pawing the earth in front of the house. He came every day for a week, and was received by my godmother as before. At first Cousin Fox tried to be himself, hearty and generous; but that was useless. He grew pale at times when my godmother yielded to Colonel Johnson's requests to ride with him, to walk with him, to sing to him; when she allowed him to linger hour after hour at her side, avowing that he could not tear himself away, now that his time was so short.

On Colonel Johnson's last day Cousin Fox shut himself in his den. His forbearance

was spent. I heard him ask my godmother to ride with him, and she made some light excuse. She sat at her embroidery frame and watched for Colonel Johnson. He did not come till the evening.

Evidently it had not been arranged between them that he should not come. I had dared once during the day to go to Cousin Fox and tell him that Colonel Johnson was not with my godmother; but he only gave me a melancholy smile, and was not present at dinner. In the evening he made such a grand toilet that my godmother asked him if he were going to a ball.

He said, sadly, "No; I did not think my smart clothes would be noticed by you, madam."

Then in five minutes my godmother flattered him into something like content. She took up a pack of cards and offered to tell his fortune, running over an old form about a fair lady and a dark gentleman and ruin, an enemy, jealousy, a letter, and so on. The words were nothing; but that she was near him, and trying once more to interest him, was every thing.

Even after Colonel Johnson came in, and the governor and a friend of hers, she detained Cousin Fox at her side, and laughed and chatted with him, and made low replies to his admiring glances. I felt ashamed to see him so fast in her toils, and tried to entertain the governor myself; but he was a grave man, and only came to the house to talk with Cousin Fox on serious subjects. Miss Harrison, my godmother's friend, made an equally ineffectual attempt to interest Colonel Johnson; but the thread of conversation was tangled and in absurd knots.

I had never before seen my godmother unobservant of forms. She sat with her head upturned, listening to Cousin Fox, who, leaning over the back of her chair, murmured in her ear. The small table on which were scattered the cards of Cousin Fox's interrupted fortune was in front of her. To break the spell upon us all, I crossed the room and gathered up the cards, with the vague intent to propose a game, or to attract my godmother's attention.

In the latter I succeeded. She turned from Cousin Fox, and looking at Colonel Johnson, said, with a peculiarly distinct utterance, "Don't touch the cards, Clara; I have laid them in combinations to tell Colonel Johnson's fortune."

He, pretending that he had not heard her, came to the card-table and said, "I beg your pardon, madam," and seated himself; while Cousin Fox, like one awaking, walked away almost to the door of the room, and then, recollecting himself, turned and sat down by the governor.

My godmother, taking up the cards and affecting to rearrange the combinations, said to Colonel Johnson, "I thought you would never release me."

"You wished to be released, then?" he answered.

"Can you doubt it to-night?"

"I own that I was puzzled. I began to fear that I might be the dupe!" he laughed.

Miss Harrison heard this, and, seeing me flushed and agitated, whispered, "What does it all mean, Clara?"

I could not speak the indignant words upon my lips. I only shook my head. We listened to Colonel Johnson's fortune without any attempt to talk. I can hardly call it listening on my part, however. I was burning with the desire to rise up and expose my godmother—to call her base, deceitful, treacherous. But what had she done? She had but talked pleasantly to Cousin Fox, whose wife she was soon to be, and listened to him on Colonel Johnson's last night. That was all!

It is only the siren's sweet, low voice that is heard. Then follows the shipwreck, apparently at the hands of those who perish; and the song goes on. I aroused myself with an effort to listen.

"Your voyage will be a very happy one, very. You will be married before you sail—no; the beloved object will be your companion." Then, putting down the knave of diamonds, "This selfish and deceitful relative, fair and false"—ten of diamonds—"will strip you of your money; a widow of malicious disposition, dark complexion; card of caution, followed by the deuce of clubs, which means unexpected wealth; domestic troubles; jealousy; the very fair woman arises; scandal; nine of hearts, the wish-card. You must wish."

"I have nothing to wish for," he said.

"Question!" said my godmother. "How?"

"Must not the cards answer all questions?"

"Yes; ace—death; malice; a duel; misfortune. You will find your horoscope in the first thing that is given to you: mark that. Card of importance—fatal hour, midnight, or, when the moon rises; observe the reflections in the river, near the bridge, at this hour. Here your fate is a little obscured; but all will end well if you read your horoscope by moonlight at the bridge."

My godmother, looking at me, dropped the cards with, "Enough nonsense on your last night, Colonel Johnson."

"Away with melancholy!" he said, and tried to be jocose with me, affecting to believe that I was silent and sad because we would soon be separated.

The governor had said good-night, and Cousin Fox was talking to him in the hall. Miss Harrison bade Colonel Johnson good-by, and hoped his fortune would be a good one, wherever he might be. I went into the hall with her to put on her shawl. Cousin Fox said to her, "I'll come back in a mo-

ment," and walked out with the governor under the trees.

Miss Harrison said, "There's some important news from England about taxing the colonies. I suppose I shall be kept here half the night." She looked through the open door at my godmother, whose back was turned to us, and shrugged her shoulders significantly.

Colonel Johnson was talking to her earnestly, leaning over the card-table. On seeing Miss Harrison's gesture he rose suddenly, and attached to the ribbon of his watch was my godmother's silver pomander.

She stretched out her hand for it, laughing, but implored him in a low tone to hide it. "Fox will be angry," she said. "Quickly, pray, put it in your pocket."

"Fox does not care about silver toys," he said, but covered it with his arm as Cousin Fox entered the hall.

He brushed by Miss Harrison and me, went into the drawing-room, and walking up to Colonel Johnson, stared at him silently. Colonel Johnson returned his stare.

"I have been watching you from outside, Sir. Explain yourself."

"I was just saying that you did not care about silver toys, my dear fellow; that's all."

"I demand an explanation, Colonel Johnson."

"I refuse an explanation, Major Fox. You will find me in your den when you return."

Cousin Fox bowed to Colonel Johnson, and then to Miss Harrison, to signify that he waited her pleasure; and not a word was spoken until the door closed upon them.

I went into the drawing-room to implore my godmother to make Colonel Johnson leave the house before Cousin Fox came back, but I could not speak when I saw her smiling as if nothing had happened. Colonel Johnson, looking out of a window, said, with a yawn, "Really I do not wish to kill Fox as my last act. What shall I do?"

"Of course you must not kill Fox," said my godmother, gathering up the cards. "Silly fellow! I will explain to him that there are two pomanders. Clara, run and fetch mine from my casket, or in my India cabinet."

"This is yours with the sharper points, madam."

"Never mind; fetch the other one quickly."

I understood it all as I ran up stairs to her room. My godmother had detached from her girdle during the fortune-telling her pomander, and had given it to Colonel Johnson. It contained, probably, some false farewell verses, which she called a horoscope, and he would read them at the bridge when the moon rose. For this last folly Cousin Fox might lose his life.

The pomander that I found in her casket belonged to Colonel Johnson. They were so alike in shape, size, and workmanship that my godmother did not know one from the other. I hoped to confuse my cousin Fox. I hoped that he had not seen that my godmother wore hers during the evening. I did not know exactly what my hope was; but I did not stop to breathe until I reached Cousin Fox's den with the pomander in my hand.

His candles had burned so low that I could hardly see when I entered it. I was afraid of hearing another heart beat beside my own in the stillness; and when I found that I was alone it was agony to wait, for Colonel Johnson might come before Cousin Fox; but the outer door opened, and Cousin Fox came in, starting at the sight of me.

"Birdie, what do you want in my den so late at night?" he said. "Your little head ought to be under your wing."

"Cousin Fox, it was only a joke all the time. My godmother sent me to her casket to fetch her pomander, and here it is! I brought it to you first, because I was afraid it might be too late, and that I'd find you and Colonel Johnson killing one another. I'll take it to her now, as she bade me, shall I?"

"Wait, child. Where did you get that thing? Tell me the truth."

"Out of my godmother's casket in her room, on my word."

"And this is what they call a joke?"

"My godmother said Colonel Johnson must not kill you, and told me to go up stairs for hers, and said she would explain to you that there were two."

"Did she? The joke shall be carried out to the end, though!"

"It shall not—it shall not!" I screamed, and sprang upon him, and clung to his arms as he took down some swords from the wall. I stamped my feet and made him turn to me.

"Don't murder any body! Oh, dear, dear Cousin Fox, you'll be killed yourself!"

"Birdie, it must be," he said, sadly; "but I shall not kill Colonel Johnson."

"Then you'll be killed yourself," I cried; "and I will kill him with my own hands first. Oh, pray, pray listen to me for one minute!"

"Don't be foolish, Birdie." He took me in his arms to soothe me. I clung to him, and whispered all the love I had ever had for him, and my despair. Colonel Johnson came in and found me with my arms around his neck, sobbing, and begging him not to fight a wicked duel.

I think he, too, had made up his mind that the foolish affair must take place, although he did not wish it; but when he saw my tears, and heard my cousin's broken voice trying to console me, and begging me to go now to my godmother like a good child, he took the pomander from his watch-ribbon, and gave it to me, saying, "Don't cry, little

one. I don't want the bauble. I'll give it to you."

My cousin glared at him with a wild-beast look, and I let the pomander fall on the floor. It opened, and I saw that there was no horoscope in it. My godmother had undoubtedly taken it out. Whatever of importance she had to say to Colonel Johnson had been said. I thought she must have made him promise that he would not go to Cousin Fox, and that she was then waiting for me to come to her with the pomander from her casket, and for Cousin Fox to come to her for an explanation, and that she expected to caress and smile away this misunderstanding as she had so many others. I thought this and much more, and heard at the same time Colonel Johnson say,

"Fox, we'll fight if you insist upon it, but the child has explained for me. What shall it be about next? Would you kill me for wearing my own pomander?"

"No. You know it is not that!"

"For what, then?"

"If you were not going away forever, I would kill you or be killed in the attempt, and give you no reason for fighting," said Cousin Fox, rising and putting me from him.

"But as I am going away now forever, Fox, you will not give me a parting stab. I confess I am very glad to shake hands with you instead." He put out his hand.

Cousin Fox shook it heartily, and said,

"May I never see you again! Good-by."

He closed the door upon Colonel Johnson, and said to me, "Birdie, I thought he was violent and fiery. There's something wrong. I should not have let him off."

He stooped and picked up the open pomander, and raising a window, threw it after Colonel Johnson with all his might.

I felt that the thing of evil omen would bring him back; but it was my godmother who entered at the outer door, with a deep scratch on her cheek, making a long blood line. "Some one has hit me with a sharp stone," she said. "Clara, what are you doing here?"

"Probably it was Colonel Johnson's pomander that I flung after him. I beg your pardon, madam. I could not know that you were outside."

"I was afraid you might kill each other," she said, with indescribable sweetness.

"We found that we had nothing to fight about."

"I wish you had sent me word. I would not have wet my feet in the grass."

She lingered as she crossed the room to the passage leading into the house, but Cousin Fox did not look at her again. When she had gone he threw out his arms with a groan, and said, "I have lost her forever—forever, oh, Birdie!" He fell into a seat like a wounded man, and covered his face with his hands. I was nothing to him then. I left the room, closing the door on his misery; but, as if his heart were really bleeding, a long trail of anguish seemed to follow me, and when I fell asleep I dreamed that he was in a pit so deep that I could not see him, but could hear faint cries. I was listening in my dream when the housekeeper awoke me.

"Major Fox says your godmother has gone last night with Colonel Johnson, miss. He's very bad himself. I think he is gone mad almost, he's so angry," she said.

I sprang up. "Where is he?" I said.

"Gone to the stables now, miss; he's just come home on horseback; his looks is awful. Let me help you on with your clothes."

The old woman dressed me quickly; her hands did not shake as mine did. She observed that "Mrs. Fox's ways had never done honor to the family," and then relapsed into her accustomed dignified silence.

The whole house was open and deserted as I crossed the main building to Cousin Fox's den, where I hoped to find him. I opened his door with trembling fingers; but I was not prepared for such a sad, pitiable object as he appeared, seated on a low bench, his dress disordered and muddy, his face haggard and gray, his look so wild that I hardly knew him. I staggered forward and sat down on the floor. He gave a horrid laugh, and beat his bench with his fists.

"Get up and come to me, Birdie," he said; "don't mind me and that woman, your godmother. Are you afraid of me? You are afraid of me. Why didn't you let me kill him, then, last night? But I tracked him. I followed her to the bridge. She wet her feet again last night going after him. I told her I was sorry that she had wet her feet, and I put her in his carriage, Birdie, and congratulated him and her. She wanted to see her old father, she said, and would avail herself of Colonel Johnson's escort. Can't you get up?"

He looked at me and stopped beating on the bench, and smiled such a hopeless, vacant smile I thought him mad, and knelt and prayed that his reason might not be gone forever.

He was quite still as I prayed, and when I stopped he came to me, and lifting me, said, "Birdie, go away from this house: you are fair too. Send for your mother to take you away before it is too late, and be a good girl."

The worst was over.

I made Cousin Fox go for my mother the next day. She came and staid with him until we were quite sure that his mind was not affected. He might have become a misanthrope or a woman-hater but that he lived in troublous times and was a thorough man. He tried his best to lose his life in fighting his country's battles, and in so doing learned that his life was not in his own hands. He sought my mother and me to give us his protection during the war of the Revolution,

established us in the homestead, and when our independence was gained he came home to us a poor soldier, with a bullet in his side; but the sadder wound was healed.

And my godmother's pomander? It is that which has brought before me, long years after, the old days.

I sit with my spinster knitting in the low doorway of the den. Cousin Fox is turning up the earth around some old apple-trees. His little boy comes running to me with a round ball in his hand.

"I fink it is a waps' nest?" he says, inquiringly.

"No, it is not a wasps' nest," I answer, digging away incrustations of dirt with my needle.

"I fink, maybe, it is the fing what made the hole in papa?"

I hold it up to Cousin Fox, and we smile together as he says,

"Yes, my son, it is the fing that made the bad hole in me."

I have brought it to my old little room and cleaned it. There is no fragrance from it now except the mouldy smell of graves. I put it in my godmother's casket with this brief story.

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Second Paper.]

THE LATIN PEOPLES.—(*Continued.*)

IT would be a mistake to think that the republican movement in France has only this political character. The schools of science have also a powerful influence in the development of our ideas. Among them all the most prominent is the Positivist School, whose general tendency is to substitute for theology and even metaphysics the purely human ideas which are indicated by reason, strengthened by experience, in harmony with nature, innate in the spirit, foreign to every transcendental tendency, and opposed to the supernatural. The series of fundamental ideas of this school is not at this moment a part of our theme, but its influence is clearly seen in the political and social tendency of the republican spirit of our time. According to Comte, the chief of the positivist school, the basis of ancient society was caste, and the basis of caste was the hereditary principle in social functions, and especially in the important functions of the priesthood. Catholicism destroyed caste forever, taking from the sacerdotal ministry the hereditary character; but being compelled to establish itself in a semi-barbarous society, it was forced also to found a theocratic rule so as to obtain an authoritative control of consciences, and a feudal rule to establish with the sword a strong and organized society. But since the fourteenth century human reason has tended to rebel against the theocratic rule, and the human will to revolt against the feudal rule. This double spirit of opposition led in the Latin peoples to a monarchical and plebeian dictatorship; in the Germanic-Saxon peoples, to an aristocratic and Protestant dictatorship. But while this was taking place in the political and social world, human reason was gradually freeing itself by analytic efforts from theological ideas. The eighteenth century did much to accomplish this work. Political systems absorb ideas, as the plant the juices of the earth in which it grows. Three capital facts indicated the termination of the old theocratic state: first, the expulsion of the Jesuits, the army of authority and theology; second, the reforms of Turgot, which tended to found society upon a positivist basis; third, the American revolution. All these facts were necessary preliminaries to the French revolution. This revolution was born in the midst of illusions, fancying it was to harmonize its new ideas with the ancient monarchy; but the annihilation of the monarchy was the first result of the revolution. For the monarchy, based on the hereditary transmission of social functions, represented the last relic of the ancient caste, which was incompatible with the new intellectual and moral condition of the human race. The Convention founded a new society free from all theological ideas and opposed to feudal institutions. The hatred of monarchical Europe, coalesced to attack it, forced it into dictatorship; the dictatorship drove it to internal terrorism, to sustain against French rebels and foreign enemies a universal war. But the dictatorship was carried too far, and even led into reaction by the disciple of Rousseau, by the master of St. Just, by the heir of the political idea of Louis XI., by the forerunner of Napoleon—the implacable and cruel declaimer, Robespierre. The war gave birth to a great army, and the army to great generals. While the army fought on the frontier for the national defense it was patriotic and republican; but as fast as it moved away it took on a pretorian character, and, forgetting the country, it identified itself with the chief who gave it victory. This chief converted it into a docile instrument of his own ambition. Blindly reactionary, Napoleon restored the military and theocratic rule; but this rule, which was opposed to the intellect-

ual condition of the age, could only sustain itself by force, and could only derive the necessary force from war. Reduced to this necessity, its work became every day less popular, and resistance every day more popular. The power of Napoleon passed like a dream, and his name will be handed down to posterity with the names of the great reactionary rulers, like Julian the Apostate and like Philip II. But he left the monarchy standing, and the Bourbons thought that it was their ancient monarchy, firmly based upon faith, and transmissible from generation to generation, like an heir-loom, to their anointed family. The revolution of July demonstrated the impossibility of the hereditary principle, and consequently the impossibility of the monarchy. In the new social situation there were contradictory elements which the public judgment would sooner or later eradicate, such as the compatibility of national sovereignty and monarchical power, of religious liberty and Catholic supremacy. The confusions and anomalies of the law required many commentators and expert practitioners, whence arose the influence of advocates, who sustained the influence of the middle classes. The monarchy confessed its weakness when the parliament continually sought amidst its own debates the men who were to fill the places in the government, and to sustain the administration as well as the responsibility of affairs. In every way power abandoned its ancient intellectual direction of the people, and lost its hereditary, that is to say, its monarchical character. In consequence the theocratic and military and colonial rule, if not destroyed, was greatly weakened. Industry gained by the employment of new mechanical forces. The central idea of the literature of the age has been that the eras of fetiches, of polytheism, of monotheism, and even of theism, have passed forever, to be succeeded by the era of science. In the scientific world there has been a transformation. History has become philosophical. The mathematics have taken on a synthetic character. Astronomy has widened space, and discovered new planets. Biology has revealed the most hidden secrets of the human organism. The natural sciences have systematized the series of species. All these stages of progress are sure to give science a political power greater than it now possesses. There are many savants who ridicule or who oppose this power, because they do not comprehend it, as the priests did not comprehend the immense social destiny which Gregory VII. was preparing for them. But science, applied to the welfare of humanity, will one day obtain the voluntary assent of men, just as religion formerly did. The spiritual and temporal power of the Middle Ages will be restored; only in place of maintaining that attitude of opposition which grew up between them, through the theological character of the one and the military character of the other, they will be fused into mutual support. The spiritual power will be dedicated to education, and the temporal power to action. The religion of humanity will replace all superstition. The European republic will replace despotism and anarchy. This system, in which may be seen some of the social ideas of St. Simon, and in the application of which it will be difficult to avoid aristocracies, or at least hierarchies subversive of natural equality, has given origin, not only in France, but in England as well, to many sects, which, apart from their technical divergences, are all liberal and republican.

The name of Littré would alone be sufficient to do honor to a school; and this is one of the distinguished names of the positivist school, although he does not agree with its founder in all the phases of his system and the entire development of his doctrine. There are other schools within the republican democracy which respond to other scientific tendencies. Hegel especially has exercised in France the great influence which his synthetic genius merits. With him the state is the synthesis of the family and of civil society, and the moral quality of individuals is merely incidental. A republican system could with difficulty be evolved from this doctrine, although the entire philosophy of Hegel, especially in its historical conclusions, tends to the republic, the necessary organism of fundamental right. Vacherot, the disciple of Hegel, in his work on democracy, comes to the conclusion that the republic is the only form of government adequate to liberty, and demands for the republic centralization. But I hold that a centralized republic, directed by a sovereign assembly and by a single executive power, the emanation of universal suffrage, which shall have power to name judges and governors, and to direct the entire administration and policy of the state, may be called a republic, but it will be a republican tyranny, and will end by falling into the hands of a Cæsar or of an oligarchy of office-holders.

Patricius Larroque is an eminent philosopher who has combated with severe logic the superstitions of that false religious education which forbids to the Latin peoples the comprehension and understanding of right. Profoundly spiritualistic, after demonstrating how little the moral law gains by founding itself on principles inadmissible to reason, he seeks God in the conscience and in the universe, and His providential law in nature and in history; and having established these sublime ideas, he deduces a theist religion with a pure moral code born of the conscience and sanctioned by a future life, in which the spirit concludes, after progressive ascensions, in attaining absolute good. This

philosopher belonged in 1848 to the number of those who comprehended and who desired the republic. But he saw no republicans, and for that reason postponed the new form of government to a time when republicans should be educated and fitted to receive it, as if that education were possible in the bosom of monarchies, which are bound by their interests to do every thing possible to keep the people in degradation and ignorance. Larroque now admits the necessity of establishing and organizing a republic, and has written a book dedicated to this object. This book is more occupied with the question of power than of right, more with the minute organization of the republic than with the new ideas which should animate it. He proposes in this book to suppress the presidency, in which he is right, for the presidency of a single citizen will always lead toward a monarchy; but he proposes also excessive powers for the assembly, in which he is wrong, because sooner or later every powerful assembly will tend to parliamentary dictatorship.

Let us continue the examination of the chiefs of the republican schools of France. An incomparable writer, a most eminent literary artist, of an eloquence whose tones are numberless, and a richness of ideas, and, above all, a feeling, which gives to his writings the unity of movement of a Greek tragedy, Michelet, who is above all a historian, in his account of ancient times, sympathizes continually with the hates and griefs of the oppressed, as if his spirit suffered with all those who have suffered in the past, dragging their chains and receiving their wounds, till he becomes the prosecutor, the judge, and the executioner of tyrants sentenced by his righteous anger. He divides the modern world into two eras—the era preceding and the era succeeding the French revolution. The former is the era of grace, in which a God, who has grown up among the superstitions of the Middle Ages, distributes His arbitrary gifts; while the latter is the era of justice, in which the idea of God, purified by human reason and incarnated in society, distributes among all men communion of right. In one of his formulas he says, "The word Priest means monarchy; the word School-master means republic." Eloquent also, and enlightened by great ideas, less energetic but more tender than Michelet, a thorough mystic, priest of the idea of God, before which he offered all his thoughts as if they were prayers, looking at space as the temple and the conscience as the sanctuary of the Creator, Quinet thought that the republic could not establish itself firmly in France for want of a moral foundation similar to the basis of the republic in America; and he also thought that this basis must be found in a new religion, promulgated and diffused by the revolutionary state: a great and fatal error. States never produce religions. Spontaneous movements of the spirit, religions are born from the conscience, are diffused by preaching, are purified by discussion, which fixes them firmly in the voluntary assent of enlightened spirits. The state can not destroy and can not create a religion. Moses and not Pharaoh created the religion of the Father; Christ and not Tiberius that of the Son; Luther and not Charles V. that of the Spirit. On the contrary, religions have been born in open opposition to the state. They have never arrived at the summit of power without having first sprung up and grown in the conscience. It is unfortunate that the Latin peoples find their liberties united with an authoritative and hierarchical church; but it is impossible to replace this church with another which shall rely on the sanction of the state. To raise and regenerate the world morally, it is necessary to enlighten it, to warm it with the glow of ideas which issue spontaneously from the conscience, and by their moral force possess themselves of the minds of men. Only in a moral doctrine, morally founded, can the republic be solidly established.

To these scientific schools may be added the school we may call the American. It is natural that an ideal so well known as that of the United States should have supporters in a nation so open to all ideas as is the French. On the soil of America, which seemed called to regenerate the planet, at the same time that the human mind was regenerating itself, without stamp of antiquity, without prestige of historical traditions, far from all aristocratic privileges, all ecclesiastical hierarchy, all monarchical authority, the children of Nature, the descendants of the Puritans, intent only on uniting society with pure reason, founded a liberal and popular government, where human rights were placed above all ideas, above all institutions and laws, and the social authority distributed itself like the warmth of life among all citizens, universal suffrage inspired in intellectual liberty demonstrated its practical truth in popular sovereignty, and man was the entire master of all his faculties, and the family was sovereign by the sanctuary of the fireside, the self-governing municipality was the germ of the state, the sovereign states were independent in their sphere, united by natural gravitation to a strong nationality, justice was administered by all for all in the tribunal of the jury, and the church, independent of the public authorities, served as the visible conscience of society. In these wise combinations of liberty with equality they harmonized antagonisms which seemed eternal—stability with progress, order with liberty, pure democracy with obedience to the law, the widest freedom of different social tend-

encies with a powerful nationality and ardent patriotism, the humanitarian with the cosmopolite spirit, indomitable independence of the individual with religious respect to authority—as if this experiment of progressive ideas were meant to demonstrate to all doubters how the sophistries and errors of reaction are dissipated in the pure light of independence and free reason.

This ideal had ardent apostles in France. A writer of aristocratic origin popularized the excellences and triumph of democracy. Sober in style, rich in ideas, De Tocqueville revealed the marvelous qualities of this government of the people by the people. A democratic state composed of great masses could be a state of order. The municipality serves as a school to all the citizens; justice serves as a check to the authorities; the laws are stronger than nature itself. To create and sustain this great and liberal democracy, general ideas, which appeared the patrimony of the Latin race, are adopted by the Saxon race by virtue of the universal education of the republic. A taste for science and the arts reached and influenced the masses. That exaggerated individualism which might degenerate into great selfishness disappears beneath the weight of free institutions. Every honest profession is, in the land of liberty, an honorable profession. Manners become modified by equality. The relations of masters and servants become more intimate because both participate in the same dignity of citizenship. Wages are augmented by association. The equality of conditions gives simplicity to manners. The New World seems destined to demonstrate to the Old that there is no danger in the accomplishment of the two conditions necessary to human rights—liberty and equality.

These ideas during the empire were made known to the people in a book, by Laboulaye, much read and much admired, called "Paris en Amérique." The practical exercise of natural liberties is seen there in its purity and truth. The proprietor sees that the republic assures him his income; the workingman, that it assures him the reward of his labor; the priest, that it respects his conscience and his sacred liberty of speech; the mother, that it educates her children carefully in magnificent schools; the citizens, that it calls them to public life according to their various capacities, and guarantees their rights; that it opens to them all public offices; that it inspires them with a full consciousness of their being, and with a severe sentiment of their responsibility. By its grace of style, by its moving narrative, by its growing interest, the book of Laboulaye is a living lesson given to the people in the difficult and necessary art of self-government.

These books have been followed by books of travel, in which the excellences of American democracy are practically shown. The supporters of this school of federalism and of the republic have rendered great service to civilization and liberty. America has been for the people in their conception of democratic rule what England was for the middle classes in the foundation of constitutional government. The apostles of the American school in France, especially its two illustrious chiefs, De Tocqueville and Laboulaye, have not successfully cultivated, in reality, the ideal to which, in theory, they have been so purely and platonically devoted. De Tocqueville belonged in 1848 to the Constitutional Commission. In what were his profound studies of the American Constitution made known? Laboulaye is now a member of the French Assembly. In what does his adhesion to the American ideal appear? The thinker has only to give account of his thoughts; the politician should convert his ideas into acts. The public man should repeat before the people what he has said in his books and his writings, and he should repeat in parliament what he has said to the people. De Tocqueville and Laboulaye ought to have been the founders of the federal republican party in France.

Can they be excused by the unitary character of France? I have never thought of denying it. But France has also federal traditions. Ancient Gaul was federal, like ancient Germany. Federal, also, was the communal movement which brought into life the burgher class; federal that sublime beginning of the French revolution in which each region asked for reforms, inspired by its interests and its necessity; federal that cohort of great orators, of great tribunes, who brought the honey of Attic eloquence on their lips, and the recollection of the Amphictyonic league in their hearts. Almost all died on the scaffold in the prime of life for having opposed the gigantic dictatorship which, absorbing municipal and provincial rights and the power of the state, necessarily tended to bring in Cæsarism, which is impossible in federalism. The French revolution would have been less powerful but more enduring if it had been federal. Little republics within a great nation: this is the saving formula. The kings of Europe in coalition and their armies made the federation impossible. The federals, accused of an intention to dismember the country, died on the guillotine, after having left the brilliancy of the loftiest eloquence in the tribune, after having discoursed in their last fraternal supper of the immortality of the soul with the same language placed by the divine Plato on the lips of the dying Socrates. But in normal circumstances, if relieved from the pressure of war and the dictatorship, the federation is the fitting form of government for democracies. Proudhon, who resolutely advocated the federal idea in the latest writings of his

laborious life, had a true presentiment of the fate which impended over democracies. Singular destiny of this man—he claimed the title of socialist, and yet dissolved the socialist schools, and attacked the power of centralization, and left like a ray of light shining through all his works these two important affirmations—the philosophical dogma of moral liberty, and the political dogma of a republican federation. France has had fifteen constitutions since she adopted the democratic system. She is about to adopt the sixteenth, and she has still scarcely comprehended the secret of the rapid decomposition of them all, in the excess of authority and central power. There is no means for democracy to obtain and preserve power, for authority and liberty to harmonize their historic opposition, for the fundamental tendencies of society to be associated without losing their individuality—there is no means of resolving all these problems, of realizing all these advances, but in federation and through federation. The federal school in France had begun to be formed. Chaudey, assassinated in the last days of the recent Parisian revolution, defended the federal republic with genuine enthusiasm. Barni, a great propagator of modern philosophical ideas, banished on the 2d December, sustained also the federation as applied to all the nations of Europe; in the same sense wrote and spoke Cochin, the author of a valuable book on the origins of revolution; Accollar, an eminent lawyer; and Simon of Treves, a German writer, whom persecutions and banishment have naturalized in France. All these contributed powerfully to the Congress of Geneva, where the republican federation was proclaimed as the organism necessary to modern democracy. But this party, perhaps through its small numbers, perhaps through its bad organization and the historical misfortunes of France, which created the republic in the midst of threats of foreign invasion, when the empire was destroyed on the 4th of September, did not, perhaps could not, avoid the ancient formula of the republic, one and indivisible, which I do not hesitate to call the republic of authority, and consequently not durable.

Let us admit the whole truth. The revolutionary tradition most followed in France is the tradition of Jacobinism. The Girondists have gained the admiration and the sympathies worthy of men who could feel like Barbaroux, think like Condorcet, and talk like Vergniaud. But though they could thus think and feel and talk, they were not equally successful in action. Men of ideas, they were continually out of harmony with events. Their intelligence seemed to grow dizzy in the vapors of real life. They accepted the power of the monarchy, and conspired against it. They opposed the death of Louis XVI., and then, by a servile compromise with an excited public opinion, conceded it. They gained a majority in the Convention, and were not capable of retaining it. They sustained an offensive war, and did not display energy sufficient for such a supreme effort. They annoyed the Montagnards with harangues in the Assembly, and could neither overcome them with votes in the sections nor drive them out of the council with authority. But history has pardoned them this, because history pardons every thing to those who know how to die.

On the other hand, the Jacobin tradition extends from the 31st of May, when the Girondists were conquered, to the 9th of Thermidor, in which those men were triumphant, who were called from that fatal date Thermidorians. And at this time all those works were undertaken, and all those miracles performed, which have immortalized the Convention. Speeches gave way to acts, and the hesitations of the government of talk to the energy of the government of action; the complications of the Girondist policy, which discussed and consulted where it was necessary to decide and to work, to that immense dictatorship which sought only victory at every cost, and placed the generals on the frontier, and the scaffold in Paris. Fourteen armies were improvised. Six hundred thousand young men rushed, with the "Marseillaise" on their lips and the old republican virtue in their hearts, to fight for liberty and for the country. Their mothers, whom the revolution had filled with fanaticism, spoke to them of death like the mothers of Sparta. Twenty-two commissions were opened in the Convention with the mystery and celerity of nature. Thus all France contributed its labor to the war, thanks to universal requisitions. The young men fought, and the rest sustained the epic contest. The kings of Europe were conquered and humiliated by obscure volunteers. The ancient tactics of Frederick the Great were disconcerted by the new tactics of Carnot. France, sold by the king to the foreigner, saved herself from the foreigner by a sublime effort which will always be counted among the prodigies of human heroism. Two men principally directed this—Robespierre and Danton. These two men possessed very different qualities. One was art, and the other nature; one was chicane, and the other thought; one was declamation, and the other eloquence; the one unfeeling virtue, and the other human perverseness; the one used cruelty as a system, and the other as a last resort; the one was partisanship with all its narrowness, the other humanity with all its vices and its virtues; the one the Machiavelism, the other the frankness, of revolution; the one was conspiracy, and the other war; the one selfish in his most humane impulses, the other generous in his most abominable crimes; the

one anxious for power and glory for himself, the other for the grandeur of the country; the one astute and calculating, the other strong and passionate; the one the disciple of Rousseau, as men of common talents are always disciples, the other personal and original, as profound talents always are. In his cold, pallid, bony countenance Robespierre revealed the desolation of his soul; while in his giant face, scarred by small-pox, Danton revealed the interior flash of his genius. The head of Danton, who was the brain of the French revolution, fell into the basket of the guillotine through the implacable hate of his life-long enemy; but when Robespierre, harassed, accused, driven to the brink of the abyss by the men of Thermidor, wished to speak in the Convention, and they refused to hear him, wished to supplicate, and they threatened him, tried to threaten, and they laughed at him, tried to silence them, and they rose against him as he leaped from bench to bench in the hostile and tumultuous Convention, seeing no place of safety, a terrible voice uttered the meaning of the whole tragedy: "Robespierre, the blood of Danton chokes thee!"

Robespierre has retained the greater authority among the men of revolution from two causes—first, because only his friends survived and preserved the spirit of the revolution; and second, because on the death of Robespierre followed immediately the reaction of Thermidor, which at last, from one excess to another, led to the 18th Brumaire and the dictatorship of the empire.

It is, perhaps, through all these causes that Jacobinism retains many partisans still in France. There are some who are still in favor of acts of terrorism, and others who oppose them, but all have a conception of the state which, in my opinion, contradicts the essential basis of democracy and the republic. Among French Jacobins may be named Peyrout, a writer of depth and moderation; Hamel, who brings to his historical studies all the passion and zeal of the first revolution; the austere journalist, the late Delescluze; and the poet Felix Pyat, often inspired, always bold in his statements, and warm and eloquent in his language.

But I maintain, and shall always maintain, that if the French revolution was saved in 1793 by its unitary spirit, it was afterward lost by the absence of the federal spirit. I copy here what I said on the 12th March, 1870, in the Constitutional Assembly of my country, presenting the parallel of a federal democracy with a centralized democracy. "The French democracy has a glorious lineage of ideas—the science of Descartes, the criticism of Voltaire, the pen of Rousseau, the monumental Encyclopedia; and the Anglo-Saxon democracy has for its only lineage a book of a primitive society—the Bible. The French democracy is the product of all modern philosophy, is the brilliant crystal condensed in the alembic of science; and the Anglo-Saxon democracy is the product of a severe theology learned by the few Christian fugitives in the gloomy cities of Holland and of Switzerland, where the morose shade of Calvin still wanders. The French democracy comes with its cohort of illustrious tribunes and artists, that bring to mind the days of Greece and the days of the Renaissance—Mirabeau, the tempest of ideas; Vergniaud, the melody of speech; Danton, the burning lava of the spirit; Camille Desmoulins, the immortal Camille, sublime truant of Athens, with a chisel in place of the pen, a species of animated bass-relief of the Parthenon. And the Anglo-Saxon democracy comes with an array of modest talent: Otis, the unassuming publicist; Jefferson, the practical orator; Franklin, common-sense incarnate—all simple as nature, patient and tenacious as labor. The French democracy improvises fourteen armies, gains epic battles, creates generals like Dumouriez, the hero of Jemmapes; like Masséna, the hero of Zurich; like Bonaparte, general of generals, the hero of heroes. The Anglo-Saxon democracy sustains a war of various fortunes, brings together little armies, makes campaigns of little brilliancy, and has for its only general Washington, whose glory is more in the council than in the field, whose name will be enrolled rather among great citizens than among great heroes. Nevertheless, the French democracy, that legion of immortals, has passed like an orgie of the human spirit drunken with ideas, like a Homeric battle, where all the combatants, crowned with laurel, have died on their chiseled shields; while the Anglo-Saxon democracy, that legion of workers, remains serenely in its grandeur, forming the most dignified, most moral, most enlightened and richest portion of the human race. A parallel which reveals the brilliant means and scanty results of the one, and the scanty means and brilliant results of the other—an instructive parallel written in history with indelible characters, to teach us that the French democracy was lost by its worship of the state, by its centralization, by its neglect of the municipality, of the rights of districts, and even the rights of individuals; while the Anglo-Saxon democracy was saved by having in the first place founded the rights of man, and afterward the organized and self-governing municipality, and finally, a series of counties and states also self-governing, powerful instruments by which authority was united to liberty, giving us the model of the modern polity by which God, who bestows always great rewards on the peoples who labor for progress, who gave to the Greece of liberty philosophy and art, to the Rome of justice education, and consequently the moral empire of the ancient world, has conceded to the Anglo-Saxon de-

mocracy the invention of steam-power which conquers nature, and the invention of the electric spark which gives wings of light to language, and, what is more, the endless duration of its liberties, that it may be in the forests of the New World the centre to which gravitate all intelligences, and the ideal to be invoked by all peoples anxious to establish their lives and their moral dignity on the granite foundations of justice and of right."

The French democracy has also embraced sects which, in addition to and beyond political reform, have proposed social reform. An idea is usually composed of a series of ideas, and in the revolutionary idea is virtually embraced the economic and social conditions indispensable to the emancipation of the people. All great movements of humanity have been economic and social in their character. The Roman empire destroyed property as it was understood and enjoyed by the patriciate. The rise of feudalism was connected with territorial sovereignty and jurisdiction. The crown, to raise its authority above all others, created the royal patrimonies, and incorporated the fiefs with itself. The municipality would never have given birth to the bourgeoisie, nor broken the servitude of the tenantry, without the law of realty. The revolution against the monarchy destroyed the royal patrimonies; the revolution against the aristocracy destroyed entail; the revolution against the church destroyed mortmain. The great democratic revolution would be incomplete without the economic emancipation of the people; and this can surely be obtained through association and universal suffrage, without destroying individual property. Does not labor emancipate itself from capital through co-operation? Through co-operation does not labor arrive at the point where salary is changed to dividends? Do we not arrive through the recently established systems of association at a harmony of all interests? This much, I hope, is the fruit of our principles. But I do not expect it from those Utopias which, pretending to emancipate the laborer, foolishly construct a strong centralized state, which aim to bring all men to the dead level of communism, either through the orders of an industrial pontificate, or through the power of a bureaucratic hierarchy, or through the authority of encroaching powers, or through the increase of centralization and of taxes—all reactionary measures which would fall with double weight upon the shoulders of the people. I know that Utopia is eternal. The human race forever cools its brow and dries its tears in the breeze of hope. Even in the ancient society, where despair was universal and suicide was frequent, above all sorrows and ruins of the time rose those mystic sibyls, whose eyes, worn out with looking at the future, saw in its depths the flight of ideas freighted with consoling promises. Utopia is eternal. I have seen how the ancient world, while it felt on its eyelids the sleep of death, felt at the same time in its heart the breath of renovation expressed in the immortal verse of Virgil; how amidst the irruptions of the barbarians, terrible as the catastrophes of geology, floated the dream of the city of God; how over the bowed forehead of the slave sounded in the eleventh century the terrors of the last judgment and the apocalyptic poem of the universal resurrection; how the monks of the thirteenth century taught with the inspiration of tortures and of penance the eternal gospel; how, later, some awaited the metamorphosis of matter; others contemplated the ascending progress of beings up to their conversion into ethereal luminous bodies, where the spirit can be seen to circulate; others the descent of legions of angels to bear us on their wings the creative word which should give us the secret of rising through the spheres to the summit of the universe, to the beatific vision of the Eternal. I can not wonder, then, at the dream of the Reign of Capacities, nor of the industrial pope, nor of the rehabilitation of the flesh, nor of the prodigies promised to the phalanstery, nor of the eternal pleasures reserved in the new theories, suspended above our age like those clouds peopled with fantastic forms illuminated by the rays of the setting sun. But I object to embracing within the programme of the federation and of the republic all these vague aspirations, some of them contrary to progress, and others to individual rights, and all dangerous to the peace of democracy; because if we promise the impossible and the absurd, the day of the republic, instead of being the day of redemption, will be the day of disenchantment. Let us not forget the deleterious effects of this sensual cosmogony, perverting the minds of the laboring class to the point of indifference to liberty, to democracy, to the republic, which are insipid blessings in comparison with the material advantages of the Utopias. On that fatal day of the 2d December the tyrant was able to accomplish with impunity the assassination of France, because the people, perverted by Utopian dreams and by the legions of the empire, imagined that their deputies, persecuted, seized by the soldiery, were merely defending their twenty-five francs a day when they defended the wounded sovereignty of the Assembly and the outraged majesty of the republic.

All these schools, in spite of their various contradictions, show that the republican idea in France has great vitality. Eighty years have passed since the first republic; six times the attempt has been made to restore the monarchy, to ally it, now with liberty by means of doctrinaire systems, now

with democracy by means of the Cæsarist régime; and the effort has always failed. The republic has been born from the voluntary will of the people, while the monarchy has been established by the irresistible force of the army. If we except the revolution of 1830, in which the masses were misled by Lafayette proclaiming in Louis Philippe the best of republics, the monarchy has always come to France either through *coups d'état*, or by foreign armed intervention. The Cæsarist monarchy arose on the 18th Brumaire from an imperial conspiracy. The Cossacks of the Don brought back the crown of St. Louis to the banks of the Seine. Another military insurrection restored Cæsarism; another armed and foreign intervention the legitimate monarchy. Eighteen years appeared to have established the doctrinaire system, when a gust of new ideas carried it away in February, 1848. Napoleon fell at Sedan because he had always lived in the midst of Paris, like conquerors in a rebellious district, jealous and fortified. In fact, the loss of liberty has continually led to the intellectual and moral decline of France, and to the creation of a Byzantine policy; to imprudent wars in which the unity of Italy and Germany was favored, to convert them at last into implacable enemies, with a veto imposed upon the one to reach the Tiber, and a veto imposed upon the other to cross the Rhine, which was sufficient to unite and arm them both against France. This folly reached its extreme point in the effort of Cæsarism to extend its deadly shadow over America, the continent of liberty. Napoleon was dethroned in the popular conscience before he was taken prisoner at Sedan. The 4th of September, 1870, was no more than the expression of the idea prevalent in all minds — the dethronement of the Napoleons and the proclamation of the republic.

It was in evil circumstances, however, that this saving idea was proclaimed. The unfortunate inheritance of the empire came with it, and well-nigh destroyed it. Gambetta foresaw this when he begged that the people should await tranquilly the proper moment for vindicating their rights; but the people were impatient, and feared to lose that supreme opportunity of restoring the republic destroyed by the perjury of Bonaparte. The republic was proclaimed. The parliamentary element of the republican party, the least energetic of all its elements, came to power. Not one of those exiles who were the glory of the French democracy was associated in the colossal work. Within the same government there were irreconcilable groups and implacable oppositions. From Ernest Picard, who was inclined to compromise with the empire in its later days, to Henri Rochefort, who was taken from the prisons of the empire, there was such a series of contradictory ideas and hostile passions that the government of the republic was condemned in those critical and momentous hours to that most fatal of all conditions—a state of uncertainty.

They all had great confidence in General Trochu, and General Trochu had no confidence in the republic. A military writer and not a practical soldier, he owed his fortune and his popularity to a well-written book about the Prussian army. But men were needed who felt toward the pen the horror of Danton, and to action the love of Carnot. Misled by his false estimate of this military chief, Jules Favre, in his interview with Bismarck, heedlessly pledged France never to concede an inch of her territory nor a stone of her fortresses. With still less prevision, the oldest and weakest of the government of National Defense were sent to the provinces. When Gambetta escaped from Paris through the air precious time had been lost. His Dantonian activity could still save the honor, but not the integrity of the country.

They suffered in policy the same vacillation as in war. Why did they not call the government purely and exclusively republican? Why convert it into a government of defense, which deprived it of all political character? Why did they not proclaim loudly that the empire had been a usurpation of twenty years, and that the restoration of the republic restored the legality wounded but not annihilated by the assassination of the 2d December? There were but two paths to pursue, either a grand revolutionary dictatorship, or a parliamentary appeal to the people. The government began by convoking the Assembly, and concluded by postponing the meeting of the Assembly. In such a crisis doubt was fatal.

Trochu let day after day pass in perfect inaction. The hope of France was in the resistance of Metz; for while Metz resisted, the siege of Paris was languid, and the capital might still be liberated by the forces which Gambetta was arming. The 30th of October an enterprising journal said that Metz had surrendered. The news roused Paris to fury. It was officially denied by the government, and the next day confirmed. The most advanced republicans rose and took the government prisoner. The government was saved by the movement of a few National Guards collected and conveyed through subterranean channels by Picard. The government, in turn victorious, pursued the republicans with misdirected fury at a time when the force which springs from harmony was indispensable.

The ancient municipality! was the cry of advanced republicans in Paris. The government responded to this cry with a plebiscitum. The siege continued, and the inaction. Paris at the end of the year was in-

closed in a belt of iron. The German armies of the east, liberated by the fall of Metz, reinforced the besiegers, and directed themselves to preventing the arrival of succor. Sorties were demanded by all Paris. Trochu listened to this clamor, but the sortie was useless. Great sacrifices, great heroism, destructive battles in Montretout at the end of the siege, like those in Bergeret at its beginning, but all useless through the incapacity of the leaders. Ducrot promised not to return unless victorious or dead, and he returned defeated and alive. Trochu promised that he would never capitulate, and, in fact, he did not; but his lieutenants capitulated for him. The people rose in indignation. New disturbances agitated Paris, and again French blood ran in the streets of the capital—wounded, bombarded, hungry, decimated by war and pestilence, smarting under an exasperating defeat and the live coals of the Prussian occupation, which filled its great avenues and projected the shadow of its helmets and its banners on the majestic lines of the Arch of Triumph.

In the mean time the National Assembly comes together in Bordeaux to arrange a treaty of peace. After such catastrophes, while the immense territory extending between the Loire and the Rhine was overflowed with Germans, the principal cities from Strasburg to Tours and Paris surrendered, and the earth barren from the desolation of battles, farms destroyed by fire, granaries sacked and exhausted by requisitions, thousand of corpses on the soil, clouds of pestilence and vapor of blood in the air, industry broken, misery increasing, the French people bled to exhaustion—in the midst of the terror of war among the peasantry and the intrigues for peace among the monarchists, this Assembly was born, sitting yesterday in Bordeaux and to-day in Versailles, which, without authority, assumed the powers of the Constitutional Assembly, and threatened with a monarchical restoration a people whom the monarchy had destroyed.

It is impossible to repeat all the errors of this Assembly. Its first words were of hatred to the republic. Peace was arranged with impatient haste, and Alsace and Lorraine delivered to the foreigner. The people of Bordeaux saw themselves insulted by the jealous monarchists. Next came attempts at restoration. Individual rights are disregarded; the autonomy of municipalities denied; the terrible ordinances of the empire are restored against the right of association; Thiers receives the investiture of chief of the executive—Thiers, who represents eclecticism in philosophy, property qualification against universal suffrage, the sovereignty of the tax-payers against that of the people, the reign of the middle classes against democracy, and Orleansism against the republic. Next it is threatened that France is to be decapitated; that Paris, which has resisted the Prussians five months, is to lose her metropolitan crown, broken by those who had bowed before the victory of the Prussians. Versailles, the ancient capital of absolutism, was to be again the capital of France; and the historic city, the city of universal prestige, constructed by the genius of France—the city which had written the Encyclopedia, which had been the tribune of Mirabeau, and promulgated the fundamental rights of man, which had given to the revolution its idea and to the constitution its soul—saw itself condemned for its republican faith to lose the capital of the republic.

Who could wonder at the revolution of the Communists of Paris? The city, disposed to sacrifice every thing for the republic, feared that it was to be despoiled of its form of government. The idea of a revolutionary municipality, which did not prevail at the end of October when Metz capitulated, nor at the end of January when Paris surrendered, prevailed on the 18th of March, 1871, when the Parisians thought the republic defeated. The committee of the National Guard vindicated the right of Paris to govern herself by means of a republican and revolutionary municipality. This municipality possesses great traditions in France. It is that powerful institution which commanded the troops of Paris, which had for its general Henriot, which raised the sections against all the assemblies when the assemblies declined or vacillated, which tore down kings and raised up the Jacobins, which instituted a dictatorship over France and delivered the Girondist to the scaffold, which directed the clubs and governed the Convention, which was one of the most powerful and singular institutions engendered by the genius of the French revolution, sometimes humane and sometimes monstrous, and always original and fruitful. When we have said this, it is useless to say that the municipality of Paris never possessed the federal character. Those who most desired its establishment were they who least wished the federation. They were the most Jacobin among all the republicans.

Nevertheless the progress of the federal idea has been great. The inhabitants of cities should, if they wish to organize their liberty, bring together assemblies, and draw up their municipal charters and the constitutions of their communes. If Paris had accomplished this, Paris would have given a new lesson to the human race. But the characteristic of the revolution of March is that it attempted to defend federal ideas with Jacobin proceedings, to save liberty by means destructive of liberty—by dictatorship. It declares the Commune, abolishes conscription, summons all the citizens to

the national militia, separates church from state, proclaims lay instruction, secularizes ecclesiastical property, re-establishes the republic as the sole government compatible with popular rights and suited to the development of society, declares the integrity of absolute right in every man, asks complete autonomy of the municipality, with a right of voting taxes and administering their own affairs, with the nomination of its magistrates and the right to organize its instruction and police, the permanent control of citizens by means of councils and primary assemblies; seeking to found the unity of France not in the army, nor in the civil service, nor in the privileged church, nor in hereditary monarchy, but in the assent of all free minds, and in the voluntary association of all self-governing municipalities.

In these fundamental ideas, which are sound, and which, if it were not for certain economic errors which for want of space I am compelled to omit in my exposition, would be perfect, there is nothing to which we can object; but there is very much to criticise in their proceedings. They proclaimed municipal autonomy, and avoided consulting the citizens. They proclaimed the sacredness of all rights, and they fired volleys against those who undertook manifestations opposed to the dominant ideas. All opposition newspapers were broken up as in the worst days of despotism, the houses of citizens were violated as under Napoleon, the force of authority was lacking, while crowds of assassins murdered Generals Thomas and Lecompte; they renewed the "suspected" lists of the old revolution, and the persecution of the priests; the electors were tired out by continual summonses to the polls, and when the electors failed to come the municipality was filled by arbitrary appointment. They wished to induce France to join the federal compact, and they omitted the names of illustrious republicans, who would have been like a guarantee for all France. Intestine divisions soon broke out. One body of Communists imprisoned other Communists. The generals passed from the field, from the fort, to the prison. Defeat became a crime. Bergeret, Cluseret, succeeded each other without fixing the authority or organizing the army. Rossel, with his fervid love of humanity and country, put forth enormous efforts to reduce the undisciplined host to authority, and not succeeding, offered his resignation and demanded a cell in Mazas. It is no wonder that their conduct was so opposed to their principles, their defense so vacillating, the government of Paris so constantly attacked, and the final defeat so inevitable. Nor is it to be wondered at that at last they fell into two such great errors and crimes as the death of the hostages and the burning of the public buildings.

But the government of Versailles was cruel, implacable, sanguinary. They bombarded Paris with more fury than the Prussians. They assassinated Flourens, who, fanatical for liberty, sacrificed in its cause his fortune and his life. They calumniated their enemies, calling them bands of thieves, when the administration of the municipality had been strictly honest. They wished to make a crime of the demolition of the Column of Vendôme, which, to my fancy, always appeared like a scaffold on which France and Europe were decapitated by the infamous policy of the Cæsars. They made a war without pity and without quarter. They slaughtered prisoners by discharges of artillery. They shot women and children. They organized a system of espionage, and hired informers, as in the worst days of the empire. They left behind them such bloody memories as will forever embarrass a sincere reconciliation among French citizens—a reconciliation which is necessary and indispensable to the establishment and the strength of the republic. This is the work of Versailles.

Let us not doubt that we shall find in these events an instance of that justice and expiation which are inevitable in history. When I see France invaded, her sons destroying each other, the blaze of petroleum lighting, as it were, a hundred craters in the streets, the horrors of war converting the cemeteries into fields of battle and the grave-stones into breastworks, it seems to me that I am reading the pages of the Apocalypse, that I see the fragments of shattered worlds passing away in clouds of ashes, the sun setting in seas of blood, the exterminating angels coming down brandishing comets like swords to pursue and chastise the city which God had made the mistress of the nations, and which its sins had made the handmaid of the Cæsars.

No other resource is left to France to cleanse the stains imprinted on her brow by the empire but to sustain with constancy and organize with wisdom the republic. In nature superior organisms survive the inferior. In society the same thing happens. The nation which is glorified by an idea, and which acquires the robust organization necessary to sustain life and liberty, quickly recovers and regains its strength through the inspirations of virtue, by the discipline of labor, and becomes anew the model and the ideal to be copied and followed by peoples which desire the light. In the republic, and only in the republic, is the salvation of France. Recent testimony assures us that though the Assembly of Versailles may disregard this truth, the people have learned it; and we confidently hope that the people will make it prevail for their sake and for the tranquillity of Europe.

ON THE SANDS.

"THE WHITE-WINGED MOONLIGHT GLIMMERED ON THE SAND,
WHERE HEART TO HEART WE SAT, AND HAND IN HAND."

THOU hast forsaken me!
In these strange words my sorrow lies.
O'er the wide sea, unrolling blue,
Where once I sailed and sang with you;
O'er the wide earth, unfolding green;
O'er all the fresh, familiar scene—
The mocking, fragrant, smiling land,
The curving, mutable sea sand,
The shining scroll of arching skies—
Where'er I turn my searching eyes
I read the sentence burning clear,
From sea and earth and atmosphere,
The words wherein my poor heart dies,
Wherein my balmless sorrow lies:
"Thou hast forsaken me!"

I know not wherefore, know not whither;
I only know you come no more;
I only say it o'er and o'er;
And yet my inmost heart replies,
Repulsing me with bursting sighs,
"He is not false! you tell me lies!"
O hapless heart! for still it grieves,
Still cries for you, and still believes.

That time, that happy time, which flew,
When I believed your love was true,
Has vanished—followed after you.
Thou hast forsaken me, alas!
This time is dead, it will not pass;
Nor can I find the self I lost,

That died when I was left alone.
This time is dead, it will not pass;
It hangs upon me like a ghost—
A ghost that never will be gone.

How pale the face that in the past
Used, like a rose-warm dream of bliss,
To redden with a lover's kiss!—
The kiss of love! It did not last:
I died, and thou didst come to me,
Where I lay dead beside the sea,
Dear ghost of what can never be.

I pray you, gentle ghost, depart!
For, oh! you chill me to the heart;
My bosom can not bear your head--
It sinks into my heart like lead.
You freeze the little hands you hold;
You were so sweet! you are so cold!
Now I am dead, you should not keep
My poor heart from its sacred sleep.
Alas! you are more chill than death;
I tremble in your icy breath.
I did not know we breathed when dead!
I thought with life all motion fled;
I thought in death no tears were shed,
And in the grave no word was said.

At last I see that death is but
A door in darkness swiftly shut,
A dropping out of warmth and light,
A sense of unresisted blight,
A sinking into beamless night.
To life and love and sight and sound
Death is indifference profound.

No more sweet hope, or wild despair,
Or gentle rest, or tender care;
No more to laugh, no more to weep,
No more sweet human joy or grief:
Only a calm beyond belief.
A calm, but *not* the calm of sleep!
Death is to be awake forever!
To love and be beloved—never!
To be a pulseless shadow, hurled
Down the dim gulf that spheres the world;
Tranced in a maze of tintless thought,
Where naught is found and nothing sought.
Slipped from warm life's remotest link,
Death is supremely this—to think!

I sit upon the wide, lone beach,
And watch the inward-rolling sea;
As far as any eye can reach—
The sky, the sea, the sand, and me.

God help me! for there seems to be
Design in all this misery;
Something that binds me to the rack,
Nor helps me on, nor yields me back,
But holds me with a desperate strain
To the full tension of my pain.

One day came toward me where I lay,
Rock-sheltered on the glistening sands,
A figure of a noble grace,
And paused by me, with folded hands,
And grave, sweet pity on his brow,
But kept the silence as a vow.
I saw him though I looked away,
I felt his eyes upon my face;
I knew him not, nor cared to know,
Nor could I tell if it were grief,
Or subtler pang of late relief,
That in the silence seemed to grow.

I turned and raised my heavy eyes—
I thought their looks would bid him go—
And strove to mask them in disdain.
He answered me with heavy sighs,
That strangely touched my callous woe:
His folded hands, his bended head,
He moved not, nor a word he said,
Till, held occultly to the spot,
I felt rush o'er me, swift and hot,
The first mad tempest of my pain.

I sprung, yet leaned upon the rock,
Dumb for an instant in the shock,
Then cried, I know not what or how;
This only I remember now:
He took my hands—e'en then I knew
The unfamiliar clasp was true;
His face, wherein there was no guile,
Bent o'er me with a heavenly smile;
And low, in earnest accents, came
One gentle utterance of my name.

I could not heed—'twas naught to me.
I heard, as it were wounded sore,
The sea-heart beating on the shore;
And saw the sands reel to the sea,
The sky swerve like a shivered dome,
And felt the winds, borne far and free
From frolic with the flying foam.
I was too desolate to care
That love's vast patience waited there;
But when I felt, with inward start,
My cold hands gathered to his heart,
And burning tears, that were not mine,
Fall o'er them in a rain divine,
I gazed, in mute and thrilled surprise,
Into the pity of his eyes.

He said, "O noble woman-heart!
Too tender, too divine, thou art,
Thus for a faithless love to break.
Dear heart, from whom false love hath flown,
You thought to break and die alone!
But you will live for true love's sake—
True love, that never fails its own.

"The small soul's little love, that stole
The spring-time sweetness of your soul,
Was true love's counterfeit in clay,
The fickle fervor of a day,
That could not choose but pass away.

"I loved you when your joy was new:
And violets leafing in the dew
Are not more sweet in early spring
Than was your beauty's blossoming.

"I loved you for the very glow,
The truth, and fervor of your joy;

For love, though wrung in torture's throe,
If it be love, can not destroy.

"But now, though all your comeliness
Lies in the cloud of wan distress,
Its rosy charm and sparkle o'er,
I love you better, love you more.

"I would have saved you—yielded life
To make you happy as his wife!
Had it been possible, I would—
Love so desires the utmost good.

"But I am thankful that I know—
Ay, by the pain that I have borne
In knowing this dear bosom torn—
What grace is possible to woe.

"The wanness of your cheek to me
Is lovelier than its bloom could be;
For under this pale frost of care,
As blossoms under winter snows,
Life holds, and will fulfill, the rare
Sweet promise of its later rose.

"I hold it is the destiny,
All other happy fates above,
To be a man who shall be fit
To win a noble woman's love.

"You know my heart. I can not tell
If you will love me soon or late;
But there is faith in my farewell,
And love is strong to hope—and wait.

"This only, dear one, I entreat:
If ever your true heart is mine,
My waiting hope you will complete,
And send my waiting love its sign."

He paused, and kissed and loosed my hands,
Nor once looked back across the sands.
I clasped the hands that he had kissed,
And went home slowly in the mist.

Where self had made me blind, Love touched my eyes
With her great prophecy of Paradise.
The legions whom we call the lost I saw
Rise every where, as from the depths of night:
Pale creatures of unutterable blight,
In solemn groups, their faces crossed with awe,
Their hollow eyes fixed on a wondrous light
That seemed to draw them to its inmost ray,
Melting the shadows from their souls away,
Lifting them gently to the promised day:
And in their midst, while all around, above,
The air shone like the whiteness of a dove,
And strains of music, soft, inspiring, sweet,
Through all the glorious vision seemed to beat,
Hate, born of ignorance, lay dead—of Love!

I felt the world weighed down with heavy care,
And heard sad cries in darkness every where;
And heard them, as *I* would be heard in prayer,
With large, sweet pity, taking instant share
Of the great burden of the laboring earth,
Holding one lifted heart of greater worth
Than scores of hopes and joys of selfish birth.

I cared for every pain, and judged no sin,
Remembering ever what I might have been
Had I been tempted, goaded, spurned the same;
And grew to see and feel the utter shame
Of feebly dying, careless of the strife,
The infinite entanglement of life,
And heedless of the solemn claims that call
The utmost services of each and all.

The days passed on, until a year had flown;
And when the year was gone, one glorious night—
A tender trance of dusk infused with light—
While earth lay girdled in her sapphire zone,
And summer drowsed upon her moon-lit throne,
I, sitting in my window all alone
With inmost thought, a weighty vigil kept,
And searched my heart, and smiled and sighed and wept:
And smiling, sighing, weeping, felt no sorrow,
But often whispered to myself, "To-morrow!"

I heard in fitful music, sweet and rare,
The tuneful pulses of the summer air,
And thought and listened, till I saw afar
The passing, paling night, the waning star;
Until the dawn, arising pure and white,
Leaned like a lily from the eastern height.

I stood a moment in the lovely ray,
Then, like the dawn, *I* put the night away;
With earnest heart and willing, trembling hands
I wrote, "To-day—at sunset—on the sands."
Tears came between me and the simple line:
Did love still wait for its delaying sign?

At last I laid me down in tranquil mind,
Gliding through gentle dreams to golden noon;
Then slumber loosed me, and I rose to find
The earth grown perfect in the smile of June.
The air was thrilled with sweetest uttering
Of birds, in scent and sunbeam fluttering;
The brooks trilled softly, and the summer breeze
Blew cool and fragrant from the swaying trees.
I put my fairest garments on with care,
And set a white rose in my burnished hair;
And, like one ransomed, I went down the stair,
And by the little paling, mossed and brown,
Beyond the gate, and through the quiet town,
And reached the sea before the sun went down.

There were the rocks, uplifted clear and grand
From their gray shadows in the sheltered sand;
And there the sea, in softest west wind fanned,
Rolled wide its sparkling crescent on the strand.

Before the ruddy glances of the sun
The filmy wreaths of vapor seemed to run,
Till fused, transformed, and now no longer flying,
They seemed, in groups of graceful shapes unrolled
Upon the bosom of a lake of gold,
A fleet of rose-hued ships at anchor lying.

Already, in the old familiar place,
My lover waited by the changeful sea;
He turned, and in that instant seeing me,
Came quickly, took my hands, and searched my face
And read my heart there in a moment's space.
Then saying low, "Thank God!" (I never heard
Such sweet and strong thanksgiving in the word),
He clasped me in a tender close embrace.

The setting sun went down into the sea,
And one by one the stars came silently,
Through soft harmonious shadows looking down,
Like gentle, patient eyes through lashes brown,
On sea and curving beach and sleeping town.

The white-winged moonlight glimmered on the sand,
Where heart to heart we sat, and hand in hand.
Too thrilled and filled with love for frequent speech,
We heard the wind and wave upon the beach
Their olden liquid love-song singing cheerly:
The wind ran down the shore with furtive feet,
On tiptoe sung, "I love you—love you dearly!"
The wave ran up, and, kneeling, kissed her feet,
And answered her, "I love you—love you, sweet!"
I never heard the duo sung so clearly.

At length he asked me: "Did it need the year
Before the wish was felt to bid me here?
Or did your dear heart earlier incline,
Yet fear to trust me with the blesséd sign?"

And thus I answered him: "One year ago,
With trembling step and melancholy eye,
A poor, forsaken creature, crazed with woe,
Sick of a mortal wound, came here to die.

"Day after day she lingered here alone;
The sea-weed, wind-whipped from the flashing spray—
A moment fiercely whirled, then cast away—
Lay not more lifeless on the lichened stone.

"She knew it not, but there was one who cared,
Whose noble heart her silent sorrow shared;
One who believed in her, though she despaired;
So trusted in her nature that he gave
His perfect love without reserve to save
The life so sadly sinking to the grave;
Gave all, and left her free, and then apart
Waited the new awakening of her heart.

"O friend! O generous one! who understood,
As only one so strong and tender could,
And with such stainless faith in womanhood,
Invoked her nature to its highest good:
You could not trust her thus, and trust in vain!
She who was dying turned to life again,
To learn the nobler uses of its pain.

"I know I let you go without reply—
I had no words but seemed too poor to say,
And when I tried it seemed my heart would burst;
But in the beauty of your beaming eye
I felt the dreadful stupor pass away.
Your tears!—they thrilled me with a holy thirst,
A great desire to live, and living, prove
I could be worthy of your blesséd love;
And oh! I loved you—loved you from the first.

"Nay, hear me yet" (but now I told the rest
Clasped warmly to the shelter of his breast):
"I, who had been so miserably weak,
Was yet too loyal to your trust to speak—
Was yet too truly proud, too proudly true,
To give the dregs of womanhood to you.

"Tired of life's wounds, I longed to lay my head
On your true heart, and there be comforted,
And give the struggle o'er; and yet I knew,
While the great longing thrilled me through and through,
A woman of a nature sweet and whole,
Perfect in culture, of all high control,
Should bring love's answer to your manly soul.

"And so I let you pass, yet ill could brook
The steadfast sweetness of your parting look;
And from that hour, with all my might, I tried
To put the sloth of selfish self aside;
And what my earnest seeking found to do
I did, with all my strength, in thought of you;
And when the year was done—"

"You sent the sign
That slid like music from your heart to mine.
Sweet are your eyes—so tenderly they shine
With the pure radiance of loving thought;
Your looks are fair—in every gentle line
The beauty of your noble life is wrought.
Surely no dream of heaven is more divine
Than the dear presence of a loyal woman.
Some subtile sadness thrills a joy so fine:
Dispel it, love, with those rare smiles of thine;
Make me with kisses feel that you are human."

O tender joy of love!
  Whose silent blisses
Feel there's no heaven above
  Love's perfect kisses!

The starry glory of the skies
  Is fair to see;
A deeper light in love-lit eyes
  Shineth for me.

O far remove from death!
  O heaven! o'erlying strife;
We reach, with bating breath,
  Unto this crown of life!

O far remove from death!
  So far it seems a lie—
The fear of craven hearts—
  That they who love can die!

O perfect crown of life!
  Invested king and queen,
We cope with any fate,
  Invincible—serene!

The golden feet of flying hours
Came toward us down the shining night,
And sweet as breath of passing flowers,
And swift as sun-lit April showers,
Fled on in music and in light.
O beauty of the calm wide night!
O rhythm of the sounding sea!
Harmonious with the deep delight
That sets the springs of being free;
We felt your voices one with ours;
We knew the theme was love, and we
Full chords of one great symphony!

The years have passed—they have been full and sweet:
Love maketh life and life's great work complete.
Some time will come the setting of the sun,
And this brief day of the long work be done.
There will be folded hands, lips without breath;
But *we* shall have passed on—Love knows no death!

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"The world is full of fools;
And he who none would view
Must shut himself within a cave,
And break his mirror too."

AS the train in which, two days afterward, Mr. Richardson and Robert were traveling on their way southward approached Louisville, Robert's sombre reveries were interrupted by the consciousness that he was being closely scrutinized by a person who sat near him, and whose prominent gray eyes he felt sure he had seen before, though unable to recall when or where it was he and their owner had met. While trying to do so the person in question rose, came to where he sat, and shaking hands as warmly as if they had been old friends, addressed him as "Robert," and inquired if his "good father and mother" were well. Then it became easy to recognize Mr. Gassaway, the proposed purchaser of the valuable property commonly known as Flaming Rock, and the holder of the elder Hagan's covenant to convey.

"Why, really, this is very fortunate," said Mr. Gassaway. "I am now on my way to Smoky Creek to close up that little affair. We'll travel together. You are going home, I suppose?"

"No," said the other, whose serious expression the speculator closely observed, though he misconstrued its meaning; "I expect to go southward when I leave Louisville."

"But surely you will not be away from home when this business is to be transacted. You know the old gentleman will do nothing without your presence."

Robert, who could not imagine any thing more important was to be done than drafting another whisky and tobacco contract, replied that he could not possibly turn aside from the journey he had undertaken.

"When will you return?"

"In two or three weeks, perhaps," was the careless reply.

"Two or three weeks!" exclaimed Mr. Gassaway, while a suspicion of bad faith on the part of the Hagans, senior and junior, overclouded his mind. "Why, the refusal expires in four days!"

"What refusal?"

"The refusal of the Flaming Rock property, to be sure." Robert stared at the speculator in a way the latter by no means liked. "You can't expect me to let the time go by without making tender of the money," he said, gravely.

"What money?" asked Robert, again at a loss.

"The purchase-money—the sixty thousand dollars," was the reply, in a low whisper. "We are fully prepared to pay it and take the deeds, and, of course, you are ready to make the conveyance. There'll be no difficulty on either point, I'm sure."

This astounding announcement almost flung Robert off his guard. Fortunately it took away his breath until he could reflect on what he should say. "Will you allow me to go and consult with my friend?" at length he said, and rose and went to where Mr. Richardson sat, to whom he related the facts of the case, and asked his advice. That gentleman, after well considering the matter, and casting several searching glances toward the uneasy speculator, who grew each instant more suspicious of treachery against his rights, advised Robert to go with him if he could ascertain that he actually had the money.

"I have known cases like this before," he concluded. "He looks like a fool of the kind that abounds in these days of speculation, and I should not wonder if he were in earnest; but be careful to let as few persons as possible into the business until it is closed, and take nothing but money in payment."

As Robert slowly returned to his seat, the thought of giving up his journey to where he would have seen Bella, and witnessed her happiness on receiving news of her wonderful good fortune, cast a shade of disappointment over his face, notwithstanding he was going to actually secure for his parents a good fortune equally wonderful. And seeing the cloud, Gassaway, who read in it only baffled intrigue, grew more greedy than ever to get rid of his sixty thousand dollars and receive a conveyance of the oil-bearing bluff, while the idea he had entertained of trying to obtain it for a less sum than the price specified in the contract was abandoned as

likely to afford pretext to chicanery and fraud to rob him of the fruit of his vigilance.

"You've got the whole sixty thousand with you?" said Robert, resuming his seat.

"If you doubt it, I'll count it before your eyes as soon as we can have a room to ourselves. I mean to do what is fair, and expect other people to do the same," said Mr. Puffing Gassaway, quite emphatically, and looking him right in the eye.

"Oho!" thought the prudent Robert, who for the first time suspected the meaning of the other's suspicions; "perhaps the best thing I can do is to keep silent and let him do all the talking."

Three days later there were collected about the rough table of Hagan's cabin four persons intent on business. On a long bench that was at one side of the table sat the proprietor and his son; on the opposite bench sat Mr. Gassaway; while Squire Slowsure, retired lawyer and acting justice of the peace, who had been brought from Portsmouth to draw up the papers and take the acknowledgments, occupied a stool at the head, holding a position midway between both parties, as his custom was, and siding with neither. On a block stool by the fire-place, and back of Hagan and Robert, Betsey sat apart smoking her pipe, with dilated nostrils, as though she scented something more than tobacco vapors. When Mr. Gassaway had announced to the old couple that he had come to count down the money and take his deed, the news did not, as Robert feared it would, startle either of them into showing signs of satisfaction which might have encouraged the proposed purchaser to attempt making a fresh bargain on better terms for himself. Hagan heard without stirring from his seat on the stump outside the door, or moving a facial muscle from its stoical repose; while Betsey only scowled, which rather helped on the affair.

First, Gassaway exhibited the package of money he had brought, which Robert, being called on, declared he had found to contain the proper sum, by actual count.

Secondly, the squire wrote a receipt, affixed to it a stamp, duly canceled, presented it to Hagan, who affixed his mark, and then placed it on the table, where it was held firmly beneath his elbow.

Thirdly, a deed was written, which was twice carefully read over and compared, as to the description of the premises, with the original government patent in parchment, and then executed by Mr. Hagan.

"And now, Mistress Hagan," said Squire Slowsure, with deliberate emphasis, "your signature, I believe, comes next in order. Please draw up to the table and set your mark in form of a cross, or in any other form you prefer, right where I now put my finger, after the word 'Betsey,' before the word 'Hagan,' under the word 'her,' and above the word 'mark.'"

"And here's the calico dress," said Mr. Gassaway, nervously smiling.

Betsey smoked her pipe.

The squire and Gassaway repeated what they had said.

Betsey continued to smoke.

Hagan for the first time betrayed a sign of uneasiness by chewing a very little more rapidly his quid.

"Do you hear, Betsey?" he said. "You are to sign now."

"Am I?" said she.

"Mother," whispered Robert in her ear, "why don't you sign it? It will make you rich. The money will buy you a hundred farms better than this one."

His mother flung him from her in that kind of rage a person feels who knows he understands his own business best, and is interfered with by a meddler—flung him from her in a manner that was definitive and conclusive, but without removing her pipe or uttering a word. A pause ensued.

"Do I understand Mistress Hagan to refuse to execute the deed?" inquired the methodical squire. "In case she does," he added, addressing Gassaway, "we may as well return as we came, unless you are satisfied to accept the conveyance without any release of dower."

But the speculator's arrangement with the capitalists who were at his back stipulated for a perfect title, so that release of dower could not by any means be dispensed with, and he rather imprudently declared that the deed would be of no use to him without it.

"But I don't understand Mrs. Hagan as absolutely refusing her signature," he said. "There's a calico dress stipulated for in the instrument, which she wishes to see produced, perhaps;" and unfolding the dress so as to show all its splendor, he went and held it up before her eyes as one would tempt a child with a toy.

Betsey looked at it gravely for a minute or two, as if she would like to remember its pattern and colors another time, then seized and flung it into the fire, where it was quickly burned up. The astonished Gassaway, as soon as he could collect his senses and consider the legal bearings of the act, exclaimed, with an effort to be calm, "I call on Squire Slowsure to take notice of this. I request that he make a minute of it. She accepts the tender, and I'm entitled to a decree for specific performance of the contract before any court in Christendom."

"You dry up!" screeched the lady, taking the pipe from her mouth and standing up. "A calico dress for me, and sixty thousand dollars for him; that's the odds, is it, between a woman and a man in this yer dod durned world? Them's woman's rights,

is they? For a dress pattern you want me to sell myself out o' house and home—to be turned loose with nowhere to tie to—sent adrift with jest one blue and yaller gownd to my back, while he lays round and gets drunk sixty thousand dollars' worth. More'n forty year I've worked for that man. I've brought him ten children, and raised half of 'em on pretty much nothing, what's about as good as most women on the creek kin do; and if Lincoln did take four of 'em and get 'em shot for me, that ain't my fault. More'n forty year I've taken his knock-downs, and kept his dog-oned disagreeable company, and I ain't a-going to sign away all the rights I've got in God's creation for nothing. I'll see him and you in a tar-kettle first."

She came to a full stop, sat down again, replaced her pipe, and pressing down the ashes in the bowl with her thumb, sucked strongly, with drawn-in cheeks and smacking lips, till she rekindled its fires; then puffed away in resolute silence, which astonished her husband and son, who had never before known her to use so few words to express her ideas, or wind up so soon an oration so well begun. For several moments all remained silent as she. Squire Slowsure spoke first.

"Perhaps, Mr. Hagan," he said, "the lady would be satisfied to sign the deed in consideration of a moderate proportion of the purchase-money being guaranteed to her sole and separate use."

Hagan, though not understanding very well the squire's language, and though he had been thinking out the problem in very different words, had drifted toward the same solution, and turning round to the fuming virago with more kindness of manner than he had shown since the last time they buried one of their boys, said, "Bets, what the devil do you want?"

But Betsey's time for telling what she wanted had not yet come, and she held her peace, while one after another many different arrangements for her advantage were suggested by the voluble Gassaway or the deliberate Slowsure, all of them, of course, subject to the approval of her husband. Each proposal was better than the last, but she let them go on until she knew by their eager words and Hagan's silence her power was felt and acknowledged, and then she spoke. Taking the pipe from her lips, and pointing its stem toward her husband, she said to the others,

"What are you jawing about? Why can't you hold your tongues like him?"

None of them took her meaning but Hagan. With that delicate perception of his spouse's thoughts, feelings, meanings, and her ways of concealing or revealing them, which comes only of long tribulation in the holy state of matrimony, he knew just what she meant.

"Bets," he said, "if you don't like my way of drawing up writings, suppose you take hold and try yourself."

"I ain't no sech durned fool as you be to conceit I'm a justice of peace," she said; "but if that one there will do the writin', I'll tell him what I want, in short order."

Slowsure took the pen and made ready.

"You put into writin's the sense of this yer," said Betsey. "Nary one of us two old fools ain't fit to be trusted with no big pile of money; but we've got a boy that's got larning, and only one on 'em, and he must take the money and keep it for us to use on so long as we live, and have it all for himself after we'm gone."

"All right," said her husband, apparently or really satisfied. "Why the devil didn't you say so before? You don't suppose I'm fool enough to trouble myself with money business in my old age when I've raised and educated a boy to do it for me?"

So the squire drew up sundry documents, which were then executed, and whose effect was as follows:

First, two thousand dollars was to be deposited in a bank, subject to Hagan's own control, to meet current expenses during the ten months yet to elapse before Robert would be of age. (The squire was too rusty to decide, in the absence of his books, if by the laws of Ohio a minor could act as trustee.)

Secondly, the remainder was conveyed to Robert in trust to invest it so as to produce an income, except so much as might be needed to purchase a farm for the couple to occupy.

Thirdly, of the net income the husband was to receive one-third, the wife one-third, and the son, for his own use, the remaining third. He was also to have to himself such portion of the shares of his parents as they might in any one year omit to call for, and on the death of either one the entire share of such one was to be his. On the death of both parents the whole was to be held by him absolutely, and the trust discharged.

Then Betsey signed the deed, and the money was counted and delivered simultaneously with the deed. After which Robert returned with Gassaway and the squire to Portsmouth, where banks—those real blessings to the weary and heavy-laden with money—abound, among three of the surest of which he distributed his load, stipulating in each case for six per cent. interest.

Soon after this another farm was bought for the old couple lying a little further up the creek than their other one. It contained fifty acres, and after being newly fenced, abundantly stocked, and provided with a new house and out-buildings of hewn logs, afforded as comfortable a home as creeker's heart could wish. But creekers' hearts are

easily contented. The philosophy of their tribe teaches moderation in wants, to the end that leisure may be obtained for enjoying life, and in this philosophy the habits of Bill and Betsey were fixed. As a consequence, Robert was called on for only a small portion yearly of the income from the trust funds, and he thus became to all intents and purposes a rich man. Both parents grew very fond of their boy, though a good while passed before their intercourse with each other was confidential enough to permit them to mutually confess it. But time, prosperity, and the frequent visits of Robert gradually softened, and to some degree improved, both of them; and before the close of their lives they will get to be on tolerably cozy terms.

After having deposited his money, as has been mentioned, Robert went on board the Big Sandy packet, from which he was put on shore at Damarin's landing at half past seven o'clock of a disagreeable evening—so disagreeable that the brightness which beamed from the windows of the parlor of Stone House, and which he knew came more from hickory that blazed on the hearth than from the kerosene lamp that stood on the table, kindled a glow in his breast that warmed him to invoke a blessing on all who were within that house. The whole weight and benefit of the blessing fell upon Polly's head, for it so happened that she was the only inhabitant at the time, and therefore it was that she waited within, cautiously avoiding to unlock the door until Robert's step got near enough for her to know it was his; and then, with a bumping, thumping, but wildly happy bosom, she hastened to let him in, and, as he entered, received him with both hands extended, which caused the arms to extend also; and so it fell out—or fell in—that instead of taking the hands in both of his and shaking them cordially, he pressed both his lips against both of hers, while the arms went round his neck.

"Oh, Polly!" he exclaimed; "ain't I glad to see you, though!"

"Why, Rob—Mr. Hagan!" said she. "You never did this before."

"I know I never did," he said, a little confused, and slightly at a loss for words.

"The more's the pity," thought Polly, who was not confused at all.

Now return we to the sea-shore and to Bella, leaving Robert and Polly to keep house together, as they will have to do for two or three weeks, all alone by themselves, with none to molest or make them afraid.

But is not that dangerous?

Yes, in one sense, though in no evil one, there is certainly danger to one of them. No doubt but the soft-eyed charmer with whom Robert is secluded will take pitiless advantage of his unprotected condition to kindle his love with hers as fire kindles fire. Be sure she will bring against him the whole array of her fascinations, and launch at him all their power. From morning till evening, at the board or by the hearth, she will hold him at disadvantage. She will spread the meal, fill his cup, and serve his plate, mingling and mixing the while, even as a sorceress would concoct a philter, a sweet yet maidenly coquetry in every cup and dish. As often as they shall meet during the daytime he will come off the worse—or the better—for an encounter with the softening power a lovely and loving being whose every feeling, thought, and action are instinct with emotion toward him must needs exert. And when evening shall come, and in a parlor arranged by her own hands for one special effect, herself dressed and adorned for the same effect, she will contrive that the many hours shall pass so comfortably and pleasantly that comfort and pleasure shall in his mind associate themselves with her. With so many subjects of mutual interest growing out of late events, the conversation need never flag, though it will be very like to break into pauses by no means unpropitious to the end in view. In the stillness of such pauses, all disturbing causes barred out, each wave of influence emanating from her personality will go directly to its destination, and beat upon the shores of his being as vibrations from one star upon the surface of another. When she speaks, her voice, emotional and soft, will invade his ear and play upon his sensorium with a cadence of love, while her eyes emit rays that shall pierce to the inner chambers of his own to illuminate upon its mirrors her own beautiful image. But more potent still than sound of voice or light of eye, all passively to herself, her very presence and proximity will cause to circle about him that strange, nameless, electric sphere that subdues intellect, enchains sense, and bathes both intellect and sense in a soft attraction which it is pain to resist and delight to obey, and which is the ethereal matrix wherein human love has its beginning.

All lying in the way of Robert's being completely subjugated by such influences, and easily within the time limited, is, of course, his love for Bella. But his sentiment for his idol is a kind of adoration that continually lifts her up toward the skies, where dwell the unimpassioned angels, and still tends, by virtue of its very strength, to lift her higher and higher. Even as the Romanists, through the excess of their adoration for the Judean virgin, have at last exalted her quite out of reach of their comprehension and intimate love, so Robert Hagan's Bella-worship labors to exalt his Carolinian maid to realms far beyond reasonable hugging and kissing distance, while at the same time the warm-hearted and lovable Polly remains conveniently and temptingly

near, ready to fill the void that may very well exist in the breast of a man whose love for a woman, however intense and exclusive it may have been, has become etherealized beyond the region of dear, voluptuous tangibility.

CHAPTER XXV.

In the sea-shore house Bella and Vesta, with the help of Hector, were assorting, counting, and tying up bundles convenient for shipment—their first "venture" of baskets, mats, and hats, destined to test the Charleston market. All being arranged for an early start on the following morning, the old man was dismissed, and the two women sat down to spend the remainder of the evening in conversation.

Bella read over the invoice she had made out, and which gave the quantity, quality, sorts, and sizes of the important shipment, and indulged in as many estimates and anticipations as the milkmaid of the fable, though Vesta gave her credit for keeping within reasonable bounds regarding the return she expected to realize.

"If I can only get fifty dollars for the lot," said Bella, "I shall feel sure we can realize as much as eight or nine hundred dollars before another year is gone, and then we'll begin rice-planting. Won't that be glorious! There's one thing I mean to do: I'll put a fence round that old field that has lain fallow so long, and on it I'll raise all the corn we'll need, even if we work a dozen hands. I know all about corn-raising."

And she ran on to detail all the plans she had lately been maturing for gradually extending the area to be cultivated in rice, until, little by little, and at the end of ten years, perhaps, though maybe not in twenty—but sooner or later, at all events—the whole of her ancestral estate would be reclaimed and made productive. She went on to tell how she would select at first only the most capable and well-disposed hands; how she would contrive to feed and clothe them while the crop was being made, and finally pay them for their labor with shares of the net avails, etc., etc., showing that during the short time since her coming to the sea-shore house her swelling brain, that so rounded her beautiful head above the brows, had been as busy as her poor cut, scarred, and browned fingers had been.

But Vesta was only respectfully attentive, and though not neglecting to give the expected assent at the proper times, seemed waiting for the excited talker to get tired or run out of words. At length the latter perceived this, and paused. But Vesta continued to look silently in the fire, and only the unceasing chorus of the sea and the noise of the east wind, its occasional playmate, filled the pause. The surf was loud that evening, for almost a gale was blowing, which whistled about the house and then swept over to the main-land, where it made the tops of the pines answer with a perfect echo and mimicry of the surf, and occasionally with the crash of a riven branch.

After a while Bella asked, "Did you hear what I was saying, Vesta?"

"Yes, I hear," she replied; "but I don't see it."

"Don't see what?"

"Rice fields; but I can see great plains of corn, and something else I never saw before, that isn't rice, though. I see trees, but no moss is hanging on their branches. I see a river and creeks, but the water is clear and runs swiftly. The sky is higher and bluer, and the air clearer, than in this country, and the west wind that bends the wide dark green corn blades feels cool on my forehead, and not hot like the summer west wind here. I see a house, but it is not this one, nor the one that's burned; it's a pretty little low white one. And now you appear; you are standing in the porch of the house, looking toward sunset; you look happy and bright—very happy and bright; and so does he who stands beside you, and holds your hand in his."

Then quickly waving her hand before her eyes, as if to close the scene, she turned eagerly toward Bella, and demanded, "Promise me that if you go away from here to live any where else, I may go with you. Promise me now. Wherever you may be you will always need Vesta, though not more than she will you. Oh, my mistress, swear it to me!"

Bella shuddered. The words of the woman, wild and visionary as they were, gave her real distress. She had of late so exerted her self-control and self-direction as to have, for the time being, at least, absolutely and without reserve, devoted her whole soul to money-getting—to basket-work in the present and rice-planting in the future. And however the reality of love, a home, and happiness might have been received—and even such a reality would have required for its acceptance a relinquishment of cherished hopes and the enthusiasm of a great enterprise, that would have had its pangs—the misty imaginings of the black woman served only to painfully distract her intensely concentrated mind from the new purpose in which she had found refuge. They brought anguish and not healing to wounds she had covered, not closed.

"Vesta," she said, imperiously, "I forbid you to ever speak of such things in my presence. If crazy fancies trouble you, making you to imagine you see the future (a thing possible to God alone), never do you dare mention them to me."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Vesta, in a way that turned Bella's emotion to terror. "Pos-

sible to God alone!—to *your* God, you mean. You don't know that *my* gods—the gods of my country and my people, have power and goodness to open the eyes of those who serve them, and strength in their hands to work good and evil to good or evil men, according to their deserts."

"Oh, Vesta! Vesta! cease all this; the days of miracles are gone, and prophecy is a miracle that is no longer wrought in this world. Those of ancient times, recorded in the Bible, are sufficient for our needs."

"Miracle and prophecy, the power to bless and to curse, may be impossible to white people and Christians, and their parsons and ministers," said Vesta, drawing herself up; "but by those of our race who faithfully hold to the worship of their fathers, and call, in their need, upon the gods of Africa, and have been accepted, as I have, into the inner circle of the priesthood, the future can be searched and spells be made to work as easily in these days as in ancient times."

"But this is paganism and idolatry, which the Bible forbids and God punishes."

"*Your* Bible again, and *your* God—how do you know them? How is your religion proved?"

"By miracles—miracles wrought by the founders of it."

"Ever so long ago," said Vesta, scornfully; "but mine proves itself. It is proved by miracles I myself am enabled to work—miracles of yesterday, to-day, and every day."

"If so, they come of the evil one!"

"And how do you know that yours do not?"

Bella was too much shocked to make any reply, and seeing this, Vesta held her peace, but had to rock in her chair back and forth for a good while before she could calm herself. At length she resumed, in a natural manner:

"Forgive me, honey; I won't talk any more of such things. Only if what I have to-night predicted concerning yourself comes true, you will remember the prediction, won't you? And will you promise in that case to take me with you wherever you go? Pray do."

Bella promised.

That night she could get no sleep until after she had said her prayers thrice and sung several hymns. In the morning her two guardians, attended by two others who carried the bundles of merchandise, escorted her over to the river, where she was to take the boat for Charleston. When she went on board, Fortunatus, son of Ben, received as strict a charge from Hector and Vesta that he should "mind" (that is, protect and serve) Miss Bella as if she were an infant or a princess. Among other instructions he was directed to conduct her, as soon as her business should be accomplished, to the house of Ann Gingercake, with request that she be entertained there until the next day, when the boat would leave on its return trip. "Say to Ann," added Vesta, "that if she has a patient in the house, I beg she will look up lodgings for Miss Bella in that of some one of her friends. Ask her to do all this for the lady's mother's sake and for mine, and I'm sure she will not fail."

Bella's courage and perseverance were sorely tried, after she arrived in Charleston, with going from place to place in search of a purchaser. How much more would they have been tried if, instead of being a beautiful woman, she had been an ugly one, or, worse still, a man! At length she found a business concern, a branch of a New York house, willing to buy and sell any thing money could be made of, that bought her whole consignment. When she left the store, to the door of which the admiring clerks conducted her, there was a sum of sixty dollars in her pocket, with a large order for more work. Making a discount of ten dollars for the effect of youth and beauty, her expectations were realized, and fortune was within her grasp! Poorly dressed as she was, she walked the street after that with the air of a queen, as, under guidance of the attentive Fortunatus, she took the way toward Archdale Street and the residence of Ann Gingercake, most skillful, kind, attentive, and notable of all the free mulatto nurses in Charleston.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE house of Mrs. Ann Gingercake, which Bella reached late in the afternoon, was a small one, of brick, two stories high, situated far back from the street. It was well whitewashed, as were also the fence of the front yard, the trunks of the pride-of-India trees that shaded the yard, the edges of the doorsteps, and the brick curbings of the one flower bed, and the little walk that led up from the gate—in short, every thing that would take whitewash and hold it. The house was the property of its occupant.

Ann was born free. Her mother, once a slave of the Johnston family, who permitted her to "hire her own time," had availed herself of the *quasi*-freedom so obtained to go to Charleston and set up a stand in the uncovered space that used to be at the corner of Market and Meeting streets, where she long carried on a very profitable business, being widely celebrated for her very superior ginger-cakes, after which she finally got to be named. From the profits of her business transactions—and maybe of her transgressions too—she was enabled in time to purchase her absolute freedom. This happening just before Ann happened, the child was free by birthright. As regards complexion, it took rather after the ginger-cake

than after its black-faced mother. Now whatever might be thought of the prettiness of the name of Gingercake, nobody could say that the color of ginger-cake, as worn by Ann of that name, was not a beautiful one. Ann was straight as an arrow, well formed and graceful as a Venus; in manners lady-like and refined; had perfectly Caucasian features, brilliant teeth, large, meaning eyes, black as coals and as capable of fire, and hair that compromised handsomely between straightness and kinkiness by forming itself into luxuriant ringlets. Though barely able to read and write, habitual attendance on people of the best society in her city (and where will better be found?) had imparted to her what dictionary and grammar alone often fail to teach—the ability to speak correctly—and rather grandiloquently too. Although no speck of white glistened in her locks, nor a single wrinkle appeared on her forehead, she was good fifty years old, and the combination she presented of the dignity belonging to that age, and the freshness, suppleness, and vigor belonging to thirty years, was really charming. So thought many a patient of hers, who convalesced under her care more or less enamored of his nurse, and so thought Bella, as, in response to the little bell at the gate which Fortunatus rung, Ann came from the house and tripped down the walk to admit her visitors.

Bella's attendant presented her to Ann, gave the latter Vesta's message, and then withdrew. Ann made no reply to the message until she had conducted the young lady into the neat and well-furnished little parlor, given her a seat, and pressed upon her some cakes and a glass of wine, in doing which she spoke in a subdued voice, and moved about quite noiselessly. "It is a great honor," she then said, "to receive the daughter of dear Mrs. Johnston, who was so kind to me during the year I was in her service at the plantation house. You know, perhaps, I was employed to teach Vesta and Psyche dress-making, which was the occupation I followed then. I do assure you I can never forget your mother's unremitting goodness, Miss Johnston, and am entirely and devotedly at your service. Do you think you could be comfortable in this apartment? I could easily put up a cot for you."

"Then you have a sick person in your house?"

"Yes, miss, most inopportunely—a very ill gentleman, delirious this two weeks with country fever. But I can not endure that you should go elsewhere. Allow me to do for you here the utmost which the painful exigency of my occupation will allow. I do assure you it would afford me unfeigned satisfaction."

"I am certain it would," replied Bella; "but I can not think of remaining to interrupt you in your duties. Your patient must need your closest attention. It is giving you more trouble than I should, if I ask you to direct me to the house of some one of your friends who can receive me. I could not very well go to a hotel, you know."

When Ann found this determination proof against all her polite remonstrances and assurances, she begged of Bella to remain while she went "just a little way round the corner" to look up suitable lodgings. Before going on her errand she pointed up stairs, and said, in a whisper, "He is sleeping now, so I can very well be spared. Should you hear him raving a little in his dreams, it won't alarm you, I hope? I shall return in five minutes."

But she did not succeed so quickly as she had thought, and remained away so long that Bella, after looking casually at the curiosities of the place, had time to fall into a reverie of calculations respecting her business prospects so auspiciously opening; and in the reverie she soon became so completely abstracted as to quite forget there was a crazy man in the house. Naturally enough, then, she was a good deal startled when, in the midst of her pleasant reckonings, she heard coming from the chamber above the murmuring of a human voice, low and indistinct though it was. It continued but a short time, however, and before it was renewed she had so far recovered from the shock as to feel no alarm, and presently got so used to it that she occupied herself with intently listening, in hopes to catch the meaning of some of the thickly uttered and incoherent words. This occupation but poorly prepared her, though, for a much louder and more violent outbreak, which seemed to indicate that the sufferer had woke; and when it came, her impulse was to run from the house. But her courage having controlled the impulse, and the ravings somewhat subsiding, she again found herself getting used to the situation, and actually endeavoring to derive from the sounds she heard some sort of idea of the person from whom they came, though at the same time nervously wishing Ann would return to her patient before dusk should deepen into darkness.

"Bella! Bella! Bella!"

Girl! you are called! Do you hear? Do you know the voice now, that till now not even the ear of love was able to recognize as ever known before?

"Bella! Bella!" is repeated, faintly and complainingly, but quite distinctly and naturally, as if the name itself were a spell to charm away for the moment the delirium of him who invoked it. Yes! she knows the voice now. She knows she is called, but does not reply; knows she is wanted, but does not go—can not. A palsy is on every member and a cold weight on her breast

that is expelling her very life. At length she finds barely strength enough to rise. Slowly and heavily she moves forward, putting her hands on pieces of furniture in her way as if she must pull herself along at every step; but it is not in the direction of the stairs: it is toward the outer door. Passing through it, she is able to move more freely, and before long has reached the street gate. She is trying to escape from *him* and from herself, but at too slow a pace to avoid hearing sounds of a fresh access of raving issue from the chamber, and as she goes through into the street and hurries away, it is not the low, complaining call that follows her, but a hard, derisive laugh.

A few minutes afterward the nurse returned, to find nobody in the house but her patient, who was awake, and more out of his head than ever. It was not until some one or two hours later, and long after dark, that the continually increasing anxiety she was feeling concerning the disappearance of Bella was relieved by the return of that young lady. As she entered she said, with something like the embarrassment of a truant, "You must think I acted very strangely—"

But Ann spared her further explanation by remarking, "I'm sorry my patient frightened you away. I should not have left you so long alone, but I had to go farther than I expected. However, I have made excellent arrangements, which I hope will please you. After you have taken your tea I will send my neighbor's boy to show you the place."

"How kind you are!" said Bella, who then paused in an embarrassed manner; after which she added, "Your patient is very ill—dangerously so?"

"I consider him very ill, certainly, miss, but our present system of treating country fevers is so efficacious, we feel sure of good results in the great majority of cases. Our practice is very mild now, careful nursing being the chief reliance; but that is indispensable in a grave case, for which reason the doctor had the present one early placed under my charge."

"How long has he been ill?"

"Nearly three weeks, and all the time out of his head. He caught the fever by visiting the Waccamaw country, and sleeping several nights there without once thinking to ask if there had been a frost; but the Northern people seem ignorant of the first principles of hygiene."

"Do you not sometimes need assistance in nursing those who are very ill—as in the present case, for instance?"

"Under the old bleeding, blistering, vomiting, and drastic system two nurses were often required; but they seldom are now."

"Do you know from what part of the North he comes? I have lived in the North several years, you know."

"This gentleman—General Damarin? He comes from Ohio."

"Indeed! why, then I know his family well. His sister and I were school-mates for many years, and I am indebted to his mother for kindness I can never repay."

This was said with well-acted surprise, yet with a calmness, the result of preparation, that prevented all suspicion of her true relations to the sick man.

"Indeed! You know him! Then you can inform me how a letter should be addressed in order to reach his parents. The doctor has not written because the only record on the hotel books was 'General Damarin, of Ohio.'"

"I myself will write to them at once, and they will certainly start to come to him as soon as they get the letter. But a full week must elapse before they reach here, and in the mean time—they were such good friends to me—do you not think I ought to remain and help you nurse him—until they arrive, I mean, or until he is out of danger? Is it not my duty, I mean?"

"Why, certainly, Miss Johnston, if you think you have the requisite fortitude, and if it will gratify you—I would be very glad of your assistance, I should say."

And so it was arranged, just as Bella had planned during the last and calmer part of the walk she had begun in so much agitation. Room was made for her in the little house. And the next day, after she had written and mailed a letter to Mrs. Damarin, and sent a message to Vesta by Fortunatus, she prepared herself to enter the apartment where lay her fever-stricken lover.

"It will require some fortitude at first," was the caution the nurse gave before leading the way up stairs. She little knew how much fortitude there was need of, nor how much was being exerted. Bella followed into the chamber—met the sight that was there—stood still for some minutes—advanced to the bedside—seated herself, and took in her own the skeleton hand that lay on the coverlet—all with a manner which, if not entirely calm, was perfectly natural to the character she had assumed of a mere friend to the sufferer. And as long as the nurse was present she continued to hold the listless hand, to look upon the half-closed, glassy eye, the black and shrunken lips, the white, uncovered teeth, the thin, pinched nose, the caving temples and consuming cheeks, and the large white forehead above them, it alone of all the features undeformed by disease—enduring her anguish and acting her part. It was only after Ann, profiting by the attendance of her volunteer assistant, left the house, to be absent for one or two hours, that the seals were broken that had closed the sweet and bitter fountains of the heart.

When the doctor came, which was about

noon, Bella made as many inquiries of him as she dared, but got nothing definite in reply, and therefore nothing encouraging. There were, as yet, he said, no signs of the fever's being about to break. If it should, the head symptoms would disappear, and after that the result must depend on how much strength remained—good nursing always presupposed. On his next visit Bella was afraid to repeat her questioning, but Ann asked him if he did not think there was just a little improvement. "I really think, doctor," she said, approaching her open palm to the red cheek as if it were a hot flat-iron she was testing, and then passing it over the forehead—"I really think there is not so much fever as there was, and the surface feels softer, if not cooler. He certainly is not so much 'out' as he was."

"It may be, Ann: your opportunities of knowing his condition are better than mine, and your judgment full as good; but" (touching the pulse), "so far as I can see, there is no change of any kind."

But the third day he was quite ready to admit a perceptible change for the better. And then Bella ventured to ask how it would be known if the patient should get to be out of danger. "His fever may break at any time," was the answer; "and after that we shall soon be able to know; it may break within twenty-four hours; I shouldn't wonder if it did, for certainly that last medicine has worked like a charm."

Of course it has, doctor! It is a charming prescription, that last, and not bad to take. Do you believe that Nature, in the battle she is waging against disease, has had no help from the almost continual presence in that room of a loving woman, strong of heart, perfect in health, and superabounding in nervous power? Can you imagine the clasp of his fingers in hers, which, if the man were in health, would send currents to his very heart, can impart nothing magnetic now? or that the palm she gently presses on his forehead gives no reinforcement to the battery that is working beneath it? or that the thousand meetings of his wandering eyes with her calm and gentle ones have had no soothing effect? or that her prayers and concentrated will have done the case no good? Of course the medicine works like a charm. You may call it "Bella-Donna" if a name is wanted.

The morning following, when Ann, having, as usual, first prepared breakfast, went up stairs to relieve her assistant, who had remained on duty since midnight, she found her watching more intently than usual the appearance of the patient, who was asleep. The watcher silently unclasped her hands that were resting on her lap, and pointed toward him, fixing her eyes keenly at the same time on the expression of the nurse, who went noiselessly and bent over the sleeper, then turned and nodded with a meaning smile. "Since when?" she whispered.

"Since soon after you left him."

"He is in a beautiful perspiration. We must keep him so, and when he wakes there will be a favorable change. I'm confident of it. Now, please, go to your breakfast, and do not hurry through it on my account."

Bella clasped her hands again, and resting them on her knee, bent forward till she brought her face close to that which lay turned toward her, and looked at it long. Then rising, she gathered from the table her hat, handkerchief, veil, and little basket, and withdrew from the room, whispering as she went, "Don't wait for me to call you; pray come to your breakfast as soon as you will."

Ann opened her large eyes, but said nothing. On going down half an hour later, she found Bella engaged in addressing a letter she had just written. She handed it to Ann, saying, "I shall remain with you, if I may be allowed, until assured he is quite out of danger. After that I must return home without further delay. Should I go before his friends arrive, be so good as to give them this letter. It explains all I wish them or him to know."

"But why not wait and see them? Good gracious! Please, Miss Bella, do not go before your friends come," said Ann, whose eyes again opened wide. "Won't they think it very strange if you do?"

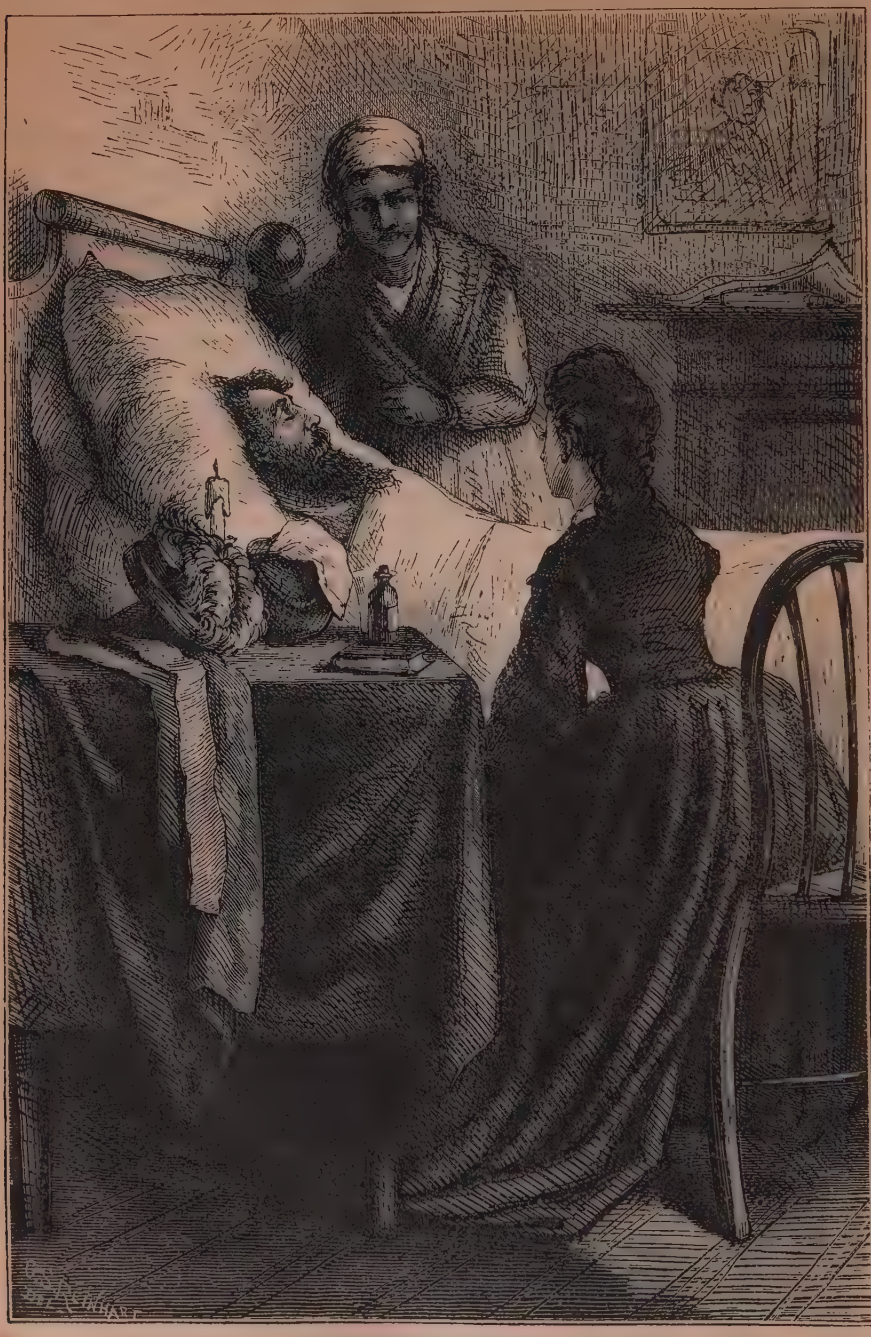
"They will understand my reasons perfectly. I wish it were proper I should make them known to you, for I have a request to make which you must think needs explanation. I want you to keep a secret, Ann. Will you do so?"

Had not Ann been completely blinded by Bella's acting she would have needed nothing more to completely enlighten her as to the true state of affairs; as it was, she remained in the unrest of uncertainty so dreadful to a single woman of her age. "You may safely confide in me," she answered. "We nurses are as accustomed to receive confidences as lawyers or Catholic priests are, and I, for one, have the name of keeping them as discreetly."

"Oh, thank you, Ann. I said my letter contained all it was important General Damarin or his family should know. It tells them I have been here, but not that I have remained here or helped you nurse him. Please let them know nothing further than that, and I shall never cease to be grateful."

Ann promised afresh.

That afternoon William Damarin woke up relieved of fever and restored to reason. And he gained strength so rapidly that two days later the physician pronounced him out of danger, provided always that he



"'SINCE WHEN?' SHE WHISPERED."

remained in Ann's charge and obedient to her orders. On learning this from the doctor's own lips, Bella, who had not once returned to the sick-chamber, prepared to depart. In two hours the boat would leave the wharf. With thanks whose sweetness made them worth more than gold she repaid Ann's hospitality, then hastened from the house, and was soon on board.

As she went past the clerk's office, before which some passengers were waiting to pay their fare, Fortunatus accosted her by name,

made his compliments, and offered his services. Passing on, she found her way to the upper deck and to its extreme bow end, that projected far out of the dock, and there, where none could observe her features, leaned languidly over the rail, and looked down into the water—not off upon the ocean or upward to the sky, as she would have done a week before, but downward, as we do when we lose hope in earth or heaven. Some cat-fish were near the surface, whose movements her eyes listlessly followed. One of them looked upward at her with his own insolent, round, protruding eyes in a way that made her flesh creep; for the sight of the deep clear water below, with only a slender railing between her and it, had caused certain thoughts to pass through her mind, and the look of the fish caused another, which said, "Would you like those disgusting mouths to rend your flesh?"

"But if I were dead," she answered to herself, "I could know nothing of it."

"Unless," spoke another thought, "there should linger just enough consciousness for you to know, maybe feel, they were eating you."

"But I should find rest—delightful, eternal rest."

"Very delightful, if you could only live to enjoy your annihilation."

"Or pass into a better life—"

"Which would still be to live, to feel, and to remember."

"No, no, no! I'm tired of life; I hate existence, present and future; I want annihilation. Surely there are depths in the ocean over which this vessel will go to-night where I may plunge in and find it."

Bella, if you put it off till night, it will be forever deferred. But never mind that: suicide is a resource we can always fall back upon. See! here comes one who will move an indefinite postponement of the whole subject. It was Mr. Richardson, who, having heard Fortunatus address "Miss Bella," and mention "Multiflora," had followed, and learned from him that the poorly dressed girl he had seen come upon the boat was really the heiress he was on his way to find.

He introduced himself as her father's friend; said he had come from Iowa expressly to see her on important business, and had taken passage to Multiflora, expecting to find her there. "But," he added, "I am sorry to learn that the house no longer exists."

"No, Sir," said Bella. "My only home now is at the sea-shore house, and that," she added, with much embarrassment, "is quite an unfit place to receive you. Indeed, I do not see how I can invite you there."

"Then we must go on shore at once, and return to the hotel." And seeing her hesitate, he added, "My business is sufficiently important, I assure you."

She still hesitated, then said, "Would it require much time? The boat will not leave for an hour yet."

"It will take much longer than that. In the first place, I have a long story to tell you, which I beg you will listen to with charity and kindness, and then, if you can, forgive me. Next, this considerable bundle of papers is to be looked over. They contain a detailed statement of the disposition made of a sum of money which my friend placed in my hands a short time before his death, to be invested in Iowa property. The accounts and an inventory attached show that you are now the sole owner of an estate worth something over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. You will now see, I trust, that our best plan is to go on shore before the boat leaves. Let me reclaim your baggage and escort you to your lodgings."

Bella started, stared at him blankly at first, then with amazement, then with scrutiny. "I will go with you, Sir," at length she said, taking the arm he offered; "but I have no baggage, only this" (holding up her little basket). "I have been too poor to own any." After going a few steps she stopped and looked in his face, while she said, "Oh, Sir, I have been very poor. It was time you should come."

Her words sorely wounded him; but when, during the evening of that day, in Ann's pleasant parlor, he related his story, she generously argued with him that he had done her no wrong, and in the comments she made, as he explained the inventory and accounts and described the property, took care to make him feel how much she appreciated all he had accomplished for her interest. And, seated in that parlor, bending over the table where the papers were displayed, examining them in detail, and receiving explanations in answer to her inquiries, all in a low tone, lest the patient should be disturbed, Bella seemed no longer the same woman whose reveries of suicide Mr. Richardson had interrupted. Life had returned to her, and she was all alive to the business in hand. Each item of the inventory interested her, from the Alderneys and Durhams to the bantams and Dorkings, but her most particular inquiries were concerning the cottage at Turtle's-back. "What a funny name!" she exclaimed, with a whispered laugh.

"It is easily changed," Mr. Richardson remarked.

"No, no; I will change nothing you have done, nor shall a single flower or shrub planted by good Mrs. Richardson ever be stirred. She's handsome, you say?"

"I think when you see her you will call her beautiful—when you know her I'm sure you will. She is much nearer your age than mine."

"How I shall love her—and make her love

me too! And the sheep," said Bella, running her finger down the page; "how many? Supposed to number about twenty-two hundred. What washings and what shearings we'll have! And six Alderneys! Ah, you shall judge whether Mrs. Richardson can make sweeter butter than I."

"You know how to churn, then?"

"Yes, indeed; I know every thing should be known by a farmer's"—wife she did not quite say, for she stopped in time.

As soon as Mr. Richardson was gone, Ann, whose curiosity was a consuming fire, came in to have it quenched. Bella made known to the good woman the substance of the news, and followed it up with a request, diffidently made, that she might be permitted to remain under the hospitable little roof in Archdale Street until the time came for leaving Charleston.

"You know I shall be most happy, most gratified, if you will do so, Miss Bella," replied Ann, her eyes suffused with tears of sympathy and pleasure.

"I will trouble you as little as possible, and would also wish to help you all in my power. Therefore, if you will allow me, I will again take turns with you at nursing. Let me begin to-morrow morning, won't you?" Bella worded all this very well, but her manner was confused and bungling to a shocking degree. Ann's eyes opened, and they remained open. She perfectly recognized the symptoms of the case.

"Shall I prepare—shall I tell him you will take charge of him with me?"

"If you think it necessary; otherwise I would prefer not."

Ann thought he was gaining so fast he could bear a little pleasant surprise, and said so, at the same time resolving to witness the surprise, even if she had to bore an auger hole through the partition.

Late on the following day Mr. and Mrs. Damarin arrived. Worn with traveling night and day, and depressed with anxiety that was hardly less than despondency, they presented themselves at the gate in a condition little suited for meeting the shock of the two joys which awaited them within—the recovery of their son and the restoration to them of their Bella. It was she who ran swiftly to meet them in the yard, "Thy son liveth!" her only words of greeting. The embrace she then gave them was far from being that of a returned fugitive. She caressed and clung to them both as if they belonged to her and she to them. And when, with hardly another word, she conducted them to the presence of the up-bolstered convalescent, and there remained, to act as moderator to the agitation of the three, and offered to the mother the chair at the bedside she had herself been occupying, it was with the manner of one who was quite at home there, as of her own good right. And after the conversation became comparatively quiet, and she and William, taking part in it, would address each other, the manner of both plainly enough told that he and she perfectly understood one another, that there was no cloud between them, and that to them the whole universe contained nothing but light.

The little kiss with which Robert and Polly met, when on that unpleasant evening he re-entered the pleasant portal of Stone House, was only the natural outbudding of the circumstances in which they were. Very much in the way that was predicted, those circumstances continued to act, continued to bear their natural fruit and to ripen it, down to the time when the party from Charleston got home. Bella, soon divining that the fruit was ripe, though not yet plucked, shook the tree a little. In fact, so anxious was she there should be no failure in the affair, she gave her personal presence at the interview wherein it was arranged, and herself saw to it that there was no mistake made. Finally, to bind the bargain and seal them each unto the other, she stamped them each with the signet of her own sweet lips.

THE END.

TO A CRUSHED VIOLET.

Timid violet, sadly shrinking
From the help that I essay,
Fain would I with freshest dew-drops
All your weariness allay—
Yet I give you what I may.

Must you always droop your eyelids
O'er the love-light treasured deep?
Nay—around you spread its halo;
Do not such low vigil keep,
Hiding eyes unused to weep.

Yet your presence is so fragrant,
Making all my chamber sweet,
I have not the heart to murmur
That my glance you will not meet,
Earnestly though I entreat.

Bending thus and shedding perfume
Is so sad, there seems to be
In your form but music's echo—
Music from all gladness free,
Living but for charity.

Still I wis above your sadness
Of a song to drown its moan—
'Tis of tender love in waiting:
Will not love, deep love atone
For the lost joy you have known?

Yes, I think my love has saved you:
Lifted, darling, is your head!
Light from gracious depth is welling;
Now at last my hope is fed,
Beauty unto fragrance wed.

Now—but no, I'll hold the measure,
Lest to careless gaze I show
All your story, quickened violet!
'Tis enough for me to know
Love's sweet secret singing low.

A VIRGINIA MILITIA TRAINING OF THE LAST GENERATION.

AS a young and observant Yankee I was traveling in Western Virginia about the year 1835, and happened to be present at a May-day training, whose novelties much amused me. They far surpassed the then nearly defunct practices under the military system of my own State—Massachusetts—which were rapidly passing into the farcical and the burlesque. I can, at this late day, do little more than sketch the outline of the performances, leaving the thousand and one grotesque concomitants to the imagination of the reader. They were indescribably ludicrous.

The company had been warned to appear "duly armed and equipped as the law directs;" and a little before one in the afternoon Captain Clodpole gave directions for forming the line of parade. The orders were carried out by a big sergeant, whose lungs seemed to supply the service of the missing drum. This official stepped forth and began to cry, explosively, "All Captain Clodpole's company parade here! Come, gentlemen, parade here! parade here! And all you that hasn't guns, fall into the lower eend!" The summons was obeyed by all who were just then at leisure. The others were engaged, either as parties or spectators, at a game of quoits, and could not heed it conveniently. However, in some fifteen or twenty minutes the game was finished, and the captain was enabled to form his company and proceed to the duties of the day.

Then came the order, "Look to the right and dress!" when, by the aid of the subaltern officers, the men were placed in a tolerably straight line; but as every man was anxious to see how the rest stood, those on the extremities of the line pressed forward for the purpose till it assumed the form of a crescent.

"Why, look at 'em!" said the captain. "Why, gentlemen, you are all a-crooking here at both eends, so that you will get on to me presently. Come, gentlemen, dress! dress!"

After straightening the line somewhat the captain continued: "Now, gentlemen, I am going to carry you through the revolutions of the manual exercise, and I want you, gentlemen, if you please, to pay very particular attention to the word of command, just exactly as I give it out to you. I hope you will have a little patience, gentlemen, if you please, and I'll be as short as possible; and if I should be a-going wrong, I will be much obliged to any of you, gentlemen, to put me right again; for I mean all for the best; and I hope you will excuse me, if you please. And one thing I must caution you against in perticular, and that is this—not to make any mistakes if you can possibly help it; and the best way to do this will be to do all the motions right at first, and what will help us get on so much the faster, and I will try to have it over as soon as possible. Come, boys, now come to a shoulder.

"Poise arms! Cock arms! Very handsomely done.

"Take aim! Ram down cartridge! No, no—Fire! I now recollect that firing comes next after taking aim, according to Steuben; but, with your permission, gentlemen, I'll read the words of command exactly as they are printed in the book, and then I shall be sure to be in the right."

"Oh yes, read it!" exclaimed twenty voices; "that will save time."

"'Tention the whole! then. Please to observe, gentlemen, that at the word 'fire,' you must fire—that is, if any of your guns are loadened you must not shoot in yearnest, but only make pretense, like; and all you gentlemen fellow-soldiers who's armed with nothing but sticks, riding-switches, and corn stalks needn't go through the firings, but stand as you are, and keep yourselves to yourselves.

"'Half-cock arms!' Very well done.

"'S-h-u-t' *(spelling)*—'shet pan!' That, too, would have been very handsomely done if you hadn't have handled cartridge instead of shetting pan; but I suppose you wasn't noticing. Now, 'tention, one and all, gentlemen, and do that motion again.

"'Shet pan!' Very good—very well indeed; you did that motion equal to any old soldiers. You improve astonishingly.

"'Handle cartridge!' Pretty well, considering you've done it wrong eend foremost, as if you took the cartridge out of your mouth, and bit off the twist with the cartridge-box.

"'Draw rammer!' Those who have no rammers to their guns need not draw, but only make the motion. It will do just as well, and save a great deal of time.

"'Return rammer!' Very well again; but you would have done it, I think, with greater expertness if you had performed the motion with a little more dexterity.

"'S-h-o-u-l' *(spelling)*—yes. 'Shoulder arms!' Very handsomely indeed. Put your guns on the other shoulder, gentlemen.

"'Order arms!' Not quite so well, gentlemen; not quite all together. But perhaps I did not speak quite loud enough for you to hear me all at once. Try once more, if you please. I hope you will be patient, gentlemen. We will soon be through.

"'Order arms!' Handsomely done, gentlemen—very handsomely done; and all together too, except that a few of you were a leetle too soon and others a leetle too late.

"Now in laying down your guns, gentlemen, take care to lay the locks up, and the other side down. 'Tention the whole!

"'Ground arms!' Very well.

"'Charge bagnet!'"

Some of the Men: "That can't be right, captain. Pray look again; for how can we charge bagnet without our guns?"

Captain: "I don't know as to that. But I know I'm right; for here it is printed in the book: 'c-h-a-r'—yes, 'charge bagnet;' that's right—that's the word, if I know how to read. Come, gentlemen, do, pray, charge bagnet. Charge! I say. Why don't you charge? Do you think I've lived to this time o' day and don't know what 'charge bagnet' is? Here—come here: you may see for yourselves. It's as plain as the noses on your fa— Stop! stay! no, halt! No, no—faith, I'm wrong; I turned over two leaves at once. But I beg your pardon, gentlemen. We will not stay out long, and we'll have something to drink as soon as we have done. Come, boys, get up off the stumps and logs, and take up your guns, and we'll soon be done. Excuse me, if you please.

"'Fix bagnet!' 'Advance arms!' Very well done. Turn the cocks of your guns in front, gentlemen, and that will bring the barrels behind, and hold them straight up and down, if you please. Let go with your left hand, and take hold with your right just below the guard. Steuben says the gun must be held 'p-e-r—perticular.' Yes, you must always mind and hold your guns very perticular. Now, boys, 'tention the whole!

"'Present arms!' Very handsomely done; only hold your guns over the other knee—the other hand up; turn your guns round a leetle, and raise them up higher. Draw the other foot back. Now you are nearly right. Very well done, gentlemen. You have improved vastly since I first saw you. What a charming thing it is to see men under good discipline! Now, gentlemen, we come to the revolutions. But, Lord! men, you have got all in a sort of snarl, as I may say. How came you all into such a higgledy-piggledy?"

The fact was that the shade had moved considerably to the eastward during the forementioned operations, and had exposed one wing of these veterans to a galling sun fire. They had followed the shade, little by little, and so had come at length to represent any figure but a straight line.

"Come, gentlemen," says the captain, "spread yourselves out again into a straight line, and we will get into ranks and wheelings presently."

But this was strenuously opposed by the soldiers. They objected to going into the proposed "revolutions" at all, inasmuch as the weather was very hot, and they had already been in the field three-fourths of an hour. They reminded the captain of his repeated promise to be as short as possible, and it was clear that he could dispense with all these more active manœuvres if he chose. They were all very thirsty, and if he would not dismiss them, they declared they would go off sans permission and get something to drink. He might fine them, if that would do him any good: they were able to pay their fine, but could not go without drink to please any body; and they swore they would never vote for another captain who would be so rigorous.

The captain behaved with great spirit on this occasion, and a smart colloquy ensued, during which he asserted that no soldier ought to think hard of the orders of his officer, and he did not think that any gentleman on the ground had any just cause to be offended at him. The dispute was ended by the captain's sending for some grog for their present accommodation, agreeing to omit reading the late military act, as required to do, and also all the military manœuvres except a few easy and simple ones which could be performed under the shade. So, after drinking their grog, they "spread themselves," and were divided into platoons.

"'Tention the whole! 'To the right, wheel!'" And each man faced to the right-about.

"Why, gentlemen, I didn't mean for every man to stand still and turn himself naturally right round; but when I told you to wheel to the right, I intended for you to wheel round to the right, as it were. Please to try that again, gentlemen. Every right-hand man must stand fast, and only the others turn round."

In a previous part of the exercise it had been necessary, for the purpose of sizing them, to denominate every second person a "right-hand man." A very natural consequence was that on the present occasion those right-hand men maintained their position, while all the intermediate ones faced about as before.

"Why, look at 'em now!" exclaimed the captain, in extreme vexation. "I'll be darned if you can understand a word I say. Excuse me, gentlemen; but it really seems as if you could not come at it exactly. In wheeling to the right the right-hand eend of the platoon stands fast, and the other comes round like a swingle-tree. Those on the outside must march faster than those on the inside, and those on the inside not near so fast as those on the outside. You certainly must understand me now, gentlemen: and now please to try once more."

In this they were a little more successful.

"Very well, gentlemen. And now, gentlemen, at the word 'Wheel to the left,' you must mind to wheel to the left.

"'Tention the whole! To the left—left—no, right—that is, the left—I mean the right left, wheel! March!"

He was strictly obeyed: some to the left, and some to the right left, or both ways.

"Stop! Halt! Let us try again. I could not, just then, tell my right hand from my

left. You must excuse me, gentlemen, if you please. Experience makes perfect, as the saying is. Long as I have served, I find something new to learn every day; but all's one for that. Now, gentlemen, do that motion once more."

By the help of a non-commissioned officer in front of each platoon they wheeled this time with considerable regularity.

"Now, boys, you must try to wheel by divisions; and there is one thing in particular which I have to request of you, gentlemen, and it is this—not to make any blunder in your wheeling. You must mind and keep at a wheeling distance, and not talk in the ranks. Don't get out of fix again, for I want you to do this motion well, and not make any blunder.

"'Tention the whole! By divisions! To the right, wheel! March!"

In doing this it seemed as though bedlam had broken loose. Every man took the command, with utterances like these: "Not so fast on the right!" "Slow now, slow!" "Haul down your umbrella!" "Faster on the left!" "Keep back a little in the middle there!" "Don't crowd so!" "Hold up your gun, Sam!" "Go faster there, faster!" "Who trod on my hoofs?" "Dash your hoofs!" "Keep back!" "Stop us, captain, do stop us!" "I've lost my shoe!" "Get up again, Ned!" etc.

"Halt, halt! Stop, gentlemen, stop! Stop, I say!"

This time I did not stop to hear the captain's remarks, nor learn how they recovered from their confusion; but I could easily see why it required three-fourths of an hour for the Virginia troops to form a hollow square around the gallows on which old John Brown was hanged.

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XIV.

GEORGE VOSS, as he drove back to Colmar and thought of what had been done during the last twenty-four hours, did not find that he had much occasion for triumph. He had, indeed, the consolation of knowing that the girl loved him, and in that there was a certain amount of comfort. As he had ever been thinking about her since he had left Granpere, so also had she been thinking of him. His father had told him that they had been no more than children when they parted, and had ridiculed the idea that any affection formed so long back and at so early an age should have lasted. But it had lasted, and was now as strong in Marie's breast as it was in his own. He had learned this at any rate by his journey to Granpere, and there was something of consolation in the knowledge. But, nevertheless, he did not find that he could triumph. Marie had been weak enough to yield to his father once, and would yield to him, he thought, yet again. Women in this respect—as he told himself—were different from men. They were taught by the whole tenor of their lives to submit, unless they could conquer by underhand unseen means, by little arts, by coaxing, and by tears. Marie, he did not doubt, had tried all these, and had failed. His father's purpose had been too strong for her, and she had yielded. Having submitted once, of course she would submit again. There was about his father a spirit of masterfulness which he was sure Marie would not be able to withstand. And then there would be, strong against his interests, George thought, that feeling so natural to a woman, that as all the world had been told of her coming marriage, she would be bound to go through with it. The idea of it had become familiar to her. She had conquered the repugnance which she must at first have felt, and had made herself accustomed to regard this man as her future husband. And then there would be Madame Voss against him, and M. le Curé, both of whom would think it infinitely better for Marie's future welfare that she should marry a Roman Catholic, as was Urmand, than a Protestant such as was he, George Voss. And then the money! Even if he could bring himself to believe that the money was nothing to Marie, it would be so much to all those by whom Marie would be

surrounded that it would be impossible that she should be preserved from its influence.

It is not often that young people really know each other; but George certainly did not know Marie Bromar. In the first place, though he had learned from her the secret of her heart, he had not taught himself to understand how his own sullen silence had acted upon her. He knew now that she had continued to love him; but he did not know how natural it had been that she should have believed that he had forgotten her. He could not, therefore, understand how different must now be her feelings in reference to this marriage with Adrian from what they had been when she had believed herself to be utterly deserted. And then he did not comprehend how thoroughly unselfish she had been; how she had struggled to do her duty to others, let the cost be what it might to herself. She had plighted herself to Adrian Urmand not because there had seemed to her to be any brightness in the prospect which such a future promised to her, but because she did verily believe that, circumstanced as she was, it would be better that she should submit herself to her friends. All this George Voss did not understand. He had thrown his thunder-bolt, and had seen that it had been efficacious. Its efficacy had been such that his wrath had been turned into tenderness. He had been so changed in his purpose that he had been induced to make an appeal to his father at the cost of his father's enmity. But that appeal had been in vain, and, as he thought of it all, he told himself that on the appointed day Marie Bromar would become the wife of Adrian Urmand. He knew well enough that a girl betrothed is a girl already half married.

He was very wretched as he drove his horse along. Though there was a solace in the thought that the memory of him had still remained in Marie's heart, there was a feeling akin to despair in this also. His very tenderness toward her was more unendurable than would have been his wrath. The pity of it! The pity of it! It was that which made him sore of heart and faint of spirit. If he could have reproached her as cold, mercenary, unworthy, heartless, even though he had still loved her, he could have supported himself by his anger against her unworthiness. But as it was, there was no such support for him. Though she had been in fault, her virtue toward him was greater than her fault. She still loved him. She still loved him—though she could not be his wife.

Then he thought of Adrian Urmand and of the man's success and wealth, and general prosperity in the world. What if he should go over to Basle and take Adrian Urmand by the throat and choke him? What if he should at least half choke the successful man, and make it well understood that the other half would come unless the successful man would consent to relinquish his bride? George, though he did not expect success for himself, was fully purposed that Urmand should not succeed without some interference from him—by means of choking or otherwise. He would find some way of making himself disagreeable. If it were only by speaking his mind, he thought that he could speak it in such a way that the Basle merchant would not like it. He would tell Urmand in the first place that Marie was won not at all by affection, not in the least by any personal regard for her suitor, but altogether by a feeling of duty toward her uncle. And he would point out to this suitor how dastardly a thing it would be to take advantage of a girl so placed. He planned a speech or two as he drove along which he thought that even Urmand, thick-skinned as he believed him to be, would dislike to hear. "You may have her, perhaps," he would say to him, "as so much goods that you would buy, because she is, as a thing in her uncle's hands, to be bought. She believes it to be her duty, as being altogether dependent, to be disposed of as her uncle may choose. And she will go to you, as she would to any other man who might make the purchase. But as for loving you—you don't even believe that she loves you. She will keep your house for you; but she will never love you. She will keep your house for you—unless, indeed, she should find you to be so intolerable to her that she should be forced to leave you. It is in that way that you will have her—if you are so low a thing as to be willing to take her so." He planned various speeches of such a nature—not intending to trust entirely to speeches, but to proceed to some attempt at choking afterward if it should be necessary. Marie Bromar should not become Adrian Urmand's wife without some effort on his part. So resolving, he drove into the yard of the hotel at Colmar.

As soon as he entered the house Madame Faragon began to ask him questions about the wedding. When was it to be? George thought for a moment, and then remembered that he had not even heard the day named. "Why don't you answer me, George?" said the old woman, angrily. "You must know when it's going to be."

"I don't know that it's going to be at all," said George.

"Not going to be at all! Why not? There is not any thing wrong, is there? Were they not betrothed? Why don't you tell me, George?"

"Yes; they were betrothed."

"And is he crying off? I should have thought Michel Voss was the man to strangle him if he did that."

"And I am the man to strangle him if he don't," said George, walking out of the room.

He knew that he had been silly and absurd, but he knew also that he was so moved as to have hardly any control over himself. In the few words that he had now said to Madame Faragon he had, as he felt, told the story of his own disappointment; and yet he had not in the least intended to take the old woman into his confidence. He had not meant to have said a word about the quarrel between himself and his father, and now he had told every thing.

When she saw him again in the evening, of course she asked him some further questions. "George," she said, "I am afraid things are not going pleasantly at Granpere."

"Not altogether," he answered.

"But I suppose the marriage will go on?" To this he made no answer, but shook his head, showing how impatient he was at being thus questioned. "You ought to tell me," said Madame Faragon, plaintively, "considering how interested I must be in all that concerns you."

"I have nothing to tell."

"But is the marriage to be put off?" again demanded Madame Faragon, with extreme anxiety.

"Not that I know of, Madame Faragon: they will not ask me whether it is to be put off or not."

"But have they quarreled with M. Urmand?"

"No; nobody has quarreled with M. Urmand."

"Was he there, George?"

"What, with me! No; he was not there with me. I have never seen the man since I first left Granpere to come here." And then George Voss began to think what might have happened had Adrian Urmand been at the hotel while he was there himself. After all, what could he have said to Adrian Urmand, or what could he have done to him?

"He hasn't written, has he, to say that he is off his bargain?" Poor Madame Faragon was almost pathetic in her anxiety to learn what had really occurred at the Lion d'Or.

"Certainly not. He has not written at all."

"Then what is it, George?"

"I suppose it is this—that Marie Bromar cares nothing for him."

"But so rich as he is! And they say, too, such a good-looking young man."

"It is wonderful, is it not? It is next to a miracle that there should be a girl deaf and blind to such charms. But, nevertheless, I believe it is so. They will probably make her marry him, whether she likes it or not."

"But she is betrothed to him. Of course she will marry him."

"Then there will be an end of it," said George.

There was one other question which Madame Faragon longed to ask; but she was almost too much afraid of her young friend to put it into words. At last she plucked up courage, and did ask her question after an ambiguous way.

"But I suppose it is nothing to you, George?"

"Nothing at all. Nothing on earth," said he. "How should it be any thing to me?" Then he hesitated for a while, pausing to think whether or no he would tell the truth to Madame Faragon. He knew that there was no one on earth, setting aside his father and Marie Bromar, to whom he was really so dear as he was to this old woman. She would probably do more for him, if it might possibly be in her power to do any thing, than any other of his friends. And, moreover, he did not like the idea of being false to her, even on such a subject as this. "It is only this to me," he said, "that she had promised to be my wife before they had ever mentioned Urmand's name to her."

"Oh, George!"

"And why should she not have promised?"

"But, George—during all this time you have never mentioned it."

"There are some things, Madame Faragon, which one doesn't mention. And I do not know why I should have mentioned it at all. But you understand all about it now. Of course she will marry the man. It is not likely that my father should fail to have his own way with a girl who is dependent on him."

"But he—M. Urmand; he would give her up if he knew it all, would he not?"

To this George made no instant answer; but the idea was there, in his mind, that the linen-merchant might perhaps be induced to abandon his purpose, if he could be made to understand that Marie wished it. "If he have any touch of manhood about him he would do so," said he.

"And what will you do, George?"

"Do! I shall do nothing. What should I do? My father has turned me out of the house. That is the whole of it. I do not know that there is any thing to be done." Then he went out, and there was nothing more said upon the question. For three or four days there was nothing said. As he went in and out Madame Faragon would look at him with anxious eyes, questioning herself how far such a feeling of love might in truth make this young man forlorn and wretched. As far as she could judge by his manner he was very forlorn and very wretched. He did his work, indeed, and was busy about the place, as was his wont. But there was a look of pain in his face, which made her old heart grieve, and by degrees her good wishes for the object which seemed to be so much to him became eager and hot.

"Is there nothing to be done?" she asked at last, putting out her fat hand to take hold of his in sympathy.

"There is nothing to be done," said George, who, however, hated himself because he was doing nothing, and still thought occasionally of that plan of choking his rival.

"If you were to go to Basle and see the man?"

"What could I say to him, if I did see him? After all, it is not him that I can blame. I have no just ground of quarrel with him. He has done nothing that is not fair. Why should he not love her if it suits him? Unless he were to fight me, indeed—"

"Oh, George, let there be no fighting."

"It would do no good, I fear."

"None, none, none," said she.

"If I were to kill him, she could not be my wife then."

"No, no; certainly not."

"And if I wounded him, it would make her like him, perhaps. If he were to kill me, indeed, there might be some comfort in that."

After this Madame Faragon made no further suggestions that her young friend should go to Basle.

CHAPTER XV.

DURING the remainder of the day on which George had left Granpere the hours did not fly very pleasantly at the Lion d'Or. Michel Voss had gone to his niece immediately upon his return from his walk, intending to obtain a renewed pledge from her that she would be true to her engagement. But he had been so full of passion, so beside himself with excitement, so disturbed by all that he had heard, that he had hardly waited with Marie long enough to obtain such a pledge, or to learn from her that she refused to give it. He had only been able to tell her that if she hesitated about marrying Adrian, she should never look upon his face again; and then, without staying for a reply, he had left her. He had been in such a tremor of passion that he had been unable to demand an answer. After that, when George was gone, he kept away from her during the remainder of the morning. Once or twice he said a few words to his wife, and she counseled him to take no further outward notice of any thing that George had said to him. "It will all come right if you will only be a little calm with her," Madame Voss had said. He had tossed his head and declared that he was calm—the calmest man in all Lorraine. Then he had come to his wife again, and she had again given him some good practical advice. "Don't put it into her head that there is to be a doubt," said Madame Voss.

"I haven't put it into her head," he answered, angrily.

"No, my dear, no; but do not allow her to suppose that any body else can put it there either. Let the matter go on. She will see the things bought for her wedding, and when she remembers that she has allowed them to come into the house without remonstrating, she will be quite unable to object. Don't give her an opportunity of objecting." Michel Voss again shook his head, as though his wife were an unreasonable woman, and swore that it was not he who had given Marie such opportunity. But he made up his mind to do as his wife recommended. "Speak softly to her, my dear," said Madame Voss.

"Don't I always speak softly?" said he, turning sharply round upon his spouse.

He made his attempt to speak softly when he met Marie about the house just before supper. He put his hand upon her shoulder and smiled, and murmured some word of love. He was by no means crafty in what he did. Craft, indeed, was not the strong point of his character. She took his rough hand and kissed it, and looked up lovingly, beseechingly, into his face. She knew that he was asking her to consent to the sacrifice, and he knew that she was imploring him to spare her. This was not what Madame Voss had meant by speaking softly. Could she have been allowed to dilate upon her own convictions, or had she been able adequately to express her own ideas, she should have begged that there might be no sentiment, no romance, no kissing of hands, no looking into each other's faces, no half-murmured tones of love. Madame Voss believed strongly that the every-day work of the world was done better without any of these glancings and glimmerings of moonshine. But then her husband was, by nature, of a fervid temperament, given to the influence of unexpressed poetic emotions; and thus subject, in spite of the strength of his will, to much weakness of purpose. Madame Voss perhaps condemned her husband in this matter the more because his romantic disposition never showed itself in his intercourse with her. He would kiss Marie's hand and press Marie's wrist, and hold dialogues by the eye with Marie. But with his wife his speech was—not exactly yea, yea, and nay, nay—but yes, yes, and no, no. It was not unnatural, therefore, that she should specially dislike this weakness of his which came from his emotional temperament. "I would just let things go, as though there were nothing special at all," she said again to him, before supper, in a whisper.

"And so I do. What would you have me say?"

"Don't mind petting her, but just be as you would be any other day."

"I am as I would be any other day," he replied. However, he knew that his wife was right, and was, in a certain way, aware that if he could only change himself and be

another sort of man, he might manage the matter better. He could be fiercely angry, or caressingly affectionate. But he was unable to adopt that safe and golden mean which his wife recommended. He could not keep himself from interchanging a piteous glance or two with Marie at supper, and put a great deal too much unction into his caress to please Madame Voss when Marie came to kiss him before she went to bed.

In the mean time Marie was quite aware that it was incumbent on her to determine what she would do. It may be as well to declare at once that she had determined—had determined fully before her uncle and George had started for their walk up to the wood-cutting. When she was giving them their breakfast that morning her mind was fully made up. She had had the night to lie awake upon it, to think it over, and to realize all that George had told her. It had come to her as quite a new thing that the man whom she worshiped worshiped her too. While she believed that nobody else loved her; when she could tell herself that her fate was nothing to any body; as long as it had seemed to her that the world for her must be cold, and hard, and material—so long could she reconcile to herself, after some painful dubious fashion, the idea of being the wife either of Adrian Urmand or of any other man. Some kind of servitude was needful, and if her uncle was decided that she must be banished from his house, the kind of servitude which was proposed to her at Basle would do as well as another. But when she had learned the truth—a truth so unexpected—then such servitude became impossible to her. On that morning, when she came down to give the men their breakfast, she had quite determined that, let the consequences be what they might, she would never become the wife of Adrian Urmand. Madame Voss had told her husband that when Marie saw the things purchased for her wedding coming into the house, the very feeling that the goods had been bought would bind her to her engagement. Marie had thought of that also, and was aware that she must lose no time in making her purpose known, so that articles which would be unnecessary might not be purchased. On that very morning, while the men had been up in the mountain, she had sat with her aunt hemming sheets—intended as an addition to the already overflowing stock possessed by M. Urmand. It was with difficulty that she had brought herself to do that—telling herself, however, that as the linen was there, it must be hemmed; when there had come a question of marking the sheets, she had evaded the task, not without raising suspicion in the bosom of Madame Voss.

But it was, as she knew, absolutely necessary that her uncle should be informed of her purpose. When he had come to her after the walk and demanded of her whether she still intended to marry Adrian Urmand, she had answered him falsely. "I suppose so," she had said. The question—such a question as it was—had been put to her too abruptly to admit of a true answer on the spur of the moment. But the falsehood almost stuck in her throat, and was a misery to her till she could set it right by a clear declaration of the truth. She had yet to determine what she would do; how she would tell this truth; in what way she would insure to herself the power of carrying out her purpose. Her mind, the reader must remember, was somewhat dark in the matter. She was betrothed to the man, and she had always heard that a betrothal was half a marriage. And yet she knew of instances in which marriages had been broken off after betrothal quite as ceremonious as her own—had been broken off without scandal or special censure from the Church. Her aunt, indeed, and M. le Curé had, ever since the plighting of her troth to M. Urmand, spoken of the matter in her presence as though the wedding were a thing already nearly done; not suggesting by the tenor of their speech that any one could wish in any case to make a change, but pointing out incidentally that any change was now out of the question. But Marie had been sharp enough to understand perfectly the gist of her aunt's manœuvres and of the priest's incidental information. The thing could be done, she knew, and she feared no one in the doing of it—except her uncle. But she did fear that if she simply told him that it must be done, he would have such a power over her that she would not succeed. In what way could she do it first, and then tell him afterward?

At last she determined that she would write a letter to M. Urmand, and show a copy of the letter to her uncle when the post should have taken it so far out of Granpere on its way to Basle as to make it impossible that her uncle should recall it. Much of the day after George's departure and much of the night were spent in the preparation of this letter. Marie Bromar was not so well practiced in the writing of letters as will be the majority of the young ladies who may, perhaps, read her history. It was a difficult thing for her to begin the letter, and a difficult thing for her to bring it to its end. But the letter was written and sent. The post left Granpere at about eight in the morning, taking all letters by way of Remiremont; and on the day following George's departure the post took Marie Bromar's letter to M. Urmand.

When it was gone her state of mind was very painful. Then it was necessary that she should show the copy to her uncle. She had posted the letter between six and seven

with her own hands, and had then come trembling back to the inn, fearful that her uncle should discover what she had done before her letter should be beyond his reach. When she saw the mail conveyance go by on its route to Remiremont then she knew that she must begin to prepare for her uncle's wrath. She thought that she had heard that the letters were detained some time at Remiremont before they went on to Epinal in one direction and to Mulhouse in the other. She looked at the railway time-table which was hung up in one of the passages of the inn, and saw the hour of the departure of the diligence from Remiremont to catch the train at Mulhouse for Basle. When that hour was passed the conveyance of her letter was insured, and then she must show the copy to her uncle. He came into the house about twelve, and ate his dinner with his wife in the little chamber. Marie, who was in and out of the room during the time, would not sit down with them. When pressed to do so by her uncle she declared that she had eaten lately and was not hungry. It was seldom that she would sit down to dinner, and this, therefore, gave rise to no special remark. As soon as his meal was over Michel Voss got up to go out about his business, as was usual with him. Then Marie followed him into the passage. "Uncle Michel," she said, "I want to speak to you for a moment. Will you come with me?"

"What is it about, Marie?"

"If you will come, I will show you."

"Show me! What will you show me?"

"It's a letter, Uncle Michel. Come up stairs and you shall see it." Then he followed her up stairs, and in the long public room, which was at that hour deserted, she took out of her pocket the copy of her letter to Adrian Urmand, and put it into her uncle's hands. "It is a letter, Uncle Michel, which I have written to M. Urmand. It went this morning, and you must see it."

"A letter to Urmand?" he said, as he took the paper suspiciously into his hands.

"Yes, Uncle Michel. I was obliged to write it. It is the truth, and I was obliged to let him know it. I am afraid you will be angry with me, and—turn me away; but I can not help it."

The letter was as follows:

"The Hotel Lion d'Or, Granpere, *October* 1, 186–.

"M. Urmand,—I take up my pen in great sorrow and remorse to write you a letter, and to prevent you from coming over here for me, as you intended, on this day fortnight. I have promised to be your wife, but it can not be. I know that I have behaved very badly, but it would be worse if I were to go on and deceive you. Before I knew you I had come to be fond of another man; and I find now, though I have struggled hard to do what my uncle wishes, that I could not promise to love you and be your wife. I have not told Uncle Michel yet, but I shall as soon as this letter is gone.

"I am very, very sorry for the trouble I have given you. I did not mean to be bad. I hope that you will forget me, and try to forgive me. No one knows better than I do how bad I have been.

"Your most humble servant,

"With the greatest respect,

"Marie Bromar."

The letter had taken her long to write, and it took her uncle long to read before he came to the end of it. He did not get through a line without sundry interruptions, which all arose from his determination to contradict at once every assertion which she made. "You can not prevent his coming," he said, "and it shall not be prevented." "Of course you have promised to be his wife, and it must be." "Nonsense about deceiving him. He is not deceived at all." "Trash! you are not fond of another man. It is all nonsense." "You must do what your uncle wishes. You must, now—you must! Of course you will love him. Why can't you let all that come as it does with others?" "Letter gone; yes indeed, and now I must go after it." "Trouble! yes! Why could you not tell me before you sent it? Have I not always been good to you?" "You have not been bad—not before. You have been very good. It is this that is bad." "Forget you, indeed. Of course he won't. How should he? Are you not betrothed to him? He'll forgive you fast enough when you just say that you did not know what you were about when you were writing it." Thus her uncle went on; and as the outburst of his wrath was, as it were, chopped into little bits by his having to continue the reading of the letter, the storm did not fall upon Marie's head so violently as she had expected. "There's a pretty kettle of fish you've made," said he, as soon as he had finished reading the letter. "Of course it means nothing."

"But it must mean something, Uncle Michel."

"I say it means nothing. Now I'll tell you what I shall do, Marie. I shall start for Basle directly. I shall get there by twelve o'clock to-night by going through Colmar, and I shall endeavor to intercept the letter before Urmand would receive it to-morrow." This was a cruel blow to Marie after all her precautions. "If I can not do that, I shall at any rate see him before he gets it. That is what I shall do, and you must let me tell him, Marie, that you repent having written the letter."

"But I don't repent it, Uncle Michel; I don't indeed. I can't repent it. How can I repent it when I really mean it? I shall never become his wife. Indeed I shall not. Oh, Uncle Michel, pray, pray, pray do not go to Basle."

But Michel Voss resolved that he would go to Basle, and to Basle he went. The immediate weight, too, of Marie's misery was aggravated by the fact that in order to catch the train for Basle at Colmar her uncle need

not start quite immediately. There was an hour during which he could continue to exercise his eloquence upon his niece, and endeavor to induce her to authorize him to contradict her own letter. He appealed first to her affection, and then to her duty; and after that, having failed in these appeals, he poured forth the full vials of his wrath upon her head. She was ungrateful, obstinate, false, unwomanly, disobedient, irreligious, sacrilegious, and an idiot. In the fury of his anger there was hardly any epithet of severe rebuke which he spared, and yet, as every cruel word left his mouth, he assured her that it should all be taken to mean nothing if she would only now tell him that he might nullify the letter. Though she had deserved all these bad things which he had spoken of her, yet she should be regarded as having deserved none of them, should again be accepted as having in all points done her duty, if she should only, even now, be obedient. But she was not to be shaken. She had at last formed a resolution, and her uncle's words had no effect toward turning her from it. "Uncle Michel," she said at last, speaking with much seriousness of purpose, and a dignity of person that was by no means thrown away upon him, "if I am what you say, I had better go away from your house. I know I have been bad. I was bad to say that I would marry M. Urmand. I will not defend myself. But nothing on earth shall make me marry him. You had better let me go away and get a place as a servant among our friends at Epinal." But Michel Voss, though he was heaping abuse upon her with the hope that he might thus achieve his purpose, had not the remotest idea of severing the connection which bound him and her together. He wanted to do her good, not evil. She was exquisitely dear to him. If she would only let him have his way and provide for her welfare as he saw, in his wisdom, would be best, he would at once take her in his arms again and tell her that she was the apple of his eye. But she would not; and he went at last off on his road to Colmar and Basle gnashing his teeth in anger.

CHAPTER XVI.

NOTHING was said to Marie about her sins on that afternoon after her uncle had started on his journey. Every thing in the hotel was blank and sad and gloomy; but there was, at any rate, the negative comfort of silence, and Marie was allowed to go about the house and do her work without rebuke. But she observed that the curé—M. le Curé Gondin—sat much with her aunt during the evening, and she did not doubt but that she herself and her iniquities made the subject of their discourse.

M. le Curé Gondin, as he was generally called at Granpere—being always so spoken of, with his full name and title, by the large Protestant portion of the community—was a man very much respected by all the neighborhood. He was respected by the Protestants because he never interfered with them, never told them either behind their backs or before their faces that they would be damned as heretics, and never tried the hopeless task of converting them. In his intercourse with them he dropped the subject of religion altogether—as a philologist or an entomologist will drop his grammar or his insects in his intercourse with those to whom grammar and insects are matters of indifference. And he was respected by the Catholics of both sorts—by those who did not and by those who did adhere with strictness to the letter of their laws of religion. With the former he did his duty, perhaps without much enthusiasm. He preached to them, if they would come and listen to him. He christened them, confirmed them, and absolved them from their sins—of course after due penitence. But he lived with them, too, in a friendly way, pronouncing no anathemas against them because they were not as attentive to their religious exercises as they might have been. But with those who took a comfort in sacred things, who liked to go to early masses in cold weather, to be punctual at ceremonies, to say the rosary as surely as the evening came, who knew and performed all the intricacies of fasting as ordered by the bishop, down to the refinement of an egg more or less in the whole Lent, or the absence of butter from the day's cookery—with these he had all that enthusiasm which such people like to encounter in their priest. We may say, therefore, that he was a wise man—and probably, on the whole, a good man; that he did good service in his parish, and helped his people along in their lives not inefficiently. He was a small man, with dark hair very closely cut, with a tonsure that was visible, but not more than visible, with a black beard that was shaved every Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, but which was very black indeed on the Tuesday and Friday mornings. He always wore the black gown of his office, but would go about his parish with an ordinary soft slouch hat—thus subjecting his appearance to an absence of ecclesiastical trimness which perhaps the more enthusiastic of his friends regretted. Madame Voss certainly would have wished that he would have had himself shaved, at any rate, every other day, and that he would have abstained from showing himself in the street of Granpere without his clerical hat. But, though she was very intimate with her curé, and had conferred upon him much material kindness, she had never dared to express her opinion to him upon these matters.

During much of that afternoon M. le Curé

"'YOU WILL BE WICKED IN EVERY WAY,' SAID THE PRIEST."

sat with Madame Voss, but not a word was said to Marie about her disobedience either by him or by her. Nevertheless Marie felt that her sins were being discussed and that the lecture was coming. She herself had never quite liked M. le Curé—not having any special reason for disliking him, but regarding him as a man who was perhaps a little deficient in spirit, and perhaps a trifle too mindful of his creature comforts. M. le Curé took a great deal of snuff, and Marie did not like snuff-taking. Her uncle smoked a great deal of tobacco, and that she thought very nice and proper in a man. Had her uncle taken the snuff and the priest smoked the tobacco, she would probably have equally approved of her uncle's practice and disapproved that of the priest, because she loved the one and did not love the other. She had thought it probable that she might

be sent for during the evening, and had, therefore, made for herself an immensity of household work, the performance of all which on that very evening the interests of the Lion d'Or would imperatively demand. The work was all done, but no message from Aunt Josey summoned Marie into the little parlor.

Nevertheless Marie had been quite right in her judgment. On the following morning, between eight and nine, M. le Curé was again in the house, and had a cup of coffee taken to him in the little parlor. Marie, who felt angry at his return, would not take it herself, but sent it in by the hands of Peter Veque. Peter Veque returned in a few minutes with a message to Marie, saying that M. le Curé wished to see her.

"Tell him that I am very busy," said Marie. "Say that uncle is away, and that there is a deal to do. Ask him if another day won't suit as well."

She knew when she sent this message that another day would not suit as well. And she must have known also that her uncle's absence made no difference in her work. Peter came back with a request from Madame Voss that Marie would go to her at once. Marie pressed her lips together, clinched her fists, and walked down into the room without the delay of an instant.

"Marie, my dear," said Madame Voss, "M. le Curé wishes to speak to you. I will leave you for a few minutes." There was nothing for it but to listen. Marie could not refuse to be lectured by the priest. But she told herself that having had the courage to resist her uncle, it certainly was out of the question that any one else should have the power to move her.

"My dear Marie," began the curé, "your aunt has been telling me of this little difference between you and your affianced husband. Won't you sit down, Marie, because we shall be able so to talk more comfortably?"

"I don't want to talk about it at all," said Marie. But she sat down as she was bidden.

"But, my dear, it is needful that your friends should talk to you. I am sure that you have too much sense to think that a young woman like yourself should refuse to hear her friends." Marie had it almost on her tongue to tell the priest that the only friends to whom she chose to listen were her uncle and her aunt; but she thought that it might perhaps be better that she should remain silent. "Of course, my dear, a young person like you must know that she must walk by advice, and I am sure you must feel that no one can give it you more fittingly than your own priest." Then he took a large pinch of snuff.

"If it were any thing to do with the Church—yes," she said.

"And this has to do with the Church very much. Indeed, I do not know how any of our duties in this life can not have to do with the Church. There can be no duty omitted as to which you would not acknowledge that it was necessary that you should get absolution from your priest."

"But that would be in the church," said Marie, not quite knowing how to make good her point.

"Whether you are in the church or out of it is just the same. If you were sick and in bed, would your priest be nothing to you then?"

"But I am quite well, Father Gondin."

"Well in health; but sick in spirit—as I am sure you must own. And I must explain to you, my dear, that this is a matter in which your religious duty is specially in question. You have been betrothed, you know, to M. Urmand."

"But people betrothed are very often not married," said Marie, quickly. "There was Annette Lolme at Saint Die. She was betrothed to Jean Stein at Pugnac. That was only last winter. And then there was something wrong about the money; and the betrothal went for nothing, and Father Carrier himself said it was all right. If it was all right for Annette Lolme, it must be all right for me—as far as betrothing goes."

The story that Marie told so clearly was perfectly true, and M. le Curé Gondin knew that it was true. He wished now to teach Marie that if certain circumstances should occur after a betrothal which would make the marriage inexpedient in the eyes of the parents of the young people, then the authority of the Church would not exert itself to insist on the sacred nature of the pledge; but that if the pledge was to be called in question simply at the instance of a capricious young woman, then the Church would have full power. His object, in short, was to insist on parental authority, giving to parental authority some little additional strength from his own sacerdotal recognition of the sanctity of the betrothing promise. But he feared that Marie would be too strong for him, if not also too clear-headed. "You can not mean to tell me," said he, "that you think that such a solemn promise as you have given to this young man, taking one from him as solemn in return, is to go for nothing?"

"I am very sorry that I promised—very sorry indeed; but I can not keep my promise."

"You are bound to keep it, especially as all your friends wish the marriage, and think that it will be good for you. Annette Lolme's friends wished her not to marry. It is my duty to tell you, Marie, that if you break your faith to M. Urmand, you will commit a very grievous sin, and you will commit it with your eyes open."

"'BUT WHO IS THE OTHER MAN?' DEMANDED ADRIAN."

"If Annette Lolme might change her mind because her lover had not got as much money as people wanted, I am sure I may change mine because I don't love a man."

"Annette did what her friends advised her."

"Then a girl must always do what her friends tell her? If I don't marry M. Urmand, I sha'n't be wicked for breaking my promise, but for disobeying Uncle Michel."

"You will be wicked in every way," said the priest.

"No, M. le Curé. If I had married M. Urmand, I know I should be wicked to leave him, and I would do my best to live with him and make him a good wife. But I have found out in time that I can't love him; and therefore I am sure that I ought not to marry him, and I won't."

There was much more said between them, but M. le Curé Gondin was not able to prevail in the least. He tried to cajole her, and he tried to persuade by threats, and he tried to conquer her by gratitude and affection toward her uncle. But he could not prevail at all.

"It is of no use my staying here any longer, M. le Curé," she said at last, "because I am quite sure that nothing on earth will induce me to consent. I am very sorry for what I have done. If you tell me that I have sinned, I will repent and confess it. I have repented, and am very, very sorry. I know now that I was very wrong ever to think it possible that I could be his wife. But you can't make me think that I am wrong in this."

Then she left him, and as soon as she was gone Madame Voss returned to hear the priest's report as to his success.

In the mean time Michel Voss had reached Basle, arriving there some five hours before Marie's letter, and, in his ignorance of the law, had made his futile attempt to intercept the letter before it reached the hands of M. Urmand. But he was with Urmand when the letter was delivered, and endeavored to persuade his young friend not to open it. But in doing this he was obliged to explain, to a certain extent, what was the nature of the letter. He was obliged to say so much about it as to justify the unhappy lover in asserting that it would be better for them all that he should know the contents. "At any rate, you will promise not to believe it," said Michel. And he did succeed in obtaining from M. Urmand a sort of promise that he would not regard the words of the letter as in truth expressing Marie's real resolution. "Girls, you know,

are such queer cattle," said Michel. "They think about all manner of things, and then they don't know what they are thinking."

"But who is the other man?" demanded Adrian, as soon as he had finished the letter. Any one judging from his countenance when he asked the question would have imagined that in spite of his promise he believed every word that had been written to him. His face was a picture of blank despair, and his voice was low and hoarse. "You must know whom she means," he added, when Michel did not at once reply.

"Yes; I know whom she means."

"Who is it, then, M. Voss?"

"It is George, of course," replied the innkeeper.

"I did not know," said poor Adrian Urmand.

"She never spoke a dozen words to any other man in her life; and as for him, she has hardly seen him for the last eighteen months. He has come over and said something to her, like a traitor; has reminded her of some childish promise, some old vow, something said when they were children, and meaning nothing; and so he has frightened her."

"I was never told that there was any thing between them," said Urmand, beginning to think that it would become him to be indignant.

"There was nothing to tell—literally nothing."

"They must have been writing to each other."

"Never a line; on my word as a man. It was just as I tell you. When George went from home there had been some fooling, as I thought, between them; and I was glad that he should go. I didn't think it meant any thing, or ever would." As Michel Voss said this there did occur to him an idea that perhaps, after all, he had been wrong to interfere in the first instance—that there had then been no really valid reason why George should not have married Marie Bromar; but that did not in the least influence his judgment as to what it might be expedient to do now. He was still as sure as ever that, as things stood now, it was his duty to do all in his power to bring about the marriage between his niece and Adrian Urmand. "But since that there has been nothing," continued he, "absolutely nothing. Ask her, and she will tell you so. It is some romantic idea of hers that she ought to stick to her first promise, now that she has been reminded of it."

All this did not convince Adrian Urmand, who for a while expressed his opinion that it would be better for him to take Marie's refusal, and thus to let the matter drop. It would be very bitter to him, because all Basle had now heard of his proposed marriage, and a whole shower of congratulations had already fallen upon him from his fellow-townspeople; but he thought that it would be more bitter to be rejected again in person by Marie Bromar, and then to be stared at by all the natives of Granpere. He acknowledged that George Voss was a traitor; and would have been ready to own that Marie was another had Michel Voss given him any encouragement in that direction. But Michel throughout the whole morning—and they were closeted together for hours—declared that poor Marie was more sinned against than sinning. If Adrian was but once more over at Granpere all would be made right. At last Michel Voss prevailed, and persuaded the young man to return with him to the Lion d'Or.

They started early on the following morning, and traveled to Granpere by way of Colmar and the mountain. The father thus passed twice through Colmar, but on neither occasion did he call upon his son.

CALIFORNIA.

III.—ITS PRODUCTS AND PRODUCTIVENESS.—INFORMATION FOR FARMERS.

By CHARLES NORDHOFF.

A LADY in New York, wife of a distinguished literary man, relates that in her younger days she met at a party the wife of a wealthy fellow-citizen, to whom, on being introduced, she incidentally remarked, "I see you every Sunday; we are members of the same church." "Ah!" was the reply; "where do you sit? I do not remember your face." "Oh, we sit in the gallery," answered the editor's wife. "Indeed! in the gallery?" echoed the fine lady, with a little shrug; then, remembering her manners, she added, "Well, some very respectable people sit in the gallery."

California has been for many years regarded by Eastern people as this lady thought of the gallery of the Reverend Mr. Phydle, D.D.'s church. It is generally acknowledged that some very respectable people live in California; but we who live on the Atlantic side of the continent are sorry for them, and do not doubt, in our hearts, that they would be only too glad to come over to us. Very few suspect that the Californians have the best of us, and that, so far from living in a kind of rude exile, they enjoy, in fact, the finest climate, the most fertile soil, the loveliest skies, the mildest winters, the most healthful region, in the whole United States. California has long passed with us in the East as a

good enough sort of country for over-adventurous young men: it is, in fact, the best part of the American continent, either for health or for profitable and pleasant living in any industrious pursuit.

Its merits, for any thing except mining, even its own inhabitants have been slow to discover; and as the placer mines slowly gave out, there were not wanting Californians who devoutly believed that some day their State would once more be abandoned to cattle and wild horses. In 1847, when I spent eleven months on the California coast, it was universally believed that but a small part of the soil would produce crops. "There are no trees on these great plains," said every body; "and if not a tree will grow, of course the soil must be sterile." But on many of those treeless plains wheat has since yielded from fifty to eighty bushels per acre, and there is no year in which some adventurous farmer does not discover some new product for which the climate and soil are specially adapted, and which pays better than gold-mining.

One reason for the ill repute of the State as an agricultural region is that it overturns all the ideas of Eastern farmers. Our people came to the State, and attempted to plant and sow in May or June, when the rains were over, and, of course, they got no more return than if they had planted corn in Illinois in August. Then, getting no crop from their planting, they beheld the whole wild plain in June turn brown and sere, the grass dry up, the clover utterly disappear, and of course they were ready to give up the country as a desert. They did not then know that the grass lies on the plain rich, naturally cured hay; that the clover seed, by a curious provision of nature, is preserved in a little bur, on which the cattle actually fatten, when to the careless eye the ground seems to be bare; and that the wild oat also holds its nutritious seed all the season; so that these brown pastures are perhaps the sweetest and best support for cattle and sheep in the world.

Moreover, they knew nothing of the different qualities of soil in California. They had to learn not only the necessity of irrigation on the higher and drier lands, but the manner of performing that work; they had to conquer many superstitions which asserted the unproductiveness or the limited productiveness of California; and meantime mining was the chosen and favorite occupation of the majority of those who came to the State, and it was, for the most part, only those who despaired of success in the mines and in trade who turned their attention to the soil. In this year, 1872, California is still, to a great extent, a country in which mining is, as they say, "played out," while agriculture has not taken its place. In such counties as Tuolumne you will see this plainly. The people are but slowly discovering that the great source of the State's wealth is in its productive soil.

In California the rains begin late in October. The grass is green all winter; plowing begins on the first of December; wheat, barley, oats, and other crops are sowed as soon as the land can be made fit; and sowing and planting are continued as late as March. Thus the husbandman has three or four months to put in his crops. Trees are also transplanted in this season. South of San Francisco, and in the great San Joaquin Valley, frost is rarely known, roses bloom all the winter through, the flower garden is constantly full of flowers, and many shade trees, like the acacias, the pepper-tree, and the live-oaks, keep their foliage green the year round. Corn is planted from March to May, and harvested as late as December. In the southern counties, and in the San Joaquin Valley especially, many farmers take two crops from the same field—wheat or barley for the first, and corn for the second; and I have seen fields which yielded, in a good season, ninety bushels of corn for this second crop. Wheat and barley are commonly sown for hay, and cut before the heads fill, in April or May. Where this is done it is usual to plant corn on the same ground when the hay crop is cut. Thus the farmer gets two valuable crops from the same field. The harvest season for wheat, barley, and oats is in the latter part of May and in June.

After the middle of April the rains cease, and the whole harvest season is absolutely without rain. Thus the farmer is not hurried, and the harvest proceeds with none of that haste and anxiety about the weather which trouble the Eastern farmer. The small grains are usually gathered by a machine called a "header," which clips off only the heads of the grain stalk. Wheat, oats, and barley are threshed on the field, put into bags, and left either on the field or along the railroad, for weeks often, in the open air, and until the crop is sold and shipped. The grain does not sweat, nor is it liable to injury from this exposure. Hay, too, is baled or stacked on the field, and left there until it is wanted. Potatoes are often left in the ground long after they are fit for digging. Thus it is evident the farmer has, in the long, dry California summer, an immense advantage over his Eastern competitor. He needs fewer hands, he is not hurried, and he requires no costly granaries or barns to contain the products of his fields.

Nor does he need to put away much food for his cattle. A quarter of an acre of beets, replanted as they are used, will support a cow during the whole year. Work-horses receive barley and hay, but sheep are never fed; market cattle fatten in the pastures, and horses not at work get no food except what

they pick up in the fields, in winter as well as summer. The alfalfa, or Chilian clover, which is now beginning to be largely sown, does well to feed to pigs, to cows, and even to plow-horses, and bears enormous crops. On low ground, or where it can be irrigated, as much as twenty tons have been taken from an acre; it is not cut from December to April, but yields from six to eight cuttings in the year. Cattle and horses are more easily kept in good condition in California than elsewhere in the United States, and the farmer needs no such substantial stables as in the Eastern States.

Fruit trees bear much earlier than in the East. The peach bears a peck in the second year from planting the pit; the apple gives a crop at five years, and begins to bear at three; the curculio is unknown; and such perishable fruits as plums and cherries keep far longer than with us. I have eaten cherries and strawberries in Colorado which had been brought from Sacramento—a four days' journey—and they were in perfect order. The growth of fruit and other trees is extraordinary. The eucalyptus, a fine Australian evergreen shade tree, has made twenty feet in a year (I have seen one, eight years from a small cutting, which was seventy-five feet high and two and a half feet in diameter at the base); the apricot becomes almost a forest tree in size; and in the southern parts of the State it is the custom to make fences of sticks of willow, sycamore, or cotton-wood, cut to the length of eight feet, and stuck into the ground in December. These strike root at once, and grow so rapidly that in the second year the farmer cuts his fire-wood from these living fences.

Moreover, the variety of fruits cultivated in the farmer's orchard, especially in Southern California, is much greater than with us. I have seen, commonly, in orchards, the apple, pear, peach, cherry, quince, plum, nectarine, pomegranate—a most lovely tree or tall shrub when in bloom; the fig, which bears two crops a year; the orange, lemon, almond, olive, English walnut, and apricot; and you may eat strawberries, wherever care is bestowed upon them, in every month of the year. Fruit trees are all free from disease, though the pear-slug begins to be troublesome in some places; and the finest varieties of fruit known in the East grow freely here.

When you buy a farm in California, except it be in some of the northern parts of the State or in some of the wooded foot-hills, you buy clear land. You have not to girdle trees, pull stumps, or toil among underbrush. Thousands of acres are every year bought or rented, plowed at once, and sown to grain, without even the expense of fencing in many of the counties, which have adopted "no fence" laws. Men do here more easily what they used to do in Illinois and Indiana: buy a farm, and with their first crop clear all their expenses and the price of the land. Where there are trees, except far up on the mountain-sides, they are usually the lovely oaks of this State, evergreen trees which nature has planted, so that the finest park-like effects are produced. I spent yesterday, the 22d of February, with a party of pleasant picnickers upon one of these oak-covered plains, green as our finest pastures are in June, with a lovely lake in the centre of a fair smooth field of about 1500 acres; with oaks scattered over the plain in irregular clumps and masses, and detached trees, as beautifully as Olmstead or Ignatz Pilat could place them; with finely rounded hills, green to their summits, surrounding us on every side; with skies so bright, and the air so mild and sweet, that a baby slept on the ground, wrapped in shawls and rugs, and awoke rosy and crowing. It had rained hard overnight, but we sat on the greensward to eat our luncheon; and there were New Yorkers present rash and irreverent enough to declare that even the Central Park was never so lovely as this little piece of nature's own landscape-gardening. The California live-oak is a low-branching, wide-spreading tree; it often attains the height of seventy feet, with a width—not circumference—of foliage of 120 feet; and where it grows the plain is without underbrush—as clear and clean as a highly cultivated park.

Where nature has done and does so much, man gains a quick reward for his efforts. Our costliest and rarest greenhouse flowers grow here out-of-doors all winter, almost without care. In the vineyards are planted by the acre the grapes which at home are found only in the hot-houses of the wealthy. The soil is so fertile that it is a common saying in the great valleys that the ground is better after it has yielded two crops than at the first plowing; and though, as a rule, the farmers, especially in Southern California, live in small and mean houses, the climate—which permits children to play out-of-doors for at least 330 days in the year, and which makes the piazza or the neighboring shade tree pleasanter than a room, in winter as well as summer—is probably to blame for their carelessness. The dwelling is a less important part of the farm than with us. I am sorry that it is so; and I warn the wives of farmers who think of removing to California to stipulate beforehand that their husbands shall build them neat and pleasant houses in the beginning. If you put it off you will never do it, for you will, like many of your predecessors, become accustomed to a small and mean-looking dwelling. The climate does not here force you to substantial building.

The dry climate of California does not make a cellar necessary to health, nor need

the house be of two stories. A long range of rooms, with broad and comfortable piazzas, is the best for this State. I have seen some farm-houses built in this style—which is copied after the adobes of the old Spanish Californians—which were both charming and cheap, and very convenient for the women of the household.

No doubt the slight houses, and the constant out-door life which the climate makes possible, do much for the health of invalids who come to the southern part of the State. But the warm and dry air has been found a great natural remedy for consumption and diseases of the throat. I have come upon some remarkable cures during the past winter—men and women who recovered strength and flesh without medicine, and very rapidly, so that they ceased to be invalids after only a few months' residence in one of the southern counties. Southern California has a better climate than Italy; and San Diego, Santa Barbara, and San Bernardino are already frequented by numbers who found no relief at Nice, or Aiken, or in Florida.

To the settler from the far-off East it is an important advantage that California has, in a remarkable degree, a well-settled, orderly, and law-abiding population. Three races—the Indians, the old Spaniards, and we "Americans"—live here harmoniously together. No man need fear for his life or his property, even in the most thinly settled parts of the State. There has been violence: stages have been robbed; highwaymen, who called themselves "road agents," have in times past waylaid travelers; in the towns and mining camps you hear even now of lawless deeds; but the Californian knows how to build up a peaceful, lawful society better, I think, than any other in the world. No State in the Union is better supplied with schools. In so thinly settled and far-away a district as San Bernardino County I found country schools, attended by Spanish and American children in common, and taught by zealous and intelligent teachers. The best proof I can offer you of what I have asserted of the security of life and property is this, that I have the past winter traveled through the most thinly settled parts of the southern counties, over the least-frequented roads, alone or with but a single companion; have stopped to cook my dinner in the Indian huts, asked for a night's lodging at Spanish ranchos, slept sometimes on the green grass, with my horse staked out, my feet near a fire, and my body wrapped in overcoat and blanket; and journeying thus day after day, I had not even a revolver with me, and no arm larger than a pocket-knife. And on one of the loneliest parts of my journey, among the mountains of San Bernardino County, I found a San Francisco lady established near a hot sulphur spring, and with but two children, the largest of them a boy of seventeen, building herself a house, employing carpenters and laborers, and "making" a place. She had found health and strength in this wilderness, and lived there without fear or danger.

For intelligent farmers—men who like to go a little out of the old ruts of farming—California seems to me the finest country conceivable. I speak now especially of the great Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, which contain the bulk of the richest farming land in the State. Such men may establish themselves by field crops; but they will find before them an almost illimitable field for experiment, with great rewards for perseverance and skill. Near Marysville, two years ago, a farmer, finding that his orchard of apples, pears, etc., did not pay as well as formerly, bethought him of the castor-bean. He planted several acres as an experimental crop, found that his soil was suitable for it, and last spring I saw on his place one hundred acres in castor-oil. The plant, which is with us in the East a tender ornamental shrub, was here planted and hoed or plowed like corn, and when ripe a press in a shed at the edge of the field made the oil. In the East his adventure would have needed a solid brick building for his machinery, as well as costly drying and bleaching rooms. Here the oil was bleached under a rainless sky, and a shed, which could not have cost fifty dollars, sufficiently protected his engine and press. In the Napa Valley a farmer thought hops would pay. He planted ten acres, and two crops gave him a handsome little fortune. Some years ago farmers within reach of the San Francisco market planted cherries; and I know a man whose cherry orchard, wherein Chinese pick the fruit at a trifling expense, has netted him for several years past thirty dollars a tree. Several persons in different parts of the State have succeeded in making first-class raisins, and it needs only that the right kind of grape shall be planted to make the manufacture of raisins a highly profitable industry in Southern California. Beet sugar has been successfully and very profitably manufactured for two years in several parts of the State, and the sugar-beet, which is found to yield a larger percentage of sugar in this climate than in France, is a very profitable crop, wherever machinery for reducing it is at hand. Cotton is already produced, and of excellent quality, in the San Joaquin and Tulare valleys; twenty acres can be planted and kept in order by one man, and the crop averaged last year seventy-five dollars per acre. Colonel Strong, a Mississippi planter, reports that the whole cost of making and marketing the crop is twenty-eight dollars per acre, leaving a net profit of forty-seven dollars per acre, or nine hundred and forty dollars on twenty acres, which is the quantity per

MAP
OF THE
SACRAMENTO
VALLEY
CALIFORNIA
Scale of Miles
0 10 20 30 40 50
Area of Sacramento Valley
5.000.000 Acres.
122°
121°
120°
40°
39°
38°
SHASTA
Shasta
Red Bluffs
TEHAMA
Tehama
COLUSA
Colusa
Sacramento R.
Oregon Division
Feather R.
Chico
Oroville
BUTTE
YUBA
Yuba R.
Nevada
Truckee
SIERRA NEVADA
MARYSVILLE
Colfax
Yuba R.
Lower Lake
LAKE
Grafton
Lincoln
Auburn
Placer
Placerville
Woodland
SACRAMENTO
Folsom
Shingle Sp.
Calistoga
Davis
Cosumnes R.
American R.
EL DORADO
NAPA
Sonoma
Petaluma
Fairfield
Suisun
Galt
Jackson
San Andreas
CALAVERAS
Mokelumne R.
VALLEJO
Calaveras R.
Sonora
Martinez
Antioch
CONTRA COSTA
STOCKTON
Copperopolis
AQUIN
Knight's Fy
OAKLAND
Western
Lathrop
Stanislaus R.
SAN FRANCISCO
ALAMEDA
Modesto
Tuolumne R.
TUOLUMNE
Niles
Spelling
San Joaquin R.
Division
Merced R.
MERCED
SAN MATEO
SANTA CLARA
SAN JOSE
Merced

man. The silk culture is successfully carried on in several parts of the State, and it would be more generally successful, as an adjunct to other farming operations, where there are women and children to attend to this branch. Hops, of which I spoke above, obtain a higher price than those raised in the East, being stronger, and, owing to the dry summer, more sure to be gathered in good order. Rice, flax, and hemp are all, on suitable soils, sure crops; and the culture of the ramie promises to prove more profitable and successful in Southern California than any where else in this country. I have seen several plantations in Santa Barbara and other counties which promise well.

The vine, of course, grows well almost every where, and the best vineyardists are now planting German and French varieties, and trying to make light wines. But I believe in the San Joaquin and Tulare valleys the raisin grape will be found more profitable than even wine-making or brandy-distilling.

As an adjunct to farming, or where men come with capital enough to attempt it as a business, wool-growing and cattle-raising yield handsome profits. Sheep are neither fed nor housed in this State; they are herded all the year round, and the wool-grower counts upon doubling the number of his sheep every year—that is to say, he raises as many lambs of both sexes as he has ewes. Many men who keep sheep do not own lands, but hire the pastures at so much per head—usually ten cents a year for each sheep; and, as a rule, it is reckoned that the wool pays all the expenses, and the sheep—for which there is always a ready sale—are clear profit. Colonel Hollister, one of the largest sheep-owners in the State, came here, in 1853, with three hundred American sheep; and he has said that each of these sheep has earned him one thousand dollars. He is now a millionaire, and the owner of over one hundred thousand acres of land; and he was in debt when he came to this State from Ohio.

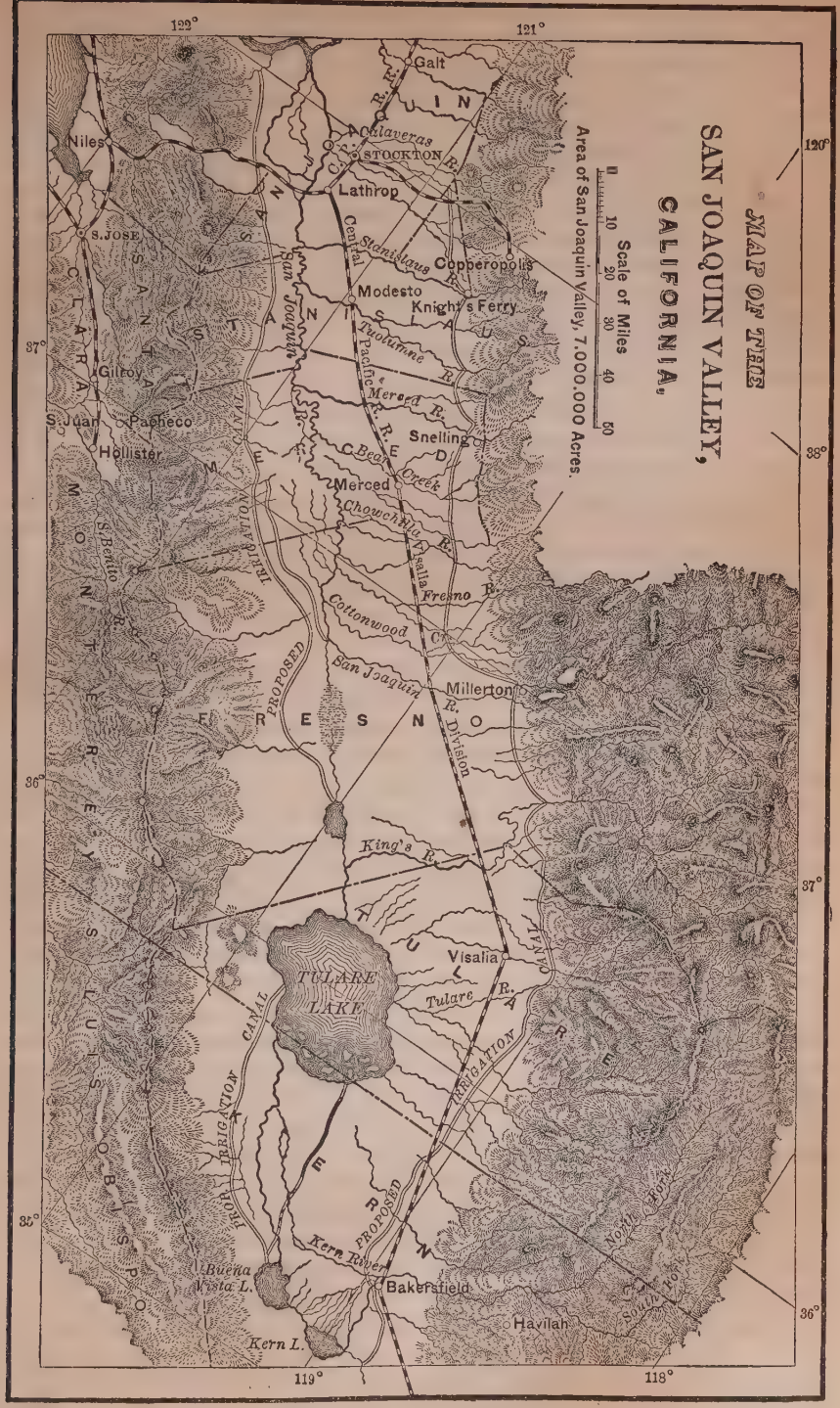
One cause of Colonel Hollister's success is that he "stood by his sheep." He kept sheep year after year, giving to that business all the ability he possessed. The curse of farming in California has been that men took it up too often as a mere whim, or as a speculation. I met last winter a young man on his way to the Arizona mines, who told me that he was tired of farming in California. In reply to some questions he related that he had rented last winter a thousand acres of land, had it plowed and sown to wheat, and as last summer was very dry, and as the land he hired was upland, his crop did not return him his original investment, which amounted to several thousand dollars. This man thought farming would not pay. But neither does gambling pay; and his kind of farming was merely a gambling or speculative transaction. He was not an experienced or trained farmer, and what he really did was to bet so many thousand dollars that it would be a wet season. It happened to be a dry season, and he lost. This year there is a wet season, and the high land which he sowed last year will, no doubt, yield forty, and perhaps sixty, bushels of wheat to the acre.

A blunder too often made by farmers in this State is that they try to own too much land. In the southern part of California a man does not need more than one hundred and sixty acres, and he can live comfortably and secure an independence, after some years, on eighty acres. Indeed, I know shrewd men who are planting forty, and even twenty, acres with almonds, or olives, or oranges, or English walnuts, all of which grow in proper situations in Southern California, and who hope to secure in six or eight years a handsome and permanent income. And every farmer in the region which bears the culture of these fruits ought to set apart ten or twenty acres for them.

In the East a prudent farmer plants an orchard of apples, pears, peaches, plums, or all of these, as a source of income when they come to bear. All these fruits, except, perhaps, apples, are perishable, and need to be marketed at once, and of apples it is found already that the area on which they can be raised is so great that the price is low. Now Southern California bears not only all our Eastern fruits, as I have said before, but also these six: the orange, lemon, almond, olive, citron, and English walnut, for which the market extends over the whole country, while the area in which they can be successfully grown is limited.

The almond bears the earliest. One hundred and eight trees are usually planted to the acre. At four years from the seed they may be expected, with thorough culture, to yield an average of a dollar per tree for the whole orchard; at six years they should yield at least two dollars per tree; and the tree becomes a heavier bearer every year. It needs thorough culture, and in most places irrigation, and being, like the peach, an early bloomer, it is hurt by late frosts. It does not grow well at Los Angeles, but bears safely at Santa Barbara and further north, and in almost the whole of the San Joaquin Valley would do admirably. At eight years an almond orchard should yield at least $400 per acre.

The olive, which is increased entirely by cuttings, begins to bear in from four to five years after the cutting is put into the ground. Sixty trees go to an acre, and they bear a profitable crop in the ninth or tenth year. The crop increases largely as the trees grow older, so that while an orchard at ten years may average twenty or even thirty gallons


MAP OF THE
SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY,
CALIFORNIA,
Area of San Joaquin Valley, 7,000,000 Acres.
Scale of Miles
0 10 20 30 40 50
122°
121°
120°
38°
37°
36°
35°
119°
118°
Galt
Niles
Calaveras
STOCKTON
Lathrop
S. JOSE
Central
Stanislaus R.
Copperopolis
Modesto
Knight's Ferry
San Joaquin R.
Tuolumne R.
Pacheco Pass
Merced R.
Gilroy
S. Juan
Pacheco
Hollister
Snelling
Merced
Chowchilla R.
Fresno R.
Cottonwood
San Joaquin R.
Millerton
Division
PROPOSED
King's R.
Visalia
TULARE LAKE
Tulare
Kern River
Buena Vista L.
Bakersfield
Havilah
Kern L.
North Fork
South Fork
IRRIGATION CANAL
PROPOSED
COAST RANGES
SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS

to the acre, I have seen trees seventy years old, at San Diego, which bore one hundred and twenty gallons each. Either for oil or for table olives the trees should yield, at ten years from the cutting, at least eight dollars per tree clear profit. The culture is very simple, consisting only of keeping the soil loose and the weeds out; and the tree is very hardy, free from disease where it has a deep soil, and does not, except in a very dry soil, require irrigation.

The English walnut bears from fifty to seventy-five pounds of nuts at twelve years from the planting; at fifteen years, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds. It is a noble tree, hardy in the climate of Southern California, requiring only a deep soil and thorough culture, but improved by irrigation. The nuts, which fall to the ground when ripe, and may be gathered by children, are worth from ten to twelve and a half cents per pound in the orchard. Thirty trees are set to the acre. The tree has no disease; it is, in fact, a forest tree. It is customary to plant almonds, which come quickly into bearing, between the English walnuts, and cut them down after they have yielded three or four crops, by which time the walnut-trees will require the whole space in which they stand.

The orange and lemon are, and will probably continue to be, the more profitable orchard trees in Southern California. Sixty trees are planted to the acre. They come into bearing slowly, but at ten years from the seed, or eight years from planting out the nursery trees, the lemon will bring 600 and the orange 1000 to the tree; and I have seen 2000 lemons—or 2800 oranges—on a single tree, at fifteen years of age. Now lemons sell in San Francisco at $30, and oranges at from $15 to $35 per thousand; and from the tenth year of a tree's age, with good culture, irrigation, and in a fit climate—that is to say, almost any where in California south of Stockton—these trees are found in practice to yield, at the very least, $10 clear profit per tree, or $600 per acre. This is a very low statement—far below the present actual yield of orange orchards in Los Angeles and San Bernardino. I know an orange orchard of nine acres, near Los Angeles, which has brought its owner $8000 per annum, clear profit, for several years past. One man's labor suffices to keep in perfect order twenty acres of any of these fruits. But it should not be forgotten that all these trees are the better for irrigation. They grow better and faster, and bear more regularly and freely; and the orange and lemon particularly will, I am persuaded, bear but poorly without water, though some people deny this. The most skillful orchardists in Southern California now irrigate once in six weeks, and, of course, plow after every irrigation. I have no doubt that the frequent plowing is a great help to the trees. There are people in California who imagine and assert that the ground ought not to be plowed or otherwise disturbed in their State during the dry season; but such men do not succeed in farming there or elsewhere.

You must not suppose that there are as yet many orchards in the State of these trees. It has been proved beyond doubt, by thoroughly practical experiment, that the orange, lemon, lime, English walnut, olive, and almond thrive here. The figures I have given above are taken from the books of orchards now in bearing, though I have in every case made a considerable deduction in setting down a general statement. There are orange-trees in the State twenty years old, olives seventy years planted, English walnuts thirty years old, and almond orchards which have borne full crops for a number of years. The fact, therefore, that the climate and soil are adapted to these products is settled beyond a doubt, and the enormous productiveness of the orchards is as certain. But the whole of California has at this time less than thirty thousand orange-trees planted, less than twenty thousand olives, less than twenty thousand English walnuts, and not five thousand lemons. This industry is yet in its cradle. "How, then, shall we be certain that it will not be overdone by the time orchards to be planted in two or three years shall come into bearing?" some one will ask. I asked the same question of a shrewd farmer who, having four thousand young orange-trees planted, was this spring putting out two thousand more. I asked it of one of the shrewdest men in the State, who is this spring planting four hundred acres in English walnuts, almonds, and olives. I asked it of a number of planters who have bearing orchards: and I will tell you their reply. They say, first, that it requires perseverance, some skill, industry, and a long time during which the planter must make his living from other sources, to bring such an orchard of semi-tropical fruit to a successful and profitable state. Of all who start probably less than half will succeed. Second, the area of land in the whole civilized world suited to the culture of these fruits is very limited. They flourish in California, and they may do, with care, in Florida, and nowhere else in the United States. Even in these two States, only in parts is the climate suited to them. Southern California is, in fact, the Italy of this continent; its equal climate, its protection from cold by mountain ranges, its rich soil and healthfulness, give it a place alone among its sister States. Overproduction, then, of these fruits, which are in universal demand, is not probable, I believe, in the next half century at least. It is believed here by those who have more carefully in-

vestigated the matter that at any probable rate of planting the semi-tropical fruits raised in California for the next thirty years will not increase in quantity in proportion with the demand for them arising from the increased population of the country west of Chicago and St. Louis—all which will be the market for these products. Third, not only is the market wide, but these products bear transportation a long distance. They are not perishable, as the strawberry or the cherry. The orange-grower has four months during which his oranges hang on the trees, and may be picked and marketed. Olives and their oil are, of course, marketable at any time; and nuts and almonds may be kept, of course, for months—longer even than apples.

The greater part of the farming lands of California lies in the two great valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, including the Tulare. The Sacramento Valley is forty miles wide, bounded on the west by the Coast Range, and on the east by the Sierra Nevada. It is an immense fertile plain, becoming mountainous in its northern part, but containing a vast area of fertile land, much of which never needs irrigation, and produces fine crops in the driest years. Last spring, when a drought prevailed all over California, I saw a field of oats of one thousand acres at Chico, on the California and Oregon Railroad, so high that I could and did tie the oats over my head.

Northern California—namely, the Sacramento Valley, and the counties which lie on the same parallel with it—has a climate mild compared with that of our Eastern States; but it has frosts and some light snows, and the semi-tropical fruits do not flourish there. Southern California, which includes the San Joaquin Valley and its extensions, the Tulare and Kern valleys, as well as the sea-coast counties parallel with these, is the real garden of the State.

At Stockton begins the great San Joaquin Valley. This stretches from Stockton to the Tejon Pass, a length, north and south, of three hundred miles. It has, without including the foot-hills, an average width of forty miles, or with the foot-hills, which contain excellent land, fifty miles. It contains over eighteen million acres of land, of which not less than ten millions are susceptible of highly profitable cultivation. The plains alone contain nearly seven million acres of land, of which less than seven hundred thousand were cultivated last year. The whole valley has at this time a population of less than fifty thousand persons.

The San Joaquin, Tulare, and Kern valleys, included in the general term of the San Joaquin, is the "new country" of the State. Its soil is the richest, its plains are the broadest, its climate is semi-tropical, and in it already the orange, cotton, ramie, sugar-beet, as well as corn and wheat and the other cereals, have been grown. At present two railroads, the Southern Pacific and the San Joaquin Valley (a branch of the Consolidated Central Pacific), are being rapidly built, which will open the whole of this immense territory to settlement; and already its natural wealth is drawing thither not only farmers, but capitalists with schemes for irrigation upon an extensive scale. Shrewd men in San Francisco begin to see that if it was profitable for companies to build canals and flumes, sometimes a hundred miles long, to facilitate mining operations, it will be more permanently profitable to build flumes, canals, ditches, and reservoirs for irrigation.

One irrigation company is already at work in the San Joaquin country upon a large scale; it has forty miles of canal dug, and a large force of men is now at work extending this canal. The plan of this company contemplates not only irrigation, but incidentally the reclamation of a million of acres of swamp and overflowed lands. An able engineer, Mr. R. M. Brereton, long experienced in extensive irrigation works in India, made during last summer and fall a reconnaissance of the valley, and his report to the company proposes the construction of canals and ditches, at a cost eventually of $7,660,000, which would irrigate 2,806,000 acres of land, every acre of which will, with water, produce two crops a year. Mr. Brereton writes me: "Irrigation can only grow with the increase of population. It must be small at first; and my object has been to design such a system as would be capable of future enlargement, as population increased the demand for water. Therefore, under my plan, canals that in the next fifty years may cost $10,000 per mile will not at first cost $1500 per mile." During the present season not less than 100,000 acres will be irrigated in the San Joaquin Valley. The cost to the farmer for water is about one dollar and a quarter per acre for each crop, and two crops are taken off in the year. Mr. Brereton writes: "I saw in Bakersfield and its environs magnificent crops of Indian corn growing, which had been planted about the end of June and beginning of July, after a crop of wheat had been obtained off the same land. The corn in one field averaged from sixteen to eighteen feet in height; the cobs were of immense size, and about a span in length. This was the result of irrigation. I was also shown fields of alfalfa (a kind of lucern) which had already yielded under irrigation three crops, averaging from six to eight tons to the acre."

Meantime the people in this valley have already constructed between forty and fifty irrigating ditches of small length, and on the fields which have been thus watered corn, wheat, cotton, flax, barley, and a number of other products have been raised. At present the San Joaquin Valley is largely

used for grazing. The immense quantity of government and railroad lands which it contains is for the most part reserved from sale until the railroad companies shall locate their grants. This will be done during the present summer, and the whole great valley will then be open to settlement, while the two railroads, which are being energetically prosecuted by wealthy companies, will give to farmers a quick and certain access to market.

It is my belief that in the San Joaquin Valley farmers coming into the State from the East will find the most eligible locations for some years to come. The soil is rich and very easily cultivated; the climate is such that not only the cereals, but cotton and the sub-tropical fruits, can be safely and profitably cultivated there; irrigation has now been so far advanced that it will keep pace with the needs of settlers; as soon as the railroad companies locate their grants it will be possible to buy the best land of them or of the government at two dollars and a half per acre, in quantities of from forty to six hundred and forty acres; two railroads will give access to markets; two crops a year from irrigated land will make less land necessary to the farmer, who can do as much with eighty acres here as with one hundred and sixty elsewhere, even in the cereal crops only; where land is irrigated the farmer can plant live fences of willow, sycamore, and cotton-wood, which, after the second year, will yield him all the fire-wood he needs without further trouble; and it is an incidental advantage of this region that farmers will for some years to come be able to graze stock freely upon the unappropriated government and railroad lands near them.

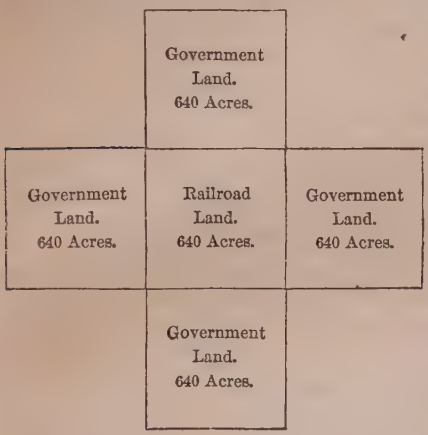
The government and railroad lands are the cheapest, and probably the best, in the State. They are the most easily selected and located, for the government land-offices have accurate maps, and the railroad land-office in Sacramento has an organization so perfect that a farmer searching for land can obtain there, without delay, the most precise and detailed information, not only as to location, but as to quality and distance from the railroad and from settlements. Moreover, the titles are perfect, which is not always true of lands held under Spanish grants. The railroad companies give five years' credit on their lands; the government also deals very easily with purchasers.

One immense advantage the farmer has who settles on such land as that in the San Joaquin Valley—his land is ready for the plow as soon as he has bought it. It has no shrubbery or underbrush; it does not need to be cleared; and as the next State Legislature is almost certain to enact a "no fence" law for the whole State—many counties have it already—he will not even need to fence. Cattle can be more easily and profitably "soiled" in this climate than elsewhere. A quarter of an acre of beets, replanted as beets are used, will keep a cow; and the beet grows in Southern California not only the whole year, but two years, if it is left in the ground. Corn and other fodder may be sown in every month; and a wise farmer can stall-feed stock of all kinds here more cheaply and easily than in any other State. Of alfalfa, the Chilian clover, a quarter of an acre will keep a cow in hay, by successive cuttings, for nine months in the year.

After a thorough examination of this region, I believe Southern California to be the finest part of the State, and the best region in the whole United States for farmers. I have visited within twelve months almost every part of the State; and while the climate is mild and the soil rich every where, the bright skies and the great variety of valuable products in the southern counties make that region, in my judgment, the most eligible. But I advise farmers from the East to be content with small farms of from eighty to, at most, two hundred acres. The rage for large possessions has been a curse to the farmers of this State. I have seen a wheat field of 30,000 acres in the San Joaquin Valley; fields of wheat of from 1000 to 5000 acres are not uncommon; nor is it rare for their owners to be ruined by losing a crop. I am certain that an industrious farmer who cultivates and irrigates 160 acres in the San Joaquin Valley, who plants orange and almond and olive orchards on twenty acres, who soils his stock, who keeps a good vegetable garden for his family, and attends to his crops with care and thoroughness, will be worth more money at the end of ten years, and have a more valuable place besides, than his neighbor who has ten times as much land and has raised wheat only. The small farmer will require less capital, he will run fewer risks of loss, his income will be greater on the average, his living will be more comfortable, and, in the end, his small farm will be worth more money than his neighbor's exhausted and carelessly kept large farm.

There are hundreds of farmers in California, men who would be thought wealthy in any farming community in the East, who own several thousand acres, and who do not raise even a potato for their families. Wheat, wheat, wheat is their only crop, and for this every thing else is neglected. Their families live on canned fruits and vegetables; all their house supplies are bought in the nearest town of the groceryman; in a good season they sell their wheat for a large sum, and either buy more land or spend the money in high living; and when a dry year comes they fall into debt with interest at one per cent. a month, and when the next dry year comes it brings the sheriff.

What is the best and easiest way, you will perhaps ask, for an Eastern farmer to settle himself properly and safely in so far distant a State as California? The best and pleasantest way would be for four, six, or eight families to unite together, with the design to live on adjoining farms. Such a little association could send out one of their number as a pioneer to seek a suitable location. For four families a section of land would be sufficient. It would give each 160 acres of land. But if more is required, and if, for instance, it was desired to settle upon government or railroad land in the Sacramento or San Joaquin Valley, it should be remembered that these are held in alternate sections, thus:


Government Land. 640 Acres.
Government Land. 640 Acres.
Railroad Land. 640 Acres.
Government Land. 640 Acres.
Government Land. 640 Acres.

Now so complete is the railroad land-office in Sacramento that a stranger coming to the State upon such an errand as I have supposed would do best to go first to that office, look over its maps and descriptions of railroad sections, which can be purchased on five years' credit, with one-fifth paid down, and there, surveying the whole field at once, make up his mind what parts of it are best worth a more particular examination. A day or two in the Sacramento railroad land-office would give him more information about the disposable land in California than a very tedious and costly search among the three or four government land-offices located at different points, and each concerned with only a part of the State.

Having thus generally determined upon the part of the State which he thinks it best to examine, he will find it easy to make choice of some particular section or sections among those on his minutes.

In making his selection he should bear in mind these things among others:

1. California is subject to droughts. Experience shows, so far, that there are about seven good years out of ten; that is to say, in ten years the farmer may, in almost any part of the State fit for agriculture, expect to get seven good field crops without irrigation. There are bottoms, as in the Pajaro Valley, and there are tracts of land in the northern part of the State, which are not affected by drought. But of the great bulk of the arable land in California what I have said above is true.

2. Moreover, the farmer in Southern California, as in the San Joaquin Valley, who should plant the orange, lemon, almond, and other sub-tropical fruits, needs water constantly to irrigate these.

3. Water is also needed, except in seasons when the rain-fall is above the average, to get two good crops from the same land in a year. With water this is easy and certain, and you may follow your crop of wheat or barley, sown in December and reaped in May, with a crop of corn planted in May or June on the same land.

4. For all these reasons it is a very great advantage to have a water supply on your place, or at least within reach. "Be more careful to buy water than land," said an experienced and successful California farmer to me, a man who, beginning with but a small capital fifteen years ago, has now an income of fifteen thousand dollars a year from his farm and orchards. Water is not scarce in California; but there are tracts of land which have it not, and these it is best to avoid. It is astonishing how small a stream answers every purpose; and to an Eastern man few things are more surprising than the ease, skill, and cheapness with which a small stream is tapped by half a dozen Californian farmers, led into a reservoir, and made available for irrigation.

5. If there is a proper irrigating canal or ditch available to the land you prefer, that is sufficient. You have only to ascertain the price of the water. The company which has now built forty miles of canal in the San Joaquin Valley, and whose extensive plans I spoke of above, charges one dollar and a quarter per acre per crop, which is a very light burden.

6. On the eastern side of the San Joaquin Valley, in the San Bernardino Valley, and in other parts also, Artesian wells are easily and cheaply made. A flowing well, wherever it can be got at moderate cost, answers admirably for irrigating purposes; and a well of seven-inch bore will water a large tract of land. Gardens and pleasure-grounds are commonly irrigated in this State by means of windmills, which pump water into small tanks. The windmill is universal in California; the constant breezes make it useful; and as there is no frost to break pipes, water is led from the tank into the house and stable, which is a very great convenience, at a small cost.

7. The level or plain land is probably the richest; it is certainly the most easily cultivated, and it comes first into use. But

the foot-hills have a peculiar value of their own, which has been overlooked by the eager California farmers. The vine and, I believe, most of the sub-tropical fruits grow best on the foot-hills. The soil is somewhat lighter; it will probably not bear such heavy crops of grain, but a homestead on the hills has a fine out-look; water is probably more easily obtainable; the air is fresher than on the plains; and, for my own part, I have seen, in the more settled parts of the State, that the cheapest lands—the foot-hill lands, namely—were, on many accounts, preferable. Vine-growers begin to see that the best wine comes from these higher lands; and ten or fifteen years hence it is believed that the principal and most profitable vineyards in the State will be in the foot-hills.

8. California is a breezy State: the winds from the sea draw with considerable force through the cañons or gorges in the mountains, and sweep over the plains. This is no doubt one of the chief causes of its healthfulness; and it gives to the workman in the summer the great boon of cool nights. No matter how warm the day has been, the night is always cool, and a heavy blanket is needed for comfort. Now there are places where the wind is too severe, where a constant gale sweeps through some cañon, and is an injury to the farmer. Such places should be avoided, and are easily avoidable. In many parts of the State farms would be benefited by trees, planted as wind-breaks; and fortunately the willow or sycamore forms, in two years, in this climate, a sufficient shelter, besides furnishing fire-wood to the farmer.

9. Where one man has selected land for himself and several friends he can easily and quickly prepare the way for them. Fences and houses can be built by contract in every part of the State. Men make it their business to do this; and at the nearest town the intending settler can always have all his necessary "improvements" done by contract, even to plowing his land and putting in his first crop. In this respect labor is admirably organized in California. You will see, then, that your pioneer may make ready for those who are to come after, so as to save them much delay and inconvenience.

10. In many parts of the State Indians hire themselves out as farm laborers. They usually live on the place where they work, and they are a harmless and often a skillful laboring population, though somewhat slow. They understand the management of horses, are plowmen, and know how to irrigate land. The Chinese make useful laborers, but they are not skillful with horses. As gardeners and for all hand-labor they are excellent. White laborers are—as in every thinly settled country—unsteady and hard to keep.

11. If you have a little ready money beyond what you need to make your place and live on till your crop is harvested and sold, you can invest it very well in your neighborhood. In many parts of the State men lend money at two per cent. per month by the year, interest payable semi-annually or quarterly, and on good security. This seems monstrous to an Eastern man, but there are many industries which yield a profit large enough to bear this drain without suffering. Sheep, for instance, where they are well managed, return seventy-five per cent. per annum on the cost of the herd. Ten per cent. is the common rate of interest in the State, and large sums are constantly lent at twelve; while in the thinly settled or rapidly improving sections sums of one, two, or three thousand dollars are easily and securely lent at two per cent. a month. I think this not a slight advantage to a farmer who comes to California with a little ready money ahead.

12. Several land colonies are at this time formed, or forming, in California. They are all, I believe, in the hands of honorable men, and they offer certain advantages to settlers. They put, however, too high a price on their lands; and where four or five, or even two or three, families known to each other come out here together, they can do better than join a colony. The success of the Annaheim Colony, however, shows that these experiments are meritorious. At Annaheim each colonist bought only twenty acres of land and a town lot; the ground was planted in vines for the most part; and though the people had for a while a severe struggle, they are now independent. "We are all worth about $10,000 apiece," said one to me, "and we are happy and comfortable." This colony is now twelve years old.

13. To settlers of limited means it is an advantage to be near one of the lines of railroad now building, as the Southern Pacific or the San Joaquin road, for the companies give steady employment, at good wages, to all able-bodied men, and a stout man may easily earn a farm by a summer's work.

14. As the winter in the Northern States is said to be the best time to see the country if you mean to buy, so the summer and fall are the best seasons for a farmer to visit California if he thinks of settling there. After May there is no rain until November. This makes a long dry season, in which many of the smaller streams dry up, the pastures become brown and look bare, the roads are dusty, and whatever is disagreeable in climate or country comes out to the surface. Fortunately, during this period also the harvest takes place, and the fruits are ripening, so that not only the dust and dryness, but the fruitfulness and wealth of the land, are seen. Moreover, if you select

your land in summer or fall, you are just in time to have your crop put in when the rains begin.

15. Thus it is possible and easy for one person coming out during the summer or fall to not only select land for a party of friends or neighbors, but to have their houses and stables built, their fences—if they need any—made, and their first crops put in, by contract, so that when the families come out in November or December all would be prepared for them, and they would have only to move in, and during the first winter to make vegetable gardens, put in beets and corn fodder for their cattle, and set out their orchards. In Southern California the roads are generally good all winter; the rains do not last long, and the bright sun quickly dries up the mud; and there is no "freeze and thaw" to break up the roads, as in our Northern States.

16. The California Immigrant Union, at San Francisco, gives information to all who write to it concerning farming and other industrial enterprises in the State. Its officers are careful and responsible men, who are salaried by the State, and have no private interests in their work.

AKERATOS.

To Argos, after Troia fell, there came,
Seeking for alms and ease, one sunny day,
A soldier, battle-scarred and old and gray—
Akeratos his name.

He would not beg without amends for alms:
So with a lyre the passers-by he stopped,
Hoping thereby to see some silver dropped
From givers' willing palms.

In early days his skill was well maintained;
But rough campaigns had robbed him of his power;
And so he stood there twanging, hour on hour,
Without one lepton gained.

At length, all wearied, hungered, and athirst,
He ceased and leaned against a pillar there,
And thought himself, so utter his despair,
Forsaken and accurst.

Then came a stranger where he leaned, and said,
"Why not play on, old man, and strive to please
The passing crowd? You, who won victories,
Might now perchance win bread."

Akeratos looked up. His eyes were filled
With weakling tears; again he bowed his head—
That once proud soldier—and he humbly said,
"I am no longer skilled."

"Then," said the stranger, in a pleasant way,
"Why not to me a thing so useless hire?
Here's a didrachmon: give me now the lyre:
For one hour let me play."

The soldier smiled. "My lord," he said, "the sum
Would buy three lyres like this of mine, mayhap."
"It is a bargain, then. Hold out your cap;
Be motionless and dumb."

The stranger took the lyre and swept the chords,
And through the air a startling prelude rang;
Then with a clear and stirring voice he sang—
Voice like the clang of swords—

How Hektor perished, slain by Achilleus;
How Herakles fair Hippolyte slew;
How Zeus the mighty Titans overthrew—
The sire-dethroning Zeus;

The rush of chariots and the clash of blades;
O'er beaten earth the ring of iron hoofs;
The crackling roar of flames from burning roofs;
The screams of frighted maids;

The curses of the priests of plundered fanes;
The dying groan upon the bloody field
Of some stout warrior, pillowed on his shield,
Life ebbing through his veins.

And as he sang the people stopped to hear,
And crowds from every quarter gathered round,
Breathless and eager, swallowing every sound
With rapt, attentive ear;

And when the song was o'er the people filled
The soldier's cap with golden coins, and cried,
"O singer! silver-tongued and fiery-eyed,
Whose tones our souls have thrilled—

"Singer, whose voice from sirens on the shore
Has sure been borrowed, and whose fingers rain
Such music on the strings, oh, sing again—
Sing us a song once more!"

And once again that wondrous voice was heard:
This time it sang not of affairs of arms,
But of the sea-foam's daughter and her charms,
Till all men's hearts were stirred.

A purple vapor seemed to fill the place;
Fragrance and light and music in the air—
Each man majestic and each woman fair—
One, dignity; one, grace;

Till, in their joy, before that soldier old
Not coins alone they cast, but silver bands
And rings and bracelets, gems from foreign lands,
And ornaments of gold;

And when the heap had to its utmost grown,
Making the soldier rich in all men's sight,
Around the singer's form a blaze of light
In dazzling glory shone.

The men of Argos stood in hushed surprise,
As there the god of poetry and song,
Phoibos Apollon, from the awe-struck throng
Ascended to the skies.

OLD KENSINGTON.

By MISS THACKERAY.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BOW-WINDOWED HOUSE.

RHODA, as she sat at her work, used to peep out of the bow-windows at the people passing up and down the street—a pretty girlish head, with thick black plaits pinned away, and a white frill round the slender throat. Sometimes, when Mrs. Morgan was out, Rhoda would untwist and unpin, and shake down a cloud upon her shoulders; then her eyes would gleam with a wild willful light as she looked at herself in the little glass in the work-box, but she would run away, if she heard any one coming, and hastily plait up her coils. The plain speaking and rough dealing of a household not attuned to the refinements of more sensitive natures had frightened instead of strengthening hers. She had learned to be afraid and reserved. She was timid and determined, but things had gone wrong with her, and she was neither brave nor frightened in the right way. She had learned to think for herself, to hold her own secretly against the universal encroachments of a lively race. She was obliging, and ready to sacrifice her own for others, but when she gave up she was conscious of the sacrifice. She could forgive her brother unto seven times. She was like the disciple, whose sympathy did not reach unto seventy times seven.

Rhoda was not strong, like Cassie and Zoe. She was often tired as she sat there in the window corner. She could not always touch the huge smoking heaps that came to table. When all the knives and forks and voices clattered together, they seemed to go through her head. The bells and laughter made her start. She would nervously listen for the boys' feet clattering down the stairs. At Church House there was a fresh silence. You could hear the birds chirruping in the garden all the time Lady Sarah was reading aloud. There were low comfortable seats covered with faded old chintz and tapestry. There were court ladies hanging on the walls. One wore a pearl necklace; she had dark bright eyes, and Rhoda used to look at her, and think her like herself, and wonder. There were books to read and times to read them at Church House, and there was Dolly always thinking how to give Rhoda pleasure. If she exacted a certain fealty and obedience from the little maiden, her rule was different from Aunt Morgan's. Dolly had no sheets to sew, no dusty cupboards to put straight, no horrible boys' shirts to front or socks to darn and darn and darn, while their owners were disporting themselves out-of-doors, and making fresh work for the poor little Danaides at home.

To Dolly Old Street seemed a delightful place. She never could understand why Rhoda was so unhappy there. It seemed to Dolly only too delightful, for George was forever going there when he was at home. The stillness of Church House, its tranquil order and cheerful depression, used to weary the boy: perhaps it was natural enough. Unless, as Rhoda was, they are constitutionally delicate, boys and girls don't want to bask all day long like jelly-fish in a sunny calm; they want to tire themselves, to try their lungs; noise and disorder are to them like light and air—wholesome tonics with which they brace themselves for the coming struggles of life. Later in life there are sometimes quite old girls and boys whose vitality can not be repressed. They go up mountains and drive steam-engines. They cry out in print, since it would no longer be seemly for them to shriek at the pitch of their voices, or to set off running violently, or to leap high in the air.

"The Morgans" certainly meant plenty of noise and cheerful clatter, the short tramp of school-boy feet, huge smoking dishes liberally dispensed. John Morgan would rush in, pale, breathless, and overworked, in a limp white neckcloth, as befitted his calling; he would utter a breathless blessing on the food, and begin hastily to dispense the smoking heap before him.

"Take care, John dear," cries Mrs. Morgan.

"What? where?" says John. "Why, George! come to lunch? Just in time."

It was in John Morgan's study that George established himself after luncheon. The two windows stood open as far as the old-fashioned sashes would go. The vine was straggling across the panes, wide spreading its bronzed and shining leaves. The sunlight dazzled through the green, making a pleasant flicker on the walls of the shabby room, with its worn carpet and old-fashioned cane chairs and deal book-cases.

A door opened into an inner room, through which George, by leaning forward from his arm-chair behind the door, can see Mrs. Morgan's cap-ribbons all on end against the cross light in the sitting-room windows. Cassie is kneeling on the floor, surrounded by piles of garments; while her brother, standing in the middle of the room, is rapidly checking off a list of various ailments and misfortunes that are to be balanced in the scales of fate by proportionate rolls of flannel and calico. Good little Cassie Morgan feels never a moment's doubt as she

piles her heaps—so much sorrow, so many petticoats; so much hopeless improvidence, so many pounds of tea and a coal ticket. In cases of confirmed wickedness she adds an illuminated text sometimes, and a hymn-book. Do they ever come up, these hymn-books and bread tickets cast upon the waters? Is it so much waste of time and seed? After all, people can but work in their own way, and feel kindly toward their fellow-creatures. One seed is wasted, another grows up, as the buried flora of a country starts into life when the fields are plowed in after-years.

"Go on, Cassie," says Mrs. Morgan: "Bonker—Wickens—Costello."

"Costello is again in trouble," says John. "It is too bad of him, with that poor wife of his and all those children. I have to go round to the court about him now. Tell George I shall be back in ten minutes."

"I have kept some clothes for them," said Cassie. "They are such nice little children;" and she looks up flushed and all over ravelings at the relenting curate, who puts Mrs. Costello down in his relief-book.

All over John Morgan's study, chairs, and tables such books are lying, with pamphlets, blue books, black books, rolls, and registers, in confusion, and smelling of tobacco.

In this age of good reports and evil reports people seem like the two boys in Dickens's story, who felt when they had docketed their bills that they were as good as paid. So we classify our wrongs and tie up our miseries with red tape; we pity people by decimals, and put our statistics away with satisfied consciences. John Morgan wrote articles from a cold and lofty point of view, but he left his reports about all over the room, and would rush off to the help of any human being, deserving or undeserving. He had a theory that Heaven had created individuals as well as classes; and at this very moment, with another bang of the door, he was on his way to the police court to say a good word for the intemperate Costello, who was ruefully awaiting his trial in the dark cell below.

George, although comfortably established in the Morgan study, was also tired of waiting, and found the house unusually dull. For some time past he had been listening to a measured creaking noise in the garden; then came a peal of bells from the steeple; and he went to the window and looked out. The garden was full of weeds and flowers, with daisies on the lawn, and dandelions and milk-wort among the beds. It was not trimly kept, like the garden at home; but George, who was the chief gardener, thought it a far pleasanter place, with its breath of fresh breeze and its bit of blue over-roof. For flowers there were blush-roses, nailed against the wall, that Rhoda used to wear in her dark hair sometimes, when there were no earwigs in them; and blue flags, growing in the beds among spiked leaves; and London pride, and Cape jasmine, very sweet upon the air; and also ivy, creeping in a tangle of leaves and tendrils. The garden had been planted by the different inhabitants of the old brown house—each left a token. There was a medlar-tree, with one rotten medlar upon a branch, beneath which John Morgan would sit and smoke his pipe in the sun, while his pupils construed Greek upon the little lawn. Only Carlo was there now, stretching himself comfortably in the dry grass (Carlo was one of Bunch's puppies, grown up to be of a gigantic size and an unknown species). Tom Morgan's tortoise was also basking upon the wall. The creaking noise went on after the chimes had ceased, and George jumped out of window on to the water-butt to see what was the matter. He had forgotten the swing. It hung from a branch of the medlar-tree to the trellis, and a slim figure, in a limp cotton dress, sat clinging to the rope—a girl with a black cloud of hair falling about her shoulders. George stared in amazement. Rhoda had stuck some vine leaves in her hair, and had made a long wreath, that was hanging from the swing, and that floated as she floated. She was looking up with great wistful eyes, and for a minute she did not see him. As the swing rose and fell, her childish wild head went up above the wall and the branches against the blue, and down "upon a background of pure gold," where the Virginian creeper had turned in the sun. George thought it was a sort of tune she was swinging, with all those colors round about her in the sultry summer day. As he leaped down a feeling came over him as if it had all happened before, as if he had seen it and heard the creaking of the ropes in a dream. Rhoda blushed and slackened her flight. He seemed still to remember it all while the swing stopped by degrees; and a voice within the house began calling, "Rhoda! Rhoda!"

"Oh! I must go," said Rhoda, sighing. "I am wasting my time. Please don't tell Aunt Morgan I was swinging."

"Tell her!" said George. "What a silly child you are! Why shouldn't you swing?"

"Oh! she would be angry," said Rhoda, looking down. "I *am* very silly. I can't bear being scolded."

"Can't you?" says George, with his hands in his pockets. "I'm used to it, and don't mind a bit."

"I shouldn't mind it if—if I was you, and any one cared for me," said Rhoda, with tearful eyes. She spoke in a low, depressed voice.

"Nonsense!" said George; "every body cares for every body. Dolly loves you; so—so do we all."

"Do you?" said Rhoda, looking at him in

a strange, wistful way, and brightening suddenly, and putting back all her cloudy hair with her hands. Then she blushed up, and ran into the house.

When George told Dolly about it, Dolly was very sympathizing, except that she said Rhoda ought to have answered when her aunt called her.

"She is too much afraid of being scolded," said Dolly.

"Poor little thing!" said George. "Listen to this," and he sat down to the piano. He had made a little tune he called "The Swing," with a minor accompaniment recurring again and again, and a pretty modulation.

"It is exactly like a swing," said Dolly. "George, you must have a cathedral some day, and make them sing all the services through."

"I shall not be a clergyman," said George, gravely. "It is all very well for Morgan, who is desperately in love. He has often told me that it would be his ruin if he were separated from Mrs. Carbury."

George, during his stay in Old Street (he had boarded there for some weeks during Lady Sarah's absence), had been installed as general confidant and sympathizer, and was most deeply interested in the young couple's prospects.

"I believe Aunt Sarah has got a living when old Mr. Livermore dies," he went on, shutting up the piano and coming to the table where Dolly was drawing. "We must get her to present it to John Morgan."

"But she always says it is for you, George, now that the money is lost," said Dolly. "I am afraid it will not be any use asking her. George, how much is prudent?"

"How much is how much?" says George, looking with his odd blue eyes.

"I meant prudent to marry on?" says Dolly.

"Oh, I don't know," said George, indifferently. "I shall marry on any thing I may happen to have."

"What are you children talking about?" said Lady Sarah, looking up from her corner by the farthest chimney-piece. She liked one particular place by the fire, from which she could look down the room at the two heads that were bending together over the round table, and out into the garden, where a west wind was blowing, and tossing clouds and ivy sprays.

"We are talking about prudence in marriage," says George.

"How can you be so silly?" says Lady Sarah, sharply. At which George starts up offended, and marches through the window into the garden.

"What is it?" said the widow. "Yes, Dolly, go to him," she said, in answer to Dolly's pleading eyes. "Foolish boy!"

The girl was already gone. Her aunt watched the white figure, flying with wind-blown locks and floating skirts along the ivy wall. Dolly caught her brother up by the speckled holly-tree, and the two went on together, proceeding in step to a triumphant music of sparrows overhead, a wavering of ivy along their path; soft winds blew everywhere, scattering light leaves; the summer's light was in the day, and shining from the depth of Dolly's gray eyes. The two went and sat down on the beach by the pond, the old stone-edged pond, that reflected scraps of the blue-green overhead; a couple of gold-fishes alternately darted from side to side. George forgot that he was not understood as he sat there throwing pebbles into the water. Presently the wind brought some sudden voices close at hand, and, looking up, they saw two people advancing from the house, Robert Henley walking by Lady Sarah and carrying her old umbrella.

"Oh, he is always coming," said George, kicking his heels, and not seeming surprised. "He is staying with his grandmother at the Palace, but they don't give him enough to eat, and so he drops in to the Morgans', and now he comes here."

"Hush!" said Dolly, looking round.

Robert Henley was a tall, handsome young fellow, about twenty, with a straight nose and a somewhat pompous manner. He was very easy and good-natured when it was not too much trouble; he would patronize people both younger and older than himself with equally good intentions. George's early adoration for his cousin, I fear, is now tinged with a certain jealousy, of which Robert is utterly unconscious; he takes the admiration for granted. He comes up and gives Dolly an affable kiss. "Well, Dolly, have you learned to talk French? I want to hear all about Paris."

"What shall I tell you?" says simple Dolly, greatly excited. "We had such a pretty drawing-room, Robert, with harps on all the doors, and yellow sofas, and such a lovely, lovely view." And Lady Sarah smiled at Dolly's enthusiasm, and asked Robert if he could stay to dinner.

"I shall be delighted," says Robert, just like a man of the world. "My grandmother has turned me out for the day."

CHAPTER X.

A SNOW GARDEN.

Is it that evening or another that they were all assembled in the little bow-windowed drawing-room in Old Street listening to one of Rhoda's interminable "pieces" that she learned at her French school? And then came a quartette, but she broke down in the accompaniment, and George turned her off the music-stool.

The doors were open into John's inner room, from which came a last western gleam of light through the narrow windows, and beyond the medlar-tree. It would have been dark in the front-room but for those western windows. In one of them sat Lady Sarah leaning back in John's old leathern chair, sitting and listening, with her hands lying loosely crossed in her lap, to the youthful din of music and voices and the strumming piano and the laughter. She had come by Dolly's special request. Her presence was considered an honor by Mrs. Morgan, but an effort at the same time. In her endeavors to entertain her guest, Mrs. Morgan, bolt upright in another corner, had fallen asleep, and was nodding her head in this silent inner room. There was noise and to spare in the front-room; people in the street outside stopped to listen to the music.

When George began to play it seemed another music altogether coming out of the old cracked yellow piano; smash, bang, crack, he flew at it, thumping the keys, missing half the notes, sometimes jumbling the accompaniment, but seizing the tune and spirit of the music with a genuine feeling that was irresistible.

"Now all together," cries George, getting excited.

It was an arrangement of one of Mendelssohn's four-part songs. "As pants the hart," sang Rhoda, shrill and sweet, leading the way. "As pants the hart," sang George, with a sort of swing. "As pants the hart," sang Dolly, carefully and restrainedly. She sang with great precision for a child of her age, quietly, steadily; but even her brother's enthusiasm did not inspire her. George flung his whole impulse into his music, and banged a chord at her in indignation at her tameness. John Morgan piped away with a face of the greatest seriousness, following his pupil's lead: he had much respect for George's musical capabilities. Cassie and Zoe sang one part together, and now and then Robert Henley came out with a deep trumpet-like note, placing it when he saw an opportunity. Dolly laughed the first time, but Rhoda's dark eyes were raised admiringly. So they all stood in the twilight, nodding their heads and clearing their voices, happy and harmlessly absorbed. They might have stood for a choir of angels; any one of the old Italian masters might have painted them as they sang, with the addition of lilies and wings, and gold glories, and the little cherubim who seemed to have flitted quite innocently out of ancient mythologies into the Legende Dorée of our own days, indifferently holding the music for a St. Cecilia, or the looking-glass for the Mother of Love.

Dolly, with her flowing locks, stood like a little rigid Raphael maiden, with eyes steadily fixed upon her scroll. Rhoda blushed and shrilled and brightened. How well a golden glory would have become her dark cloudy hair!

As the room darkened Cassie set some lights, and they held them to read their music by. George kept them all at work, and gave no respite except to Rhoda, whose feelings he feared he had hurt. "Please come and turn over my music, Rhoda," he said; "Dolly's not half quick enough."

He had found some music in an old box at home the day before, some old-fashioned glees, with a faded and flourishing dedication to the Right Honorable the Countess of Churchtown, and then in faint ink, S. C. 1799.

It was easy music, and they all got on well enough, picking out the notes. Lady Sarah could remember her mother playing that same old ballad of "Ye gentlemen of England" when she was herself quite a little girl. One old tune after another came, and mingling with Mrs. Morgan's sleeping, Lady Sarah's waking dreams of the past that was her own, and of the future that was to be for others; as the tunes struck upon her ear, they seemed to her like the new lives all about her repeating the old notes with fresh voices and feelings. George was in high good humor, behaving very well until Robert displeased him by taking somebody else's part; the boy stopped short, and there might have been some discussion, but Mrs. Morgan's fat maid came in with the tray of gingerbread-nuts, and the Madeira and orange wine, that the hospitable old lady delighted to dispense, and set it down with a jingle in the back-room where the elder ladies were sitting.

This gingerbread tray was the grand closing scene of the entertainment, and Robert affably handed the wine-glasses, and John Morgan, seizing the gingerbread-nuts, began scattering them all about the room as he forced them upon his unwilling guests. He had his sermon to finish for the next day, and he did not urge them to remain. There was a little chattering in the hall: Dolly was tied up and kissed and tucked up in her shawl; Lady Sarah donned a capoche (as I think she called it); they stepped out into the little star-lit street, of which the go-to-bed lights were already burning in the upper windows. Higher still was Orion and his mighty company, looking down upon the humble illumination of the zigzag roofs. The door of the bow-windowed house opened to let out the voices. "Good-night," cried every body, and then the door closed, and all was silent again, except for the footsteps traveling down the street.

"Do you ever think of all the people lying out flat in long rows as you go along at night?" George was saying to Dolly; "I do."

"Like nine-pins," said Robert, offering his

arm to Lady Sarah. That lady pushed it impatiently away. There was nothing annoyed her so much as little unnecessary attentions; so Henley, repulsed, fell back and came along the middle of the road with the other two, who began asking him how long he was to be in town.

Fifteen or twenty years ago, as I have said, Dolly Vanborough and the other ladies and gentlemen her contemporaries were not the respectable middle-aged people they are now, but for the most part foolish young folks just beginning their lives, looking out upon the world with respectful eyes, arrogant — perhaps dogmatic, uncertain — but with a larger belief, perhaps a more heroic desire, than exists among them now. To-day, for a good many of them, expediency seems a great discovery, and the stone that is to turn every thing to gold. Take things as you find them; do so and so, not because you feel inclined, or because it is right and generous, but because the neighbors are looking on, and it is expected of you; and then, with our old friend the donkey-man, we stagger off, carrying the ass upon our shoulders. I suppose it is a law of nature that the horizon should lower as we climb down the hill of life, only some people look upward always, "and stumble among the briers and tumble into the well." This is true enough as regards my heroine, who was often in trouble, often disappointed, ashamed, angry, but who will persist in her star-gazing to the end of her journey.

When Dolly was nearly fifteen her brother George was eighteen, and had just gone to college, starting in high spirits, and with visions of all the letters of the alphabet before him, and many other honorable distinctions. Dolly, dazzled, helped to pack his portmanteau.

"Oh, I wish I was going too!" Dolly said; "girls never do any thing, or go any where."

"Mamma wants you to go to India," said George.

"But the Admiral won't have me," says Dolly; "he wrote to Aunt Sarah about it, and said they were coming home. Are you going to take all these pipes and French novels?"

"I can never study without a pipe," said George; "and I must keep up my French."

Dolly and Lady Sarah were disappointed when George, notwithstanding these appliances for study, returned without any special distinctions. The first Christmas that he came back he brought Robert Henley with him. The old grandmother in the Palace was dead, and the young man had no longer a lodging in Kensington. The two arrived after dinner, and found Lady Sarah established by the fire in the oak parlor. They had come up driving through a fierce Christmas wind from the station, and were glad of Dolly's welcome and comfortable cups of tea.

When Dolly awoke next morning up in her little room the whole country was white with snow. The iron wind was gone, the rigid breath of winter had sobbed itself away, the soft, new-fallen snow lay heaped on the fields and the hedges, on the fir-trees and laurels. Dolly ran to the window. George and Robert were out in the garden already. Overhead was a blue, high heaven; the white snow-country she could see through her window was sparkling and dazzling white. Sharp against the heavens stood the delicate branches of the trees, prismatic lights were radiating from the sloping lawns, a light veil of falling drift wreathed the distant coppices; and Dolly, running down stairs soon after, found the dining-room empty, except for the tea-pot, and she carried her breakfast to the window. She had scarcely finished when George and Robert both came tapping at the pane.

"Come out!" cried George.

"Let her finish her breakfast," said Robert.

"I've done!" cried Dolly, gayly jumping up and running to fetch her hat and her coat, and to tie up her long skirts. Dolly possessed a warm fur cloak, which had been Lady Sarah's once, in the days of her prosperity, and which became the girl so well that her aunt liked her to wear it. Henley, standing by a frozen cabbage in the kitchen-garden, watched her approvingly as she came along the snowy path. All her brown furs were glistening comfortably; the scarlet feather in her hat had caught the light and reflected it on her hair.

Dolly's hair was very much the color of seal-skin, two-colored; the hollows of its rippling locks seemed dark, while the crests shone like gold. There was something autumnal in her colors. Dolly's was a brilliant russet autumn, with gray skies and red berries and warm lights. She had tied a scarlet kerchief round her neck, but the snow did not melt for all her bright colors. How pretty it was! leaves lying crisped and glittering upon the white foaming heaps, tiny tracks here and there crossing the pathways, and then the bird-steps, like chainlets lightly laid upon the smooth, white field. Where the sun had melted the snow in some sheltered corner some redbreasts were hopping and bobbing; the snow-sheets glittered, lying heavy on the laurel leaves on the low fruit walls.

Robert watched her coming, with her honest, smiling face. She stopped at the end of the walk to clear away a corner of the bed, where a little colony of snow-drops were crushed by a tiny avalanche that had fallen upon their meek heads. It was the work of an instant, but in that instant Dolly's future fate was decided.

For, as my heroine comes advancing un-

"IN THAT INSTANT DOLLY'S FUTURE FATE WAS DECIDED."

conscious through this snow and diamond morning, Henley thinks that is the realization of a dream he has sometimes dreamed, and that the mistress of his future home stands there before him, bright and bonnie, handsome and outspoken. Dorothy rules him with the ascendency of a youthful, indifferent heart, strong in its own reliance and hope; and yet this maiden is not the person that she thinks herself, nor is she the person that Henley thinks her. She is strong, but with an artificial strength not all her own; strong in the love of those round about her, strong in youth and in ignorance of evil.

They walked together down the garden walks and out into the lanes, and home again across the stile. "Dolly," said Robert, as they were going in, "I shall not forget our

morning's expedition together. Will you, too, promise me—" He stopped short. "What are those?" he said, sentimentally; "snow-drops?" and he stooped to pick one or two. Dolly also turned away. "Here is something that will remind you—" Robert began.

"And you," cries Dolly, flinging a great snow-heap suddenly into his face and running away. It was very babyish and vulgar, but Robert looked so solemn that she could not resist the impulse. He walked back to the house greatly offended.

MAZZINI.

NOT long ago I stood in Santa Croce—the Westminster Abbey of Florence—gazing on the cenotaph of Dante. Ravenna clings to the dust of the great poet, though above it rises but a humble monument; the Florence that once banished him has reclaimed his dust again and again, but too late; she has raised in her most sacred shrine the beautiful tomb on which the noble form sits, with mourning Italy at his feet. But its homage is to emptiness; it is a memorial of her own blindness. Gazing on it, I reflected on the greatest of the Italians who have succeeded Dante, whom I knew to be slowly dying at Lugano, in Switzerland. Soon I knew the mortal frame in which Mazzini sat at his noble task would be empty as this tomb. Then cities which had permitted the living soul to wander in exile through every land but that to which his life had been devoted would quarrel for his dust also, would build monuments, and load them with laurels. How often is that old tragedy to be repeated! But it was not to be quite so bad as I thought. Mazzini did not lay his bones down in a foreign land, as seemed probable; though reaching Italy at last only in time to die, he died amidst loving hearts, and was followed to his grave in his own native city by a vast throng who mourned him as one who had made their patriotism to be no longer a crime. It is with strange, sad emotions that those who have known, loved, cherished this man, now stand aside and see Italian assemblies, officers of rank, and the press of Europe bringing laurels to the grave of one whom, living, they hunted like a felon, and condemned to sit in his little room here in London eating his heart.

My own interest in Mazzini was first aroused by Margaret Fuller's letters concerning him. It was in London, I believe, that she first met him; and I have often heard from his own lips how deeply impressed he was by her character and genius. Mazzini was then living in comparative solitude. He sometimes met her at Carlyle's, where together they grappled the Chelsea giant's political heresies in a way that no one welcomes more than he from those whom he reverences; and no man did he reverence more than Mazzini. Mazzini, unable to remain inactive, had been employing his time in trying to do something for the poor Italians in London. There were here some half a dozen Italians who made a regular business of inveigling poor creatures to leave their country and come to London, where they were reduced to slavery. They slept crowded together in one room, were sent out every morning to grind organs, and if they did not bring home a certain sum, were beaten and allowed no food. Mazzini brought some of these masters before the courts here, which punished them, and the system was broken up. He then started a gratuitous school (1841), in which the children and youths were taught. This school, which was kept at 5 Hatton Garden, lasted for more than seven years, and is the basis of the recent statement of English papers that when Mazzini came to England "he supported himself by keeping school." Mazzini sank a considerable amount in this purely gratuitous school; he gave a great deal of his time to speaking in it, especially on Sundays, when he gave the children lectures which are still remembered for their impressiveness by the cultivated people who often attended; but he never received a penny from or through the school. One Sunday evening Margaret Fuller visited this school. "She had," said Mazzini, "some fear of us exiles and revolutionists of Italy; but from the hour that she passed with us—Scipione Pistrucci, Celestino Vai, and others were with us—she became one of our most hearty friends, and so remained to the last." "Her pure and noble nature," he wrote years afterward, "responsive to every generous impulse, understood and felt the treasure of affection which had been disclosed among us by a religious sense of the holiness of our aim." A few evenings ago the Hon. James Stansfeld, now a member of the government, and always a devoted friend to Mazzini, told me that he remembered nothing in the little history of that school so touching as Margaret Fuller's first visit. "She arose," he said, "and spoke to the children with earnestness for some little time, and then her voice faltered, and she said, 'I have nothing to say, except—God bless you!' She then took her seat, but we all felt ourselves in the presence of a noble woman." From this time Margaret Fuller and Mazzini were friends; amidst the trials of Italy their friendship was cemented; and to it, no doubt, many Americans besides myself owe it that his forehead has always appeared across the sea shining in the light of a noble ideal.

Coming to England with such impressions of the man, I was filled with amazement at finding him the object of a bitter animosity both on the Continent and in England. The

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

hatred of tyrants found a full expression in the London *Times*—"the bloody old *Times*," as Cobden used to call it—which never omitted any opportunity of stabbing Mazzini's name and fame. Here I read that Mazzini was an "assassin;" that he was a "conspirator;" that he was engaged in "revolutionary schemes;" that he had abandoned his comrades to imprisonment and death, to which he had led them, and cared only to save himself.

I have never been more impressed by a sense of the extremes of malignity to which partisanship may carry men than when, on the very day that I read a bitter attack of this character on Mazzini, I for the first time met the man himself. One look from Mazzini's eye would, I believe, have brought the writer of such slanders into the dust. On no other face that it has been my fortune to look have I been able to read such visible inscriptions of purity and character. This was ten years ago. Mazzini was at that time the centre and charm of a circle of cultivated men and women, whose wealth and influence were freely devoted to the cause of liberty every where. I was among them because they were profoundly moved by the struggle of liberty in America; and while with them, and enjoying frequently the society of Mazzini, I heard and read, was able partly to observe, the life and career of Mazzini. Some studies of that life (whose outline I assume to be familiar) I propose to give here, before recording further personal impressions or reminiscences of him.

It is a peculiarity of Mazzini's life that it had little or nothing of that usually gradual growth which we are accustomed to call development. There were no phases of faith with him; no slow unfolding of his mind leaf by leaf out of early prejudices. One day made him a Protestant and an Italian revolutionist and patriot, and there was hardly a perceptible alteration in his principles and aims from that day to the hour when he breathed his last, though his sad destiny laid the burden on him while he was yet hardly more than a boy. He had a happy childhood, a happy boyhood. His father

was a physician of high repute in Genoa at the time of his birth—which was, I have reason to believe, as early as 1805, and not 1808, as generally stated—and his mother was a woman of fine gifts. Neither of them ever thought of training their son to brood over the woes of his country. Proud of his gifts, they gave him a good education, and no youth ever had fairer prospects of a brilliant worldly career than young Mazzini on the day that he received his university diploma in law. It was, however, a somewhat precocious graduation, and he was but little more than a boy.

It was probably a little before that, as he walked one day with his mother on the streets of Genoa, that another Mother met him—even Italy, who laid her hand upon his shoulder and pointed him to her brave sons who were being pressed back into his native city, choked with dust and blood. They were the scattered remnants of the young men who had risen in Piedmont to resist Austria. That scene remained indelibly impressed on the boy's mind—for he was but sixteen years of age when it occurred. "The idea" (to use his own words) "of an existing wrong in my own country, against which it was my duty to struggle, and the thought that I too must bear my part in that struggle, flashed before my mind on that day for the first time, never again to leave me."

The law diploma is gained only to be laid aside; the brilliant prospects which had gleamed before him fade away; he is found writing such articles for the *Indicateur Genois* as not only attract the attention of the city, but also of the government. The newspaper is suppressed; the writer of the articles which have dared to speak of a "liberated Italy" (then a criminal phrase) has been discovered; the boy is watched by the police. Not many years later the proud father sees, instead of the career of which he had dreamed for his son, a party of policemen dragging him to prison, whither he knows not.

Why was young Mazzini treated as a felon? The governor of Genoa told his father why, when the latter demanded an answer; and the explanation is curious. "Your son," he said, "is a young man of talent, very fond of solitary walks by night, and habitually silent as to the subject of his meditations; and the government is not fond of young men of talent, the subject of whose musings is unknown to it." This, then, was the Italy to which Mazzini was born—a country which had nothing better to do with its young thinkers than to put them in prison.

Torn from his parents by night, carried away in a closed carriage, the youth next sees the light in a cell at the top of the fortress of Savona. The room overlooked the sea and commanded the sky; the earth was shut out from view, except its grandest feature—the superb Alps rising in the distance. He had for his only companions a Bible, a Tacitus, and the works of Byron. He was permitted to send his linen home to be washed. One day, while eating something his mother had sent him, he found a pencil between his teeth. He takes the hint, and notes are returned written on his shirts. In a piece of bread sent by his mother he also found, one day, a bit of paper with the words, "Polonia insurrexit." He had the pleasure of informing the jailer, who carefully kept any tidings of the outer world from reaching him, that Poland was in insurrection, and the astonished official could only conclude that the youth had the devil himself for co-conspirator.

It is a remarkable fact that the earliest manifestations of the new birth of Italy were in the form of a controversy concerning art and literature. Writing of his early friend, the martyr-patriot Ruffini, Mazzini says: "In 1827–28 Ruffini's attention was forcibly attracted by the literary question. It was the time of the great dispute between those who were called the supporters of the *romantic* and the *classic* schools; but who should rather have been called the supporters of *liberty* and *authority*. The one party maintained that, the human mind being progressive, every epoch ought to find its different literary manifestation, and that we should seek the precepts and inspirations of art in the entrails of the living and actual nation. The others pretended that we had in art long ago reached the Pillars of Hercules, that the Greeks and Romans had furnished models which we should be content to copy, and that all innovation, whether in form or spirit, was impotent and dangerous. The unity of the human mind, which renders us unable to conquer a principle without seeking to apply it to our every mode of action—this, and the situation of Italy, naturally drew those who studied the question on to polifical ground; and governments, by their fears, precipitated them upon it. The young men who made their first campaign in favor of romanticism became suspected; journals purely literary were suppressed, solely because they maintained independence in art. To this brutal negation imposed by force we replied by removing the question to the national ground, and by preparing to try, hand to hand, the principle of blind and immovable authority. Jacopo Ruffini was one of the first to climb to the source. In 1829, a year before the French insurrection, he had given his name to the men who followed, between exile and the scaffold, the holy route which leads to the national organization of Italy."

The *Antologia* of Florence was the journal in which the literary question began speedily to show its political bearings, and it was for his contributions to it that Mazzini suffered his first imprisonment, already men-

tioned. It was as he sat in that fortress, looking out upon the sea and sky, that there took shape in his mind that idea which was denounced as Utopian up to the day when, over the ruins of the thrones which defied it, the germ of that idea has become the one fairest and most solid fact in the Europe of to-day. The faith of Mazzini and the central principle of his thought are such as can not be appreciated at a glance. He spoke of religion, progress, nationality, association, and the like; but the values for which such familiar words stood in his mind were so different from their significance in minds less exact and analytic that I remember to have thought, sometimes, when listening to him, that it was a pity he used this common currency. It was as if he were holding up before a crowd the gold sovereign, with St. George and the Dragon stamped upon it, to indicate the conflict between Light and Darkness. Most people would see no such divine meanings in the pound sterling. Nevertheless, the words he there used were still the watch-words of liberty in Europe; oppressors had not corrupted them; and Mazzini wished to infuse a higher meaning into them. Such interpretations constituted the main burden of his eloquent conversation; and I think I can make clear the essential features of the theory which lay in his mind as a synthesis which represented man and his universe.

His point of view was that of religion. No one could be with Mazzini an hour without feeling that he was the most religious of men; his sacred reason was as a glowing sky, under which he habitually lived, moved, thought; and his life was duty organized. His earliest conviction—formed there in the Savona tower—was that the great need of Italy was to have less hate and more love, less wrath against this or that foreign invader, more devotion to principles. This idea subsequently took shape in his mind as that sharp distinction which he drew between rights and duties. To some even of his warmest friends this distinction seemed strained and technical. To him, however, it was vital. He insisted that we should drop the phrase "human rights," and substitute "human duties." To say that men have rights and must maintain them is the expression of the age of egoism; the new age will not think of rights, but of duties—personal, social, national, human—the fulfillment of which implies, indeed, the assertion of what are called human rights as a condition, but is not inspired by this lower condition. It may be a man's right to be free; but his freedom would be of little importance were it not the measure of his duty, which alone can turn his liberty to any high purpose for himself or others. Otherwise the rights of man would mean only the wildness of the savage or the recklessness of a successful criminal. When he thought on the condition of Italy, he perceived that the people were quite ready to struggle against Austria. Why? "To assert our rights?" What then? That you may make yourselves and your country nobler, may clear yourselves and Italy of superstition and wrong, and set both to accomplish the task Divinely ordained for them?

There came into his mind the idea of a *mission* for every human being. It is a high circumstance that while Thomas Carlyle was, amidst the lonely hills of Craigenputtock, steadily shaping out this idea of a task ordained for every life, Joseph Mazzini was gaining the same revelation in the solitude of his prison. Neither of these had heard of the other until many years after that; but when they met it was with a mutual recognition that they were brothers, born of this mother-principle, and many differences on other points could never destroy this sense of religious relationship. When an English Home Secretary had opened the letters of Mazzini, then an exile in London (1844), and could only confront popular indignation at his thus having made the government an Austrian detective by trying to blacken Mazzini's character, Carlyle did not wait for the retraction that had to be made, but uttered his protest in the London *Times*. "I have had," he said, "the honor to know M. Mazzini for a series of years; and whatever I may think of his practical insight and skill in worldly affairs, I can, with great freedom, testify to all men that he, if I have ever seen one such, is a man of genius and virtue, a man of sterling veracity, humanity, and nobleness of mind. Whether the extraneous Austrian emperor and miserable old chimera of a pope shall maintain themselves in Italy, or be obliged to decamp from Italy, is not a question in the least vital to Englishmen. But it is a question vital to us that sealed letters in an English post-office be, as we all fancied they were, respected as things sacred; that the opening of men's letters—a practice near of kin to picking men's pockets, and to other still viler and far fataler forms of scoundrelism—be not resorted to in England except in cases of the very last extremity."

I have somewhat anticipated my story in giving this letter here, but not without a purpose; for the second sentence of Carlyle's letter points to the next generalization which Mazzini's mind had reached, as the first does to the idea of individual duty, by which he had been related to his valiant defender. Those national questions in the South, which were "not in the least vital to Englishmen," had long been with Mazzini, and through him with Young Italy, inextricably bound up with religion, with individual duty. While still in his tower, with nothing to do but pursue those musings of

which the government "was not fond," Mazzini had come to the belief that a nation also had its appointed mission and task, and that its rights were important only as so many implements necessary for the performance of that task. To be independent of Austria, to dethrone the king, to abolish the papacy—all these would be valueless except as they were the incidental signs of an Italy which should be the incarnation of a Divine Purpose. From this he worked out the idea of nationality. "I considered," so he said to me one day, "that there was a Providential distribution of labors among nations. Each people has a genius, and its genius means the power to prepare some thread for the great woof of humanity which no other nation can contribute. Tyranny is evil, because it is impossible for the genius of a people to be developed or to act under it, and the contribution can not be given. So it is not so much the right as it is the duty of a people to be free, to be united; otherwise its task is declined, and humanity suffers. This principle, organizing an individual, is personal religion; organizing the family, it makes the home; organizing society, it makes associated civilization; organizing the nation, it becomes immediately merged in humanity; organizing humanity, it is the progressive incarnation of God."

Mazzini, meaning this, spoke of fraternity and of association, but the socialists were puzzled to find that he would not work with them. It was because their aims were too unideal. They were hungry, poor, cold, ignorant, wretched; they were angrily assailing the powers and classes whose selfishness kept them in this condition; and amidst their combinations to carry on their struggle was conceived their idea of association for other objects—as labor or economy. Mazzini had so long eaten his bread in sorrow, his religious life had so long come to him in the form of self-sacrifice, that he shrank from an aim which seemed to him to begin and end in the satisfaction of physical wants. In this I think he was mistaken; more than he thought, the poor socialist was dreaming of a culture and moral devotion for himself and his children beyond the better physical conditions. But for the time this was not only veiled, it was set aside by the hostility of nearly all of the leading socialists toward any kind of religion, and an acrimonious atheism which had not yet had time to explain itself as a simple revolt against the god whom tyrants had made and set up in their own image. So it was, however, that the unreligiousness of socialism opened a chasm between Mazzini and its leaders. His ideals for man, for society, for nations, for humanity, he summed in the word God; and for this he thought and lived—an embodied ideal. His idea of a state included a religion for that state. He discarded the existing established churches; he held that their disestablishment must be the first step toward a true establishment. In belief he was a simple theist, with an enthusiastic reverence for Christ; but this was a conviction too profound in him to find expression in any ancient symbol. "The age of the Symbol is passing away; the age of the Idea, once conveyed, now hid, by the Symbol, is advancing."

He spoke of progress. It was the practical side of his religion, and in it was contained the whole of what may be called his method. It was a very different conception from the Anglo-Saxon idea of progress: where the latter places evolution Mazzini placed revolution. The philosophical American or Englishman has no difficulty whatever in condemning revolution as a method. We are quite willing to criticise severely the bridge which has carried us over. We can illustrate the dangers of the violent method abundantly by the sad recoils that have followed it in France and other nations. But still it stands that every line in our charters of liberty was written in royal blood and amidst the flames of revolution. "Will you remark," says Mazzini, "to what height you Americans rise under revolutionary inspiration? What great principles shine out then in your Declaration of Independence? Then come long years of what you may call progress—the trail of slavery and political corruption over them all. But again the storm and the night come; and again—amidst mobs at the North, over John Brown's gallows, through the convulsions by which the republic throws off slavery—the stars arise and the night is holy with the old star-fires, the high principles of 1776." If my reader had heard with me the discourse of those lips now still in death on topics like these, he would not be at a loss to see what essence of truth was in Mazzini's mind. It was not that he loved war; he was the gentlest of men; but he could not see the value of life except as something to be steadfastly given to great duties, and in his country and time he beheld all duties clustering around a cause which could be born only out of pangs.

But he did not believe that the new era which only sacrifices and agonies could inaugurate was to live by violence. In his mind, also, revolution was abnormal, as storms in nature. He spoke of such advantages as those indicated by the experience of America in the light of high compensations for a sorrowful necessity. But he regarded these compensations as rich in proportion to the anguish that purchased them. He implicitly believed that the combination of men for a great and just cause immediately resulted in the creation of power. That if, as the combinations of wrong would necessitate, there was a collision between the false and the true, there would be formed at

that moment the living germs of the true order. I find my pen faltering at the thought of attempting to transfer to written sentences the glowing words—even they less eloquent than the eyes that burned above the pale face that seemed to have poured all its life into them—with which he dwelt on this theme. "Gather these heroes together" (so linger his utterances in my memory); "let them, with the light of their cause still upon them, with self under foot, out of sight—the self that was slain before their mighty devotion to their country, to humanity, and God—let them in that great hour frame the laws, establish the institutions of a country. Will they organize selfishness, and frame iniquity into a constitution? What they affirm will be the principles for which they have suffered; they will plant humanity. And the martyrs so gathered, will they repeat and re-establish the dreary creeds, the wretched dogmas and superstitions — the very pythons and dragons which they have been slaying? What faith they affirm will be the faith of man, the voice of the universal reason; it will be the seed of the Church of Humanity. Only the seed, indeed; for the life of man is progressive. Nor can the human intellect tell what will be unfolded from that seed. The power that has formed it is the Divine Energy that waited for the harmonious combination of hearts and intellects through which alone it might be created; and with each successive unfolding of that new divinely human force thus created, itself essentially progressive, a corresponding development and adaptive improvement will take place in the external and contemporaneous germs of social, national, and religious life. The view" (these are Mazzini's own words) "will extend with our discoveries, our mission increase with our strength, advancing from age to age toward destinies yet unknown, forever purifying and completing the formula of devotion, as star after star shall be unveiled for man in the heaven of intelligence."

It will be seen, therefore, that when Mazzini began his task, though "United Italy" was necessarily its first expression, "Republican Italy" was already visible within it, and within this, again—plainly visible to *his* eyes, at least—was Italy restored from paralysis to be a living member of humanity. The King of Sardinia little knew how sacred that cell in the Savona fortress would become to the youth he imprisoned there. "When in my solitude and imprisonment the thought came to me that Italy might perhaps be destined to initiate this new epoch, this faith of progress, this new life and fraternity for the nations of Europe, the immense hope shone like a star to my soul."

Mazzini was pining now for action when (1831) the offer was made him of leaving prison, provided he would leave Italy. He preferred a banishment which he felt he could make temporary, and so he found a refuge in Marseilles, where already the exiles of Italy constituted an important element. He had before his imprisonment joined the secret society of the Carbonari. But he was very soon disgusted with them; their pseudo-masonic forms of initiation, their ceremonious pretensions, their consideration for their own society (to whose rules the interests of Italy seemed sometimes subordinated), their unrealities—all seemed to the devout youth, with a great aim enthroned in his heart, frivolous. So he would have no more to do with it, laughed at its threats of death for his disobedience, and at Marseilles he founded the association of Young Italy. From that hour Carbonarism in Italy died out. He gave the new society the cypress for its only badge—symbol of mourning, but of the faith that is ever green—and the motto, which he himself always used on his seal, "Ora e sempre"—Now and forever.

The young men gathered around his standard with enthusiasm. The New Italy was, indeed, born at Marseilles during Mazzini's two years' residence there. "The work," as he afterward wrote, "was effected by a considerable pecuniary outlay, and through the devotion of a valuable class of men, for the most part eminently Italian—the merchant sailors. These men were worked upon, and accepted their mission with enthusiasm. By actively organizing relations at every point where communication is most frequent with the peninsula, regular transmissions were effected; the packets were confided to heroic youths, who braved every risk to carry them to their destination; they were finally distributed throughout the country, and in spite of espionage, severe penalties, and a thousand acts of imprudence, their circulation was immense, and their effect also. Organization commenced at every point. In the twinkling of an eye the chain of communication was formed from one extremity to the other of the peninsula. Every where the principles of *La Giovane Italia* were preached; every where its standard was recognized and hailed. Its members continued to increase; its emissaries were continually meeting each other, crossing from province to province. Every day the demand for its publications became louder; presses were set up in some parts of the interior, where small publications, dictated by local circumstances, or reprints of what was sent from Marseilles, were thrown off. Fear was unknown. There was no doubt of success. All this was the result of principles, and effected by some young men without great means, without the influence of rank, without material force."

It was then that Charles Albert came to the throne of Sardinia. Mazzini uttered the

warning of Young Italy in a famous letter, entitled "If Not, Not." Having urged the new monarch to put himself at the head of the new movement, he said, "Posterity will proclaim you either the first among men, or the last of Italy's tyrants. Choose!"

Let us for a moment consider the condition of Italy at the time when Mazzini first consecrated his life to her cause. She was hardly entitled to Metternich's description of her as "a geographical expression." She was divided into seven states, which had no common flag or central life. Naples and Parma were ruled by Spaniards and Bourbons; Modena and Tuscany by Austrian archdukes; Lombardy and Venetia by the Emperor of Austria; Piedmont and Sardinia by Savoyards, united by marriage with the Hapsburgs. Oppressive duties, despotic military administrations, a reign of terror so silent that the world hardly noticed it—"the steps of the scaffold" being, as one described it, "paved with velvet, so little noise did heads make when they fell"—these made up the Italy of fifty years ago. Austria kept on that soil an army of 80,000 men, and in its coils Italy and her children were crushed—the Laocoön of nations. Beginning with Naples, in 1820, state after state—Piedmont, Parma, Modena, and the Pontifical States—arose in insurrection against their several tyrants; but because they had no central life, because they were Piedmontese, Lombards, Romans, not Italians, their victories, bravely won, turned to ashes on their lips. The recovering tyrants, who knew so well the maxim, *Divide et impera*, only made their chains stronger.

To this state of things Mazzini was born. He said, "There must be an Italy in place of these disjointed, mutilated limbs." And for this the society of Young Italy was formed. For this he called upon King Charles Albert to inaugurate his reign by assuming the leadership of the aim which was as yet the banner of the exiles at Marseilles.

Charles Albert replied by condemning to the galleys all who owned, read, or circulated the works which the exiles were scattering throughout Italy. Then the despots who had divided up Italy among themselves took counsel together in good earnest. The hospitality of France in permitting the exiles to assemble with impunity in Marseilles was their chief difficulty. How to stop that? France was fresh from her revolution of 1830, and would be very jealous of any oppression of the Italian patriots on her soil. Nevertheless, the society at Marseilles was dispersed by the police, Mazzini banished, and fortune favored the authorities with an incident that seemed to justify the proceeding. Lazzareschi and Emiliani, two spies of the Duke of Modena, were stabbed in an affray at Rhodez, in the south of France, by an Italian named Gavioli. Immediately afterward there appeared in the *Moniteur* a decree signed by Mazzini and La Cecilia, condemning to death the two men who had been stabbed. The production of the original document was demanded, and it was proved that the decree was a malicious forgery. Its Italian was ungrammatical; its dates were impossible; but it had served a purpose: it shielded the government from any popular protest against the meetings of Young Italy at Marseilles being broken up. The French court, on the trial, pronounced the decree a forgery; yet it has been fished up four times since, as often as it was deemed necessary to shock weak-minded people, or those who did not remember the circumstance, until at last one knew by the reappearance of the absurd decree that some new outrage on Italy was in preparation.

Well, Mazzini, at the request of the Piedmontese government, had been banished from France. He remained there, however, a year after that in concealment, during which time he planned the first blow that Young Italy was to strike. It was at Genoa, and it failed, owing to the youth and inexperience of its leaders—one of whom would perhaps not have escaped the hot pursuit of the government (as he did with difficulty), had it been known that he would one day be known to the world as Garibaldi. The next expedition was in Savoy; it failed through the treachery of the general commanding the insurgents—Ramorino. Eleven of Mazzini's friends were executed; he, though sentenced to death, escaped. The basis of these movements was Switzerland; and the result was that all the despots of Europe began to browbeat that country. France, in particular, threatens to "take the matter into her own hands," to quote the dispatch, unless Switzerland shall cease to tolerate "the incorrigible enemies of the repose of governments." Switzerland yields; and Mazzini became a resident of England.

So was summed up in the terrible word *failure* the first series of efforts which had been made to rescue Italy from the beaks and talons that preyed upon her. Devotion and self-sacrifice, concert and prayer, the pouring out of the best blood like water—all, all had ended in a weary band—weary, scarred, broken-hearted—making their way to find their solitude in the wilderness of London. What did this mean for Mazzini? He had given up the brightest prospects of life; he had given up home, parents, friends; he had turned his back upon literature and philosophy, for which his unquestionable genius had longed; he had bidden adieu to Manzoni, at whose feet he had sat, and was lonely as Dante, whose mighty shade he felt ever hovering near him. But all these were as nothing to the great depths of sorrow into which he had now entered. Perhaps only those who knew him personally can realize

—even they but partly—what agonies were mingled in the cup pressed to his lips, as he has himself described them. I give the terribly sublime passage, though not without misgivings that few will see all that is in it:

"The last months of that year had inured me to suffering, and rendered me 'ben tetragono ai colpi di ventura,'* as Dante has it. I know not to what peculiarity of mind it is owing that I have never been able to remember the dates of even the most important events of my individual life. But were I to live for a century I could never forget the close of that year, nor the moral tempest that passed over me, and amidst the vortex of which my soul was so nearly overwhelmed. I speak of it now with reluctance, and solely for the sake of those who may be doomed to suffer what I then suffered, and to whom the voice of a brother who has escaped from that tempest—storm-beaten and bleeding, indeed, but with retempered soul—may, perhaps, indicate the path of salvation.

"It was the tempest of doubt, which, I believe, all who devote their lives to a great enterprise, yet have not dried and withered up their soul, like Robespierre, beneath some barren intellectual formula, but have retained a loving heart, are doomed, once at least, to battle through. My soul was overflowing with and greedy of affection; as fresh and eager to unfold to joy as in the days when sustained by my mother's smile; as full of fervid hope for others, at least, if not for myself. But during those fatal months there darkened around me such a hurricane of sorrow, disillusion, and deception as to bring before my eyes, in all its ghastly nakedness, a foreshadowing of the old age of my soul, solitary in a desert world, wherein no comfort in the struggle was vouchsafed to me.

"It was not only the overthrow, for an indefinite period, of every Italian hope; the dispersion of the best of our party; the series of persecutions, which had undone the work we had done in Switzerland, and driven us away from the spot nearest Italy; the exhaustion of our means, and the accumulation of almost insurmountable material obstacles between me and the task I had set myself to do; it was the falling to pieces of that moral edifice of faith and love from which alone I had derived strength for the combat, the skepticism I saw rising around me upon every side, the failure of faith in those who had solemnly bound themselves with me to pursue unshaken the path we had known at the outset to be choked with sorrows, the distrust I detected in those most dear to me as to the motives and intentions which sustained and urged me onward in the evidently unequal struggle. Even at that time the adverse opinion of the majority was a matter of little moment to me; but to see myself suspected of ambition, or any other than noble motives, by the one or two beings upon whom I had concentrated my whole power of attachment, prostrated my soul in deep despair. And these things were revealed to me at the very time when, assailed as I was on every side, I felt most intensely the need of comforting and retempering my spirit in communion with the fraternal souls I had deemed capable of comprehending even my silence, of divining all that I suffered in deliberately renouncing every earthly joy, and of smiling in suffering with me. Without entering into details, I will merely say that it was precisely in this hour of need that these fraternal souls withdrew from me. When I felt I was indeed alone in the world—alone but for my poor mother far away, and unhappy also for my sake—I drew back in terror at the void before me. Then, in that moral desert, doubt came upon me. Perhaps I was wrong, and the world right? Perhaps my idea was a dream? Perhaps I had been led, not by an idea, but by *my* idea; by the pride of my own conception; the desire of victory rather than the purpose of the victory; an intellectual egotism, and the cold calculation of an ambitious spirit, drying up and withering the spontaneous and innocent impulses of my heart, which would have led me to the modest virtues of a limited sphere, and to duties near at hand and easy of fulfillment.

"The day on which my soul was furrowed by these doubts I felt myself not only unutterably and supremely wretched—I felt myself a criminal—conscious of guilt, yet incapable of expiation. The forms of those shot at Alessandria and Chambéry rose up before me like the phantoms of a crime and its unavailing remorse. I could not recall them to life. How many mothers had I caused to weep! How many more must learn to weep should I persist in the attempt to arouse the youth of Italy to noble action, to awaken in them the yearning for a common country! And if that country were indeed an illusion? If Italy, exhausted by two epochs of civilization, were condemned by Providence henceforth to remain subject to younger and more vigorous nations—without a name or a mission of her own—whence had I derived the right of judging the future, and urging hundreds, thousands of men, to the sacrifice of themselves and of all that they held most dear? I will not dwell upon the effect of these doubts upon my spirit. I will simply say that I suffered so much as to be driven to the confines of madness. At times I started from my sleep at night and ran to the window in delirium, believing that I heard the voice of Jacopo Ruffini calling to me. At times I felt myself irresistibly impelled to arise and go trembling into the room next my own, fancying that I should see there some friend whom I really knew to be at that time in prison or hundreds of miles away. The slightest incident—a word, a tone—moved me to tears. Nature, covered with snow as it then was around Grenchen, appeared to me to wear a funereal shroud, beneath which it invited me to sink. I fancied I traced in the faces of those who surrounded me looks sometimes of pity, but more often of reproach. I felt every source of life drying up within me—the death of my very soul. Had that state of mind lasted but a little longer, I must either have gone mad, or ended it with the selfish death of the suicide. While I was thus struggling and sinking beneath my cross, I heard a friend, whose room was a few doors distant from mine, answer a young girl who, having some suspicion of my unhappy condition, was urging him to break in upon my solitude, by saying, 'Leave him alone; he is in his element, conspiring and happy.' Ah, how little can men guess the state of mind of others, unless they regard it—and this is rarely done—by the light of a deep affection!

"One morning I awoke to find my mind tranquil and my spirit calmed, as one who has passed through a great danger. The first moment of waking had always been one of great wretchedness with me; it was a return to an existence of little other than suffering, and during those months of which I have spoken, that first moment had been, as it were, a summing up of all the unutterable misery I should have to go through during the day. But on that morning it seemed as if nature smiled a smile of consolation upon me, and the light of day appeared to bless and revive the life in my weary frame. The first thought that crossed my spirit was, your sufferings are the temptation of egotism, and arise from a misconception of life....

"I fraternized with sorrow, and inwrapped myself in it as a mantle; but yet it was peace, for I learned to suffer without rebellion, and to live calmly and in harmony with my own spirit. I bade a long farewell to all individual hopes for me upon earth. I dug with my own hands the grave, not of my affections—God is my witness that now, gray-headed, I feel them yet as in the days of my earliest youth—but to all the desires, exigencies, and ineffable comforts of affection; and I covered the earth over that grave, so that none might ever know the *ego* buried beneath. From reasons—some of them apparent, some of them unknown—my life was, is, and, were it not near the end, would remain, unhappy; but never since that time have I for an instant allowed myself to think that my own unhappiness could in any way influence my actions. I reverently bless God the Father for what consolations of affection—I can conceive of no other—he has vouchsafed to me in my later years; and in them I gather

* "On all sides well squared to Fortune's blows."
—Cary's *Dante*, Par., canto xvii.

strength to struggle with the occasional returns of weariness of existence. But even were these consolations denied me, I believe I should still be what I am. Whether the sun shine with the serene splendor of an Italian morn, or the leaden, corpse-like hue of the Northern mist be above us, I can not see that it changes our duty. God dwells above the earthly heaven, and the holy stars of faith and the future still shine within, though their light consume itself unreflected as the sepulchral lamp."

There is a problem among republicans of the party of action in Europe, represented in the word "initiative," which is almost without significance in America. Before the slave-holders' rebellion there was a somewhat similar question in the South. Should the long-meditated movement for secession be inaugurated by Virginia, the oldest Southern State, or by South Carolina, the home of the Calhoun States-rights school of politics, or by the plantation States, which were the most interested commercially? In Europe the very word "initiative" indicated the perfect faith that the monarchical system was every where undermined and honey-combed, and the question was which nation should be regarded as the leader in the general uprising, of whose success, in case of an allied movement, the revolutionists had no doubt. The great French revolution had given to France the tradition of being the captain nation in revolutions. Mazzini was the first to question this. The fact has often been attributed to an intense Italian feeling amounting to egotism. But the truth is, Mazzini's profound religious convictions always made him dread the French type of democracy. Being an ardent idealist, he earnestly believed that the repeated reactions that had followed French movements of this kind were to be ascribed to the lack of any deep religious root to them, and he earnestly believed that Italy was, on this account, more fitted to take the initiative. But the disastrous results of the various revolutionary movements which Young Italy had made seemed to lead him to the idea that there must be a combined initiative. In Switzerland he started a new association; the name Young Italy gave way to Young Europe; and in the interest of what it was hoped would grow to a general alliance of peoples he established in the same country an organ of Young Europe, which was printed in German, French, and Italian. The germ was thus laid of all the recent agitations which have given rise to the International, and the League of Peace and Liberty, and other societies, whose aim is expressed in the name of their journal, *The United States of Europe*. Mazzini did not like these societies, but he was the father of them. His objection to them was on religious grounds. He regarded the alienation of European radicals as simply a reaction from the superstitions and corruptions of Romanism; and was fond of using Luther's illustration when he (Luther) feared his own adherents—that the human mind was like a drunken man on horseback, who, if set up on one side, was very likely to topple over on the other. He could never see with other reverent thinkers that, after its long, bad training, the mind of Europe could only reach a solid faith across the quicksands of skepticism and unbelief. To the day of his death Mazzini was alienated from the chief leaders of democracy in Europe by this cause. Personally, he was very fond of Ledru-Rollin, and of Karl Blind and others, who were exiles in London at the same time with himself; but he could never co-operate with them harmoniously, because they had no religious provision in their plan for the new Europe beyond a sweeping abolition of all creeds and churches.

Mazzini lived in London for many years almost as a hermit. Beyond his fellow-exiles, then a large company, he had hardly any intimate friend except Carlyle.

"I remember well," said Carlyle—his voice had all its depth and tenderness, for he had just heard of Mazzini's death—"I remember well when he sat for the first time on the seat there, thirty-six years ago. A more beautiful person I never beheld, with his soft flashing eyes, and face full of intelligence. He had great talent, certainly the only acquaintance of mine of any thing like equal intellect who ever became entangled in what seemed to me hopeless visions. He was rather silent, spoke chiefly in French, though he spoke good English even then, notwithstanding a strong accent. It was plain he might have taken a high rank in literature. He wrote well, as it was; sometimes for the love of it, at others when he wanted a little money; but he never wrote what he might have done had he devoted himself to that kind of work. He had fine tastes, particularly in music. But he gave himself up as a martyr and sacrifice to his aims for Italy. He lived almost in squalor; his health was poor from the first, but he took no care of it. He used to smoke a great deal, and drink coffee with bread crumbled in it, but hardly gave any attention to his food. His mother used to send him money, but he gave it away. When she died she left him as much as two hundred pounds a year—all she had—but it went to Italian beggars. His mother was the only member of his family that stuck to him. His father soon turned his back on his son; his only sister married a strict Roman Catholic, and she herself became too strict to have any thing to do with him. He did see her once or twice, but the interviews were too painful to be repeated. He desired, I am told, to see her again when he was dying, but she declined. Poor Mazzini! I could not have any sympathy whatever with many of his views and hopes. He used to come here and

talk about the 'solidarity of peoples;' and when he found that I was less and less interested in such things, he had yet another attraction than myself which brought him to us. But he found that *she* also by no means entered into his opinions, and his visits became fewer. But we always esteemed him. He was a very religious soul. When I first knew him he reverenced Dante chiefly, if not exclusively. When his letters were opened at the post-office here—the occasion on which I wrote the protest to which you refer—Mazzini became for the first time known to the English people. There was great indignation at an English government taking the side of the Austrian against Italian patriots, and Mazzini was much sought for, invited to dinners, and all that. But he did not want the dinners. He went to but few places. He formed an intimacy with the Ashursts which did him great good—gave him a kind of home circle for the rest of his life in England. At last it has come to an end. I went to see him just before he left London the last time, passed an hour, and came away feeling that I should never see him again. And so it is. The papers and people have gone blubbering away over him—the very papers and people that denounced him during life, seeing nothing of the excellence that was in him; they now praise him without any perception of his defects. Poor Mazzini! After all, he succeeded; he died receiving the homage of the people and seeing Italy united, with Rome for its capital. Well, one may be glad he has succeeded. We wait to see whether Italy will make any thing great out of what she has got. We wait."

The incident to which Carlyle referred—that of the letter-opening which brought out Carlyle's protest from which I have already quoted—was one of the most discreditable that has ever occurred in England. In 1844 Mazzini discovered that the Home Secretary was, in obedience to the Austrian government's request, systematically opening his letters sent from Italy and other parts of the country. Mazzini petitioned Parliament on the subject, and the matter was brought before the House of Commons by the late Mr. Duncombe. Sir James Graham, who had thus lent England to do the dirty work of the Austrian police, attempted to sustain himself by blackening Mazzini's character; but the public indignation was too strong for him, and he was eventually compelled to retract the charges he had made. That was the last instance in which letters were opened in the English post-office. About this time, and perhaps through this incident, Mazzini was brought into relations with the particular circle of friends in London with which he was ever after identified, and one which his death renders almost desolate. He was induced to visit the house of the late Mr. Ashurst, an eminent barrister of very liberal views, who was in the habit of receiving his friends on Sunday afternoons and evenings. Among those whom he met there were Mr. James Stansfeld (now the Right Honorable Secretary of the Local Government Board), Mr. Peter Alfred Taylor (now member of Parliament for Leicester), Professor Masson, and others who have since gained distinction. "When he came among us," said Mr. Stansfeld, in a conversation which I had with him since Mazzini's death, "he was shy, gloomy, silent; but we very soon recognized his greatness, and made him feel that we were in sympathy with him. He naturally took his place as the centre of our circle, and we continued from that day to the end to grow around him, almost as his own flesh and blood. A committee was formed among us to aid his cause in Italy. His entrance into the room every Sunday was eagerly awaited, and our conversation hesitated until his arrival. He used always to withdraw when the hour for his visit to the Hatton Garden school for poor Italians approached, and some of us generally went with him to bring him back. His conversation was then, as always, rich, brilliant, his manner modest and winning. He never uttered an idle word. Each phrase he used had to his own mind an exact and profound significance, and those he repeated came to have a precise and current value among those who often met him that could not be modified." His relations with the Stansfelds and Ashursts (Mr. Stansfeld had married a Miss Ashurst) were rendered more intimate by the marriage of Miss Emily Ashurst with one of his dearest Italian friends and fellow-exiles, the late Mr. Venturi. Mrs. Venturi it is who has translated so admirably into English Mazzini's writings—autobiographical, political, and literary—making seven volumes, to which an eighth will soon be added—a collection which will have an almost incomparable value to the student of European thought, philosophy, and politics at the present time. Mazzini rarely visited except at the homes of this family, and at Aubrey House, the well-known hospitable residence of his friends Mr. and Mrs. Peter Taylor.

Previous to the breaking out of the French revolution of 1848 Mazzini passed his time chiefly in writing the beautiful essays which have proved to Europe how brilliant might have been the literary career from which he was drawn aside, and in arranging with his friends for action in Italy so soon as the expected signal had been heard in France. It was while he and his friends were thus expectant that Pius IX. ascended the papal throne with words of liberalism on his lips—an event which to some extent impaired the unanimity of the Italians by the false hopes which were thus raised.

"The world saw" (wrote Carlyle in those days) "with thoughtless joy, which might have been very thoughtful joy, a real miracle not heretofore considered possible or conceivable in the world—a reforming pope. A simple, pious creature, a good country priest, invested unexpectedly with the tiara, takes up the New Testament, declares that this henceforth shall be his rule of governing. The European populations every where hailed the omen with shouting and rejoicing, leading articles and tar-barrels; thinking people listened with astonishment—not with sorrow, if they were faithful or wise; with awe rather, as at the heralding of death, and with a joy, as of victory beyond death! Something pious, grand, and as if awful in that joy, revealing once more the presence of a Divine Justice in this world. For to such men it was very clear how this poor devoted pope would prosper with his New Testament in his hand. An alarming business, that of governing in the throne of St. Peter by the rule of veracity! By the rule of veracity the so-called throne of St. Peter was openly declared, above three hundred years ago, to be a falsity, a huge mistake, a pestilent dead carcass, which this sun was weary of....Law of veracity! What this popedom had to do by law of veracity was to give up its foul galvanic life, an offense to gods and men, honestly to die, and get itself buried!"

Among those who joined in that thoughtless tar-barrel joy Mazzini was *not*. Among his friends who had given way to it he sent his warning in words destined to be speedily justified. "In the pope I see nothing but a well-disposed man, without any real belief, wavering between the influence of Austria and his own tendencies, but without any of those Italian intentions which others have been determined to see in his first acts. If I am wrong, the first *fact* will correct me, and I am quite ready to be convinced. But in the absence of any such fact, what is the banner of Pius IX.? Where is the *Italian* flag, without which I see no possibility of any efficacious union? I am getting older, and can not easily become enthusiastic about dreams—dreams, too, which might become dangerous." Nevertheless, no man living was more ready to welcome a real reforming pope. To Pius IX. Mazzini straight addressed himself. In that wonderful letter—which the pope read—he declared himself in such words as these:

"A new epoch is dawning upon us; a new faith is gradually being substituted for the old. The new faith will not accept any privileged interpreters between the people and their God. If, availing yourself of the enthusiasm by which you are surrounded, you assume the position of initiator of this epoch and this faith, you must descend from the papal throne, and go forth among the multitudes an apostle of truth, like Peter the Hermit preaching the Crusades. The people will hail you as their chief, and found in Italy a state which will cancel the atheistic formula which declares that the inward man is to be governed by God's law and love, and the outward by force, and accept and adore the doctrine which declares that the inward and the outward man, the soul and the body, are one, and one the law by which they are governed."

The poor pope and his ebullition of liberalism were speedily forgotten. The first flashes of 1848 lightened along the sky. When tidings of the outbreak in Paris reached London, Mazzini hastened to Milan, where he was received with acclamations. The provisional government sent for Mazzini, and he had to address the vast crowd from the palace windows. Garibaldi was at Bergamo with 4000 men. Medici, one of Garibaldi's lieutenants, now general in the Italian army, has given the following narrative:

"We were about to quit Bergamo, to proceed by a forced march to Monza, when we saw appear in the midst of us, his musket on his shoulder, Mazzini, who demanded to make one, as a private soldier, in the legion which I commanded, and which formed the vanguard of the division of Garibaldi. A general acclamation saluted the great Italian, and the legion unanimously confided to him its flag, which bore written upon it the words, *God and the People*. Hardly was the arrival of Mazzini known in Bergamo when the population hurried to see him. They crowded round him; they begged him to speak. His speech should dwell in the memory of all who heard him. He recommended them to erect barricades, to defend the town in case of attack during our march upon Milan, and, whatever might happen, always to love Italy, and never to despair of its salvation. His words were greeted with enthusiasm, and the column set off in the midst of marks of the liveliest sympathy. The march was very fatiguing; the rain fell in torrents; we were soaked to the very bones. Although habituated to a life of study, and scarcely built for the violent exercise of a forced march, especially in such bad weather, his serenity and confidence were never diminished for an instant, and, notwithstanding our remonstrances, for we feared for his health, he would neither stop nor abandon the column. It even happened that, seeing one of our youngest volunteers slightly habited, and without any defense against the rain and the sudden chilling of the temperature, he forced him to accept his cloak and to cover himself with it. Arrived at Monza, we learned the fatal news of the capitulation of Milan, and that a very numerous body of Austrian cavalry had been sent against us, and was already at the opposite gates of Monza. Garibaldi, much inferior in force, not wishing to expose his little corps to certain and useless destruction, gave orders to fall back upon Como, and placed me with my column in the rear to cover the retreat. For the young volunteers, who asked only to fight, the order for retreat was a signal of discouragement, and so it was made from the beginning with some disorder. Happily it was not the same with my rear-guard column. From Monza even to Como this column, always pursued by the enemy, threatened every instant with being overwhelmed by very superior forces, never flinched, remained united and compact, showing itself always ready to repel every attack, and by its bold countenance and good order compelled the enemy to respect it during the whole passage. In this march, full of danger and difficulty, in the midst of continual alarm, the strength of soul, the intrepidity, the decision which Mazzini possesses in so remarkable a degree, and of which he afterward gave so many proofs at Rome, never failed him, and excited the admiration of the bravest. His presence, his words, the example of his courage, animated with such enthusiasm these young soldiers, who, besides, were proud of sharing so many dangers with him, that it was determined, by Mazzini the first, in case of combat, to perish one and all in defense of the faith of which he had been the apostle, and whose martyr he was ready to become, and contributed very much to maintain that order and that resolute attitude which saved the rest of the division. These few details are too honorable to the character of Mazzini to be allowed to remain unknown. His conduct has been for us who were witnesses of it a proof that to the great qualities of the citizen, Mazzini joins the courage and intrepidity of the soldier."

The monarchists (*Moderates*) had been fighting side by side with the republicans; but in such alliances the republicans are al-

ways sure to lose in the end. No Italian kings have ever had such dread of Austrian rule in Italy as they have had of republican influence. They selected a moment when the friends of the monarchy were acting with apparent patriotism to undermine the principles of some of the leaders of Young Italy. One day Mazzini had the mortification of seeing one of the nearest of his friends acting as his tempter. He came from the government camp with a proposition that he (Mazzini) should constitute himself a patron of the monarchical fusion, that he should set himself to bring over the republicans to the royal party, and in return should be allowed to exercise as much democratic influence as he could desire in the construction of the articles of the constitution to be given. He also proposed an interview with the king, and said his majesty wished to make him (Mazzini) the first minister of the crown. Mazzini's reply was a new appeal to the people; and the reply of the adherents of Charles Albert to his indignant refusal was the malicious accusation that the republicans were in league with the Austrians, the imprisonment of some of them, and the heaping of calumnies on himself—his popularity in Milan at the time not permitting any open attempt upon his liberty. A certain Cerioli actually placarded the walls of Milan with a statement that Mazzini "had refused to see his mother on account of the diversity of their political opinions." "At that very moment," says Mazzini, "my poor mother was journeying to Milan to embrace me and bestow her blessing on my faith after an exile of nearly twenty years."

Italy failed then, Milan capitulated, heroic Venice was surrendered, all because the King of Sardinia aimed rather at victory over the republicans than at defending his country from a foreign enemy. But Mazzini, whose idealism nothing could for a moment shake, saw in all misfortunes evidence that the flag of Italy trailed in dust because it was not yet the banner of an idea to those who upheld it. It would be difficult to find in the annals of eloquence any thing more impressive than an oration which he delivered at Milan, July 25, 1848, on the commemoration of the "Martyrs of Cosenza"—the brothers Bandiera and others. He asked, "Why have we not conquered?"

"Why is it that while we are fighting for independence in the north of Italy, liberty is perishing in the south? Why is it that a war which should have sprung to the Alps with the bound of a lion has dragged itself along for four months with the slow, uncertain motion of the scorpion surrounded by a circle of fire? How has the rapid and powerful intuition of a people newly arisen to life been converted into the weary, helpless effort of the sick man turning from side to side? Ah! had we all arisen in the sanctity of the idea for which our martyrs died; had the holy standard of their faith preceded our youth to battle; had we reached that unity of life which was in them so powerful, and made of our every action a thought, and of every thought an action; had we devoutly gathered up their last words in our hearts, and learned from them that liberty and independence are one; that God and the people, the father-land and humanity, are the two inseparable terms of the device of every people striving to become a nation; that Italy can have no true life till she be one, holy in the equality and love of all her children, great in the worship of eternal truth, and consecrated to a lofty mission, a moral priesthood among the peoples of Europe—we should now have had not war, but victory; Cosenza would not be compelled to venerate the memory of her martyrs in secret, nor Venice be restrained from honoring them with a monument; and we gathered here together might gladly invoke their sacred names without uncertainty as to our future destiny, or a cloud of sadness on our brows, and say to those precursor souls, Rejoice! *for your spirit is incarnate in your brethren, and they are worthy of you.*"

I can not forbear from quoting some other passages from this oration, though they may not bear immediately upon the events to which reference has been made:

"Love! love is the flight of the soul toward God; toward the great, the sublime, and the beautiful, which are the shadow of God upon earth. Love your family, the partner of your life, those around you ready to share your joys and sorrows; love the dead, who were dear to you, and to whom you were dear. But let your love be the love taught you by Dante and by us—the love of souls that aspire together; do not grovel on the earth in search of a felicity which it is not the destiny of the creature to reach here below; do not yield to a delusion which inevitably would degrade you into egotism. To love is to give and take a promise for the future. God has given us love, that a weary soul may give and receive support upon the way of life. It is a flower springing up on the path of duty; but it can not change its course....Love your country; your country is the land where your parents sleep, where is spoken that language in which the chosen of your heart, blushing, whispered the first word of love; it is the home that God has given you, that by striving to perfect yourselves therein you may prepare to ascend to him. It is your name, your glory, your sign among the people. Give to it your thoughts, your counsels, your blood. Raise it up, great and beautiful as it was foretold by our great men. And see that you leave it uncontaminated by any trace of falsehood or of servitude, unprofaned by dismemberment. Let it be one, as the thought of God. Love humanity. You can only ascertain your own mission from the aim set by God before humanity at large. God has given you your country as cradle, and humanity as mother; you can not rightly love your brethren of the cradle if you love not your common mother....

"And love, young men, love and venerate the ideal. The ideal is the Word of God. High above every country, high above humanity, is the country of the spirit, the city of the soul; and the baptism of this fraternity is martyrdom."

In the night—the outward darkness but poorly typifying the shadow that had overcast the prospect just now so fair—Mazzini journeyed on foot across the Alps to Lugano, forty weary miles, without rest. There he remained until the flight of the Grand Duke of Tuscany (February), when he hastened to Florence. Florence elected him a member of the provisional government, and sent him to Rome to carry its adhesion to the Roman republic. The Romans named him triumvir with acclamation. The pope had fled; the republic was proclaimed; Mazzini was president, Garibaldi commander-in-

chief. Then followed the glorious ninety days. Then France crept like a dragon upon Rome in her beauty, and it was not the monster, but St. George, who fell on that black day! Never was a siege more heroically resisted. During the month in which it lasted Mazzini never changed his clothing, lived on bread and coffee, and went about night and day encouraging the defenders of the republic. The French entered Rome; Mazzini wandered through the streets of Rome, careless of warnings; his black hair had turned gray in the first night of agony.

But his heart had not turned gray. Again an exile, we find him with Ledru-Rollin (for France), Arnold Ruge (for Germany), and Albert Darasz (for Poland), forming the Central European Democratic Committee. The address which that committee put forth may be regarded as the permanent programme of the Mazzinists throughout Europe. It says:

"We all believe in the progressive development of human faculties and forces in the direction of the moral law which has been imposed upon us. We believe in association as the only regular means which can attain this end. We believe that the interpretation of the moral law and rule of progress can not be confided to a caste or to an individual, but ought to be to the people enlightened by national education, directed by those among them whom virtue and genius point out to them as their best. We believe in the sacredness of both individuality and society, which ought not to be effaced nor to combat, but to harmonize together for the amelioration of all by all. We believe in liberty, without which all human responsibility vanishes; in equality, without which liberty is only a deception; in fraternity, without which liberty and equality would be only means without ends; in association, without which fraternity would be an unrealizable programme; in family, city, and country, as so many progressive spheres, in which man ought to successively grow in the knowledge and practice of liberty, equality, fraternity, and association. We believe in the holiness of work, in its inviolability, in the property which proceeds from it as its sign and its fruit; in the duty of society to furnish the element of material work by credit, of intellectual and moral work by education; in the duty of the individual to make use of it with the utmost concurrence of his faculties for the common amelioration. We believe—to resume—in a social state having God and his law at the summit; the people, the universality of the citizens, free and equal, at its base; progress for rule; association as means; devotion for baptism; genius and virtue for lights upon the way. And that which we believe to be true for a single people we believe to be true for all. There is but one sun in heaven for the whole earth; there is but one law of truth and justice for all who people it. Inasmuch as we believe in liberty, equality, fraternity, and association for the individuals composing the state, we believe also in the liberty, equality, fraternity, and association of nations. Peoples are the individuals of humanity. Nationality is the sign of their individuality and the guarantee of their liberty; it is sacred. Indicated at once by tradition, by language, by a determined aptitude, by a special mission to fulfill, it ought to harmonize itself with the whole, and assume its proper functions for the amelioration of all, for the progress of humanity. We believe that the map and organization of Europe are to be re-made in accordance with these principles. We believe that a pact, a congress of the representatives of all nationalities, constituted and recognized, having for mission to secure the holy alliance of peoples and to formalize the common right and duty, are at the end of our efforts. We believe, in a word, in a general organization, having God and his law at the summit; humanity, the universality of nations, free and equal, at its base; common progress for end; alliance for means; the example of those peoples most loving and most devoted for encouragement on the way."

It had been a republic that struck down the Roman republic; but that republic which so assassinated the liberty of Italy was one which it was already perceived was masking the most dangerous tyrant in Europe. Rome prostrate, the blood-stained hand that aimed the blow is laid bare: the President of France has become the despot whose twenty years' reign, the nightmare of Europe, has closed with the ignominy of Sedan. Mazzini had now become the terror of the fraternity of tyrants of whom Napoleon III. had become the chief. Above all, the Roman Catholic world had come to regard him as the king serpent. While the Italians were still speaking of "our angel Mazzini," an Italian priest wrote a politico-religious novel, founded, he declared, on historical truth, published *permissu superiorum*, the scene of which was laid in Rome during the siege of 1849. In this book there is a description of an infernal orgie, solemnly affirmed to have been held in Rome, in which a figure of Satan is worshiped, children sacrificed at his altar, the consecrated Host offered up to him; and the pious priest represents Mazzini officiating on the occasion as high-priest! The intensity of the hatred which actually circulated this work in Italy, with the hope that some would be found ignorant enough to believe it, was reflected in a proportionate animosity in every court in Europe. Even Lord Aberdeen was ready to accuse the Mazzinists of being "assassins and vagabonds." Mazzini himself told me that during the continuance of the ninety days' republic the most ingenious efforts were made to induce the Roman people to believe that the republicans intended to close the churches, tear down the Madonnas, and suppress all the customary festivals to which they had become attached. They did their utmost, he said, to secure the fulfillment of their own prophecies. "Among other things, when the night came upon which it was the annual custom to illuminate the dome of St. Peter's, a scene in which the people took much pleasure, those who had charge of the cathedral refused to light up the dome or to make preparations for it, and were already circulating the report that we had prohibited it. We had to go ourselves, take the sacred keys of St. Peter's, and illuminate the dome ourselves, deeming it necessary that any alarm of this kind should be allayed."

When the Roman republic had fallen, there stood Mazzini confronting Louis Napoleon—Mazzini with a few dispersed exiles around him, Napoleon with the armed forces of Europe at his command. But Mazzini was

not so weak as he seemed. The London *Times* warned the emperor that his difficulty was not with the broken-hearted exile, but with the Mazzini in every Italian's breast. This becomes more apparent when Cavour steps upon the arena. Cavour cares nothing for republicanism, rather despises it; but he has the idea of creating an Italy that shall be more than "a geographical expression." So when the next war with Austria breaks out, Cavour presents himself before Napoleon III., and says: "In this conflict Italy must win her freedom. It can not be delayed, neither can it be done without your aid. If you aid us, you shall have for France Nice and Savoy. If you do not aid us, I will kindle the revolution throughout Europe, and take care that the first throne it consumes shall be yours." Mazzini discovered the base bargain that had been made about the two provinces, and warned his fellow-republicans in Italy that the war meant a more hopeless internal bondage for Italy. Alas! his words were as ineffectual as those of Cassandra. The press of England, the press of Europe, pointed to Napoleon going forth to make Italy "free from the Alps to the Adriatic," and rolled its eyes at the baseness of the calumniator who could dare suspect such a disinterested benefactor, or such a patriot as Cavour, of a secret conspiracy to give and receive Italian provinces in payment. What the result was the world now knows.

The saddest part of this business was that Garibaldi himself was simple enough to give his whole strength in co-operation with Napoleon III., and in so doing aid him to get his beak and talons deep into the vitals of Italy, from which they were removed only by that ruinous blow of Germany in 1870. And, indeed, the true story of the conflicts of those days compels the confession that, while Italy owes to Garibaldi's heroism one of the most brilliant incidents of her history, she owes the loss of her finest opportunity to his moral weakness. Europe for the first time knew the rottenness of the pompous little tyrannies in the South when the King of Naples, who, as Mr. Gladstone said, had "raised atheism into a system of government," was flying before a man in a post-chaise armed with an umbrella! But that comedy, that romance, which made Garibaldi dictator of Naples, ended in as dismal a tragedy as Italy ever knew. While he stood there, holding the entire destiny of Italy in his hand, two men approached him. One was the king, who made fair promises, whose hollowness his life would already have shown to a man of insight. The other was Mazzini—his friend of many years, his brother by many common sufferings—who besought him to avail himself of his now irresistible resources in men, money, and war material, and liberate Rome. Had he done this, the question would have been settled, and Italy would have been now a republic. Garibaldi gave to the king the kingdom he had won. Poor man! Believing in his simplicity the king's word, Garibaldi proceeded to act upon his (Victor Emanuel's) promise that, though afraid to offend France by attacking Rome himself, he would wink at such an attack by others; he marched on to Rome, and found himself suddenly imprisoned by the monarch to whom he had given up the fruits of his victory!

One need not dwell upon this unhappy page of the persistent struggle for Italy. Garibaldi learned the truth, and suffered the sad retribution of his great mistake; he saw his friend Orsini's head struck off by the French emperor to whom he had weakly given his aid; he saw his friend Mazzini fleeing from Naples under sentence of death from the king to whom he had given Naples; he found himself in prison. Long years afterward, when he (Garibaldi) was in London, entertained with enthusiasm by the proudest people of the land, efforts were made by dukes and earls to prevent his having any thing to do with Mazzini, who sat still in his little room at Brompton. But Garibaldi made his way to look again on that pale face to which he had unwittingly added some deep lines; and when, on one occasion, he was called upon for a toast, he arose and said, with much emotion: "I am about to make a declaration which I ought to have made long ago. There is a man among us here who has rendered the greatest services to our country, and to the cause of liberty. When I was a young man, having naught but aspirations toward the good, I sought for one able to act as the guide and counselor of my young years. I sought such a man as he who is athirst seeks a spring. I found this man. He alone watched while all around him slept. He alone fed the sacred flame. He has ever remained my friend, ever as full of love for country and of devotion to the cause of liberty. This man is Joseph Mazzini. To my friend and teacher!"

This public recognition of Mazzini by Garibaldi, at the time when the latter was the guest of the English government and aristocracy, had a curious effect. Oddly enough, Garibaldi's visit followed immediately what was known as "the Greco affair" in Paris. Four Italians, of whom one Greco was chief, were said to have been detected in a conspiracy to assassinate Louis Napoleon. It was announced that notes of Mazzini had been found on the suspected persons. When this matter further developed itself it was revealed that the French police *had* made a discovery—namely, that Mazzini's correspondence was received by him in London under cover to his friend the Hon. James Stansfeld, then junior Lord of the Admiralty. Having got hold of this bit of information, they proceeded to make

the most of it. They got up a sham conspiracy (Greco and his friends were never punished, and were proved to be notorious *mouchards*) for the purpose of compassing the extradition of Mazzini to France, where he had long been under sentence of death. The only outcome of this poorly contrived affair was that England had another opportunity of showing the state of abject servility to the Emperor Napoleon into which Lord Palmerston had dragged her. The French emperor demanded the extradition of Mazzini, but that could only be conceded through bloodshed in the streets of London. "But we will throw your majesty the official head of the Hon. James Stansfeld, which will hurt his dear friend Mazzini very much." *Bien.* Stansfeld resigns April 4, 1864. But now Napoleon III. becomes uneasy about Garibaldi proclaiming his love of Mazzini while the guest of the British government and aristocracy. You must, he demands, cut short Garibaldi's visit, and send him out of England. "Difficult, your majesty; Garibaldi has accepted invitations to various cities, and our people are preparing demonstrations." "All the more impressive. Must be done." And so it happened that one morning the lusty Garibaldi finds all his aristocratic entertainers remarking that he is looking poorly. "Poorly!" cries Garibaldi; "why, I haven't been so well for years." But duke this and earl that come in and declare their apprehension that the great man is overtasking himself. Garibaldi was bewildered. Some members of the government visit him, bringing with them a physician, who tells the hero he really had better not attempt to visit the provinces, even if, indeed, he had better not think of returning to the milder Italian climate. Garibaldi withdraws for meditation, and finally asks Gladstone, frankly, "Do you wish me to go away from England?" Gladstone hesitates and stammers and grows red, but says nothing. "Ah! I see," says Garibaldi; "I leave England to-morrow." He is cordially invited to stay till the day after, or the next after that. Next morning the London *Times* profoundly regrets to have to inform the public that General Garibaldi has been compelled by failing strength to leave England at once. It fell like a thunder-bolt. Notes of disappointment came up from every part of the kingdom. These swiftly changed to notes of suspicion. Garibaldi was in daily communication with Herzen, Mazzini, and a score of English radicals, to all of whom, when asked whether his health were really suffering, he answered with a burst of laughter, and a declaration that he had never been heartier in his life. A deputation of influential public men who knew this went to Lord Palmerston to ask the meaning of the whole thing. Palmerston only replied, "General Garibaldi must leave England." And leave he did. Never has a *meaner* incident occurred in the career of England, nor one over which the French emperor had more reason to chuckle.

However, Louis Napoleon's triumph was not without some drawbacks. Mr. Stansfeld's manly address in resignation, and one by the honorable member for Leicester (Mr. Taylor), amounted to impressive tributes to Mazzini. Mr. Stansfeld gained greatly in popularity, and took a step upward in that hour toward the far higher position he now occupies in the government he adorns.

It was Mazzini's destiny—as of how many other pure and faithful men has it been?—to bear about a kind of touch-stone in Europe.

> "A man there came, whence none could tell,
> Bearing a touch-stone in his hand,
> And tested all things in the land
> By its unerring spell.
>
> "Quick birth of transmutation smote
> The fair to foul, the foul to fair;
> Purple nor ermine did he spare,
> Nor scorn the dusty coat."

He tested Charles Albert, Victor Emanuel, Louis Napoleon, Palmerston, and the rulers of England; and a shabbier look than they presented was never yet seen among well-dressed men. Two letters which he wrote to the present pope made the ears of Catholic Europe tingle, and may be reckoned among the most eloquent religious utterances of our time. The first of these was on the occasion of the publication of the famous papal syllabus which gathered all the grandest features of this age for anathema. Mazzini replied to it with an encyclical of his own, of which the following is an extract:

"Your predecessors might and ought, you might and ought, to have accompanied us upon the path of discovery and advance, in order to have left us, as Moses left his people, on the borders of the promised land, and have blessed us in dying even as a dying father blesses the children who are to survive him. You expire cursing the spirit of inquiry, cursing the power of intellect, cursing faith in the discovery of the truth, cursing the peoples who seek their freedom, cursing mankind and life itself. An apostate from Jesus and humanity, you condemn yourself to expire in isolation, deprived of all communion with your brother men. We are compelled mournfully to cast back the anathema upon yourself. We may say to you, as the French bishops said to Gregory IV., you came to excommunicate us—return excommunicated.

"No! Religion is no longer with you. Before the popes were, before Jesus came, God was with us. God is with us, the servants of His law, who carry out the tradition which is the revelation of His design. From the days of Innocent III. the papacy renounced alike life and mission, to worship self, its own power, the world. From the days of Innocent III. knowledge is ours, art is ours, progress in intellect and in the purer adoration of God is ours. In the face of your decrees, and canceling the sentence of your Inquisition, we discovered the laws that rule the stars; the ages of the earth's existence anterior to the biblical hypothesis; the continuity of creation; the unity of the law that links earth to heaven; the chain of progress extending without interruption from the earliest generations to our own.

"Without you, against you, dissolving the darkness

of the past, we discovered a portion of God's revelation in all those religions which you have stigmatized as impostures; a portion of the design of God in those epochs anterior to the cross upon which you cried anathema; a portion of God's power in worlds of the existence of which you were ignorant.

"Without a word of inspiration or encouragement from you, and often condemned by you, we, the men of progress, did battle against Mohammedanism in the east of Europe, called back Greece to life, diminished the sufferings of the multitudes, raised the banner of liberty among the oppressed nations, and now emancipate the negroes of America, and create Italy in the face of your opposition.

"Not to you, but to God, do the peoples look for courage in the struggle, and faith to meet death with smiles. The martyrs of duty are found among those whom you term unbelievers; the comforters of the poor among those whom you doom to damnation to serve the princes whose support you seek.

"Naught is left for you but undignified lamentation, to live a mendicant, and to die cursing, unheeded, and despised.

"Descend, then, from a throne on which you are no longer a pope, but a vulgar tyrant, upheld by the soldiers of tyrants. You know that, were not those soldiers ranged around your conclave, you would be the last pope of Rome. Humanity has worshiped in the religion of the Father, and in that of the Son. Give place to the religion of the Holy Spirit.

"As pope, six hundred years of impotence, the betrayal of every precept of Christ, your Church's adultery with the wicked princes of the earth, the idolatry of the form substituted for the spirit of religion, the systematic immorality of the men who surround you, and the negation of all progress sanctioned by yourself as the condition of your existence, rise in judgment against you.

"As prince, the blood of Rome, and the impossibility of your remaining there a single day other than by brute force, rise in judgment against you.

"Reconcile yourself with God; with humanity you can not."

The second of the letters to which I have referred was on the occasion of the recent proclamation of infallibility. Its terrible sentences have since taken shape in great events; but the crash of the falling papacy is hardly more eloquent than the words I quote:

"Mute and disinherited alike of inspiration and affection, having abdicated all power of intervention in the events that transform and improve God's earth, you, who were once the world's centre, are gradually being driven back to its extremest orbit, and are destined to find yourselves at last alone in the void beyond. Motionless sphinxes in the vast desert, you inertly contemplate the shadow of the centuries as they pass. Humanity, whom you should have guided, has gone otherwhere. Faith is perishing among the peoples, because the dogma that inspired it no longer corresponds to the stage of education which they, in fulfillment of the providential plan, have reached.....

"I remember vaguely, while I write, a short poem of Byron's called 'Darkness.' Amidst the ruins of a world expiring in icy cold, two beings alone are left. They also are doomed to perish, but they persist in struggling against the approaching dissolution. Groping amidst the darkness, they reach the ashes of an expiring fire, and strive, with all the anguish of one who seeks to prolong existence, if only for a day, to revive it with their breath. When at last they succeed in raising a feeble flame they turn and gaze upon each other, to discover, with rage and terror, that they are enemies!

"I know not what idea inspired those lines to Byron; but my thoughts, as I recall them, turn involuntarily to you. The last, doomed representative of a world from which all life is withdrawn, you, papacy and monarchy, have sought to dominate humanity more surely by dividing it in twain. Conscious of your incapacity of reuniting it, and yet jealous in your impotent ambition of each other, you have striven to found an impossible alliance between the powers you have disjoined, and from time to time have embraced each other upon the tomb of some once free and dreaded nation, but hating and despising each other in your hearts, and seeking to injure each other so soon as freed from any imminent danger. Now groping onwardly, solitary and suspicious, amidst the darkness, and vainly seeking to rekindle the fire irrevocably consumed, you bend your dying gaze upon each other in rage and fear."

And now, finally, it was Mazzini's destiny to bear the touch-stone to the new government in Italy, which had inherited a nation through the labors and sufferings of the men it had hunted and execrated, and gained Rome for its capital by the accident of the downfall of France. The king had advanced to Rome, taking great credit, putting on many airs, though the world saw in his entrance there at such a moment, however desirable, a reminder of his long servility and cowardice.

Mazzini looked upon the attainment of this end, for which he and his companions had toiled and suffered, in this way with inexpressible shame and misgiving. Patriotic Italians thought they had drained the cup of humiliation when "Venetia was tossed to Italy"—I remember Mazzini's words—"as a penny might be thrown to a beggar." But it was with hardly less shame that they saw in the establishment of the capital at Rome a further admission that Italy existed either by the sufferance or the suffering of France. But with Mazzini to the shame was added his misgiving that while before the uneducated masses the King of Italy might claim the credit of having united and crowned Italy, the internal strength thus gained by the government must be the counterpart of external weakness. It was not only that a corrupt government, which had begun its reign at Rome by burdening the people with taxation to the extent of from thirteen to twenty per cent. on their earnings, in order, among other outrageous objects, to support the pope in luxurious idleness; but also that it would be quite incapable of maintaining itself if France should attempt to recover at Rome the prestige it had lost at Sedan and Paris. The gloomy dissatisfaction with which Mazzini received the tidings that united Italy had now Rome for its capital, the silence with which he met felicitations on the event, excited adverse criticisms. It was said, This is perversity and egotism; he has no joy in the triumph because it has not come in the way he prescribed.

I venture to assert here that nothing ever showed how pure and lofty was this man's patriotism. Mazzini loved Italy dearly. It did not require that final outburst of affection uttered on his death-bed to the physician, who thought him an Englishman, "I am an Italian, and dearly I loved and love

my country," to prove that. But his love of Italy was part of his love for humanity. He desired for his country not mere triumph, but a triumph which should be pure, human —a benefit of mankind. I remember, just after hearing him express his hope in this sense, reading the fine passage of Browning's "Lordello," wherein the poet dreams of the reintegration of Rome as typifying the triumph of makind—

> "An established point of light, whence rays
> Traversed the world;"

and I knew that the hermit of that vision was the man to whom I had been listening.

I have already referred to Mazzini's idea of nationalities. I will add here a quotation from a letter which I received from him in 1865 with reference to America and the purifying struggle through which she had passed:

"There are, for every great nation, two stages of life. The first may be devoted to self-constitution, to inward organization, to the fitting up, so to say, of the implements and activities through which a nation *can* undertake the work appointed, and proceed to fulfill the task which has been ordained for her by God for the good of all mankind. For a nation is a living task; her life is not her own, but a force and a function in the universal providential scheme.

"The second begins when, after having secured and asserted her own self, after having collected and shown to all the strength and the capability which breathe in her for the task, the nation enters the lists of humanity, and links herself, by noble deeds, with the general aim. You (of America) have triumphantly gone through the first stage; you are on the threshold of the second one, and you may either betray your national duty or step beyond.

"Through the almost fabulous amount of energies, unknown to our old rotten monarchies, which you have displayed; the constant devotedness of your men and women; the all-enduring courage of your improvised soldiers; and mainly—do not forget it—the canceling of the only black spot, slavery, which was sullying your glorious republican flag—you have struck deep in the heart of Europe a conviction that there is in you a strong, almost incalculable power to be reckoned with in the onward march of mankind. All the numerous and ever-increasing republican elements in Europe have discovered in you their representative. You have become a leading nation. You may act as such. In the great battle which is fought throughout the world between right and wrong, justice and arbitrary rule, equality and privilege, duty and egotism, republic and monarchy, truth and lies, God and idols, your part is marked; you must accept it."

Hardly possible, one would say, that a man who held this faith in the solidarity of peoples should be satisfied because Rome had exchanged a weak pope for a degraded monarch!

Mazzini straight pressed southward—weak in body, almost a dying man when he left London—to renew his agitation for an Italian republic. He established his paper in Rome, *La Roma del Popolo*, and a brave young band again gathered around him. And now, again, he was to test the king. So formidable was the mere presence of this man that his steps were dogged from morning until night by spies. They sat in front of the house where he lodged, and if he went out the spies took cabs and followed. Young Mr. Nathan, to whose hand the control of the journal was intrusted, was similarly waylaid. He told me when I was at his house in Rome, in February last, that on one occasion he had a workman to mend his hearth, and the noise made in his room was heard by spies, who believed that it must have been made by the moving of bombs, the consequence of which was that his house was surrounded by detectives. This is Victor Emanuel's free Italy!

When I first saw Mazzini it was in his little room at Brompton, where he was surrounded by every sign of poverty. He had means, but he never spent them on himself. Even while I was there a poor Russian came, and Mazzini freely gave him money. His hair was gray, his face thin and pale; the lower part of the face indicated suffering, but the high brow was serene. His eyes—the most remarkable I have ever seen—were radiant with every variety of feeling, now expressive of emotion, now brimming with humor. He laughed through his eyes only. He had a more than imperial dignity, but was the lowliest of men. He was frank—this conspirator!—and child-like in his simplicity. He kept near him a large map of Europe, which was dotted all over with marks—ah, what earthly stars of hope did they stand for to his eye! He conversed about the events of the time in every country, from the farthest East to the remotest West, with a familiarity which was astonishing, but at the same time he held in his hands with equal ease all the threads of his wide personal relationship; remembered children's names and ages, and never forgot the poorest or obscurest. I remember once having a discussion with him on some philosophical subject. The next day he went away to Switzerland, and was absent for a year and a half. On his return I met him at a friend's house, and he began the same discussion at the precise point where it was broken off. "You were saying," etc. As Mazzini's body grew thinner and weaker, his mind seemed to be renewed day by day, and the last expressions which I heard from him seemed to me the finest. At the very hour of his death an article from his pen—written while he was in bed with death's hand upon him—appeared in the *Rome of the People*. It was a severe criticism on Renan, and certainly as brilliant a paper as he ever penned.

It must have been from the writing of that sparkling paper, in which the failure of no fibre of force can be detected, that Mazzini turned to write the last letter which his friends ever received from him. It was written on March 4, and was ominously sad. He alluded to the death of old friends in England—that of Mr. Stansfeld's father, and of Professor Casey—and also to having met an old patriot with whom he had worked

in early years, but whose mind he now found a wreck. These events he seemed to feel deeply, as the falling away of old comrades who beckoned him to follow. He then alluded to the brightest of all the gleams, perhaps, that had fallen upon his life—a large meeting of Italians, to the number of two thousand, which had met and unanimously adopted the Mazzinist programme for Italy, and declared him their leader. The tidings of this meeting reached him while he was feeling that trouble in the chest and throat which ultimately caused his death. Concerning this grand meeting he writes, in the letter of March 4: "Only I think rather sadly that all this comes too late for the help which I feel I might have given. What can I do now except writing a few articles—weak, shattered, breathless as I am—*nominis umbra?*" Nevertheless I have little doubt that it was through a last desperate effort to respond to that noble call of the Italian meeting that he rose from his sick-bed in Lugano and made his way to Pisa, there to die.

In a private letter, written by P. A. Taylor, M.P., who for more than a quarter of a century was among the most intimate of Mazzini's friends, there are some sentences which I venture to quote here. No pen that I know could better tell what Mazzini was to those who loved him, or what he held in himself for eyes that could see him.

"Mazzini's death" (writes Mr. Taylor, three days after the death of his friend) "already seems a long-known fact—the vague recognition of a blank never to be filled up, and already become a well-understood feature of one's life. He was lost to us; at most one might have seen him once again; and his work was done, and for him there was nothing to look for but suffering. His life had been lived; it has not ended prematurely. It is fitter to rejoice to have known him than to lament that he is gone....Perhaps his most marked characteristic was that he united the Puritan of two centuries ago with the philosopher of to-day. He worked with and for God—not for the God of special interpositions and 'crowning mercies,' but for the God of Law and the Father of Humanity. 'God and the People' was written on his heart....You know as well as I do that with him rights were duties, and thought and action one; that he was brave and cool as a man could be, yet tender and pure as any woman; that his speculation was lofty as the heavens, and his affections diffusive as the falling rain. He could condemn himself or—harder trial for him—his friends to martyrdom, yet would nurse a sick bird or spoil a pet dog. He was stern in his judgments on what was base, yet most tolerant and loving, excusing what was only weak. He was a sun that lightened and warmed a world, but not less a beneficent personal blessing and elevation to the smallest circle that he inhabited. His life was classic, yet he was full of the geniality of humor. He *was*—and now what *is* he?....We who have loved and praised him always need now but stand aside and watch the world bring laurels to his grave. ....He has been called egotistic and petulant, and therefore unable to endure that what he had so long fought for, and done so much to gain, should be realized in any other than his own way; hence continued conspirings against the Italian government. The reverse is the true conclusion.' Egotism would have sided with his friends—myself among the number—who pleaded with him to leave the fight, and live his few last years among us in peace and literary activity only. We said: 'You have put your country on the right road to progress; you have gained independence and unity; the rest is a work of time, of more time than is yours. Disappointment and apparent failure will attend the first steps,' etc., etc. We failed because he was no egotist. While there was any thing not achieved, and while he had power to move, he could not rest. Had he consented to end his political life before he yielded his mortal life, he would have received this side the grave the laurels that now will adorn the cemetery."

Ah, what devotion did he put into his life's aim! Lately, when at Rome, witnessing the carnival on the Corso, I heard a voice cry from the thick of the crowd, "Viva Mazzini!" I turned quickly, and saw two or three young men, from whom I believed the voice proceeded; and their faces seemed to shine, their eyes seemed to mine the beacon fires of Rome arisen with beauty from her ashes. For I know that such devotion as Mazzini's, were it to animate only a few in the coming years, will be stronger than intrigues or corruptions. What force made all those hermits and heroes whose bones and jeweled skulls one sees worshiped in every church in Rome; what grandeur lay in St. George, whose broken spear and dust-worn banner they pretend to show you; what faith lay in the long, long line of martyrs and confessors whose dust these mouldering churches entomb—all lay in that man whose name heard on the Corso was the sweetest music I heard in Rome. He was the hermit of an idea, the St. George facing the dragon of tyranny. He had mastered the sense and right of his country: until there was a Rome that could satisfy him, no true man had a right to be satisfied. I little dreamed how soon that one voice, crying in the gay wilderness of confetti and flowers "Viva Mazzini!" would be multiplied by thousands.

Twenty thousand people gathered from the Piazza del Popolo—the place of the people—to the Capitol, where, standing beside the laurel-crowned statue of the dead hero, one of his bravest comrades, Cairoli, beside whom the people saw standing the four brothers of that name who had given their lives for Italian independence, exclaimed, "Romans, here where Rienzi fell, Mazzini triumphs!" There was a deep hush in the vast throng, who stood with uncovered heads, gazing on the white marble brow, which meant to them Mazzini crowned at last by Rome, though crowned in death. There was heard a chant proceeding from the adjacent church of Ara Cœli—that church in which Gibbon sat watching the worship of the wooden jewel-decked Bambino, when he resolved to write the story of the decline and fall of Rome. Like the dying sigh of a Rome forever past came the dismal chant of the priests; outside, in front of the Capitol, it was responded to by a great outburst of plaudits, which might have inspired a Gibbon to begin the history of another ascent for Rome. The Rome of emperors had risen

and fallen; the Rome of the popes had risen and fallen; now advances the Rome of the people!

Reading the account of the honors paid in Rome to Mazzini after his death, one may place by its side the patriot's description of his feelings as he entered that city in 1848, on the eve of the proclamation of the republic. "Rome," he says, "was the dream of my young years, the generating idea of my mental conception, the key-stone of my intellectual edifice, the religion of my soul; and I entered the city alone, one evening early in March, with a deep sense of awe, almost of worship. Rome was to me, as, in spite of her present degradation, she still is, the temple of humanity. From Rome will one day spring the religious transformation destined for the third time to bestow moral unity upon Europe.

"I had journeyed toward the sacred city with a heart sick unto death from the defeat of Lombardy, the new deceptions I had met with in Tuscany, and the dismemberment of our republican party over the whole of Italy. Yet, nevertheless, as I passed through the Porta del Popolo, I felt an electric thrill go through me, a spring of new life. I shall never see Rome more, but the memory of her will mingle with my dying thought of God and my best beloved; and wheresoever fate may lay my bones, I believe they will once more know the thrill that ran through me then on the day when the republican banner shall be planted, in pledge of the unity of our Italy, upon the Vatican and Capitol."

When death found him at the last, it was with his eyes and hands still stretched forth after the ideal which had called to him in his youth. There, where beside Pisa's tower he fell, the eyes may see prostrate at last the tower which might fall but never lean, whoever might bend or cringe. But above his dust there will still stand, for eyes that can see, the white column of his life, erect and pure amidst the wilderness of political servility and corruption. As I write these words I hear that to the lifeless form of Mazzini the youth of Italy so cling that they demand that he shall, by some process that has been discovered, be *petrified*, so that each year the patriots of Italy may make pilgrimages to gaze upon the brow once so busy for their country and for humanity. Rather let the weary dust mingle again with the life of nature; noble as its aspect was, it was but the thin-worn veil of the great soul, whose better homage were a fidelity like his own. Of all men, I believe, his life best repeated Schiller's monition, "Follow the dreams of thy youth!" Let the pilgrim who repairs to the grave of Mazzini see there the cypress, his symbol—"Ora è sempre," his motto—and let them read on his grave his own words: "Martyrdom is never barren, because each man sees on the martyr's brow a line of his own duty."

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE was a remarkable rumor during Anniversary week, especially in the A. B. C. D. E. F. G. circles, which probably came to the ears of many of the respected readers of this Magazine. The matter was whispered about privately, under strict injunctions of secrecy, so that it had the advantage of those things which are merely announced in the newspapers. And it is a question so interesting that we may all stop to consider it for a moment more, especially as Japan now tolerates our missionaries.

Is it really true, then, that the Japanese embassadors propose to establish a Buddhist mission in the United States? They have, perhaps, read the lives of Loyola and Dr. Judson and the travels of Huc, and are of opinion that one good turn deserves another. Reciprocity and amity are becoming the chief international principles; and it is probable that thoughtful observation of our condition has stimulated these worthy gentlemen from Asia to offer us some suitable return for the blessings of improved corn-shellers and revenue systems which we are bestowing upon them. The subject, it is understood, was introduced at a consultation of the embassadors in Washington, just before Anniversary week. A personage of great dignity opened the debate by remarking that his colleagues must all have observed the lamentable religious situation of the United States.

"The prevailing religion in this country," he said, in very pure Japanese, "is called Christianity. There are some forty millions of people here, who call themselves the most intelligent and enlightened people in the world, and vehemently insist that they are Christians—and yet they can not agree what Christianity is. If I ask any citizen why this is so, he answers me with a question, inquiring what I understand by Christianity. And when I have alluded to certain persons as Christians, I am told by other persons that I am very much mistaken, and that they are not Christians at all. At this I express great surprise, and remark that I thought that Christianity was the religion of the country, and that all the citizens were Christians. But I am informed that it is not so, and that those only who are called professors are real Christians. Pursuing the logical methods which are taught us in our beloved Japan, I then ask what it is that they profess, and am told that it is Christianity. All this seems to me a mystery of a circular character; but I persevere, and inquire whether Christianity is a profession or a practice. I am then answered that it is the practice which proves the truth of the profession, but

that the profession is the important thing. At this point the mystery becomes so profound that I lapse into meditative silence."

After some time another of the embassadors remarked that on a recent Sunday, which was the holy day of the Christians, he was passing a church near the hotel, and saw a large crowd gathered in the street, and a bonze in gorgeous robes addressing them from the steps. There was a band of music which played before and after the oration: and the preacher was very loud and vehement in his discourse. The embassador said that he soon discovered the occasion of the assembly to be the dedication or consecration of a statue of the saint from whom the church was named, and which was placed over the door. "I heard," said the speaker, "many amiable remarks upon the good influence of the statues of good men. But I wondered that as the bonze was speaking upon the subject in the neighborhood of the extraordinary statue of a military gentleman, sitting upon the tail of his horse and clutching his hat in great agony as the animal rears—I wondered, I say, that the worthy bonze did not still farther qualify his remark, and confine it to the good influence of *good* statues of good men. For in Japan we should doubt the good influence of a bad statue.

"But my mind was suddenly thrown from this poise of placid wonder by hearing the bonze exclaim with great fervor that every body knew there was but one real Christian church, and that was his. I rejoiced to have discovered at last what Christianity was, and I said to a neighbor, 'This, then, is the true Christian church? It is this that the American Christians acknowledge?' He replied with compassionate contempt that the church mentioned by the bonze was idolatrous, and that not a twelfth of the population believed in it. 'But is it not a Christian church?' I asked. 'That depends upon what you call Christianity,' he answered. 'What, then, is it?' I continued. He shrugged his shoulders, and smiled, 'That depends upon whom you ask.' 'Is there, then, no such thing as Christianity?' I exclaimed, in despair. 'Is it something that has no existence of its own, but depends upon what somebody says, or upon what somebody else thinks? My dear friend,' I continued, 'this bonze has just said that his church *knows*, not that it thinks, nor that it depends upon somebody else's opinion. Now if his church *knows*, that settles it, and you must all be persuaded of its truth.'

"'Wa'al, we ain't,' was the only answer I received. I have discovered, with my illustrious colleagues, that we have come to a Christian country in which nobody knows what Christianity is, and where the population is divided into little sets, each of which says that it is Christian and that the others are not. When I go into the street on a beautiful summer morning, and say, respectfully, to a respectable person, 'I wish to go to a Christian church,' he replies by asking me whether I am a Baptist or an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian or a Methodist, a Congregationalist or a Roman Catholic. I said, one day, 'I don't know what you mean; but I wish to go to a Christian church, so I will go over to that one.' And I pointed to one at a little distance. 'That it not a Christian church,' said he, gravely, shaking his head. 'How is that?' I replied. 'I see a steeple, and I hear a bell tolling, and well-dressed people going in at the door—how is it not a Christian church?' 'Because it is Unitarian,' he answered, and went gravely on. But I crossed the street, and I said to a person upon the steps, 'Is this a Christian church?' He smiled and said, 'I hope so.' 'But don't you *know?*' I asked. 'Is there nobody in this country who *knows* whether a church is a Christian church or not?' 'That depends upon what you call Christian,' said he; and I swooned upon the pavement."

The experience of the other embassadors was of the same kind, and it was agreed that something must be done. "Common gratitude demands it," said the embassador who had first spoken. "When I think of the horse-rakes and political economy which the United States are showering upon us, the very least that we can do is to establish missions. We will pay them spiritually for material benefits. They give us revenue; we will give them religion." This view was very heartily received. It was decided that as the American people did not understand what Christianity was, they should be taught a religion which they could understand. It is very remarkable, however, that since this has been known there is the utmost indignation upon the part of many worthy persons. They declare that it is preposterous that these Oriental heathen should have the insolence to propose to convert Christian America. Shade of Dr. Judson, and of many missionaries! has it come to this that Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strands, instead of staying at home to be converted by us, are to cross the sea and attempt *our* conversion?

The Easy Chair remonstrated in this sense with some of the Japanese embassadors. "Your Excellencies," it said, "you labor under an illusion. It is the business of us Christians to convert, and of you heathen to be converted. We propose to introduce Christianity into Asia and Africa and Polynesia—" At this point the Easy Chair was asked what it meant by Christianity. It explained as well as it could. "Ah," said an illustrious embassador, "at last I understand. This, then, is Christianity! And in this you are all agreed. Your neighbors, and the people in Oregon and in California and every where in the country, all agree that this is Christianity; so that there is no further question." They have a curious pertinacity, these Japanese. But the Easy Chair replied that it could not, perhaps, be quite sure of such unanimity. "Very well; let us see: how sure can you be?" said the embassador. "To begin with, how many of your neighbors agree with you?" The Easy Chair thought of Lord Dundreary's "sort of thing that no fellow could be expected to know." But it beamed benevolently at his Excellency, and answered, with the boy in the grammar-class who was asked by his teacher, severely, Be there any nouns? "Now and then one." "Oho!" said the embassador, sardonically, "then this is not Christianity, but only your opinion of it! Good Easy Chair, it seems to me that it will be time enough to send to Japan to convert us to Christianity when you have decided among yourselves what Christianity is. We think that our religion is quite as good for us as yours is for you. If you may properly come and try to convert us, we

may certainly come and try to convert you. At least we can begin. We propose only to try to show you that in religion it is not the profession but the practice which is the important point. We are going to send missionaries to prove to you that if you are true and charitable in all your relations; if you honestly fear God, by whatever name you call him, and show in your lives the spirit of the founder of Christianity; if you make earth the heaven that purity and self-sacrifice and forgiveness and knowledge can make it—then your professions are of very little importance. Then every church will be a Christian church in this country, and when a stranger asks you what is Christianity, you will not be forced to give the absurd answer that it depends upon what you mean by Christianity."

This was enough. The Easy Chair gives the alarm. No time is to be lost. It is plain that under the smooth pretense of cultivating friendship with the United States, and becoming their pupils, and sitting at the feet of our sewing-machines, the Japanese embassy is engaged in a deep, dark plot to subvert our religion. The A. B. C. D. E. F. G. must look to this matter. If the heathen are to land upon these shores and take to converting us to loving one another, who is safe? If the Japanese are to inundate us with missionaries to convert us before we have fully converted Japan, as at last accounts we had not, then every man, as it were, to the front! Let us all stand by our guns. And as the insidious foe always begins his attack by asking, "What is Christianity?" let the Easy Chair warn the whole line not to fall into the trap of answering, "Wa'al, that depends."

But let every corps and division and brigade and regiment and company and officer and man answer—if a Baptist, that Christianity is the Baptist theory; if a Presbyterian, that it is the Presbyterian theory. Do not, above all things, say that the points of difference between the various views are non-essentials, because even the small eyes of the Japanese can see that it is upon the points of difference that we fight hardest, and that we deny the name of Christian upon sectarian considerations. The only true way to repel the attack is for every body to give a different answer as to what Christianity is; and if that policy confounds the enemy as much as it confuses us, our victory is sure. Meanwhile let us all agree that while it is not only our right but our plain duty to go into other countries and tell the people that their religion is false and their worship foolish, yet that nothing is so plain a proof of heathen degradation as that the people of those countries should come to us to tell us the very same thing.

While our Japanese visitors have been considering how they might do us the most good, the Mercantile Library Association in New York and the National Academy of Design have been considering what is called the Sunday question. Shall the library and the gallery be open on Sundays? In London the same question was asked a few years since in regard to recreation upon that day, and *Punch* took a very comical part in the discussion. The Archbishop of Canterbury as an old woman was one of the jester's most felicitous strokes. The Sunday question is a test. It instantly divides opinion. Upon one side are some, but not all, of the religious community with those excellent citizens whose religion is chiefly decorum. This last is the class distinctively called conservative. Its argument is that it has always been so, and that the proposition is an innovation. Conservatism of this kind looks at facts, not at reasons. If the castle is very inconvenient, and even crumbling, yet, on the other hand, it is very old, and it is picturesquely overgrown. Perhaps your new house might not be well built. Perhaps it would be ill ventilated. Perhaps you would go into it before the plaster was dry. Perhaps—in fact, here is a very old house that we know perfectly well; why should you build a new one?

This is the steady old conservative argument—the roadster: the safe, sound, square-trotting family horse. This is the argument of possession—the plea of the Old World against Columbus. "Signor Christopher, you *may* find a route to the Indies by sailing west, but you may not. We know the old way; but who knows what may be far beyond the western horizon? What do you ask, signor? Will this egg stand on end? Certainly not, no more than you can reach the east by sailing west.—What's that? Oh! ah! why, indeed! who would have thought it? It really does seem to stand." If any Spaniard of high degree condescended to witness the departure, he probably saw Columbus sail to discover a new world with much the same feeling that a respectable and comfortable Easy Chair would watch from the Battery the embarkation of two men and a small dog in an open boat for Europe. And the Spaniards of high degree still follow the same fashion. Columbus is perpetually sailing from Palos on the morning of the 3d of August, 1492, and the crowd on the shore still stare at him incredulously as an absurd fanatic.

But on the other side of the question there is always Columbus who knows how to make the egg stand on end, and who discovers a new continent. He does not know precisely what he is to find, but he does know that he must go. So with the Sunday question the opposition is composed of other religious persons, and those who are called liberal thinkers. For it will be seen that what is called the religious community is not unanimous upon the subject. Both in the library and the academy it is understood that there were advocates of opening the doors on Sunday who are of unquestionable "standing" in the religious world. Indeed, the whole opposition proceeds upon a fallacy.

The real argument against opening parks and gardens and libraries and galleries on Sundays is that they will tempt people away from church, and fill their minds with thoughts improper for the day. "Where will you stop?" argues the square-trotter. "You will open a library to-day, a gallery to-morrow; then you will open a theatre next week, and what not the week after? Let us prevent the ingress of the first drop, and we shall be in no danger of being swamped by the whole ocean. Opening libraries and galleries is the tip of Satan's little finger. Smite it off, or his huge hand will follow and drag us under!"

The reply to this is that it is not true, because the argument forgets the actual situation. As a fact, the bad places, as you think them,

are already opened. The gardens, the saloons, the cafés, the parks—opportunities of drinking, of dancing, of billiards, of many relaxations, are offered on every hand. If a man or a woman wishes some kind of recreation on Sunday—does not care to go to church, let us say, more than once a day—he or she is now forced to some one of the places the opening of which you think would be one of the direful consequences of opening the library or the gallery. The saloons are quite independent of the gallery and the library. And suppose you should affect to close them too; they would still be open on the sly. But if you could seal them hermetically on Sunday, then what? Suppose that libraries, galleries, gardens, bar-rooms, billiard-rooms, saloons, and resorts of every kind were absolutely closed on Sundays, so that out of our homes there were nothing but the churches and the streets to which we could repair, what would be the effect?

This question exposes another fallacy of the Sabbatarian argument. It implies that people would go to church if they had no other places to go to on Sunday. But apart from the worthlessness of church-going for such a reason, it is again not true. On the contrary, in the degree that church-going became in this manner coercive or compulsory, it would become odious. There would be a disastrous reaction against Sabbatarian tyranny. The holy day would become a hateful day. Its black shadow would chill all the week, and the hostility to the gloomy despotism of worship would extend to the being worshiped. A Puritan Sunday makes a Puritan God. The beauty of holiness, the joy of the sanctuary, the feast of the saints, would wither and droop under compulsion as spring buds before an icy wind. This is the ugliest aspect of Puritanism, but it is not by far the whole of it. The Easy Chair does not join in confounding the essential spirit of Puritanism with such accidents as the Blue Laws and the cruel Sunday which it imposed. Puritanism is often in scoffing mouths the synonym of gloomy bigotry, of bold fanaticism, a spirit which shudders at music and frowns at flowers, which preached general damnation through its nose, but which made the idea of heaven intolerable by the mere suggestion that it would be a perfect and eternal Puritan world.

But Puritanism was essentially liberty. It was the ark that bore the covenant of the human child with the Divine Father. It was its independence and tenacity, not its theology, that was valuable. It was essentially freedom of conscience, although it was itself intolerant. It broke the will of Rome with a will as iron as the Roman; and although it turned round and sought to impose its own will as orthodoxy, it was itself triumphant heterodoxy. The nut was sweet as manna from heaven, although it was incased in a husk harsh, prickly, and repulsive, as if from the other place. The Sabbatarian tyranny is a thorn from that husk. It stings religion and morality.

It must not be supposed, then, that to drive people from the library and the gallery is to drive them into the church. And the plain, practical question, therefore, is whether we will contend with the worse resorts by opening better. The people will go somewhere on Sunday. In the city of New York it is a mere handful that goes to church, and even if all wished to go, they could not, for there is not church-room enough. Shall we, then, give them good and pleasant and profitable places to go to, or compel them to another kind? Nor can we deny it: it is better for thousands and thousands of persons, and therefore for society, that they should have the opportunity of recreation upon their only holiday. All human interests are intertwined. The Central Park is not only an æsthetic, but a moral and material benefit to the city. The taxes that pay for it help lighten the taxation to repress crime. Thus beauty itself becomes an element in political economy, and parks, libraries, galleries, schools, are the subtlest and most secret police.

The Mercantile Library has opened its doors on Sunday, and the National Academy has authorized its council to do the same if it chooses. Let us hope that it will choose to unbar. Do not forbid looking at beautiful pictures on Sunday because some one may ask why he should not also get drunk. If it is right and beneficent to look at pictures, it does not become wrong or hurtful because some one may make it an excuse for fighting a pair of cocks. Suppose somebody should see your face, Sir or Madame, returning from church, and should thereupon declare that he must drink a tumbler of whisky to take the taste of that sour Puritanic countenance out of his mouth, should you, therefore, refuse to go to church any more? If the trees and the hills and the flowers, the divine book of nature, are freely opened to us every Sunday, need we close our libraries in which the echoes and lessons of that good book lurk? If the pomp of clouds and sky, the splendor of sunrise and sunset, are unrolled before every eye on Sunday, need we hide our little pictures which try to reproduce them?

Is there any nationality which has become so entirely a passionate romantic sentiment as the Irish? The largest halls will be crowded by the most rapt and enthusiastic audience to hear a fervid orator denounce the invader and despoiler, and prophesy that from her ruins and her desolation Erin will rise again triumphant. It is a faith even more actual and intense than that of the Israelites in their restoration. Traditionally they wait with their hearts turned toward Zion and the Holy City. One day, they say, all the tribes will be gathered again, and the chosen people shall be supreme. But they make no raids upon Palestine. They throw no banners to the breeze at the Hebrew head-quarters in foreign cities. They do not march annually in solemn procession and shake metaphorical fists at abstract tyrants, and kindle with tearful enthusiasm as the legends of Tara and the Druidical hill, of Patrick and the monasteries, are fondly repeated.

That story of the royal residence upon the hill of Tara; the pavilion here, the summer palace there; the proud coronation of Brian Boru as king of united Ireland; the coming of Patrick, saint of the sunny life; the declaration of the Druids that he spake truth; the prostration of the queen in recognition of his Divine mission—all this imposing tale, recited a hundred times in every form of rhetoric, is as familiar to every Irishman as the news of the morning to the diligent reader. There is no spectacle more inter-

esting than that of the Irish throng hanging upon the words of an Irish orator as he tells the old tale. They are all sure that Ireland was once the calm seat of a lofty civilization, the chosen land of religion, the mother of arts and learning. Soft and fair were the fields of their native land; stately and beautiful the temples that a pure faith builded; peaceful, frugal, and industrious the people that tilled the fertile soil, and whose voices filled the air with the sound of prayers and of hymns of adoration.

As the impassioned orator proceeds, the picture becomes more vivid and alluring. The sympathetic crowd behold with fascination. If the speaker be a priest, still more a friar in the garb of his order, most of all if he be a Dominican or a Franciscan, whose ministry first combined in theory the virtues of the cloister with those of society, how profound is the attention! All lands dwindle before the historic reality of Ireland, which they hear described, and what nation to-day rivals that ideal nation which was old when Rome was new—the nation to which they belong!

"'It is my land," fervently exclaims the orator, "my native land! I am born of that race, so intensely peculiar—one of the master races of the world! My fathers, your fathers, were the spiritual children of Saint Patrick. It is our faith that has maintained our nationality. Often all has perished but that; but while that remains Irish nationality is indestructible. Of all nations the most Christian at its first conversion, the most Christian still. For what were the three chief characteristics of the founder of our religion but poverty, chastity, and obedience? These were the vows of the monastic orders. By these the Christian character was most fully developed. And these are the characteristics of my countrymen to-day!"

Not the sanctity of the temple restrains the applause. That eager multitude, hard-working men and women, of little education, sit or unconsciously rise as they listen, and revenge themselves upon the cruelty of fact by delight in that illimitable fancy. Yet the orator has few charms, and little real eloquence. His voice, indeed, is full and manly, but it has little music, nor is his action graceful, nor is his oration lit with imagination. But he certainly gives you a fresh impression of the intensity of the Irish national feeling. "The Danish invaders found as they landed on Irish soil what I wish every other invader had found—a grave." They are not startling words from an Irishman to Irishmen; but they are strange to hear from one calling himself a Christian minister standing before a Christian altar. Yet they are spoken with a feeling which seems the more sincere when he adds, "I preach no rebellion, nor do I pretend to hate Englishmen, among whom I have true and beloved friends."

That remark showed how purely a sentiment the Irish nationality has become. It has virtually ceased to be a cause. For the raids which they make are of small proportions and upon a distant soil, and the head-quarters from which banners are flung to the breeze are far, very far, from the hill of Tara. The splendors of a civilization all traces of which have perished, the docile innocence of a primitive people which the ardent imagination can readily picture, a universal goodness and power and supremacy and happiness which nobody can disprove more than he can prove, all lift the argument into the realm of twilight and shadows and romance. If there were a great civilization here, did it not perish in conflict with a greater? In the course of history do the more powerful influences succumb to the weaker? If, as the orator declares, it is his Church which has maintained the nationality of Ireland, how has it maintained it? Has it made the people intelligent and prosperous? Has it freed them from superstition, and broken all spiritual shackles? Has it taught them the arts of industry, and preached peace and good-will? It has been wickedly persecuted, no student will deny; but did it never persecute? The power of its priesthood has been almost absolute. But responsibility is commensurate with power. How has it discharged that responsibility in elevating its people?

These are the questions that follow in the mind of many a hearer the sad words of the orator. "The greatness of my country is seen in her ruins," he says, with a feeling to which the sensitive heart of the audience thrills in response. But what are those ruins? Are they buildings only? Are they only the round towers, the cromlechs, and the mossy stones of fallen monasteries? What constitutes a state, O fervent father? And what is that which, while it remains, may smile at all other ruins? If you ask us to see Ireland in its ruins, we may look and discover warmth of feeling, generosity, genius, the qualities of a historic race; but we shall look for them elsewhere than on the hill of the Druids or among the foundations of Armagh.

As he ends, the orator turns toward the altar for a moment; then, putting his hand under his Dominican robe, he descends the steps and disappears from the church. The organ fills the air with the pathetic melody which Moore's song has made familiar:

> "The harp that once through Tara's halls
> The soul of music shed."

The audience, delighted for an hour and a half, rises and pours out at the doors, every one prouder that he comes of a nation which built the round towers, and which furnished the most learned scholars of the Middle Ages. It has not been a discourse which rooted them faster in the land which they have chosen for a home and for their children's country. Its moral is twofold: first, that the English invaded Ireland, sought to obliterate its nationality by every monstrous means, and are the authors of its long misery; and second, that the nationality will endure only so long as the dominant form of religious faith in Ireland remains unchanged. But the cultivation of an aimless traditional hatred is certainly worse than useless, and mere sentimental passion is fatal to vigorous character.

It would be well if orators who come to us from abroad would remember that any appeal to any part of the population of this country which tends to destroy its homogeneity is a little impertinent. The condition of the true power and permanence of the American nation is assimilation, not aggregation. A great nationality will spring from intimate union and transfusion, not from patching and confederating. The instinct of union is not partisan or local, it points to the

necessary law of national existence and development. Real union is delayed and a genuine nationality is impossible so long as we rally in different clans with no common slogan. In other days, when an American traveler entered his name upon the book of a hotel by some Italian lake, or far up a Swiss valley, as from Virginia or Texas, the little fact had a significance which really involved civil war. Akin to the feeling which made that entry is the division of American citizens by the names of other countries, and the appeal sometimes made in politics to this vote or to that vote. How will the Germans go? how will the Irish vote? are questions which really imply that they are not Americans, and therefore ought not to vote at all.

The audience which the fervid orator of whom we have been speaking addressed was an American audience. It was, indeed, largely composed of citizens who were born in Ireland, or who were descended from Irish ancestors. But if the hearer waited to hear them exhorted to reproduce in their chosen new country the virtues which the orator described as distinguishing their ancestors in the old, he listened in vain. They were told of the isle of saints, of the scholars, of the seats of learning full of men devoted to temperance and all the virtues. But let the hearer remember what the orator forgot to say —that the same virtues and the same education and intelligence would make their new country greater than their old. They were told that their form of religious faith had preserved their nationality. But let them not forget that they have changed their nationality, and that here all forms of religious faith are equal. Messieurs, the orators may cry *resurgam*, and prophesy the restoration of the grandeur and the glory of Tara and of Armagh. But what then? We are Americans.

Editor's Literary Record.

POETRY.

Olrig Grange (J. R. Osgood and Co.), a reprint from the English, is, we judge, the work of a new poet. The only indication of its authorship afforded by the title-page is the statement that it is "edited by HERMANN KUNST, Philological Professor." The book is one of singular originality, both in its construction and in the working out of the poet's idea. It is a dramatic poem, and yet it is not cast in a dramatic form. There are but five characters in the book; each character appears, so to speak, upon the stage, utters his soliloquy, and departs to make room for his successor. The book, indeed, recalls the form of the ancient Greek drama, while Hermann Kunst acts the part of chorus, introducing each character successively in a prologue which the author entitles—why, we fail to guess—"editorial." The story is a drama of love, and yet in this respect, like "Within and Without," the love drama is only a thread on which to hang some religious and ethical teaching. The young skeptic who yet feels a faith which his intellect can not define, the cold and cynical doubter of all invisible truth, the woman of the world who hides her selfishness under a thin varnish of pretended piety, and a girl of proud and passionate nature, whose soul has been wrested from its native noble impulses by a false education, are the chief characters of the book—Hester, Thorold's sister, having no strongly marked individuality. While here and there we find isolated lines whose meaning we can not fathom, and some defective rhymes, in the main the poem is clear in its significance and rhythmical in its movement, while it is instinct with a quick and passionate feeling that makes it glow throughout with genuine poetic fervor. We are obliged to deny ourselves the liberty of quoting some stanzas which we had marked, but we recommend the book warmly as a genuine addition to modern poetry.

The public, both in this country and in England, have already passed their verdict upon WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT'S incomparable translation of *Homer* (J. R. Osgood and Co.). We have here only to record anew that verdict, which is expressed in the one word—incomparable. In rhythmic smoothness and elegance, combined with that peculiar and indescribable quality of rugged strength so characteristic of the original, it is without a peer, certainly without a superior, in the literature of translations. The second volume of the Odyssey, now before the public, completes the work, which we hope to see published in a smaller and cheaper edition, such as will bring this English Homer within the reach of the great masses of the reading public.—*Out-of-Door Rhymes*, by ELIZA SPROAT TURNER (J. R. Osgood and Co.), possess qualities which entitle them to a more pretentious title. All rhymes are not poetry, but we have read none of these in which there is not a genuine poetic spirit. There is a catholic appreciation of the grander truths of the unseen world, as in "How their Creeds Differed," a poetic perception of the hidden truths of nature, as in "The Sea and the Streams," and a tender touch of humanity, especially in those that speak of children.—*The Masque of the Gods*, by BAYARD TAYLOR (J. R. Osgood and Co.), is a book of poetical metaphysics, in which nature, in its various phases, and the various deities of the past, as well as the Christians' God, participate in a series of discussions. We are not quite clear that we comprehend, on a single reading, the lesson which the author means to teach. It appears, however, to be that every deity contained some partial conception of the character of the true God most perfectly disclosed in Immanuel, yet only to be fully understood in the future. The summing up of the whole discussion appears to be in the closing lines of the poem, which, as a whole, possesses no little power and beauty:

> "Chide us not: be patient: we
> Are children still: we were mistaken oft;
> Yet we believe that in some riper time
> Thy perfect Truth shall come."

—JOHN G. SAXE gives a very fair intimation of the character and quality of his last book of poetry by its title, *Fables and Legends of Many*

Countries, Rendered in Rhyme (J. R. Osgood and Co.). Some of these legends have a poetic element in them, and others are in their nature prosaic. Mr. Saxe has not transfused them with any poetic spirit of his own, he has simply rendered them into rhyme; pleasant rhymes they are, and pleasant reading, but how far removed from the highest poetry the reader may readily perceive by comparing "The Vision of the Faithful" with Longfellow's exquisite rendering of the same legend.

FICTION.

F. W. Robinson occupies a front place in the second class of English novelists. Without possessing the marked characteristics of any one of the great novelists, he possesses a rare combination of qualities which make his stories not only entertaining, but also genuine works of art. His plot is never so peculiar and ingenious as those of Wilkie Collins, but in the construction of a story he is next to Collins, and his plot, if less ingenious, is more rational. His incidents do not follow each other with the tumultuous rapidity which characterizes those of Charles Reade's stories, but they are far more natural and self-consistent. There is none of that delicacy and fineness of touch which make George Eliot, as a painter both of scenery and characters, without a peer; but the reader's taste is never offended by the coarse stage painting of the lower order of novelists. English life and character are not photographed, as by Trollope, nor sketched with artistic fidelity, as by Farjeon; and yet his stories are not vague romances without a local habitation, but are unmistakably national, though the national traits constitute the incident, not the essence, of the story. *A Bridge of Glass* (Harper and Brothers) possesses in a remarkable degree the peculiarities which have made Robinson so popular a novelist. Its features are such that we shall expect to see it follow the previous works of the same author on to the stage; indeed, the structure of the story is so essentially dramatic that the work of the playwright would be little else than to change the form of the drama. Some of the characters are exceedingly well drawn, though none of them are great conceptions. There is no particular lesson conveyed in the story, which is, indeed, a love drama, pure and simple.

In *Maud Mohan* (Harper and Brothers) there are but few characters of any prominence, but the author, Annie Thomas, has displayed considerable power in working them up. Despite serious faults, most of them are agreeable. The interest of the story lies in the love experiences of the hero, who finds himself in the perplexing position of being madly in love with two women at once. As the laws of England do not provide for this sort of thing, the novelist kindly gets him out of his dilemma by marrying him first to one heroine, killing her off, and then marrying him to the second. They are both well worthy of his love and he worthy of theirs; and if the story has any moral at all, it is simply that a man had better confine his attentions and his affections to one young lady, if he does not want to get into a perplexity from which he may not always find relief as did Sir Edward Maskleyne.

Laicus (Dodd and Mead), by Lyman Abbott, possesses some characteristics which distinguish it from the average story. Its purpose, frankly confessed in the preface, is to discuss, from a layman's point of view, some questions which are generally discussed from a clerical point of view alone. It is a very simple story of incidents in the life of a lay member of a country parish. The characters of the representative men of the parish, Mr. Wheaton, Mr. Hardcap, Deacon Goodsole, old Father Hyatt, and Mr. Gear, are drawn with fresh, simple, wholesome power, with pleasant touches of humor here and there. There is little or no plot; and the book makes the impression, from time to time, of not being thoroughly worked out—a fact, however, which may in part arise from our being habituated to plots in stories such as rarely exist in actual life. In style the book is sharp, incisive, pointed, admirable in many places for lightness and strength; in spirit it is genuinely Christian, broad, mellow, and earnest. It is a very pleasant book to read, well adapted to win the interest of the average reader in the beginning and keep it to the close, and thus to introduce him to some of the important problems of the present hour, which, presented in a less attractive form, would hardly secure his consideration. It will be useful in calling the attention of Christian people to the actual bearings of some things, to which now they give very little heed—the management of church finances, for example—and the effect will be more considerable on many minds than if the book was professedly and obtrusively written for the purpose of teaching any particular philosophy on these subjects.

It is somewhat surprising that with so much in American life that is dramatic there are so few genuine dramatists among American authors. Or is the lack of characteristic national novels due to the fact that the novelists can not compete with the newspapers—that in American society it is peculiarly true that fact is stranger than fiction? However that may be, certainly the law of demand and supply, on which political economists lay so much stress, appears to fail in literature; for the demand for some genuine pictures of American life is very great, and the supply is very meagre. The latest attempt to meet this want is *Five Hundred Majority; or, The Days of Tammany* (G. P. Putnam and Sons). A young lawyer goes to New York; after waiting for a client for a long while in vain, gets one at last by the ingenious device of getting himself arrested for a crime, and clearing himself by conclusively proving his innocence. This brings him to the notice not only of the public, but of Barton Seacrist, a Tammany magnate, who thinks him a useful appendage to the party, and appoints him to office. Clinton Maintland, thus introduced to New York society, soon occupies a leading position, by reason, of course, of his splendid talents. He refuses to surrender his personal convictions of truth and duty to the behests of the party, and becomes engaged as a leader in an unsuccessful revolt against Tammany, albeit he is himself elected by five hundred majority. The interest of the story turns chiefly on the political intrigues and manœuvres which centre about this election. But there is a political young lady introduced, a sort of pacific and modern Joan of Arc, to give a small flavor of love by way of seasoning to the romance;

and some attempt at a mystery is made by involving Clinton Maintland in a charge of murder, from which he is triumphantly vindicated. The story has some rather graphic pictures of certain phases of New York city life, but, on the whole, it impresses us as having been written to order by some one who thought that a novel about Tammany would be popular, and to belong to the second class of novels, and hardly in their front rank.

HESBA SHELTON is never a great but always a pleasant writer. *Bede's Charity* (Dodd and Mead) is a charming though not powerful story, with a strong moral against selfishness and worldly ambition, and many a pleasant little picture and many a little poem in prose, not worked out, but suggested to the reader in a single paragraph.—Four collections of short stories lie on our table among the recent fiction. *Old School-Fellows* (American Tract Society) is a very capital series. There is some moralizing at the opening and the close of the book which might as well have been omitted by the author, and will be very likely to be skipped by the reader; but the stories themselves are very fresh in incident and graphic in style.—JEAN INGELOW'S *Stories Told to a Child*, second series (Roberts Brothers), is a book the like of which one does not often meet. The poet consecrates her very best gifts to the children in this little volume, and some of the allegories are as quaint and charming as any thing we have ever met. A deep religious sentiment imbues nearly if not quite all of them.—*Beauty and the Beast* (G. P. Putnam and Sons), being the first tale in the volume of BAYARD TAYLOR'S "Tales of Home," gives its title to the book. It is not by any means the best in the volume, which are those of a successful story-teller. To write short stories requires a skill which few even of successful writers possess. These stories are quite out of the beaten track, and though the characters are, of course, only sketched, there is a good deal of individuality and force in them.—The same house issues *At Home and Abroad*, a series of miscellanies by JOHN P. KENNEDY. There are some good things in the book; but it is a book neither of travels, stories, nor essays, but a little of each. It is, in fact, a scrap-book made up of Mr. KENNEDY'S fugitive pieces; and such a book is never very satisfactory.—Miss JOANNA H. MATHEWS we regard as one of the very best story-writers for young children. We welcome for our own little folks, and cordially commend to our readers for their children, her last series, *Little Sunbeams* (Robert Carter and Brothers).

POPULAR SCIENCE.

AMONG the various attempts made to popularize science, we have fallen upon nothing which seems to us more likely to prove serviceable than the series of *Science Primers* edited by Professors HUXLEY, ROSCOE, and BALFOUR STEWART (D. Appleton and Co.). They are little volumes of a hundred pages each. Their statements of scientific principles are simplified to the utmost degree, not merely by the absence of scientific terms, but also by the fact that the principles elucidated are those which are fundamental and alphabetic, and the experiments described are those of the simpler sort, requiring little mechanism: indeed, a large proportion of those described can be tried by a reader of ordinary intelligence and skill with instruments of his own manufacture.

In *Instinct in Animals and Men* (G. P. Putnam and Sons) Professor CHADBOURNE discusses a subject concerning which dogmatic assumption has quite too long passed for positive knowledge. The old theory that animals are governed by instinct and man alone by reason has been proved quite untenable. The distinction between man and the rest of the animal creation is by no means so clear and simple as the old philosophers would have us suppose. Mr. Darwin has shown very conclusively by his collection of curious facts that animals reason; and Mr. Chadbourne shows quite as conclusively that man possesses instincts, and that these instincts run the whole gamut of his nature, from the animal appetites up to the religious aspirations. If he does not draw very clearly the distinction between instinct and reason, it is because the one fades into the other, and the line can be no more definitely and clearly drawn than that which separates animal from vegetable life.

Professor EDWARD FONTAINE, in a series of ethnological lectures on *How the World was Peopled* (D. Appleton and Co.), maintains the descent of the whole human race from a single pair. The origin of the book imparts to it a certain diffuse and discursive character, and the evident theological prepossessions of the author impair somewhat its value as a scientific contribution, or, at least, its efficacy over scientific minds. But it is calm in its spirit, and its author has collected a great amount of useful and interesting information bearing upon the subject which he discusses.—The readers of *Harper's Magazine* who have followed its Scientific Record from month to month will know how to value the *Annual Record of Science and Industry for* 1871, edited by SPENCER F. BAIRD (Harper and Brothers), which comprises the greater part of the Scientific Record for the year, together with a great amount of original matter. Mr. Baird's name and the high reputation which the Scientific Record of the *Monthly* and the Scientific Intelligence of the *Weekly* have attained among scientific men in this country are a sufficient guarantee of the accuracy and value of the information contained, and the list of authorities referred to—English, French, German, and American—shows how wide have been the reading and the research employed in making this collection. The topics are well arranged in a classified order, such as chemistry, mineralogy and geology, natural history, and the like, and the book is accompanied with an admirable index, by means of which the reader may refer to any subject. The book is, in short, an encyclopedia of science for the year, and we trust it will be regularly followed by similar annual volumes.—The *Wonders of Electricity* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) must be read with constant recollection of its French origin. It gives very little correct idea of the contribution which America has made to the science of electricity. Such a statement concerning Morse as that it was not until 1838 that he succeeded in getting telegraphic companies to adopt his telegraph is hardly pardonable in a French work. How the American editor should have suffered it to pass without correction it is not

easy to understand. Subject to this important qualification, the book contains a great deal of instructive information, presented in a clear and readable manner, for the benefit of unscientific readers.—Sir JOHN LUBBOCK is an archæologist rather than a philosopher, and has rendered material service to the cause of science rather by his assiduity in the collection of curious facts than by his skill in their classification, or his wisdom in deducing conclusions from them. *Prehistoric Times* (D. Appleton and Co.) is a large and handsome volume on the ancient remains of prehistoric civilization, and on the manners and customs of modern savages. It is a store-house of curious information upon the subject, and is fully illustrated by a great variety of wood-cuts. But the reader will do well to draw his own conclusions, rather than to leave the author to draw them for him.

HISTORY.

THE history of that movement or series of movements which culminated in the civil war and the emancipation of the slave is something more than an important chapter in American history. It may rather be said to constitute the later history of the nation. *The Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America* (J. R. Osgood and Co.), of which the first volume is before us, admirably unfolds this phase of American history. Its author, Hon. HENRY WILSON, has proved himself well fitted for the task he has undertaken. Throughout his life he has been a close student of slavery, and in active sympathy with the antislavery movement. Possessing no such scholarly tastes and qualifications as those of his colleague, Mr. Sumner, he is in more living sympathy with the people; he is an assiduous student, but of modern life; and to personal knowledge of public affairs such as few Americans possess has added the results of patient and painstaking research; he possesses a mind free from the prejudice of passion; he is earnest in his opposition to slavery, but without bitterness or hate, for his earnestness is that of one who is by nature and culture a devoted friend of universal humanity; his style is strong but not passionate, and he writes with an impartial calmness even of such events as the mobs of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and the martyrdom of Lovejoy—a calmness which will give his history a permanent place and power, which one more heated and rhetorical could not attain; and in his analyses of leading characters, such as William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and Arthur Tappan, he gives evidence of rare power of discrimination of character. It is possible that his history will not be as popular as one which had indulged more in glowing eulogy and fiery invective, but it will be more abiding. The industry that has proved itself able to amass and digest the materials for so comprehensive and careful a work, amidst all the busy cares involved in the author's public position, is something amazing, and it affords a new evidence that the secret of true success is not fitful genius, but well-applied industry.

The history of American slavery has its romantic side; it abounds with episodes and isolated dramas quite as striking in their illustrations of the heroism and the patient endurance which the love of liberty inspires as any that are afforded by the history of ancient Greece. In *The Under-ground Railroad* (Porter and Coates) WILLIAM STILL, himself a colored man, takes off the seal of secrecy, and gives the public some insight into the operations of that transportation line known to most Americans only vaguely, and, indeed, by many believed to be a sort of myth. The author was for many years connected with the antislavery office in Philadelphia, and chairman of the active vigilance committee of the Philadelphia under-ground railroad. It is at the request of the Pennsylvania Antislavery Society that he has prepared this volume, the materials for which are chiefly furnished by his personal reminiscences and experiences. He disavows in his preface the possession of any peculiar literary qualifications: his humility has, however, served him in better stead. He has attempted no fine writing, and has nowhere interposed his own personality. There is not the least savor of egotism in his pages. When he has a story to tell, he tells it simply and naturally; he is neither diffuse, nor dull, nor melodramatic; but when he can he calls the fugitive upon the stand to tell the story of his experiences in his own words. Mr. Still's work is thus a collection of narratives rather than a history, experiences of travel by the under-ground railway rather than a philosophical account of the organization or a connected account of its work.

There are probably few American readers who have not a vague idea of the remains of America's prehistoric civilization; very few, perhaps, who have not had pointed out to them somewhere, at some time in their life, some of those tumuli so common in various parts of the country, and popularly known as Indian mounds. But there are probably comparatively few who are aware how extensive and, in some respects, advanced a civilization existed in this country, not only previous to its discovery by Columbus, but even previous to the era of the North American Indians. The information on this subject has heretofore been scattered through various volumes, many of them French and Spanish, and most of them quite inaccessible to the general reader. This information JOHN D. BALDWIN, in his *Ancient America* (Harper and Brothers), has brought together and arranged in a very clear and perspicuous manner, illustrating it by a great variety of wood-cuts of the various archæological specimens which scientific explorations have brought to light in America. The book is not only one of great interest to the antiquarian and to all those interested in investigating the history of the past, it also opens to the American reader an essential chapter in the history of his own country.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

WHERE doctors disagree this literary recorder does not undertake to decide the doubtful disputation—least of all where the disputants are theological doctors. It is a singular fact that that book of the Bible in which probably Christian experience finds the greatest nutriment, and from which it would be the most reluctant to part, is the one which, of all others, modern criticism attacks with the greatest vehemence—The Gospel of John. EDMUND H. SEARS indicates the value which he attaches to this Gospel by the very language of his title page, *The Fourth Gos-*

pel: the Heart of Christ (Noyes, Holmes, and Co.). His work is not, however, a mere critical defense of the authenticity and authority of this book. It is also an unfolding of its interior meaning. On the theological merit of this part of the volume it is not necessary for us here to pass judgment; but we may properly and truthfully say that the whole book is conceived and written in such a spirit that no one can read it through with care without having not only a better knowledge of the fourth Gospel, but also a better appreciation of the heart of Christ.

Rev. Stopford A. Brooke has been accused unjustly of being an imitator of Robertson; at least, if he is an imitator, his unconscious imitation is but the homage which admiration is accustomed to pay to the object of its regard. In his last volume of sermons—sermons only in form, in fact philosophical essays—*Christ in Modern Life* (D. Appleton and Co.), there is little to remind one of Robertson except a certain large catholicity, disdainful of the externals of religion, and a certain spiritual tenderness, appreciative of its inner and subtile life. It is a very suggestive book, well worth the reading.—There are several American authors who write on religious topics with greater thought-power than Theodore L. Cuyler, and there are several American preachers who in pulpit eloquence are his superiors, but there are almost none whose pen has greater power over the heart. It is difficult to describe or analyze his power; for spiritual power is usually so subtile as to escape analysis. *Thought Hives* (Robert Carter and Brothers) is the rather fanciful title of his last volume, a book of short tracts. There are very few chapters which the reader will be likely to take up without reading through, or lay down without having some new purpose for good awakened in him, or some old purpose for good strengthened.

MISCELLANEOUS.

By the time this number of the Magazine reaches the public the last volume of *Chambers's Encyclopedia* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) will also be put before American readers, or rather before American students, for an encyclopedia is a book for study or investigation rather than for reading. Every household should aim gradually to build up a library; whereas, in fact, books are usually purchased by chance, and the collection of odd volumes which encumber the house have no more right to be called a library than a rag-bag has to be called a gentleman's wardrobe. In the preparation of such a library the first thing is a Bible, the second a good English dictionary, the third is an encyclopedia. Without placing "Chambers's Encyclopedia" above its American contemporaries, Zell's and Appleton's, without even instituting a comparison between them, we may briefly indicate some minor defects and some capital virtues, which a continued use for over a year has brought to our observation. It is somewhat too characteristically English in the selection and treatment of its various topics. If it could have had an American editing by one skillful to omit matters of a purely English and Scotch interest, and to insert an equal amount of American matter, it would have been greatly improved for the American wants. The reader must not expect to find in it much information respecting matters of local or even national concern; and he will find not a little that concerns a Scotchman or an Englishman more than an American to know. He must measure its utility by its information on general subjects. In its theological and religious articles it is clear and strong, but it is not always impartial, and its writer or writers sometimes fall into the error of supposing it their duty to advocate true opinions rather than to give accurate and impartial information concerning such as they deem erroneous. We have detected some inaccuracies, to which, however, we do not think it worth while to advert in detail, because they are comparatively few, and in the main the work appears to be characterized by that painstaking accuracy which one might reasonably expect from its national origin. Against these minor defects we note some great excellences. The volumes are beautifully printed. The editors have not fallen into the mischievous error of eliminating all paragraphs from their articles: one has not therefore to read several pages in order to ascertain a single fact. The type is clear and open, a pleasure to the eye. The illustrations are remarkable neither for their beauty nor their utility; but the maps, combined, constitute a magnificent atlas, typographically, and, so far as our examination has extended, an accurate and trustworthy one. The style is uniformly clear, perspicuous, and simple. Some difficult topics are admirably treated. This is the case, for example, with the articles which treat of the religious systems of India and China, which are unfolded here more clearly than we have elsewhere seen. There are few long articles, and few or none that are controversial. The information is broken up into separate articles; the work is not a collection of treatises, but an expanded dictionary for reference. In a word, the editors seem never to have lost sight of that one aim which characterized throughout the career of the brothers Chambers, the aim to afford useful information in forms adapted for popular use; and, subject to the qualifications we have indicated, they have admirably accomplished this purpose. No encyclopedia is complete. The scholar will be apt to find one more erudite, or possibly a collection of encyclopedias on special subjects, better adapted to his purpose; and the men who have no books and no inclination for investigation may find possibly a shorter, simpler, and cheaper encyclopedia serve their purpose as well. But it can not fail to prove an admirable member of the average family library; and while we do not pronounce it the best, our experience leads us to regard it as not second to any of the half dozen which help to line the walls of our sanctum.

The last volume of the "Illustrated Library of Travel" (*Travels in Arabia*), compiled and arranged by Bayard Taylor (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), creditably maintains the good reputation of this series. Mr. Taylor has brought within the reach of ordinary readers some exceedingly interesting chapters from the travels of Niebuhr, Burckhardt, Burton, and Palgrave, and so well are these chapters selected and arranged that, while they will give the adult reader a very good view of Arabia, they can hardly fail to interest any boy or girl of an active and curious mind.—Professor W. J. Rolfe has now completed his edition of four of Shakspeare's plays—

Merchant of Venice, The Tempest, Henry the Eighth, and *Julius Cæsar* (Harper and Brothers). They are carefully and wisely expurgated, so as to adapt them to the household. They are neatly illustrated, and are accompanied with brief but useful notes. The four plays are bound in one volume, and the edition is equally well adapted for study in the school-room and for reading in the household.—We have sauntered pleasantly through some familiar parts of Europe with Mr. CHARLES B. WARNER in *Saunterings* (J. R. Osgood and Co.). If we have been disappointed, it is only because we expected to find in Mr. Warner a remarkably agreeable traveling companion, and looked in his book for the humor which we found only in his preface. He gives us, however, some very graphic descriptions, which invest with a pleasing freshness familiar scenes.

Editor's Scientific Record.

PARASITES AND COMMENSALS OF FISH.

A PAPER by Professor Van Benéden upon the fish of the coast of Belgium, appearing in the memoirs of the Academy of Science of Brussels, has an important bearing upon the general economy of fishes, containing, as it does, very detailed accounts of the food of the different species, and of the animals, parasitic and otherwise, found in connection with them. Professor Van Benéden, in this paper, remarks that all animals harbor a greater or less number of parasites, and that there are very few that are more favored (or otherwise?) in this respect than fish, which, as a general rule, especially the bony fishes, constitute a nest of worms, etc., lodging a living population which is never seen elsewhere. These are all characterized by their different peculiarities, many of them occupying internal cavities in which they never see the light. These parasites are also remarkably constant to particular species of fish, Professor Van Benéden stating that usually, wherever found, the same fish will have the same parasites, the latter very often playing an important part in the identification of the species. Among the species examined, the turbot was perhaps the most thickly crowded with intestinal worms, while *Atherina presbyter* was absolutely the only one in which such parasites did not occur. A corresponding species very common on our own coast (the *A. notata*), known as the fryer or sand-smelt, probably shares in this peculiarity.

In further continuation of his subject, Professor Van Benéden remarks that worms and crustaceans found living upon the skin of fish are not all to be considered as parasites, since this involves the living of the one at the expense of the other, and many forms merely ask of their neighbor a place of refuge and defense, without taxing him in any way for support. Animals of this kind associating in common, each having its independent condition without preying upon or deriving food in any way from the other, are called *commensals*—a term which signifies their feeding at a common board, and not upon each other. These commensals may be divided into various groups. Thus some of them are tied, while young, to a good neighbor, who lets them go when they have been towed to their destination. Others are adherent at all periods of their lives, but can let themselves go at will, exercising their own discretion in selecting the place of attachment to the body of their neighbor, as in the remora, or sucker-fish. Others, again, have freedom of choice while young, and at a certain period attach themselves permanently for the rest of their lives. Their lot is then connected with that of the host they have chosen. This is the case with some of the barnacles, etc.

Other commensals, again, are never fixed, but take up their position near a neighbor, and never leave him. They remain in the digestive tube, at one end or the other, or they place themselves under the mantle of their acolyte, and make occasional sorties at favorable moments, as in the common oyster-crab. The commensals of the first series carry with them the marks of their servitude; those of the second have no feature by which they can be specially recognized. The series of uniformly fixed commensals he calls *oikosites*, and divides them into perpetual, temporary, and while young. The free commensals he calls *cœnosites*, whether inhabiting the digestive canal, the mantle, or the outside. The true parasites, or those that feed upon their hosts, are also divisible into free and attached, the former being classified by Van Benéden into those that are free during their whole lives, as leeches, fleas, etc., and those that are free for part of their lives only. These may confine themselves to one host, whether while young, as the ichneumons, or when adult, as the lerneans; and they may have several hosts while young, as the distomas and cestoid worms. To this general group the name of *phagosites* has been applied, and they are really the guests of the hotel, which profit only by the table of the host, while the others have at the same time both food and lodgment.

These latter are divided into three essential classes, those (*xenosites*) that travel about and arrive at their destination, like pilgrims, with a definite object before them, being parasites in transit. They are also agamous, and are lodged in the close cavities like the brain, the muscles, or the serous membrane. They do not grow after they are introduced, but assume the character of a cyst, waiting in a lethargic state the day of their awakening in the stomach of a new host. These generally, when liberated by the digestion of the external covering in the stomach of another animal, assume some other transformation.

The next division of these internal parasites is that called the *notosites*, embracing such as, having arrived at their destination, can give themselves up to the business of reproduction, taking the attributes of sex in the most appropriate organs at the end of their journey. The third, or the *planosites*, are those that have gone astray, and can never arrive at the end of their journey. These never quit their retreat, especially such of the agamous worms as are confined to the voracious fish, like the sharks, etc., which have

scarcely a chance of passing with their host into the stomach of the animals for which they were destined.

LOMBARD ON THE CLIMATE OF MOUNTAINS.

Dr. Lombard, in studying the climate of mountains, especially in Switzerland, has directed especial attention to the effect which such a climate exercises upon pulmonary disease; and he comes to the conclusion that an abode at a considerable altitude prevents the development of consumption, and may even cure it, either by developing the pulmonary emphysema, or in favoring the functional peripheral activity.

YELLOW BRIGHT LINE OF THE SOLAR PROTUBERANCE SPECTRUM.

Professor D'Arrest, of Copenhagen, calls attention to the circumstance that, although the origin of the yellow bright line D^3 of the solar protuberance spectrum is entirely unknown, still that line is never seen except in company with the lines C and F, or, in other words, $H\alpha$ and $H\beta$. From a consideration of this fact, and bearing in mind that D^3 is situated between $H\alpha$ and $H\beta$, while $H\gamma$ is situated between $H\beta$ and $H\delta$, he has been led to the discovery that, in respect to the number of vibrations made by the light wave in a given time, D^3 is related to $H\alpha$ and $H\beta$ in the same manner that the logarithm of $H\gamma$ is related to the logarithms of $H\beta$ and $H\delta$.

In the case of nebulæ giving a spectrum consisting of three bright lines, the same relation holds between the middle line and the two outside ones; but in the case of comets, many of which also give a spectrum consisting of three bright lines, the relation does not hold.

TRANSPLANTATION OF THE PERIOSTEUM.

Mr. Phillipeaux, whose experiments upon the transplantation of animal tissue from one part of the body to another, or from one animal to another, have excited much attention, has been investigating the subject of the periosteum. In the course of his researches he introduced a slip of the periosteum of the tibia under the skin of the belly of a rabbit, and found that at the end of thirty days a long bone was developed, presenting the microscopic structure and the density of a regular osseous tissue, the ossification being complete in about fifty days. At the expiration of one hundred and twenty days, however, every trace of this substance had disappeared, the newly found bone having been entirely absorbed. The important conclusion derived from these facts seemed to be that if ossification be readily produced as the result of the periosteal transplantation, the new tissues are not permanent. A different result is seen when the periosteum is stripped up, as, if this remain attached to the bone by one of its extremities, an ossification takes place which is permanent.

ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF FIBRIN FROM ALBUMEN.

Dr. Goodman publishes a paper in the *Chemical News* upon the origin and sources of development of fibrin in the animal organism, in which he attempts to show that genuine fibrin is derived from albuminous substances by the agency of water. In illustration of this he states, as the result of his investigations: 1. That albumen, from the egg, suspended in ropes in cold and pure water, and exposed for some little time to its influence, loses its character of albumen, and spontaneously assumes the nature, appearance, and constitution of fibrin. Thus it coagulates, and independently of the application of heat, and becomes solid and insoluble—characteristics which distinguish fibrin from all other analogous substances. 2. That under the microscope, which was used in all these experiments, albumen thus transformed by water exactly resembles blood fibrin, with the same reactions, etc. So great was the resemblance that a medical gentleman from Manchester selected this substance under the microscope for the real genuine blood fibrin, in preference to a specimen of the fibrin substance itself.

CHEMICAL INTENSITY OF TOTAL DAYLIGHT.

Messrs. Roscoe and Thorpe, in a paper upon the chemical intensity of total daylight, as observed at Catania during the eclipse of 1870, remark that, for the purpose of determining the variation in chemical intensity caused by the alteration in the sun's altitude, observations were made on the three previous days, and that the results obtained confirmed the conclusions formerly arrived at, "that the relation between the total chemical intensity and sun's altitude is represented by a straight line." It was difficult to estimate the chemical intensity of the feebly diffused light during totality, owing to the obscuration of the sun's disk, and to the greater part of the heavens being covered by clouds. Not the slightest action could be detected after an exposure of the sensitive paper for ninety-five seconds. It was estimated that the chemically active light present was certainly not more than 0.003 of the unit adopted, probably much less.

From the observations made during the partial phase the law was deduced "that the diminution of the total chemical intensity of the sun's disk during an eclipse is directly proportional to the magnitude of the obscuration."

TREATMENT OF CHOLERA BY HYPODERMIC INJECTION.

Dr. Patterson, superintendent of the British Seamen's Hospital, Constantinople, gives an account of his experiments in the treatment of cholera by the hypodermic injection of morphine. During the recent severe epidemic the usual remedies had been tried by himself and colleagues with very little effect, and, as a last resort, a case which had been given up as incurable was selected for experiment. This patient had been previously suffering from inflammation of the liver, was in deep collapse, pulseless, with rice-water purging, severe vomiting, and cramps. A quarter of a grain of acetate of morphine was introduced, with a result far beyond expectation. In a quarter of an hour the cramps and vomiting ceased, the patient fell asleep, the skin gradually became warm and moist, and the pulse returned. After two hours the injection was repeated, and he again slept for three hours. He lived three weeks, but ultimately sank from typhoid exhaustion, as much produced by his old liver complaint as from the reactionary fever. The same good results followed in almost every case of trial. In ordinary cases one or two in-

jections of from one-quarter to one-half a grain sufficed. It could be administered even to very young children, in doses of proper magnitude.

After the satisfactory result of this experiment the treatment of cholera patients in the hospital was confined almost entirely to that in question, and out of forty-two cases twenty-two recovered entirely, and twenty died. But of these eight were perfectly helpless from the first, being actually dying, one had severe liver complaint, and one was very far advanced in consumption. Of ten cases treated in the ordinary manner only one recovered.

ON CHLOROPHYL AND ITS DERIVATIVES.

Gerland and Rouwenhoff, in a paper upon chlorophyl and some of its derivatives, sum up their inquiries in the following propositions: 1. Not alone in chlorophyl, but also in such derivatives as show, like it, the obscure, dark absorption band I, this band is composed, for a certain degree of concentration, of two parts, separated by an interval which is but little superior in brightness. 2. Once modified, chlorophyl experiences no further changes. 3. Solid chlorophyl, whether contained in the tissue of leaves or precipitated from a solution, shows the same absorption bands as chlorophyl in solution. 4. The phylloxanthine of Frémy seems to be simply modified chlorophyl; his phyllocyanine is a derivative of chlorophyl produced under the influence of an acid. 5. The green and yellow matters of Filhol should be regarded as the principal constituent of chlorophyl, which owes its color to a mixture of these two substances. 6. Dead leaves of a brown color contain, with very little of chlorophyl remaining unaffected, a great excess of the yellow matter of Filhol.

SECCHI ON THE AURORA OF FEBRUARY 4, 1872.

Father Secchi, of Rome, has published his observations of the aurora of February 4. At first the aurora had the appearance of a broad, nebulous, phosphorescent band which moved parallel to itself in the direction of the meridian. After passing the equator its aspect changed. The whole heavens, except a small portion in the south, shone with a purple light, which changed to a yellowish-green on the northern side. The magnetic needle was greatly agitated, changing by more than a degree. The spectrum of the crown was very vivid. Angstrom's ray (5560) was visible in every part of the heavens. In the spectrum of the bright red column a red ray was also seen, perhaps C. In the bright parts of the arch large numbers of bright lines were seen. He remarks also that in general the aurora is followed by a decided and extensive change of weather, and seems to be connected with great movements of the atmosphere.

PHYSIOLOGICAL ACTION OF COFFEE, TEA, ETC.

An elaborate article is published by Dr. Marvaud, in the memoirs of the Academy of Bordeaux, upon the physiological and therapeutical effects of certain substances which excite to labor or to slumber, some of which are known as the promoters of vital combustion. Among these the author enumerates alcohol, coffee, tea, coca, maté, guarana, and other substances, each of which is specially used in some particular region of the globe. After discussing the entire subject in all its bearings, he sums up the whole in the following conclusions in regard to the substances mentioned, all of which he thinks possess incontestable physiological and therapeutical properties.

1. Their physiological properties consist, first, in a general excitation of the cerebro-spinal system, and consequently of the vital functions of relation; second, in a relaxing of disassimilation, and in a depressing of the organic heat.

2. As stimulants of the nervous system, or as force-producers, and as preventives of waste of tissues, alcohol acts directly upon the sensitive apparatus of the medulla, and indirectly upon the motor apparatus. Coca acts directly upon the motor apparatus, which it excites in the manner of the strychnines. Coffee, tea, and maté act principally upon the brain. Alcohol and coca are to be considered as muscular beverages in distinction from coffee, tea, and maté, which are intellectual beverages, the former exciting the muscles to labor, the latter the intellect. In addition to this, they act as economical elements, by lessening the wear of the tissues, checking the organic excitations, and diminishing the loss by secretion.

3. The abuse of these substances is attended by two evils: first, in the excitation which they cause of the nervous system they may produce fatigue, weakening, and even inertia of the system; and second, by the obstacles which they oppose to disassimilation, and their impediment of other important functions, they may arrest and even suppress the act of nutrition, and produce torpor and a fatty degeneracy, etc. The therapeutical qualities of these substances result from their physiological action, and they will be available in proportion as they can be used as excitants of the nervous system, as decreasing the heat of the body, and as preventing the waste of tissue.

VALSON'S LAW.

According to *Les Mondes*, Professor Valson, of Montpellier, has discovered an important physical law, expressed in the following terms: For all normal solutions—that is to say, containing each one equivalent of nitrous salt, estimated in grams, and dissolved in a fixed quantity of water equal to one liter—the product of the density by the capillary height remains sensibly constant.

PHYSIOLOGICAL ACTION OF QUININE.

The physiological action of quinine has lately been the subject of detailed experiment by Binz, who found it to have extraordinary power in arresting the process of fermentation and putrefaction, and to be a powerful poison for low organisms, or, in other words, for all moving bodies consisting of protoplasms. It appears to kill fungi and bacteria, which accompany fermentation and putrefaction, and puts a stop to these processes. It arrests the motion of the white blood corpuscles, and thus prevents them from making their exit from the blood-vessels. It therefore diminishes or arrests the formation of pus in inflammation, pus consisting in great measure of an accumulation of white corpuscles which have issued from the vessels. It also destroys the power of certain substances to produce ozone. The red blood corpuscles have

this power, and, by depriving them of it, quinine, when present in the blood, must diminish the change of tissue in the body, and thereby lessen the production of heat.

It is also found that quinine lessens oxidation in the blood; other substances, such as snake poison, increasing it. When putrid fluids are injected into the circulation of an animal, its temperature rises; but if these are previously mixed with quinine, this rise is arrested, or very much diminished. According to Zuntz, the use of quinine has a marked influence upon the excretion of urea, the amount diminishing very greatly.

DIAMONDS IN XANTHOPHYLLITE.

We have already referred to the discovery of diamonds in xanthophyllite, and the suggestion that this is the true matrix of the mineral. We are now informed that Von Helmersen has succeeded in isolating the diamonds in the form of fine powder by treating the xanthophyllite with acids. The greenish-gray less transparent varieties of xanthophyllite contain diamonds in greater abundance than the yellow transparent plates of that rock.

SYNTHETIC TYPE OF FOSSIL MAMMALS.

Professor Leidy has recently made known the lower jaw of an animal which he justly regarded "as one of the most remarkable fossils which had yet been discovered in our Western Territories." It was discovered by Dr. J. Van A. Carter, in an early tertiary, probably eocene, bed near Fort Bridger. The jaw, as indicated by the teeth, belonged to an old individual, about the size of the larger peccary. The peculiarity of the animal consisted in the combination of true rodent-like incisors and molars like those of pachyderms, such as the rhinoceros, tapir, etc. This union is as remarkable as unexpected, although to some extent paralleled among the lemuroid primates by the aye-aye (*Daubentonia* or *Cheiromys*). The name *Trogosus castoridens*, meaning the beaver-toothed gnawing-hog, has been proposed for it.

EMBRYOLOGY OF TEREBRATULINA AND ASCIDIA, AND PROTECTIVE COLORATION OF MOLLUSCA.

Professor Edward S. Morse has presented, in a late memoir to the Boston Society of Natural History, the results of his researches on the early stages of terebratulina, a brachiopod common to our coast. The paper is illustrated by two quarto steel plates containing fifty-eight figures. Relations heretofore believed to exist between the brachiopods and a low group of animals (the polyzoa) are, in the opinion of the author, still further proved in this investigation. These studies give us, for the first time, a knowledge of the early stages of a group of animals which has long attracted the attention of naturalists, Cuvier, Owen, Vogt, Hancock, Huxley, and many distinguished European *savants* having contributed largely to a knowledge of the adult animals of this group. This memoir of Professor Morse has been reprinted in the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, of London, and has called forth complimentary notices in other European publications. In the current volume of the society's proceedings are several articles from the pen of the same author. In one, on the protective coloration of mollusca, Professor Morse shows that the theory of protective coloring, as advanced by Wallace, applies equally to our native mollusca, and many instances are cited in support of this view. Another paper by Professor Morse, on the early stages of an ascidian, illustrated by a steel plate, will interest those who are acquainted with Kowalevsky's startling comparisons between the embryology of the ascidians (considered by many to be a low group of mollusks) and the embryology of the vertebrates. Additional points are given by Professor Morse.

ADJUSTMENT OF SHIPS' COMPASSES.

Professor E. Dubois, of the naval school at Brest, has spent much time in studying the best means of obviating the dangers which arise to ships in consequence of the deviations of their compasses. With this view he has constructed a gyroscopic compass, revolving 8000 times per minute, mounted upon Cardan's triple suspension, and carrying a needle supported above a graduated circle. In accordance with a well-known property of the gyroscope, this circle maintains an invariable position, and indicates the precise number of degrees through which the vessel may be turned to starboard or port, thus furnishing the means of determining the true direction of her head at any time after it has once been obtained from observations on a headland. This instrument may therefore be used to determine all the deviations of the compass on board ship. Some experiments made with it on the corvette *Bougainville* in the roadstead of Brest are said to have been extremely satisfactory.

THE KING-CRAB NOT A CRUSTACEAN.

Professor Van Benéden, who has been lately studying the embryonic development of the common American king-crab (*Limulus polyphemus*), comes to the conclusion, first, that these are not crustaceans, as none of the characteristic phases of the development of crustacea can be distinguished; and that, on the other hand, their development shows the closest resemblance to that of the scorpions and other arachnids. Second, that the affinity between the limuli and trilobites can not be doubted, and that the analogy between them is the greater in proportion as we examine them at a less advanced period of their development. Third, that the trilobites, as well as the *Eurypterida* and *Pœcilopoda*, must be separated from the class Crustacea, and form, with the arachnids, a distinct division.

MODE OF REPRODUCING MANUSCRIPT.

An ingenious application of science to commercial purposes has been made by an Italian gentleman, M. Eugenio de Zuccato, of Padua. By means of the invention any number of copies of a manuscript or design, traced upon a varnished metal plate, may be produced in an ordinary copying-press. The *modus operandi* is very simple. To the bed and upper plate of a press are attached wires leading from a small battery, so that when the top of the instrument is screwed down the two metal surfaces come into contact, and an electric current passes. An iron plate resting upon the bed of the press is coated with

varnish, and upon this surface is written with a steel point any communication it is desired to copy. The letters having thus been formed in bare metal, a few sheets of copying paper are impregnated with an acid solution of prussiate of potash, and placed upon the scratched plate, which is then subjected to pressure in the copying-press. An electric current passes wherever the metal has been left bare (where the writing is, therefore), and the prussiate solution acting upon the iron, there is found prussiate of iron or Prussian blue characters corresponding to those scratched upon the plate. The number of copies that may be produced by this electro-chemical action is almost unlimited, and the formation of the Prussian blue lines is, of course, instantaneous.

FUTURE ECLIPSES OF THE SUN.

Mr. Robert T. Paine communicates to *Silliman's Journal* a list of eclipses visible in the United States during the remainder of this century. The first central eclipse will be that of September 29, 1875, which will be annular in part of the State of New York and in four of the New England States. The duration of the ring on the central line will be three minutes thirty-nine seconds. At Boston it will be only two minutes twenty-nine seconds. The belt of country over which the annular eclipse will extend will be 110 miles wide. Within it are situated the observatories of Hamilton College, Albany, Harvard University, Amherst College, and Dartmouth College. The first total eclipse will be that of July 29, 1878, when the shadow of the moon will pass over British Columbia, Montana, Colorado, Texas, and Cuba. At Denver, Colorado, the eclipse will be total nearly three minutes.

DETERMINATION OF HEIGHT OF AURORAS.

Dr. J. G. Galle, director of the observatory at Breslau, celebrated as being the first to recognize the planet Neptune in the telescope, has lately given a new method of determining the height of the aurora. It is founded upon the hypothesis that the rays which form the auroral crown are parallel to the magnetic pole. The deviation from apparent parallelism he considers due to parallax, and thus calculates the distance of the rays. From a number of observations made by himself and Dr. Reimann he finds that the direction of the rays in the aurora of February 4 deviated from the magnetic zenith by from 3° 6′ to 10° 2′. He thus finds for the different rays heights varying from 150 to 280 miles.

XYLOL IN SMALL-POX.

A good deal of interest has been excited by the published success of xylol (dimethylbenzol, one of the many products of the distillation of coal-tar) as a remedy for the small-pox, for which it has been applied for a considerable time in Berlin by Dr. Zeulzer. The experiments are stated to have proved very satisfactory, and its use in one of the principal hospitals of Berlin is becoming very extended. The dose of this substance for an adult is from ten to fifteen drops, and from three to five for children, every few hours. No injurious effect has hitherto been noted, even when given in considerably greater quantity. It is applied from the earliest period of the disease till the complete drying up of the pustules. The best method of administering the xylol is in capsules, which are now furnished, containing three, eight, and twelve drops, although it can be given drop by drop in wine or water. Toluol appears to have no effect.

EMBALMING AMONG THE EGYPTIANS.

Dr. Benjamin W. Richardson, in a lecture upon the science and art of embalming the dead, remarks that three different methods were practiced among the Egyptians. First, embalming proper, by the introduction into the body of certain odorous essences or antiseptics, aided by after-immersion in saline solutions; second, preservation by simple extraction of water from the tissues; third, by the injection of preservative solutions into the blood-vessels. He remarks that the first of these methods includes the true Egyptian and Greco-Egyptian process of preservation, as detailed at full length by Herodotus, and consisted essentially in eviscerating the body and employing aromatic preservatives, and in exposure to a solution of common salt, possibly with the addition of some soda.

COD-LIVER OIL PILLS.

Dr. Van der Court, of Brussels, prepares cod-liver oil by adding carefully pulverized slacked lime to the oil, little by little, until the consistency requisite for forming into pills is obtained. Of this mass he gives four or five grains as a dose, after each meal, flavoring it with a small quantity of oil of bitter almonds, or other substance. This remedy he considers to be in many respects better than the liquid oil, and quite useful in the early stages of consumption. The more chronic the character of the disease, the more good may be expected from its administration.

MICROCOCCI IN MEASLES AND SCARLET FEVER.

Dr. Hallier, well known by his researches upon the fungi as supposed agents or concomitants of disease, states in a recent paper that measles and scarlet fever are both occasioned by the presence of certain fungi in the blood, which can be seen by the microscope in the form of minute cell-like spores, called micrococcus. In the course of treatment of persons affected with the above diseases care was taken to collect the perspiration obtained from the patients under these circumstances, which, on being submitted to Dr. Hallier for examination, was found to contain the micrococcus in abundance.

MANAGEABLE BALLOON.

The advocates of the possibility of utilizing the balloon for the every-day purposes of life have been greatly encouraged by the result of a series of experiments lately made in Paris by M. Dupuy de Lome, and recently communicated to the Academy of Sciences. This gentleman is an eminent French engineer, and well acquainted with both the theory and practice of his profession; and his attention was especially called, during the siege of Paris, to the importance of having a balloon which possessed some power of steerage.

He has completed the first construction according to his new plan, and made, as he claims, entirely successful experiments with it. The balloon is in the shape of an enormous egg, the

longer axis horizontal, with an oblong car suspended from it. The total length is 118 feet, and its diameter at the point of greatest circumference 49 feet. The rudder by which the balloon is steered is a plain triangular surface, made of unvarnished calico, and constructed so as to turn easily on its forward extremity. The car is of wicker-work, containing a windlass for the screw, eight men to manage it, and is capable of carrying fourteen persons.

The rudder is fixed to the balloon itself, and the screw is below it and immediately attached to the car, and having only two blades, so that when the ground is touched they can be placed horizontally to escape injury. The windlass which turns the screw is worked by four to eight men. The envelope of the balloon is composed of white silk.

The constructor does not pretend to be able to make a direct movement against the wind, but only to deviate from its direct set when running before it. He expects to be able to tack to the right or left, but does not hope to be able to beat to the windward. There is a second balloon attachment to the bottom of the main balloon, forming a kind of compartment, occupying about one-tenth of the cubic space of the balloon, and serving to keep it stiff and of the required shape.

In the experimental trip of M. De Lome a half gale was blowing, and the result answered entirely to his expectations. The screw drove the balloon about five miles an hour quicker than the wind was blowing, and by the use of the rudder the course of the balloon could be altered eleven degrees, either way, from the set of the wind.

STONES IN THE STOMACHS OF COD-FISH.

The occurrence of stones of decided magnitude, and in considerable number, in the stomachs of cod-fish, is a fact well known to our fishermen, and various surmises have been made to account for it. It is a popular impression, however, that these are taken on board as ballast just before a severe storm, in order to prevent being knocked about too mercilessly by the waves. A writer in *Land and Water* suggests, as a more plausible explanation of their origin, that upon these stones are affixed barnacles and other marine animals and shell-fish, and that they are swallowed for the sake of their attachments. These being digested by the fish, the stones of course remain, and perhaps can not be ejected without difficulty.

The same writer refers to the relations between the cod-fish and the hermit-crab—namely, that the former feed upon the winkle and other large univalve shells, and digesting the soft parts, throw out the shell, which is very soon seized by the hermit-crab and taken possession of for its habitation.

FURNACE SLAG FOR ROAD BALLAST.

The journal of the Franklin Institute mentions a method of utilizing slag, as used at the blast furnaces at Osnabrück, which consists in allowing it to fall into a stream of water from a height of about eight feet. By this means it becomes granulated into particles of the size of beans, and it is then used as ballast for roads and railways.

NATURE OF THE AURORA.

Messrs. Heis and Flögel have lately published the result of an elaborate series of investigations into the subject of the aurora, and especially as to its altitude and its position in space, and they sum up their conclusions in the following propositions: 1. The aurora is a luminous phenomenon in regions which are either entirely outside of our atmosphere, or so situated that only the lowest portion enters into the outermost strata of the atmosphere. The observed altitude of the aurora varies from time to time, but the basal portion has been determined to be at least forty miles in height, which, of course, would preclude the idea of a direct association of this phenomenon with clouds, or of the possibility of its interposition between a distant mountain and the observer, as has been asserted. 2. The largest portion of an aurora is a luminous ocean of white light, which probably has its centre in the magnetic pole, and thence may extend more or less toward the south. Its exact magnitude can only be determined by corresponding observations in high northern and more southern latitudes at a great distance apart. The depth of this luminous stratum, or the distance between its upper and lower borders, has not yet been ascertained. 3. This universal luminous ocean is bounded by a fringe, extending in the direction of a magnetic parallel circle, which develops over a more or less extended space the phenomena of rays, and which seem to be exclusively limited to it; the observer north of the fringe seeing rays to the south of him, and the northern sky exhibiting only a general white light. It is probable that this border or fringe may have a width reaching 400 miles. 4. The fringe in general, shortly before a period of radiation, is thrown out in the form of concentric waves of light from the universal luminous ocean; the non-luminous space remaining behind this light is the well-known dark segment. 5. The radiating margin usually divides into a number of secondary areas which we may call the fields of radiation. 6. The fields of radiation appear to move with great velocity to the westward, in the direction of the magnetic parallel circle. 7. The fields of radiation send out upward masses of bright light arranged in columnar form—the rays proper—which take the direction of the magnetic dip. All the luminous emissions of a radiating character in other directions are not to be considered as genuine rays. 8. The height of the base of the rays is various, some observations making it from 80 to 140 miles, and the greatest height not exceeding 160 miles. 9. The height of the summit of the rays in extended auroras reaches 280 miles, sometimes 400, the maximum being 600. 10. The rays always have white light below, and pass at the summit into red.

ABIETINE, A NEW HYDROCARBON.

Dr. William Wenzell has announced to the California Pharmaceutical Society the discovery of a new hydrocarbon, which he calls abietine. This is the product of distillation of the resinous exudations of the *Pinus sabiniana*, or the well-known Sabine pine of the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range; also called nut pine and Digger pine. Mr. Wenzell finds that abietine possesses qualities which distinguish it from spirits of turpentine and other similar hydrocarbons. It is

remarkable for its low specific gravity, and its low boiling-point, as compared with that of spirits of turpentine. It is a powerful solvent for the fixed and volatile oils, with the exception of castor-oil, which it does not affect at all. It dissolves balsam of copaiba freely, and in all proportions. When burned in an alcohol lamp, with a flame not too large, a brilliant white light is obtained without smoke. Its vapor is powerfully anæsthetic when inhaled, and has been used with success as an insecticide when sprinkled in places frequented by moths.

CLIMATIC CONDITIONS OF DIFFERENT REGIONS.

In a paper by Dr. Friedmann, on the climatic peculiarities of the eastern coast of Asia, he states that when passing around the world from east to west the following climatological conditions will be found to present themselves in succession. First, on the east coast of Asia we have a decided continental climate—cold winter, warm summer, considerable difference between the temperature of day and night and between the coldest and warmest months—the whole, however, tempered by the influence of the east wind. Second, in the interior of Asia we have the highest expression of a continental climate—very hot summers, with extreme cold in winter, the lowest winter temperature on the globe being in latitude of about 62 degrees. We have then a gradual equalization of this continental feature as we pass to the west, until we reach number three of his division, in Western Europe. Here the climate is purely maritime—mild winters, moderate summers, and but little difference between day and night, winter and summer. Fourth, the eastern coast of America—cold winters and hot summers characterize the climate; the southwest wind is cool, and extends over the continent. Fifth, the central portion of America—similar to the central portion of Asia, although with less extremes of heat and cold. Sixth, the west coast of America—climate maritime, similar to that of Western Europe, in consequence of the warm returning trade-winds passing over the sea; warmer winters and cooler summers, in consequence of the cooling action of the sea and of the rather feeble equatorial ocean current.

ANTAGONISM OF HARMLESS SERPENTS TO POISONOUS ONES.

It appears to be a well-established fact that certain harmless serpents, like the black snake and some other species that kill their prey by compression, take an especial delight in destroying the rattlesnake, in this way serving a very useful purpose in the economy of nature, by antagonizing and restraining the increase of such noxious reptiles. Authentic instances in regard to the black snake (*Coluber constrictor*) are on record; while the species known as chain snake, or ring snake, in the Southern States (of the genus *Ophibolus*), is carefully protected from destruction on account of a like habit.

We now learn that a similar habit belongs to a California species, called ring snake (*Pityophis cotenifer*), a case being lately recorded in which one of these snakes is described as having attacked a rattlesnake by creeping stealthily toward him until within a few feet, and then, by a sudden spring, leaping upon and coiling around his antagonist, crushing him to death in his coils.

THE AURORA OF FEBRUARY 4.

The scientific journals at home and abroad have had much to say of the extent and magnificence of the auroral display of February 4, 1872. This is generally asserted to have been one of the most magnificent exhibitions of the kind seen in Europe for the past twenty or thirty years; and there is perhaps none recorded over as wide an extent and as critically investigated by so many scientific observers. It is quite probable, indeed, that the comparison of the phenomena observed, after the data are all accessible, will add greatly to our knowledge of the true nature of this celestial apparition.

One marked feature of the exhibition was the fact that it seemed not to have been noticed in the extreme north of Europe, where auroras are very abundant, but was observed to the best advantage in countries where those displays are very rarely seen.

HAVE TRILOBITES LEGS?

The question as to whether trilobites possessed legs or not is one that has been discussed of late quite extensively—Professor Dana, Professor Smith, and Professor Verrill, of New Haven, having taken the ground that the animal was without these appendages. Mr. Henry Woodward, of the British Museum, however, on the strength of specimens collected by Mr. E. Billings, of Montreal, insisted that the animal had real legs. To this Professor Dana rejoins that a renewed examination by himself and colleagues only tends to confirm them in their previously expressed opinion, that the arches which were supposed to carry the legs are so slender as to be incapable of bearing the free legs of so large an animal, the diameter of the joints being hardly more than a sixteenth of an inch outside measure, consequently affording insufficient room inside for the required muscles. Legs of such proportion, according to Professor Smith, do not belong to the class of crustaceans. He also thinks that the regular spacing of these arches along the under surface renders it very improbable indeed that they supported legs. If crowded together the argument would be of less weight, but while they are so very slender, they are one-fourth of an inch apart.

MEMOIRS OF THE CAMBRIDGE MUSEUM.

The valuable series of illustrated catalogues of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, Massachusetts, has lately been increased by the addition of two numbers; one upon the immature stages of the *Odonata*, by Lewis Cabot, and the other on the *Ophiuridæ* and *Astrophytidæ*, by Theodore Lyman.

The first-mentioned work is restricted to the sub-family *Gomphina*, although the history of the remaining five families of the *Odonata* is promised in their succession. The riches of the museum in this group of insects are shown in the fact that, while two species only were known previously, seventeen are here described—eleven from America (four of these from South America), three from Asia, and three from Europe. Specific determinations were made by Dr. Hagen, the well-known entomologist connected with

the museum. A series of three well-drawn plates illustrates the book. The work on the *Ophiuridæ* is a supplement to an elaborate catalogue by Mr. Lyman, published about six years ago, and includes many additional species; especially some forms obtained in the deep-sea dredgings off the Florida coast. The work, like its predecessors, is intended to include the literature of the subject to date, in addition to descriptions of new species actually in the Museum of Comparative Zoology.

ELIMINATION OF ALCOHOL FROM THE SYSTEM.

Dr. Dupré has been prosecuting extended investigations into the subject of the elimination of alcohol taken into the human system, and presents the results of his inquiries as follows: The amount of alcohol eliminated per day does not increase with the continuance of the alcohol diet; therefore all the alcohol consumed daily must of necessity be disposed of daily; and as it certainly is not eliminated within that time, it must be destroyed in the system.

The elimination of alcohol following the ingestion of a dose, or doses, of alcohol ceases in from nine to twenty-four hours after the last has been taken. The amount of alcohol eliminated, in both breath and urine, is a minute fraction only of the alcohol taken.

REPORT ON KEROSENE.

The services of Professor Chandler, in his official connection with the Board of Health of New York, in the investigation of the chemistry of adulterations, in the past, are well known and appreciated. He has now added to the series of researches in this direction by the publication of a report upon petroleum as an illuminator, in which he shows the advantages and perils which attend its use, with special reference to the prevention of the traffic in dangerous kerosene and naphtha. We commend this valuable memoir, which belongs to the report of the Board of Health of New York for 1870, to the attention of all persons interested in the subject. He thinks that the only way to protect the public against these dangers is to educate it as to the properties of petroleum, this being done most effectually through the newspapers which are published in every city and village, and by the issue of clear statements in regard to it in the form of circulars. The experiment has been successfully tried in New Orleans and some other places; and when the people are fully informed in regard to the dangers connected with the use of the compounds of naphtha, dealers in them will go out of business for want of purchasers. He also thinks that the Legislature of each State should pass stringent laws, with severe penalties, for the regulation of petroleum products.

PROOF OF THE GREAT DISTANCE OF THE AURORA FROM THE EARTH.

Mr. R. A. Proctor calls attention to what he considers a strange circumstance connected with the remarkable aurora of February 4 of this year. He remarks that if it be the fact, as stated, that the magnetic perturbations were experienced at the same time in America and Europe, while the chief luminous phenomena commenced six hours later in the former, it would go to show that the region of auroral manifestations is exterior to the earth, since the aspect of the sidereal heavens is the same in the evening hours in Europe and in corresponding latitudes in North America. It would seem, in fact, as if the great auroral light phenomena were witnessed in Europe and America when those regions of the earth were severally turned toward a certain region of extra-terrestrial space.

BROMIDE OF POTASSIUM IN EPILEPSY.

Du Saulle has lately presented the result of his experiments in the treatment of 207 cases of epilepsy by bromide of potassium. He finds that this treatment does not produce any mischievous effects, provided that it be of perfect chemical purity. He has had patients who have taken from one to two drams daily for a long period without any evil results. The ill effects recorded from the use of this drug, in his opinion, are experienced only when it is not of the best quality. Of the 207 cases referred to, in 17 absolute suspension of the epileptic symptoms ensued for from two to four years; in 28 absolute suspension for from twelve to twenty-two months; in 33 considerable amelioration; in 93 partial amelioration; and in 110 failure. He considers the bromide of potassium to be of the utmost possible value in this disease, if properly administered, and very likely to effect, if not a cure, at least a considerable improvement of the symptoms.

THAWING FROZEN GROUND.

The *Scientific American* contains a notice in regard to thawing frozen ground in winter for purposes of excavation. The writer claims to have ascertained that a small jet of steam, applied under-ground, will remove the frost in a short time from a very large extent of earth. This is done by forcing steam, under pressure from a boiler, under the earth in a suitable pipe; and as the fluid escapes it penetrates the soil, is condensed, and parting with its latent heat, thaws out the ground as indicated.

A THREAD ALGA IN THE STEM OF A DICOTYLEDONOUS PLANT.

Dr. Reinke, in making cross sections for microscopic examination of a stem of a plant known as *Gunnera scabra*, found a blue-green spot, which he discovered to constitute the cross section of a bluish-green thread alga, belonging to the genus *Scytonema*, and hence called *S. gunneræ*. This was completely inclosed in the parenchyma of the stem, and separated from the upper surface by a thick cellular stratum.

EJECTION OF YOUNG BIRDS FROM NESTS BY YOUNG CUCKOOS.

The fact has long been known that the English cuckoo lays its eggs in the nests of other birds to be hatched out, and that the parasite occupies the nest to the exclusion of the rightful owners. A communication by Dr. Jenner to the Royal Society of London gave the first record of this exclusion on the part of the cuckoo, and the method by which it was accomplished, and Mr. Blackburn, of the University of Glasgow, has lately verified and authenticated his statement. In one instance he found the nest of a

titlark with two eggs in it, as well as one of the cuckoo. This was carefully watched, and at a subsequent visit to the nest the titlarks were found hatched, but not the egg of the cuckoo. At the end of forty-eight hours the young cuckoo was found in the nest, and the titlarks were outside of it, down a bank, apparently quite lively. They were returned to the nest with the cuckoo, which struggled about till it got its back under one of them, when it climbed, backward, up the side of the nest, and threw the titlark over the margin and down the bank. This was repeated in several instances, quite often enough to show that it was a regular instinct of the animal. The most remarkable fact in the case was that the cuckoo was perfectly naked, without a vestige of feathers, and its eyes still unopened, while the titlarks were more or less feathered and with bright eyes. A second case of similar character is recorded by Mr. G. E. Rowley in the May number of *Hardwicke's Science-Gossip*.

DEFECTIVE BRAIN AND DEFORMED FEATURES.

Attention has lately been called to an article by Professor Laycock, written as long ago as 1862, in which he notices the coexistence of weakness or defective organization of the brain with certain peculiarities of formation of the face, and especially of the parts answering to the ribs of the cranial vertebræ. Congenital defect of the brain and tendency to tissue degeneration are very prominently associated with a defective and receding chin, and the structure of the ear presents a similar harmony. In the perfect ear the cartilage is compressed within an ellipse or ellipsoid proportionate to the head, and to this is attached a geometrically formed helix and a pendent ellipsoid lobule. In proportion as these are defective, or as the ear is monstrous, triangular, square, or of irregular form, is indicated a tendency to cerebral degeneration or defect. Monstrous ears, with defective helix or lobules, are very common in idiots or imbeciles. The defective form, and absence of the lobule in the female Aztec Cretin, and in the case of dementia, are instances in point. The ear of the male Aztec Cretin is also defective, but it more nearly resembles the ear of the chimpanzee.

NEW PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHIC PROCESS.

According to the *London News*, a new system of photographic lithography has been introduced in Berlin, based upon the fact that caoutchouc, like Jew's-pitch and some other hydrocarbons, is capable of receiving a photographic impression. A thin film of caoutchouc dissolved in benzole is first spread upon paper, and exposed in the camera in the usual manner. The portions which have been subjected to the action of light are rendered insoluble, and the other portions are then washed away, as in Mr. Pouncey's process. The caoutchouc, wherever it remains on the paper, will receive a greasy ink from a roller which is now passed over the sheet, and the impression thus obtained may be transferred to the lithographic stone, and printed from in the usual manner. The plan is virtually a reproduction of Pouncey's process, with the substitution of caoutchouc for the bitumen of Judæa.

ACTION OF SALT OF POTASH ON VEGETABLES.

Considerable interest was excited some months ago by the detail of experiments prosecuted by Dr. George B. Wood upon the action of salts of potassa on vegetation. In a subsequent communication to the American Philosophical Society he states that in a field of grain devoted to these experiments, the soil of which was previously exhausted by bad culture, one-half was enriched by barn manure, and the other half with similar manure with the addition of a certain quantity of wood ashes. The effect of the latter application was especially marked, the yield being much greater than with the former. The most striking results were obtained by the use of ashes of the poke-berry (*Phytolacca decandra*).

APOMORPHIA OF NO THERAPEUTIC VALUE.

Siebert informs us that apomorphine, to which considerable therapeutic value has been ascribed by Richardson and others, is of comparatively little real merit in its physiological action, and is very subject to decomposition.

Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record is closed on the 23d of May—only a few days before the adjournment of Congress.—The Senate, May 3, passed an amendment to the Pacific Subsidy bill, increasing the appropriation to $1,000,000. This amendment was afterward passed by the House.

In the Senate, May 9, the Amnesty bill was again under consideration. Mr. Sumner's amendment, the Supplemental Civil Rights bill, was passed, but the bill itself was rejected, lacking a two-thirds vote.—In the House, May 13, Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts, reported back his Special Amnesty bill, with an amendment in the nature of a substitute. The substitute was a general bill removing the political disabilities imposed by the Fourteenth Amendment from all persons except members of the Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Congresses, heads of departments, members of the diplomatic corps, and officers of the army and navy. The Southern members were anxious to pass both bills, and no objection being made, both bills were passed. Before the votes were taken on the two measures, Messrs. Rainey and Elliott, two colored members from South Carolina, appealed to the Democratic side to show the same magnanimity toward the colored people by the passage of a civil rights bill, as they showed toward the Southern people in desiring and urging general amnesty. Mr. Elliott offered a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to report a civil rights bill, and asked for a suspension of the rules and the adoption of the resolution. The vote stood 112 yeas to 77 nays, the nays all coming from the Democrats, two-thirds not voting in the affirmative. The rules were not suspended.

On May 22 the House Amnesty bill (Mr. But-

ler's substitute) was passed by the Senate, and was signed by the President. The exceptions, it is estimated, cover about 300 cases. The same day the Senate passed the Supplemental Civil Rights bill, as a separate measure from the Amnesty bill. As passed, the bill does not include mixed schools nor equal privileges in benevolent institutions. The Senate, on the 22d, also passed the Habeas Corpus Suspension act, 28 to 15, and the Supplemental Apportionment bill, giving an extra Congressman (at large) to several States which have large fractions.

The bill to amend the Enforcement act was passed by the Senate, 36 to 17, May 10. It provides for the appointment of supervisors of election at Congressional elections in each voting precinct where a request is made for the same by two citizens of the district.

The House, in Committee of the Whole, May 10, passed the Fortification bill, appropriating $1,985,000.

The President, May 14, sent two special messages to Congress, one recommending legislation for the protection of immigrants, and the other transmitting the correspondence in relation to the persecution of the Jews in Roumania. The legislation recommended in behalf of immigrants is to secure, "first, such room and accommodation on shipboard as is necessary for health and comfort, and such privacy as will not compel immigrants to be unwilling witnesses to so much vice and misery; and second, legislation to protect them upon their arrival at our sea-ports from the knaves who are ever ready to despoil them of the little they are able to bring with them."

In the Senate, April 30, the House bill repealing all duties on tea and coffee was passed, with an amendment providing that the measure shall not go into effect till the 1st of July, 1872, and that there shall be a rebate on all duty-paid goods in bond on that date. The bill passed the House May 1.—In the House, May 20, Mr. Dawes moved to suspend the rules, and that the Committee of the Whole be discharged from further consideration of the Tariff bill, and that the bill as amended by the committee do pass. His motion was passed, 147 to 62. The reduction in the revenue effected by this tariff bill amounts to over eleven millions of dollars on dutiable imports, to eighteen and a half millions by the free list, and to nearly thirteen millions in the internal revenue. Thus the total reduction amounts to forty-two and one-half millions of dollars. The duties on cotton and woolen manufactures, iron, India rubber, and other articles are reduced ten per cent., and reductions are also made on various drugs.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations considered the various telegraph schemes for connecting by cable America and Asia April 30. The bill proposing a subsidy to the constructors of the cable, and also the one providing for the indorsement of the bonds of a company established for this purpose, were not favorably considered. After considerable discussion Mr. Casserly was instructed to draft a bill incorporating the American and Asiatic Telegraph Company. It is intended to give the company the exclusive privilege of constructing and maintaining a telegraph cable for the term of fifteen years, Congress to reserve the power of regulating the tariff for the transmission of messages, and the United States is to have the privilege of purchasing the line at any time it may desire upon the payment of its appraised value.

In the Senate, April 29, a resolution was passed to incorporate a company to arrange for the centennial celebration of the Declaration of Independence.

To remedy the existing difficulty between our government and that of Great Britain in regard to the presentation on our part of indirect claims before the Tribunal of Arbitration at Geneva, a supplemental article to the Washington Treaty was drawn up by Lord Granville and submitted to Mr. Schenck May 10, and was by the latter telegraphed to Secretary Fish. The substance of this article is that, in consideration of an agreement between the two governments that indirect claims, "growing out of the acts of particular vessels, alleged to have been enabled to commit depredations upon the shipping of a belligerent by reason of such want of diligence in the performance of neutral obligations as that which is imputed by the United States to Great Britain," should not be admitted, the President of the United States consents that he will make no claim for such indirect losses before the Arbitration Tribunal. This article was submitted by the President, together with the previous correspondence, to the United States Senate May 13.

Senator Orris S. Ferry was re-elected for a term of six years from March, 1873, by the Connecticut Legislature May 15.

The "Committee of Seventy's charter" for New York city, which passed the Legislature in April, was vetoed by the Governor April 30. The leading objection presented was against the cumulative system of voting, which was believed by the Governor to be unconstitutional. The question of passing the bill over the veto was lost by a vote of 37 to 80. On the following day the Governor sent in a veto of the New York City Election law, the main objection to which was that it was so intimately connected with the extinct charter as to make it inoperative. The veto was laid on the table. Apparently resolved not to abandon the effort at municipal reform, another measure was brought forward May 2. On that day, in pursuance of Senator Tiemann's resolution instructing Senator Palmer, on behalf of the Committee on Cities, to examine the charter of 1870 and the amendments made to it in 1871, the committee reported a bill amending the charter of 1870. The bill provides for the election of the Mayor on the last day of May, and of Aldermen and Assistant Aldermen, to take their places on January 1, 1873, at which time the terms of office of the present boards expire. It legislates out of office all the present heads of departments and commissioners, with the exception of the Controller. The Commissioners of the Department of Public Works go out. The Mayor is to appoint all heads of departments, suspend them for cause, and they can be removed by the Governor. The Mayor is to be elected for two years, and all officials are to go into office on the 1st of July. The Department of Buildings is merged in the Department of Public Works. The Street-cleaning Commission is merged in the Board of Health, and the Mayor appoints the Inspectors of the Commission. The bill provides that no officer of the city or county government shall hold any other civil office.

This second charter was passed by the Senate, with slight amendments, May 3, and, with still further amendments, by the House, May 7. The bill, after the vote was taken, was sent up to the Senate, which refused to concur in the amendments made by the Assembly by a vote of 19 to 4, and on motion of Mr. Palmer a conference committee was appointed, the President designating Senators Palmer, Murphy, and Woodin. The report of this committee was unsatisfactory, and another committee of conference was appointed. Finally, on May 10, an agreement was reached, the Senate yielding to the Assembly's demand to forbid sectarian appropriations, and the bill was passed. It was doomed to failure in the end, however, for the Governor vetoed it on May 16. Several grounds of objection were mentioned by the Governor, the chief of which was that many thousand citizens would be disfranchised by the clause which enacts that no voter may cast a ballot if he has, since the last registry, moved into another election district.

The New York Registry law, so amended as to meet the Governor's objections, passed the Senate May 11.

Judge Albert Cardozo, of the New York Supreme Court, resigned, under fear of impeachment, May 1, and Judge W. H. Leonard, of the Court of Appeals, was appointed his successor. On the same day articles of impeachment were presented by the New York State Assembly against Judge George G. Barnard, of the New York Supreme Court, and a committee was appointed to conduct the trial.

The New York State Legislature finished its labors May 14, and adjourned *sine die*.

The Liberal Republican National Convention was held at Cincinnati, beginning May 1. Hon. Carl Schurz was permanent chairman. The Committee on Resolutions presented the following platform of resolutions, which was adopted:

First. We recognize the equality of all men before the law, and hold that it is the duty of government in its dealings with the people to mete out equal and exact justice to all, of whatever nativity, race, color, or persuasion, religious or political.

Second. We pledge ourselves to maintain the union of these States, emancipation and enfranchisement, and to oppose any reopening of the questions settled by the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth amendments to the Constitution.

Third. We demand the immediate and absolute removal of all disabilities imposed on account of the rebellion, which was finally subdued seven years ago, believing that universal amnesty will result in complete pacification in all sections of the country.

Fourth. Local self-government with impartial suffrage will guard the rights of all citizens more securely than any centralized power. The public welfare requires the supremacy of the civil over the military authority, and freedom of person under the protection of the habeas corpus. We demand for the individual the largest liberty consistent with public order, for the State self-government, and for the nation a return to the methods of peace and the constitutional limitations of power.

Fifth. The civil service of the government has become a mere instrument of partisan tyranny and personal ambition, and an object of selfish greed. It is a scandal and reproach upon free institutions, and breeds a demoralization dangerous to the perpetuity of republican government. We therefore demand such thorough reforms of the civil service as are of the most pressing necessities of the hour; that honesty, capacity, and fidelity constitute the only valid claims to public employment; that the offices of the government cease to be a matter of arbitrary favoritism and patronage; and that public station become again a post of honor. To this end it is imperatively required that no President shall be a candidate for re-election.

Sixth. We demand a system of federal taxation which shall not unnecessarily interfere with the industry of the people, and which shall provide the means necessary to pay the expenses of the government economically administered—the pensions, the interest on the public debt, and a moderate reduction annually of the principal thereof; and recognizing that there are in our midst honest but irreconcilable differences of opinion with regard to the respective systems of protection and free trade, we remit the discussion of the subject to the people in their Congressional districts, and to the decision of Congress thereon, wholly free of Executive interference or dictation.

Seventh. The public credit must be sacredly maintained, and we denounce repudiation in every form and guise.

Eighth. A speedy return to specie payment is demanded alike by the highest considerations of commercial morality and honest government.

Ninth. We remember with gratitude the heroism and sacrifices of the soldiers and sailors of the republic, and no act of ours shall ever detract from their justly earned fame or the full reward of their patriotism.

Tenth. We are opposed to all further grants of lands to railroads or other corporations. The public domain should be held sacred to actual settlers.

Eleventh. We hold that it is the duty of the government in its intercourse with foreign nations to cultivate the friendship of peace by treating with all on fair and equal terms, regarding it alike dishonorable either to demand what is not right or to submit to what is wrong.

Twelfth. For the promotion and success of these vital principles, and the support of the candidates nominated by this convention, we invite and cordially welcome the co-operation of all patriotic citizens, without regard to previous affiliations.

Horace Greeley was nominated for President on the sixth ballot. The whole number of delegates was 714; necessary to a choice, 358. The sixth ballot, as finally arranged, stood 187 for Charles Francis Adams, and 482 for Mr. Greeley. The Hon. Gratz Brown was nominated for Vice-President. Mr. Greeley accepted the nomination in a letter dated May 20.

Republican State Conventions, nominating delegates to the Philadelphia Convention, have been held as follows: Of Maryland, at Baltimore, April 24; of New Hampshire, at Concord, May 8; of Delaware, at Dover, May 9; of New York, at Elmira, May 15; of Nebraska, at Lincoln, May 15; of Michigan, at Detroit, May 16; of Arkansas, at Little Rock, May 18.

The Democratic State Convention of New York was held at Rochester May 15, and elected delegates to the Baltimore Convention.

The Democratic State Convention of Tennessee was held at Nashville May 10.

The strike of the carpenters, masons, and brick-layers of New York city in May was successful in bringing about a reduction of the day's labor to eight hours.

The statistics of religion for the United States just completed at the Census Office show the total number of church organizations upon the 1st of June, 1870, to be 72,451; the total number of church edifices to be 63,074; the total church accommodation to be 21,659,562; and the aggregate value of the church property to be $354,429,581. The statistics of church accommodation for the principal denominations are as follows: Baptist, regular, 3,997,116; Baptist, other, 363,019; Roman Catholic, 1,990,514; Congregational, 1,117,212; Episcopal, 991,051; Lutheran, 997,332; Methodist, 6,528,209; Presbyterian, regular, 2,198,900; Presbyterian, other, 499,344. The value of the church property owned by these denominations is: Baptist, reg-

ular, $39,229,221; Baptist, other, $2,378,977; Roman Catholic, $60,985,566; Congregational, $25,069,698; Episcopal, $36,514,549; Lutheran, $14,917,747; Methodist, $69,854,121; Presbyterian, regular, $47,828,732; Presbyterian, other, $5,436,524.

DISASTERS.

Niblo's Garden, in New York, was entirely destroyed by fire May 6. The total loss was about $200,000. No clew could be obtained as to the cause of the disaster. The theatre was burned once before, on September 16, 1846, but rebuilt within three years. The owners promise a new building of great splendor, to be opened next fall.

The Pine Ridge Colliery, two miles from Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, was the scene of a fire-damp explosion May 11, by which three members of a surveying party were killed, and one was severely wounded.

The Cunard steamer *Tripoli* went ashore on South Tuskar rock, off Carnsore Point, on the Irish coast, and was totally wrecked. Her passengers and crew were saved, but the cargo was lost. The *Tripoli* was an iron vessel, of 2058 tons, built at Glasgow in 1865, and has been running on the Cunard line between Boston and Liverpool, and in the Mediterranean trade.

OBITUARY.

Thomas Buchanan Read, the artist and poet, died in New York May 11, in the fifty-first year of his age.

Hon. George F. Fort, ex-Governor of New Jersey, died April 23, aged sixty-three years.

Jacob Hardenburgh, New York State Senator, died at Albany April 29, aged forty-nine years.

Alexander Robinson, Chief of the Pottawatomie Indians, died April 23, aged one hundred years.

EUROPE.

A memorial was presented to Earl Granville, May 4, urging her majesty's government to secure a just and equitable copyright treaty with the United States. Among the signers of the memorial are Carlyle, Froude, Stuart Mill, Huxley, Morley, and Ruskin. Lord Granville replied that the government would carefully consider the subject.

In the British House of Commons, May 6, a resolution introduced by Mr. Gordon, member for Glasgow and Aberdeen universities, providing that the Scriptures shall form part of the instruction in the schools, was carried against the government by a vote of 216 to 209.

A wide-spread insurrection, under the leadership of Don Carlos, broke out in Spain late in the month of April, and for a time serious results were threatened. The government, however, dealt promptly and vigorously with the insurgents, and soon succeeded in suppressing the movement. Marshal Serrano shot all the captives who had deserted from the Spanish army to the Carlists, but spared the lives of all others. On May 11 the government officially announced the surrender of large numbers of the insurrectionists, and the end of the revolt. Following this announcement were a number of engagements, the details of which are not known. A new complication arose soon afterward. Señors Castelar, Margall, and Figueras, the celebrated republican leaders in the Cortes, published a manifesto repudiating both Don Carlos and King Amadeus, and calling upon republicans to prepare for the combat. Admiral Vinalet, who commanded the insurgents in the Department of Murcia, was arrested and sent to Carthagena, to await a trial by court-martial for high treason.

The annual Spanish budget has been made public. The expenditures of the past fiscal year were 662,000,000 pesetas, and the receipts 548,000,000. The budget proposes to levy a tax of ten per cent. on railway fares. The tax on the interest of the internal debt is retained. Legacies are also taxed, and the tax on landed property is increased ten per cent. The budget for the maintenance of the clergy is continued substantially without change.

The Spanish Cortes, May 18, passed a bill to bring the effective force of the regular army up to 80,000 men.

Another violent eruption of Mount Vesuvius began in the latter part of April, and continued for several days. New craters opened, and great streams of lava poured down the mountain's side, while showers of burning cinders and old scoriæ were carried by fierce winds in all directions. Flames burst from the earth in several places, and as many as two hundred persons were burned to death. The neighboring villages were in extreme peril, and were speedily deserted by their inhabitants. The stream of lava near San Sebastiano was sixteen feet deep, and in many other places scarcely less. The devastation was terrible. Thousands of acres of cultivated lands were overwhelmed by ashes and lava, and farms and vineyards were completely buried. The government promptly aided the sufferers, under the personal direction of the king.

The Italian government has sent a communication to the government of Prince Charles of Roumania, protesting against the persecution and oppression of the Jews in that country.

The establishment of the German army for 1873 shows a total force of 401,659 combatant officers and men, 94,742 horses, and 1672 surgeons. The infantry consists of 8584 officers, 25,821 sub-officers, 9286 musicians, 216,156 privates, 1599 hospital assistants, 5471 artisans, 895 surgeons, 449 paymasters, 448 armorers, and 4171 horses. One hundred and thirteen of the infantry regiments, comprising 201,000 officers and men and 3206 horses, are contributed by Prussia, which also has five military schools for sub-officers, and a school of musketry.

The trials of the persons who were charged with murdering the hostages in the prison of La Roquette during the reign of the Commune terminated late in April, and their sentences have been promulgated. The woman Gayart, who was the principal actor in this tragedy, was sentenced to death, and thirty other persons who were connected with the crime were sentenced to imprisonment for various terms.

M. Goulard was appointed French Minister of Finance, and M. Teisserene Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, late in April.

A serious riot took place in Kharkof, a large market-town of South Russia, early in May, caused by the interference of the police with the Easter amusements of the people. The fire-engines were brought out to disperse the

crowds by throwing water on them. This so exasperated the populace that they attacked the police and fire stations, and gutted them. The governor ordered out the troops, who were stoned by the mob, whereupon they fired, and many citizens were killed and wounded.

The police authorities of Copenhagen forbade the International Society to hold a public meeting in that city on Sunday, May 5, and subsequently arrested the president and treasurer for disobedience of orders. A large number gathered in the streets and created considerable alarm by their violent denunciations of the government. They were finally dispersed by the police.

The Dutch cabinet resigned, May 4, owing to an adverse vote in the States-General on the question of taxing incomes.

An election was held, May 12, to ratify the revised Swiss constitution, which abolishes capital punishment and imprisonment for debt, and excludes the Jesuits from Swiss territory. The popular vote was 239,140 yeas and 223,023 nays; but as thirteen out of twenty-two cantons voted against the new constitution, it fails of ratification, a majority of the cantons being required. The Catholic cantons all voted against it.

Advices received in London by telegraph from Australia, May 7, state that heavy floods, which caused a terrible loss of life, have occurred in Melbourne. Four hundred persons were drowned. The growing crops have also been greatly damaged.

ASIA.

A terrible fire occurred in Yedo, Japan, during a severe gale, late in April, destroying habitations covering a space of two by three miles. The fire originated in one of the prince's late palaces, which was occupied by troops. The flames leaped over whole blocks of buildings, and set fire to places a mile distant from the building in which the fire began. An immense amount of property was destroyed. Where the wounded and lame were unable to escape, the officials put them to the sword. Thirty thousand persons were rendered houseless. The government opened their rice store-houses, and fed all who applied. The occurrence of this fire led the government to permit foreigners to lease land in Yedo, the owners being compelled to make monthly reports. This act will cause foreign money to be invested there to improve the city. A new plan of the burned district will be made, and wide streets and substantial buildings only will be allowed.

A dispatch from Yokohama, dated April 23, says: "By an imperial decree the Tenno of Japan has abolished all edicts directed against Christianity, which have been in force for over three centuries. This is the voluntary act of a generous and enlightened sovereign, who, scrupulously regarding the interests and safety of his people, resents any foreign dictation touching the internal affairs of his empire, but willingly aspires to lead them in his own way, as rapidly as is consistent with the nature of radical changes, toward the full benefits of civilization uniform with that of a scientifically developed nation." This result has been delayed by frequent embarrassments which the government encountered from the persistent interference of certain foreign missionaries, who systematically baptized criminals convicted of infamous crimes, and then attempted to avert just punishment under the laws by raising cries of Christian persecution and invoking foreign interference.

Editor's Drawer.

ONCE in a while—not very often—a good thing is said in Congress. The Drawer is thoroughly non-partisan, and therefore from the lofty pinnacle of good humor views with a kind of sorrowful disdain the petty contests of partisans. But when a good hit is made, even by a Congressman, the Drawer is quick to put it in a proper setting in its pages. The readiest, cleverest, wittiest bit of Congressional banter of the present session was made by Mr. Cox, of this city, a few days since, on the tariff. Said he:

"Some curious arguments were made yesterday. They go far to disturb some of my principles, if not control my vote. A gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Griffith] appealed to my friend from Indiana [Mr. Kerr] not to oppose the coal tax, because he was born above a coal formation [laughter] in Pennsylvania, and his playmates were honorable men. I feel the force of that *ad hominem*. I was born near the salt wells of the beautiful Muskingum, in Ohio. Before that stream had slack-water, before it was considered hardly worth a dam [laughter], its banks spouted salt-water like a Massachusetts member of Congress. It was evaporated by bituminous coal. I mean nothing personal to the gallant member from Massachusetts [Mr. Banks]: I mean the salt-water, not the banks. [Laughter.] Around the wells and kettles of my native river cluster those sweet saline associations which have preserved me ever young! They are hard to resist.

"Another argument has still more force. The gentleman from Maryland [Mr. Ritchie] begged us not to throttle the infantile coal interests of his beloved Cumberland. [Laughter.] Although that unhealthy baby has been fostered by a 'paternal government' on 'pap,' or, as I ought to say, by a maternal government on milk [laughter], for so many years, its power of suction is at least forty thousand horse-power. [Laughter.] These are statistics. [Laughter.] Yet with rare economic genius, followed by the eloquent fiscal member from the Kanawha salt-works, he appealed to us to let him steal, so long as other sections stole from him. Was there ever such an illustration as that just made on the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Butler]? The gentleman from Missouri [Mr. Finkelnburg] wanted to be so honest as to help the people to keep pork by cheap salt; the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Butler] wants to cheat the treasury by free salt for cod-fish. This is all larceny. [Laughter.] What could be more reasonable or ethical? Let us be to each other instruments

of reciprocal rapine. [Laughter.] Michigan steals on copper, Maine on lumber, Pennsylvania on iron, North Carolina on pea-nuts, Massachusetts on cotton goods, Connecticut on hair-pins, New Jersey on spool-thread, Louisiana on sugar, and so on. Why not let the gentleman from Maryland steal on coal from them? True, but a comparative few get the benefit, and it comes out of the body of the people; true, it tends to high prices; but does not stealing encourage industry? Let us as moralists, if not as politicians, rewrite the eighth commandment, 'Thou shalt steal, because stealing is right when common.'

"As I am a Representative of New York, and Onondaga, with the aid of the foreign solar artisan, evaporates salt, ought I not also to steal to help Onondaga? Stealing by tariffs, Mr. Chairman, is, as De Quincey proved of murder, a fine art. If every body stole from every body, is there any reproach to any body? [Laughter.] If every body is a burglar, is there any need for any body to lock up houses?

"The mining companies out West send their ores to Wales to be refined, so as to get more wealth. It ought to be stopped. Let them steal capital out of government! Why not pilfer something out of some body else's earnings, and build works in Colorado and Nevada like those in Wales? How happy we should all be when the reproach of Goat Island is removed from the Pacific and from the gentleman from California [Mr. Sargent] by a grander steal for wool and blankets! How happy we should be when we can look each other in the face here, clasp hands, as now I look into the face of the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Dawes], and say, 'God bless you, my brother! You have stolen from me, and I from you; let us love one another.' [Great laughter.] Then the little unprotected pigs, who are crowded by the big pigs, quietly eating out of the trough, will squeal no more to be let in [laughter]; for on this idea all shall be fed by swallowing each other's food, and when all are fed no one loses, and we shall be happy.

"This principle commends itself to the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Banks], who has made the speech on this subject that delights my heart. It has so much moderation and wisdom. It has no nonsense, no doctrine in it. It is based on the principle of pure and undefiled petit larceny. He would not steal as much as others, but to steal into good company—he would steal less. There is then not so much motive for detection and punishment. Other gentlemen are overdoing it. He would steal sixty per cent. less than others, say, on coal. But whether petit or grand larceny, the results are such that when every 'cove' has an equal chance at the swag, William Sikes becomes as honorable as the Artful Dodger, whom the papers liken to my friend from Massachusetts [Mr. Dawes]. And even Oliver Twist, like myself, could ask for 'more' without affecting the innocence of his simple nature! [Laughter.]

"A few more 'statistics,' and I subside. [Laughter.] How beautifully this thought is illustrated by the well-laid breakfast-table of my colleague [Mr. Brooks]! The happy family gathers around it; grace is said; God is asked to 'protect us' in our joint and several efforts to steal! One guest pockets the knives and forks, another the salt and salt-cellar, another the cream jug, plates, and sugar bowl, another the cloth, another the bread, another the potatoes, another the plated ware, another the mutton-chop; a brawny Robert Macaire from down East lifts out the table, while a sly Jean Jacques, to encourage domestic cookery, slips into the kitchen, puts out the fire, and carries off the stove and coals. [Laughter.] The guests look at each other innocently, and say, 'We have done all this to increase the general comfort and to make free with the breakfast-table. [Laughter.] Are not our wolfish appetites assuaged? Though we have not each a general glut of nourishment, are we not happy? Is there not left coffee unground and unburned, and tea undistilled, sweetened by the memories of sugar upon an absent cloth and covering an invisible table?' I was about to produce some more 'statistics.' They are so powerful here. I will ask leave to print one thousand copies of this speech at the expense of the Industrial League of Philadelphia, to which I hear no objection."

Mr. Edward Price is a college man, a member of the bar, and knows how to "put up his hands." In early life he was noted for science as a boxer, and for having made one or two successes in the "P. R." A few weeks since he appeared before Judge Brady, in Supreme Court Chambers, to make a motion in behalf of "Australian Kelley," also a member of the "P. R." Judge Brady was mentioning the circumstance to a few brothers in law, when a witty member of the bar asked, "Did he advance and shake hands with the Court before he commenced?"

There is something so cheerful and soothing in the following "local" from the Danvers *Mirror*, commending the enterprise of the village undertaker, that we reproduce it for the joy of other undertakers:

"Our respected townsman, Mr. P——W——, having recovered from his long illness, is preparing to push things with his accustomed energy and enterprise. He is now raising his workshop so as to put a convenient place for a hearse underneath. As soon as this is finished he will have a new and elegant carriage for the accommodation of his patrons."

If any of our clerical brethren can send us a neater hit than this, just received from a friend in Missouri, we should be pleased to see it:

A doctor and a Campbellite preacher riding along together in the outskirts of Kingston, Missouri, not long ago, overtook a ragged urchin with a string of small fish, which he had just caught in a creek close by. The preacher accosted the lad in a patronizing way:

"My son, what do you call those fish?"

"Campbellites," promptly responded the boy.

"Why do you call them Campbellites?"

"Because they spoil so quick after I get them out of the water."

There was a story which used to be told of the late Madame Emile de Girardin, and which was received in Paris with none the less *gusto* because a certain flavor of irreverence seemed to go with the telling of it. The lady—herself one of the most gifted women her time produced—had an immense opinion of the political wisdom

and genius of her husband. One day, during some crisis in the affairs of France, two friends, both of the political world, called to visit her. They talked earnestly and rather gloomily of the situation, and at last one of them remarked that nothing now could save France "but Him who is above." "Then," exclaimed Madame De Girardin, eagerly, "hadn't I better call him down?" For she assumed that the allusion must be to her husband, who was writing in his room on an upper floor.

Few who have been in the habit of attending the debates in the Senate during the last dozen years or so but must remember the late Solomon Foot, a Senator from Vermont. Mr. Foot was a fine, handsome-looking man, of a dignified and Senatorial appearance; and his known and acknowledged parliamentary experience frequently led to his being called to preside over the deliberations of the Senate, and his conduct in the chair was marked by grace, dignity, and firmness. Yet he had his peculiarities, and one of them was his method of enforcing his calls for order when the indecorum of too loud conversation (which was not infrequent) interrupted the business of the Senate. On these occasions he would in the sternest manner call "Order! order!" and accompany this call with a rap of his gavel that, to those near him, sounded like the report of a culverin. Now it happened once that while Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, was discussing the propriety of appointing a marshal for the District of Columbia from the State of Indiana, he illustrated his opposition to such an appointment by addressing the chair (Foot) in these words:

"Yes, Mr. President, if you, Sir, were Governor of Vermont, and were to make an appointment to an office as important to the people of your State as this is to the people of this District, from the State of New Hampshire, your constituents, Sir, would raise about your ears a much greater racket than you make, Sir, in preserving 'order' in this chamber."

One of the old Fathers presents a curious argument in favor of the doctrine of the Trinity, running thus:

"The whole universe is modeled upon and manifestly proves the Divine Trinity. Every great thing is triune. Of intelligent beings there are three orders, God, spirits, and man. There are three abodes, heaven, earth, and hell. The heavenly bodies are of three classes, sun, moon, and stars. There are three elements, earth, water, and air. Man is triune in almost every respect. He is composed of body, soul, and spirit. His body consists of head, trunk, and limbs. Each limb has three members, upper arm, lower arm, and hand; thigh, leg, and foot; and each limb has three joints. In his face are three features of sense, eyes, nose, and mouth; and three other features, forehead, cheek, and chin. His body consists of three parts, bones, flesh, and skin; the very covering of his body is threefold, hair, skin, and nails. Every tree and herb is threefold, roots, trunk, and branches; is made of three parts, bark, wood, and sap; and produces three manner of things, leaves, flowers, and fruit. Living creatures are of three kinds, beasts, birds, and fishes; they move in three ways, walking, swimming, flying; and are of three orders of subsistence, carnivorous, herbivorous, omnivorous. We can not even think in an orderly manner without acknowledging the Trinity, for every fit discourse consists of three parts, the exordium, the argument, the peroration. There are three classes of savors, sweet, sour, and bitter. Actions are of three classes, good, bad, and indifferent. And so on throughout all the universe. God hath indeed every where so written the proofs of the Divine Trinity that he must be a fool or knave who denies it. Let him be *anathema maranatha!*"

While we do not advance this as a valid argument, it is certainly curious. We do not believe that a similar array of coincidences could be brought in respect to any other number than three.

A negro in Detroit, James Ryan, was recently brought before a police justice on a charge of vagrancy.

"You see how it is, judge," said he. "I can't neither read nor write; I ain't got no home nor nuffin to do, an' I's been in jail, an' I specs if you lemme go dis time, I don't whistle no mo' in dis yere town."

"What is your profession?" asked the judge.

"I's a whistler, Sir;" and he began to pucker for a melody, when the Court observed that it would hear no music to-day. This hurt the feelings of the warbler; a great sorrow began to spread itself over his countenance, and a profuse leakage commenced at the eyes.

"There, that will do," remarked the Court. "I do not object to your weeping if you wish to, but I *do* remonstrate against your making such *extensive preparations for it.*"

James was fined $10, but lacking $9 87 of that sum, was ruthlessly incarcerated in prison.

One of the most hotly contested fights that have taken place during the present session of Congress was on the bill to admit certain articles of building materials free of duty to the port of Chicago for the purpose of aiding the people to rebuild that city. General Logan was its especial champion, and he engineered the measure with admirable patience and sagacity. But the general's eloquence in the Senate was as nothing compared to that of a member of the Illinois Legislature on the bill to restore the burned records of Chicago, a brief extract of which we append:

"Mr. Speaker: I am opposed to this bill, and I am coming down on it like a June-bug on a potato-vine. I have come to pronounce its eulogy, as Marc Antony did over Cleopatra. I am a laboring man myself, and I know what laborers want, and I know that they don't want any such thing as this. I've been in Chancery, and I know how it is myself. After hanging in Chancery till the lawyers got my bottom dollar, I got my case before twelve honest farmers, and I knocked the socks off my antagonist just like falling off a log. Now here's King coming in here with this bill to help out the legal fraternity, and put every man in Cook County into Chancery. I hain't nothing against my friend King, but I want to tell him right here that my name's Jack, and a King can not, never did, and never will take a Jack. Look at this section here, providing for masters in Chancery—masters in Chancery—yes, we'll have them in Chicago thick-

er than fleas on a dog, to eat our substance and get fat on our misfortunes. I call upon the hard-fisted yeomanry on the Democratic side of this House to nip this thing in the bud: we don't want it, and we won't have it. We have got along so far without it, and we can borrow all the money we want and sell all the property we've got without going into Chancery to do it. Now, Mr. Speaker, though Nero fiddled when Rome was burning, and Lycurgus played seven-up on his wife's coffin, that is no reason our people should be gobbled up in a Chancery hopper after they have been burned out, and ground out of what little they have left."

Jim Bagson is one of the biggest, blackest, and transcendently ugliest niggers that ever—But there: it's no use. Wilberforce, Wendell Phillips, and Horace Greeley combined couldn't paint Jim Bagson's beauties! Any man who can gaze upon Jim Bagson's physique ten seconds and then turn round and blaspheme Darwin is a traitor to his kind; which possibly accounts for the fact that Jim "isn't a marrying man." Not having been properly domesticated, Jim goes to sea (says he's "a sea-hoss") in the summer, and "bo'ds roun'" in the winter. He "bo'ded" last winter with Sam Johnson, namesake of that other

> cullud man
> Wot lived down in Judee,
> An' owned a rat tan tar-ri-ar,
> Wot stood 'bout one foot three,

but of no traceable kinship. Sam boards "cullud pussons" *only* (exclusive is Sam, and won't take in "dem I'ish" at any price), at two dollars per week. But Jim's "bo'ding" was a matter of special agreement. For and in consideration of his "choppin' de wood, makin' de fiahs, sweepin' de flo', feedin' de hens, runnin' de arrants, helpin' de ole woman wash-days, an' makin' hisself kin' o' handy de ress o' de time," a commutation of fifty cents from the weekly contingent was decided upon in his case, and, so far as the public knew, every thing was "lovely" between the high contracting powers.

It turned out differently, however. When spring came Jim "sought a ship," and Sam sought "law fo' dat runaway nigga." On his affidavit, duly sworn and filed, a warrant was issued, and the tremendous person of Jim Bagson (despite the loudly expressed opinions of several acquaintances that "de constable couldn't fotch him all at once in *dat* little cart") was haled into the presence of the awful J.P.

The merits of the case were soon revealed. Sam admitted that the dollar and a half per week had been "by the defendant, to him, the said Samuel Johnson, colored, in hand well and truly paid;" and, furthermore, unhesitatingly assented to the point which Jim, in a low, thunderous rumble, incessantly put forward, to the effect that he, "the said James Bagson, colored, had well and faithfully" "done all de cho'es." Whereupon the worthy justice lost patience. Turning to Sam, he exclaimed: "Why, you unconscionable rascal, what d'ye mean? You've no case at all! By your own showing, the man has paid you fully, according to agreement. How dare you come here and swear that you have a claim on him?"

Sam turned up the excited whites of his eyes like a flash of heat-lightning on a cloudy midnight. "'C-c-cause I hab, Sah!" he vociferated. "He *eat* so much, Misser Justis, dat bargain don't stand! How's I gwine to know he gwine to eat more'n any free niggas I eber seed, wen I make dat bargain? I can't 'ford t' keep bo'din'-houthe on no sich bargains; *dat's* how I hab a 'claim.' Why, gemmen" (appealing to the by-standers), "jes *look* at 'im! Ebery mealth wit-talth he *scoff five darn great Labrado' herrin'! taters accordin'! and G-o-o-od knows how much bread!* (*De darn great big ugly bull nigga!*) I can't 'ford to keep a nigga dat would eat all Tophet *an' chase de debbil clar into de middle ob de wilderness* for no seben-an'-sixpence a week an' de cho'es—darn de cho'es. I's a-gwine to hab dat oder fifty cents: dat's wot I cum heah for; an' if *you* doesn't gib me judgment, Misser Justis, dis chile's gwine t' 'peal, now, suah."

Unfortunately, Sam's special pleading was in vain—*num crediturum posteris?*

An Ohio correspondent mentions that the Methodist clergyman of the place had occasion to call at the blacksmith's shop to get a small job of work done. After it was finished he asked what was to pay. The accommodating smith replied, "Oh, it's not much—just remember me in your prayers."

"Very well," replied the parson; "as my motto is 'Pay as you go,' I'll just settle the bill now."

Down upon their marrow-bones went the whole party, and then and there that shop was made to resound with the genuine Methodist ring from a pair of lungs of two-anvil power. The ultimate result was comforting to the blacksmith, but, as a general thing, he don't allow the clergy to "trade it out."

An antiquarian has resurrected the following as the original of the phrase "shilly-shally." It appears to be simply a corruption of the words "shall I? shall I?" as in the following lines from Cotton's "Scaronides; or, Virgil Travestie," published in Dublin in 1770:

> Cheer up your hearts, your spirits rally,
> And ne'er stand fooling, shall I? shall I?
> But budge, jog on, bestir your toes:
> There lies your way—follow your nose.

This is the manner in which the oath was recently administered to a witness in one of our courts: "You do solemnly swear that the evidence you shall give in this case shall be the truth, the whole truth, and *nothing at all* but the truth!"

Apropos of the coming national anniversary: A few years ago, in a certain New England town which is blessed with a college, the day was celebrated with becoming spirit. The Declaration of Independence was read by one of the college students, and at the close of the reading a somewhat pompous but not over well-informed individual, turning to a by-stander, remarked: "That young man is a mighty smart fellow, and made a splendid speech. How he did give it to Old England!"

Alas, that the most patent of remedial agents should so often fail to produce relief! A physi-

cian in Irasburg, Vermont, was called on to prescribe for a patient with a bad finger. The good woman who was suffering from its pain said to the practitioner, "At fust I put on *courtin' plaster*, and then burned it with *lunatic costar*, but it didn't seem to do no good." Too bad! But, as they say down there, "some pork *will* bile so."

THERE has just been published in England a work entitled "Cumberland Talk," being short tales and rhymes in the dialect of that region. It has not sufficient interest on this side to warrant its republication, nor is it likely that a score of copies will find their way to the United States. There are, however, a few things in it exceedingly quaint and humorous, the best of which is the following:

"IT'S NOBBUT ME."

Ya winter neet, I mind it weel,
  Oor lads 'ed been at t' fell,
An', bein' tir't, went seun to bed,
  And I sat be mesel.
I hard a jike on t' window pane,
  An' deftly went to see;
Bit when I ax't, "Who's jiken theer?"
  Says t' chap, "It's nobbut me!"

"Who's *me?*" says I; "what want ye here?
  Oor fwok ur aw i' bed."
"I dunnet want your fwok at aw;
  It's *thee* I want," he sed.
"What can t'e want wi' me?" says I
  "An' who the deuce can't be?
Just tell me who it is, an' than"—
  Says he, "It's nobbut me.

"I want a sweetheart, an' I thowt
  Thoo mebby wad an' aw;
I'd been a bit down t' deàl to-neet,
  An' thowt 'at I wad caw.
What, can t'e like me, dus t'e think?
  I think I wad like thee."
"I dunnet know who 'tis," says I.
  Says he, "It's nobbut me."

We pestit on a canny while;
  I thowt his voice I kent;
An' than I steàll quite whisht away,
  An' oot at t' dooer I went.
I creàpp, an' gat 'im be t' cwoat laps—
  'Twas dark, he cuddent see;
He startit roond, an' said, "Who's that?"
  Says I, "It's nobbut me."

An' menny a time he com ageànn,
  An' menny a time I went,
An' sed, "Who's that 'at's jiken theer?"
  When gayly weel I kent:
An' mainly what t' seàmm answer com
  Fra back o' t' laylick tree;
He sed, "I think thoo knows who 'tis:
  Thoo knows it's nobbut me."

It's twenty year an' mair sen than,
  An' ups an' doons we've hed;
An' six fine barns nev blest us beàth,
  Sen Jim an' me war wed.
An' menny a time I've known 'im steal,
  When I'd yan on me knee,
To mak me start, and than wad laugh—
  Ha! ha! "It's nobbut me."

A JOLLY old sea-captain living in a New England sea-port town was quite a character in his way. In his later days he became a devout member of the Episcopal Church; but habit was strong with him, and he frequently indulged in language, quite unconsciously, more befitting his earlier occupation than the pious walk and conversation of an exemplary Christian. Attending the funeral of a neighbor, he invited his rector to ride with him to the grave. As the procession was moving solemnly to the church-yard, a clam peddler was met with a load of clams. Having an eye to business, he inquired the price of the article.

"A dollar and a half a bushel," was the answer.

Provoked at the high charge, the captain exclaimed, loud enough to be heard the whole length of the procession, "Go to thunder with your clams!"

Driving out with a friend into an adjacent town, they came to a long and rather steep hill. The horse became fractious and unmanageable, and his friend proposed to take the reins.

"Darn it, no!" said the captain. "Set still; I can scud her."

The horse ran, and overturned the buggy, throwing the old gentleman out with such violence that he was taken up senseless. His first words on recovering himself were, "Look out for the umbrella. These confounded Branforders will steal it if you don't take care."

He never recovered from the injury, and while on his death-bed his rector called to give him ghostly consolation.

"Do you think I'm going to die, doctor?" inquired the sick man.

"We are all in the hands of the Lord, my dear Sir. You are an aged man, and it is best to be prepared for the worst."

"I don't think I shall weather this storm. I'm as well prepared as I ever expect to be. Let things take their course. There's one comfort: they can't get away the good times we have had—eh, Harry?"

IN the way of orthography we have never seen any thing equal to the following, sent to a gentleman in Washington from a party in Texas:

feb 13 1872

hornable —— ——

DEUKSIR I Wish to no of you Weather you can finda Penchion mad to Richard Square in a Bout 1812 or Som Whear a Bout that tim it is Said he lo catied it in illa nois he Was a na tief of north car lina I wish You Wood Lock on the Record and See if Such a Record is ther in the offes it has Ben Recorded I think in Washington and I wish you Wood Luck and See weather eney of the ares has Lo catied it or not if you can find out for me and I can evr geat on the track of it I Will Paiy you well fur your trubel it is sade that this land was lo catied in quin Sey ill a nois my wyef is one of the areses to the Penchon Luck out fur me. You can find out Buy visiting to quin Sey ill a nois

Nothing mor
Di Reck your Let tr to Col Umbia Tex As

—— ——

We publish this for the benefit of the "areses."

THE following, from a Western correspondent, has the merit of truth, and shows how sly and humorous are the methods adopted to circumvent laws enacted to prevent the vending of alcoholic beverages:

During the brief existence of the Maine liquor law a live showman (not Artemus Ward) made his appearance in ——, with a small, dirty, tattered canvas tent, a half-starved wolf, and a suspicious-looking *keg*. The admission fee of ten cents was cheerfully paid by a number of "old sports," who manifested a peculiarly strong desire to see this very common and villainous-looking specimen of the animal kingdom. But the oddest part of the show to the by-standers was, that one particularly hard old case had pressed in to "take another look at that wolf" no less than seven times during the afternoon. The secret was at last revealed. After several unsuc-

cessful attempts to start for home, he approached the tent door with an unsteady step, and handing his last dime to the showman (!), hiccoughed, "I b-b'lieve I'll take *jus' one more look at that wolf!*"

If ever a daughter of Israel got the better of a Christian sister, it was recently in London, at a party given by a wealthy Jewish lady, well known for her charities. A cardinal of the Church of Rome was present; and the hostess asked Mrs. W——, wife of a Conservative minister, would she like to be presented to the cardinal. The lady refused, almost with horror, and went off into a violent tirade against popery.

"Well," said the hostess, "we are only Jews, you know; *so you must forgive us if we don't understand how Christians feel about these matters.*"

In Mr. Samuel Smiles's "Character," recently published by Harper and Brothers, is the following anecdote of Lord Palmerston:

A friend one day asked his lordship when he considered a man to be in the prime of life. The immediate reply was, "Seventy-nine! But," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "as I have just entered my eightieth year, perhaps I am myself a little past it."

This is not bad: Two of our judges at General Term having given opposing opinions on a matter of slight importance, the question was settled by Judge ——'s quietly stating, "I agree with my brother A——, for the reasons given by my brother B——!"

Glancing, a few evenings since, through Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria," we found in a foot-note his version of *The House that Jack Built*, and right sure are we that our readers will be glad to see it reproduced in the Drawer:

And this reft house is that, the which he built,
Lamented Jack! and here his malt he piled,
Cautious in vain! these rats, that squeak so wild,
Squeak not unconscious of their father's guilt.
Did he not see her gleaming through the glade?
Belike 'twas she, the maiden all forlorn.
What though she milk no cow with crumpled horn,
Yet aye she haunts the dale where erst she strayed:
And aye beside her stalks her amorous knight!
Still on his thighs their wonted brogues are worn,
And through those brogues, still tattered and betorn,
His hindward charms gleam an unearthly white.
Ah! thus through broken clouds at night's high noon
Peeps in fair fragments forth the full-orbed harvest-moon!

A people may be known by its advertisements. In Pueblo, Colorado, the prevailing amusement on Sunday afternoon is "a chicken dispute." In the *Colorado Chieftain* of Thursday, March 9, we find, not in the "financial article," but among the "business notices," the following announcement:

Money loaned in moderate amounts on short time. Pre-emptors *thusly* accommodated. Office near where Lamkin's game rooster got killed.

R. K. Swift & Co.

As of interest to the faculty, we reproduce the following colloquy:

"You have lost your baby, I hear," said one lady to another.

"Yes, poor little thing. It was only five months old. We had four doctors, blistered its head and feet, put mustard plasters all over it, gave it nine calomel powders, two boxes of pills, leeched its temples, had it bled, and gave it all kinds of medicine, and yet after a week's illness he died, notwithstanding all we did for him!"

A Mr. R——, of Ottawa, in the State of Kansas, has for some years been employed by various railroad companies to secure the right of way, in which capacity he has been quite successful. Recently a few people were gathered at a station, among whom was a celebrated revivalist of the hard-shell persuasion. Mr. R—— was introduced to this person, and, modestly extending his hand, said,

"I'm happy to meet you, Sir."

The hard-shell drew back, looked heavenward, and, pointing up with his finger, exclaimed, "But shall we meet yonder, Sir?"

Mr. R—— quietly replied, "I don't know; I'm going there myself, and, *for a commission*, will do what I can to secure the right of way for you."

TO LIVINGSTONE IN AFRICA.

In Afric's wilds, how sad thy lot,
Where suns shine hot and hotter,
Where e'en the very Hottentot
One sees grow hot and totter!

What though the choicest fruits be thine
That mortal e'er set eye on—
What though thou fare on "tenderline"
Cut from the tender lion—

What though the sacred river's founts
Prove blest hygienic fountains,
And crystal landscapes nature mounts
In Abyssinian mountin's—

Yet thou dost at the mercy lie
Of every scribbling liar:
Each week some dreadful death dost die
From correspondents dire!

Better the sword thy life cut short,
Or cannon-shot cut shorter—
Better to fall by one report
Than by each fell reporter!

A Virginia correspondent, E. S. G., contributes the three following anecdotes:

One of the most remarkable of the many remarkable men to whom Virginia has given birth was Major Risque, of Lynchburg, a lawyer whose resources of logic, eloquence, wit, and courage made him a formidable antagonist at the bar in the courts of the Old Dominion half a century ago. Added to these professional qualifications were traits of personal character of a very rare order: great gravity of demeanor on occasion, unbending pride of station, indomitable will and courage, and severity of attack and retort when his feelings were excited, which bore down and rode rough-shod over all opposition. On one occasion the major was engaged in a case before the Circuit Court of Bedford, in which the main evidence against his client was given by a man who had once been confined in the penitentiary for some offense, but who had been pardoned, with the restoration of his civil rights, and who was therefore in the eye of the law a competent witness. The case excited great popular interest, and the court-room was crowded; and the evidence against the defendant seemed very strong, the chain of circumstances closely confirming the leading testimony of the principal witness. When this person was called to the

stand Major Risque opened his cross-examination in this cheerful manner:

"Will you be good enough, Mr. A——, to inform the Court whether the event to which you have testified occurred *before* or *after* your confinement in the State penitentiary?"

The witness, evidently much confused and overcome, contrived to stammer out something in regard to the date of the occurrence, giving the year and month, and, as nearly as he could recollect, the day.

Major Risque, lifting up his tall and imposing form, looked at the witness with a searching expression which greatly increased his trepidation, and in a tone of measured and rising emphasis, proceeded to say:

"You have not answered my question, Mr. A——: I desire you to inform the Court and jury whether the occurrence to which you have testified took place *before or after your confinement in the penitentiary.*"

As these last terrible words were thundered out the poor fellow fell in a swoon.

With perfect coolness the major remarked, with a wave of his hand,

"Stand aside, gentlemen, and let the cool *a'r* blow upon him." (*A'r* is Virginian for *air.*)

Needless to say the force of the ex-convict's testimony was entirely destroyed, and the major saved his client.

Not many anecdotes are extant illustrative of the humor and wit of the late General Robert E. Lee, for the sufficient good reason that the general wore a gravity and severity of manner toward all but his most intimate friends inconsistent with the sallies which at odd times, however, he made in the happiest style. At the close of the first session of Washington College after General Lee had become president of that institution (in the chapel of which he is now buried), about sixteen young gentlemen, all from the South, were graduated with full collegiate honors, and delivered public addresses on Commencement-day. The general, with the rest of the faculty, occupied seats on the stand, and the youthful orators, naturally ambitious of shining as much as possible on such an occasion and in the eyes of the Confederate chieftain, sprinkled their speeches with an unusually large quantity of rhetorical gems and flowers; in particular alluding very frequently and pointedly to the general in lofty terms of eulogium, which, above all things in the world, he disliked. As one after another emptied himself of his glittering harangue, the impatience of General Lee obviously increased. Presently, while the band was performing, he leaned toward Colonel William Allen, one of the professors, and inquired, in his peculiar slow, modulated tone, "Colonel Allen, how many more of them are to speak?"

"Only four more, general," replied Colonel Allen.

General Lee hitched his chair a little closer, and, with all solemnity, asked, "Couldn't you arrange it, colonel, for *all four to speak at once?*"

The arrangement was not made, and the general had to listen till all four gentlemen separately had had their several full says.

Now that the war has ended, it would be cruel, perhaps, to specify a certain Virginia battalion in General Heth's division, A. N. V., which made its name more notorious than respected throughout the army for never making a stand in action, or doing any thing else it was ordered and expected to do. Every appliance of discipline was exhausted by General Lee to force this unreliable corps up to the standard of its duty, but without avail: the stuff of which soldiers are made was not in it. One of the men belonging to it was once walking on one of the roads near Petersburg in the winter of '64, quietly giggling and laughing low to himself, as if his soul were in secret feasting on some very choice morsel of fun or fortune. Some one who met him inquired the occasion of his mirth.

"We've got one of the best jokes on General Lee you ever heard of," said the fellow.

"How's that?" asked the other.

"Why, you see, he's just issued an order for our battalion flag to be taken from us, when *the Yankees* took it from us two months ago in the fight at Hatcher's Run."

And the battalion man, still in high good humor over this little joke at the general's expense, proceeded on his way to camp rejoicing.

A correspondent in Western New York, who has been edified with our anecdotes of clergymen, sends the following:

The Rev. Mr. ——, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church in a flourishing town in the oil regions, was much inclined to facetiousness in the pulpit, and after preaching a sermon in which he had been unusually jocose, called upon Brother C——, a local preacher, to close with prayer. This brother, and some other members of the church, had grown weary of listening to these funny stories week after week, and the present opportunity of giving him a hint as to their wishes was too good to be lost; so Brother C—— prayed "that the Lord would sanctify to their good, *if possible*, those entertaining and amusing remarks to which they had so *patiently* listened; that they might be *a power* to bring sinners to repentance, and awaken those who had grown lukewarm in the service of their Maker to a knowledge of the life to come." It took.

The Rev. E. B. S—— was recently asked his opinion of a young lady much afflicted with the "Grecian bend." He replied that she reminded him of the woman mentioned in the Scriptures, "*who had a spirit of infirmity, and could in no wise lift up herself.*"

Captain Judkins, for many years commodore of the Cunard line of steamers, had a certain way occasionally of expressing himself in reply to what he deemed pointless questions from passengers. In fact, a dove-like sweetness of manner was not the commodore's best point.

On one of his latest voyages he had among the passengers Bishop Littlejohn and wife, of Long Island. Mrs. Littlejohn one day, being near the commodore, asked him if it was not going to rain.

"Ask the cook," was his bluff reply.

"I beg pardon," said Mrs. Littlejohn, "*am I not speaking to the cook?*"

History has not informed us as to the precise phraseology of his response.

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MOUNT DESERT.

CAVE OF THE SEA, SCHOONER HEAD.

SINCE early morning we have been gliding swiftly over the quiet waters which encircle the thousands of islands along the coast of Maine.

During the night, when sleeping, and while journeying from Portland to Rockland, a fog stole in upon us from the ocean. We are again upon our way, and now the sharp prow of our goodly sized steamer seems to cut its way into the gray wall which appears to be impenetrable, but which, however quickly we may move along, is always before us, by our side, and closes up immediately behind us.

In the midst of this intense fog, when you can hardly recognize your best friend half the length of the steamer, you would suppose the pilot at the wheel would move with hesitation; but it is no extravagance of speech to say that he knows every inch of the way. Very often the steamer turns to the right and the left, with no apparent obstruction in its path, but never does it slacken speed. Standing at the bow of the boat, the ear of inexperience even detects at times the presence of land by the sound of the thumping paddle-wheels returning in sullen echoes from the rocky cliffs, whose wave-washed base quickly appears to view, almost within reach of hand, and as quickly vanishes from sight behind the gray veil of fog.

The morning by this time has advanced, and we are conscious that the all-pervading atmosphere of gray has become gradually, and by imperceptible degrees, of a delicate cream-white. It is an exquisite ethereal substance, the despair of the artist to paint, beyond description; for while you are gazing, for an instant a gentle breeze fans your cheek, and then, by one of nature's magical trans-

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MOUNT DESERT, FROM BLUE HILL BAY.

formations, instantly the veil has vanished, and you look upon a wide expanse of land and water. Right before us are beautiful islands covered with green fields; rocky promontories rise up out of the blue water, while the foliage of trees breaks the dim line where meet the water and the sky. To the northwest and behind us the darker waters stretch away to the base of a range of high hills, whose sides, nearly to their summits, are covered with orchards and fields, and, quite near each other, white farm-houses.

Astonished by the strange disappearance of the morning fog, and delighted by the beautiful scenes which met our gaze, I experienced a good deal of romantic emotion, under whose influence I exclaimed, "What a wondrous change! How beautiful! Is it not sublime?"

"P'r'aps; but it's my opinion, and I've been on land and water nigh goin' on ter thirty year, that the sun eat it. You see, cap'n, the wind drives these pesky fogs away a little, but the sun's as hungry as a shark, and eats 'em up in less than no time."

More rapidly than was agreeable to a sense of dignity I descended from my imaginative height, and turned to observe the individual who had made the above practical answer to my enthusiastic apostrophe. He was a man of about middle age, with an honest, kindly face, albeit about the eyes there was a malicious twinkle which gave the key to the humor of his remark. He was dressed in what are called "store clothes," to which it was evident he was not used. The immediate and sensible answer to my remark rendered me quite speechless for a moment, and the sailor man continued, answering the look of surprise and inquiry which he saw in my face:

"Oh yes, Sir, I'm used to these fogs along this coast. I was born in one of 'em, and as boy and man I've been in and out of 'em all my life. You'll find fogs all the world over, but the Gulf Stream fog beats 'em all. It will heave in sight sooner, stay longer, and become thicker, and go away quicker than any fog I ever met in all my voyaging."

My new-found acquaintance proved to be an excellent guide in our morning's ride, to say nothing of his interesting stories of countries and people he had seen in his many journeyings; and with my own experience in view, I agreed with him that there was nothing more beautiful than the scenery through which we were passing. To the traveler whose life has been passed in the midst of the redundant foliage of the great river valleys of the West or the tropical vegetation of the South there is a peculiar charm in these islands springing from the waves, patched with low stunted pines, rock-ribbed, with the merest handful of earth lodged here and there, and scarcely enough of herbage, one would suppose, to fill the stomach of a goat, much less to furnish food of any kind to the people who inhabit the houses which surmount each cliff and hill-top. But the truth is, a Western farmer of relative position wastes more in a single season than would feed a small village of these handy, thrifty, closely scrimped people of the islands. Their life is altogether peculiar. The women do the most of what there is in the way of farming, while the men, from early boyhood, are upon or in the water, chiefly as fishermen, but always as sailors, and unquestionably the best sailors in the world.

Meanwhile my companion, whose presence has led to this digression, had pointed out to me, and given titles to, many a ledge and cape and bay and island and hamlet, few of which would have interest to the traveler. He called off these places in an abstracted sort of way, and his thoughts were evidently wandering into the past, when, as the steamboat came swiftly around a high cliff, the sailor became much excited, and his

gaze was earnestly fixed upon a long line of gray and hazy coast which filled the eastern horizon.

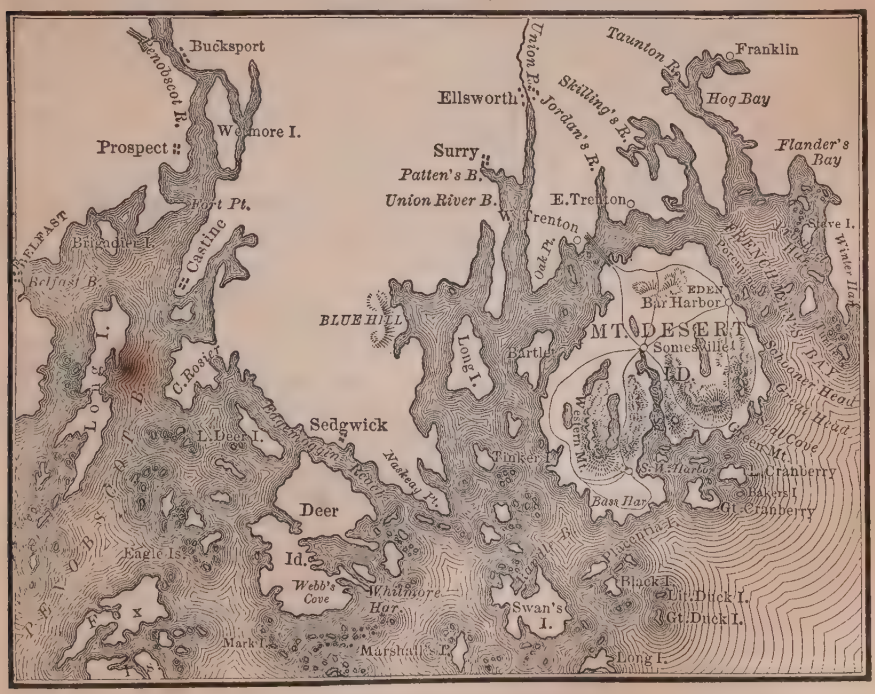
"Yes, there she is!" he exclaimed; "all safe—bless the old shanty! You must know, Sir, I haven't seen that bit of clapboard over there," and he pointed to a white speck among the trees on the far-distant shore, "nigh goin' on ter three year. My wife and children are under that roof; and, what's more, they don't know I'm coming. My ship got into Boston Harbor day before yesterday, and I started for home soon as I was paid off. I tell you, friend, unless you've been at sea, you don't know what home means."

There was a pardonable tremble in the man's voice as he left my side and stepped to the extreme point of the bow of the boat, while his face was turned fixedly upon that, to me, meaningless white patch upon the shore, but which to him was eloquent with all that is restful, tender, and loving in the word "home."

About an hour before noon we passed a handsome light-house which was perched upon a bold cliff. It was a comfortable-looking place, with a pretty cottage surrounded by a garden and bright green lawn, which ran down to rough red rocks. These evidences of comfort and cultivation showed that the light-house was never, as are most of these night sentinels, visited by the stormy sea waves. And we soon saw evidence of the quiet and security of its position, as we passed through a narrow strait and pushed out into the broader waters. And then, with scarcely any previous warning, we saw one of those grandest of all Nature's grand displays—the mountains rising out of the sea.

A beautiful picture was before us. Seaward and to the southeast the steel-blue waters, roughened here and there by the wind, which came in gentle flaws, spread out to the far-off horizon, where the clouds, with shadows of pearl-gray, and the tops in sunlight tinged with vermilion and gold, seemed dipping into the sea. A league away, and right before us, every instant a white wave would leap into the air, and then, with irregular, uneven motion, but swiftly, it would run in toward us and toward a bleak line of beach and rocky shore; and as we sought to give a wide berth to the sunken reef thus revealed to us, and which before now has destroyed many a noble ship, we at the same time gained a better view of the mountains.

More loftily, and in more decided forms, these mighty mountains, some thirteen peaks in all, rise out of the clear waters, their graceful outlines sweeping across the blue sky, their summits bare, hard, and unyielding, and with the strong flood of vertical sunlight which now pours down upon them, they have a burnished, brazen look. The lines of shadows, too, made by deep



MAP OF MOUNT DESERT ISLAND.

THE STONE WALL.

ravines or wide valleys, are sharp and hard, lacking the softening grace which the presence of foliage lends, but all the contours are of the simple, sweeping, but most impressive mountain forms. They are not half the height of the Mount Washington range of the White Mountains, yet are far more beautiful, for they are not cut up into several dumpy peaks, and broken in their descent, but from their highest summit undulate gracefully downward into the sea.

It was a most pleasant introduction to Mount Desert, this view from the sea, and it was fully appreciated by the group of passengers gathered on the forward deck, although they gave evidence of their admiration in different ways. A party of young ladies, stowed away among the anchors and hawsers in the bow of the boat, exclaimed, "How lovely!" "Isn't it splendid!" "Charming!" A Western traveler, who was upon salt-water for the first time in his life, and who for half an hour had been raving crazy at sight of two or three whales who had been "blowing" half a mile away, raised his broad-brimmed hat, and whispered, "Thunder!" There were several Boston people who had the manner of experienced travelers, and who looked hard at the mountains, but who were inflexibly determined not to compromise themselves by any expression of opinion. One industrious artist in the company, who had an eye to business, whipped out his sketch-book, and caught the thing, as best he could, flying. There were many others who enjoyed the entire occasion, but who kept up an expressive silence.

And so we pushed out toward the sea, gave a very respectable berth to the reef of rocks, which showed its ugly black teeth as we came nearer, ran in toward the shore again, when we found a formidable stone wall thrown up by the waves of the sea; this we followed for quite a distance—I don't dare to say whether it was one or three miles—but finally we passed an island, which was one of a group lying to the east and at the foot of Green Mountain, rounded a rocky point, and in five minutes had butted against the wooden pier at Southwest Harbor.

Ten or twelve years ago Southwest Harbor was the principal place of resort upon the island of Mount Desert, and several houses entertained those who came to fly from the summer heats of the warmer regions south. Cole was the pioneer here, as he was in our landscape art, and he had a host of followers.

One day Church, when prospecting upon the island, made the discovery of Bar Harbor. The next year, and for I do not know how many years afterward, he took a party of friends to the same place. In the course of time Church's pictures of scenery at Mount Desert were seen in the exhibitions of the National Academy. At one time and another most all the noted artists have followed on sketching tours, and it is chiefly by this means, in the first instance, that Mount Desert has become so popular as a watering-place.

There are other reasons why Bar Harbor is considered preferable to other places on the island for longer sojourn, which will be recounted at the proper time.

There are delightful attractions to tempt the visitor to remain at Southwest Harbor. The harbor itself, which recedes some half a mile inland toward a group of the mountains, is surrounded by an amphitheatre sloping gently toward the water. Here and there, by the hills and on the shore, are clumps of evergreen, pine, and cedar, while many a miniature bay or bold ledge of rock invites the timid or bold bather to "take water."

But perhaps the principal attraction here is the splendid view of the mountains which is obtained, especially from the southern side of the harbor. In breadth and scope, in grace of outline and varied forms and color, it is not

ENTRANCE TO SOMES SOUND.

excelled any where upon the island, and is very like that we have already described from the sea.

The objections to landing at Southwest Harbor present themselves before you have taken the first step. Right at the pier there is an extensive lobster house, where the creature is taken out of big tanks, pitched alive into kettles of boiling water, in which he is kept until he is done red, then tumbled out again, torn limb from limb, the meat and marrow plucked from his bones, crammed into tin cans, which are made air-tight, subsequently to be scattered abroad for the destruction of the digestion of millions of honest souls. The lobster business may be a profitable branch of industry, but we put the suggestion to worthy Deacon Clark, who is said to own Southwest Harbor, and who has no part nor lot in lobsters, that they are neither romantic nor poetical, nor does the lobster incite the most impressionable of people to any thing like enthusiasm. Now most of the visitors to Mount Desert, even the prosaic folk, go prepared to enjoy the picturesque, the beautiful, the sublime. Just as they are about to be ushered into this new world of romance and delight, to be met upon the threshold by thousands of lobsters, raw, boiled, cooked, and canned, is discouraging, to say the least. But one may remain a while with quiet interest at Southwest Harbor and have nothing to do with lobsters. Very fair hotels and boarding-houses are to be found at the landing, and for a mile or more up the main road which follows the shore of the harbor.

From these houses excursions on foot, in wagons, and on horseback can be made in numerous picturesque directions. It is over one of these roads, in the direction of Seal Cove, that our friend the sailor has gone to find his wife and children.

The main road, which leads to Somesville, and which also crosses the island about three miles from the steamboat landing, passes through a rift in the mountain. On one side the traveler will see huge blocks of stone, which appear to be part of an enormous wall slipping from its foundations or crumbling to pieces. It is overgrown in places by vines and bushes, with here and there a scraggy cedar holding fast with torn and withered limbs to the broken surface of the rock. Back of this wall, and rising far above it, there is a mountain, whose face, wrinkled, corrugated, and unyielding, lifts itself up into the tender blue of the sky. On the other side the road winds by a pretty brook, which makes all the noise it can, dashing over the stones and sparkling among the alder branches and tangle of weeds and flowers. Later on we find that this brooklet is fed from the generous bosom of a lake which rests quietly hidden among the mountains, bordered by marsh lands and low growths of birch and evergreen trees, which are prettily reflected in the placid water. In this neighborhood, and while on your return, there are beautiful views to be obtained of Southwest Harbor and the islands.

When the steamboat leaves the pier at Southwest Harbor to continue the journey, it takes an eastern course, passing by several islands, which shield this passage from the assaults of the sea. Several of these islands are called "Cranberry," singularly enough, because the excellent berry of that name grows there in quantities profitable to the goodly numbers of people who make it their business to gather them.

As we pass we do not see much of these islands, because the shores rise high and rocky out of the sea. Along the shore the waves have washed away the shale and sand from beneath, forming curious caverns. Above this escarpment now and then we see groups of trees, a few houses, once or twice a church steeple, and sometimes a vista of islands floating in the sea.

But our companion voyagers are mostly on the other side of the steamer gazing at the mountains, whose base we are now skirting. It is a remarkable panorama which passes by us. The mountains have lost that hard and forbidding look, and we see more of the shore line, with its gray cliffs and brown heather and bordering trees, while cottages are seen among cultivated fields,

and once or twice a white light-house stands boldly out upon a sharp promontory, pointing to a passage where the blue waters rush in from the sea.

Successively we pass Great Head and Schooner Head, the Porcupine Islands, of which there are many, and now, having made the circuit of the mountain, our prow pointing to the west, make our landing at Bar Harbor, and, with ordinary fortune, at about noon of the day we left Rockland.

If you have had good advice in the matter, or you have displayed an extraordinary amount of sense, some two months before this you have engaged rooms for yourself and wife and family, and you are sure to find upon the pier "Old Roberts"—we use the adjective with respect—"Captain Higgins," "Captain Roderick," or some other of the Tritons who ages ago came up out of the sea and planted their tridents as sign-boards to show forth to all comers that there was to be had entertainment for man, woman, and what not—not unlike Balzac's "Maison Vauquer," "Pension bourgeoise des deux sexes et autres."

From the moment of landing until you take your departure for other lands you begin to comprehend the limited space in which a human being may sleep and perform the ablutions which society expects of its members of a morning.

"But where in the world am I to put my trunk?" exclaims the gentle Mrs. G——. "There is no bureau, nor wash-stand, nor any thing. And, mercy on our bones, this bed is filled with sticks!"

"Patience, my dear," answers Mr. G——. "You see we are a little out of the world, and must take things as we find them."

Proceeding upon this theory, as there are no bells to ring, and no servants to answer if there were a thousand, we appropriate a wash-stand and bureau which stand in a neighboring unoccupied room.

"But, doctor," expostulates the perplexed Triton, as, some days afterward, when the theft is discovered, he rubs his tanned and hardened visage, "I got that 'ere stand and bureau for Mr. Scratchgravel, the great Boston banker."

"I am sorry for Scratchgravel, worthy Neptune; but when you wrote me I could have room No. 5, you certainly did not mean to give me the floor and bare walls only?"

"No, doctor; but, you see, Mr. Scratchgravel, the Boston banker, is comin' next week, and—"

The remainder of the sentence was lost to my ear; but it may be said that, after much pondering on the part of the landlord, he sent to Boston or Portland for one more wash-stand and bureau.

The beds, however, remained as hard and lumpy as ever, with this morsel of satisfaction, that corn husks will, after a while, fit themselves to your body, and, though not a downy couch, you must bear with it until the Mount Desert landlords overcome their prejudices against hair mattresses, or until some civilized hotel-keeper arrives there, and starts a healthy competition.

As these pages are written for the information and amusement of the public, and especially of those who may wish to visit Mount Desert, it becomes a solemn duty to

ECHO LAKE, ON THE ROAD FROM SOMESVILLE TO SOUTHWEST HARBOR.

SOUTHERLY END OF NEWPORT MOUNTAIN, NEAR THE SAND BEACH.

say something about the food offered you to eat. When one sits down at a Mount Desert table, the memories of Parker's beefsteak, or Delmonico's *Poulet à l'Espagnol*, to say nothing of the luxuries of the home table, come thronging sumptuously before him to banish whatever little appetite remains. When people cook and eat food of this wretched description, there must be something wrong in their moral condition. I am aware this condemnation as regards food applies equally to other parts of the country—to the White Mountains and the far West. The unfortunate creatures who cook at these places will make bread with about equal quantities of flour and saleratus; they are determined to fry meat rather than roast, broil, boil, or stew it; they insist upon calling beans coffee, and so on. At Mount Desert very little meat is furnished the hungry sojourner, but he is permitted to feast and fast upon fish. This diet is perhaps satisfying to the intellectual Bostonian, who seeks that food which stimulates and adds to the brain; but the more sensuous New Yorker, or the rearing tearing half horse and half alligator of the West, must have beef, fowl, and mutton.

One day we begged of our landlord to send to Boston or somewhere and get a barrel of corned beef.

"Well now, that is an idee," he responded, while he shifted one leg over the other and turned his head, as he lay stretched at full length on the store-room counter. "That's an idee. Will it keep?"

"The beef? Not long, for your hungry guests will eat it up."

This was all we got of the corned beef, although the question was again and again brought before the clouded mind of the landlord; and some of us, who could not live on beans, fish, and saleratus bread alone, sent up to the Falmouth House in Portland for other supplies.

Perhaps this is a solemn, not to say despairing, aspect of the commissariat question; but the fact must remain that the food furnished at most—I will not say all—of the hotels or boarding-houses at Mount Desert is highly unsatisfactory; and if ever there was a Christian missionary work needed, here and throughout this country, it is upon this matter of the quantity, quality, and the most healthful way of cooking food.

But the crowds of people who every summer flock to Mount Desert are willing to overlook, in a measure, the short-comings of the table. The bounteous feast which nature spreads before them—the incentive to pass all day in the open air, either in lengthened pedestrian expeditions, in sailing or rowing upon the waters of the beautiful bay—gives them an appetite equal to any situation. Mount Desert is not a fashionable resort, while it is more frequented than any of the watering-places—under which title I do not class Long Branch, which is nothing but a

parasite to the city of New York. The people who pass the summer on the rough, rocky island of Mount Desert leave their big trunks at home. The ladies wear wide-brimmed hats and picturesque costumes of red and blue flannel, cut short above the feet and ankles, which, in turn, are incased in stout walking shoes. The gentlemen appear in warm, rough clothing, which will stand the wear and tear of a tramp over the rocks and through the bushes, and which will offer some resistance to the fogs, which penetrate like the rain. There is a good deal of fun in the way of dancing in the evening, and playing of all sorts of games, like unto blindman's-buff and puss in the corner. During the day parties of several persons, ladies and gentlemen, start off on walking expeditions of five, ten, and fifteen miles to one or another of the many objects of interest on the sea-shore or up the mountains. There is a vigorous, sensible, healthy feeling in all they do, and not a bit of that overdressed, pretentious, nonsensical, unhealthy sentimentality which may be found at other places.

One day three young ladies, who are pupils of William Hunt, asked me if I would allow them to go with me on a sketching expedition across the water to Bar Island.

"Certainly, ladies; I feel honored; but it is difficult to make a landing over there; you will get your feet wet, and the sharp rocks will tear your clothes."

"May we go?"

"Of course."

When, by means of a small row-boat, we got near the rocky shore, it proved to be unusually difficult to land. The heavy undertow sucked the water away from the base of the rocks, carrying our boat with it inevitably, and then the incoming wave would drive us in with equal force, threatening to smash the whole concern—a serious danger but for the skill of our wary skipper, who kept us nicely balanced on the edge of a wave, and who took advantage of an eddy to run the boat up on the rocks. Then we got out with our sketching traps, and tumbled about over the sharp, slippery rocks until we found the places we wished, and, unmindful of wet feet and bruised limbs, man and women sat down and worked with a will. And I may say here that it was surprising to see how Hunt's system of teaching his pupils to look at the broad masses of light and shade, and to lay them in with a big brush, was illustrated by these intelligent Boston girls, for their sketches were worthy the pencil of experienced artists.

Our boatman, who was a regular old salt, could not understand the business at all.

"I say, Sir," he remarked confidentially to me, "what do you go about a-taking them doggertypes fur?"

"For pleasure—the fun of it."

"Fun!" he answered, in a deep guttural, while he gave an extra tug at the oars. "Well, you knows what you're about; but I've been in and out of salt-water more nor fifty year, and it's guv me the rheumatiz."

Sailing-parties form a marked feature of a sojourn at Bar Harbor, for the neighborhood abounds in pretty, picturesque places to visit. In the harbor proper there are the so-called "Porcupine Islands"—and the name is not inappropriate; for, as seen at a distance, or under the misty veil which so often hangs about them, their abrupt form on the sea front, tapering to a point inland, their backs bristling with the sharp-pointed tops of pine and cedar trees, they are sufficiently like the porcupine to bear the name. It is at a distance only that these islands present a forbidding appearance. As you approach them, and glide gently near the shore, you find infinite objects of interest and beauty. The rough cliffs rise a hundred feet, their bosoms bearing the scars of the buffets of the waves of centuries. In places the water has broken through the barrier of rock, making entrance-way into what would be huge caverns, only the earth has fallen in from the top, and you find yourself in a big, deep well, out of which there is no egress save by the low tide of the sea. Bald Porcupine (which has recently been purchased by General Fremont) is among the most celebrated of these islands, and, as seen from the neighboring land, has a gaunt, bare, and forbidding aspect; but when you have gained foot-hold upon its ragged shore, a thousand pictures present themselves to your delighted eyes. Bold cliffs rise up, sharply defined against the deep blue of the ocean and the fading gray of the sky. Wild flowers of rarest forms and color and slender grasses cluster in the crevices of the red and gray cliff-side, their graceful, delicate forms ever yielding to, but always resisting, the fury of the winds or the drenching spray of ocean storms. Above the line of rocky shore there are pastures, where patches of yellow and green grasses afford nourishment for industrious flocks of sheep, which add to the artistic effect of the landscape. On the landward side of these islands, in safe shelter from wind and wave, there are the villages of fishermen; Pogueville is the title of one of these, and its inhabitants have the reputation of not being especially elegant, not to say civilized. But, as near as I could learn, they are honest, resisting even the temptation to smuggle. The border line of New Brunswick is not so far away but what a few hours' run in one of their fishing vessels might bring away a rich cargo of those articles which are made costly by our high tariff. Perhaps the easy consciences of the officials at our great ports of entry make smuggling unnecessary at these out-of-the-way places.

One of the points of interest most often

CLIFFS ON BALD PORCUPINE.

visited by water—it may be reached by land—is known as "The Ovens," which are caves like those we saw on our way over from Southwest Harbor, only they are much larger, and are situated more inland on the northern side of the island.

I have no doubt of the safety of these sailing expeditions, provided always you have a good boat and a careful "skipper," and both of these are to be had all along the shores of the island. The terrible accident off Schooner Head a few years since, by which several lives were lost, was the result of reckless carelessness on the part of the boy who sailed the boat. There are dangers on the sea as well as the land.

One day, when out upon a sailing excursion, my attention was attracted by the words, "There she comes, sure enough!" This was the first audible remark which I heard from the lips of the captain of our pleasure schooner since we had left the pier three hours before. There had been the gentlest sort of a breeze all the morning, which had hardly appeared to fill the sails, but impelled by which we slipped along

THE OVENS, SALISBURY COVE.

through the water. The captain was the toughest specimen of a sailor about the harbor. He seemed as if he had been tied up into hard knots. His arms were in numberless knots; his face was a single red knot, in which were a great variety of other knots; his nose was the toughest kind of a knot; while two little bright brown eyes looked out from an entanglement of wrinkles and knots. He was and is as honest and simple-hearted and quiet a man, and as good a sailor, as could be found within a day's sail of Mount Desert Light; and although he was not much in the habit of talking, this morning he would scarcely have been heard, for we had on board a jolly party of young people, who sent their cries and laughter echoing from shore to shore.

"Yes, she's a-coming, sure," was the second remark from the captain, while his bullet eyes shot away off to seaward.

If you wish to establish a good reputation with a down East skipper, you must not betray ignorance upon any topic of sailor craft; so I looked wise, and looked somewhere in the direction he was gazing, but saw nothing. I was ready to recognize any one of the number of things the sailor calls "she"—a whale, a log, any kind of a sailing craft, a school of mackerel, a squall, or thunder-shower; but to my sight the sea and sky were as spotless as the limpid blue of a baby's eye. So for a while I said nothing. But when I saw "Old Knotty" put his helm up, and the boat swing obediently around with its prow toward the village, I began to be curious to know what "she" was, and I asked,

"She's coming, is she?"

"Yes, Sir, and fast enough, I tell you; but we'll weather her if the breeze holds. Don't she travel, though?"

By this time I knew what "she" meant; for coming round the point of Great Head was a something ghostly gray in color, not higher than the land, and creeping along over the still water with insidious speed, its lower edge lapping over and over, as if it were sucking the sea up into its mysterious depths. In five minutes it had swallowed all the outer line of islands; for an instant the trees would crown its vaporous top, and then vanish. Soon the vast and solid bulks of the mountains were like shadows, and then disappeared; and suddenly the

land was gone, and we were like shadows hanging in space.

"How extraordinary!" "It is like witchery!" "I'm frightened!" were the exclamations from the astonished party.

"You well may be, for it's in such a fog as this the Flying Dutchman comes," said the captain, solemnly.

"You do not mean to say you believe there is such a thing as the Flying Dutchman?"

"I know it, Sir; I've seen him; and you can't find a sailor about Bar Harbor, or any one who belongs here, who don't believe it. And, what's more, whenever he comes along there's a death sure to follow him."

After we got safe on shore, some hours later, we laughed at the superstition of the captain, but it did not seem so strange nor ridiculous when we were in the fog-bank.

There are occasions, however, when this swift rising of the fog becomes more terrible, because filled with danger. Not long ago a party of artists started off in search of subjects for brush and pencil. The sun shone brightly, and the sea was calm and fair for a while; but suddenly, with even less of warning than we of the adventure narrated above had, the wind came fiercely in from the ocean, and with it that terror of all sailors, the "Black Fog." Thick, sombre, and impenetrable to the sight, this vaporous mass enshrouded the luckless boatmen; the fury of the wind raised a high-running sea, which tossed the boat about beyond the control of its occupants, who, nevertheless, pulled hard at the oars, hoping to get somewhere toward the solid land. Perhaps there is no class of men who worship so enthusiastically and heartily the sublime and terrible in nature as our artists; but it's one thing to represent these thrilling scenes upon the canvas, and quite another actually to participate in them, as did our friends in question. By incessant bailing, with difficulty did they prevent the boat from sinking with the weight of water which poured in from all sides; and each man, from time to time, gave place at the oars to his companion, already well-nigh exhausted with his labor. The obscurity became more dense, and the prospect of reaching the shore more hopeless, when they caught the sullen sound of the waves thumping against the cliffs. It was ominous of sudden and fearful destruction, for these sharp rocks and whirling waves know no mercy. For hours these resolute men continued to keep their craft right side up, fighting against wind and wave, and by gigantic efforts avoided the reefs and rocks which soon came in their way. Meanwhile the sound of the waves upon the cliffs had increased, until it broke upon their appalled hearing like one continual roar of thunder. The wind had increased to a gale, before which the boat sped furiously, and destruction seemed inevitable, when suddenly they found themselves upon more quiet waters, while the roar of the waves sounded away to the left and behind them. When the exhausted but thankful party saw the line of shore struggling through the mist, they knew that a good Providence had led them past the dangers of Great Head into the haven of Schooner Head Harbor.

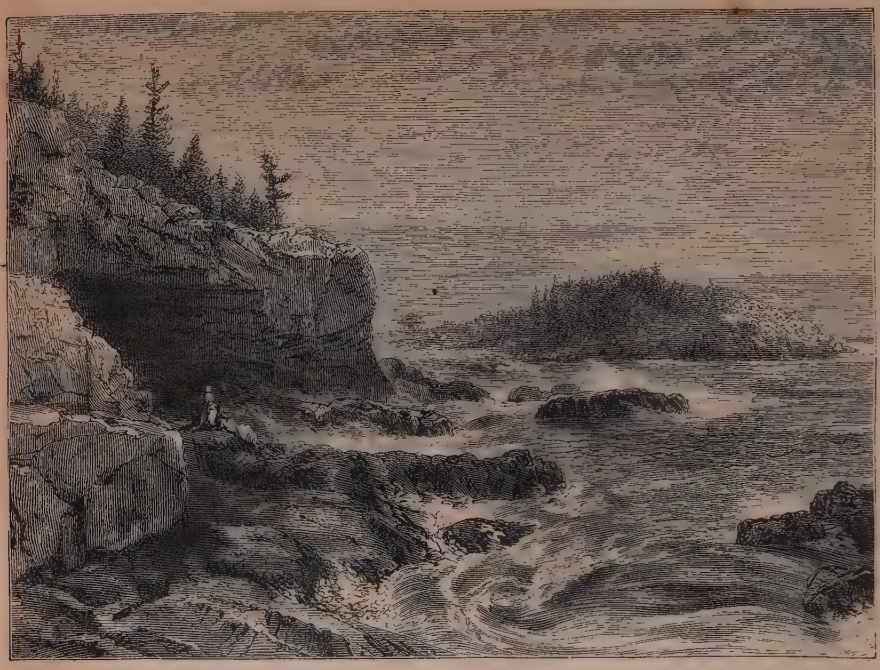
There are as many attractive expeditions on the land as the curiosity, the limit of time, or the power of endurance of the seeker may permit; for besides the places of special interest, there are the mountain roads, with ever-varying glimpses of wide-extended views; the by-paths through the woods, fragrant with the perfume of the pine; the fields, with the search after wild weeds and flowers, the cranberry, ground-pine, and cedar, the ferns and mosses; the line of broken, rocky shore, with its wealth of the foliage of the sea in every pool left by the retiring tide; and that nameless delight in watching the restless waves as they surge and foam over the sunken ledges and up the pebbly beach.

In all my wanderings I remember no place where the lover of the beautiful, the romantic, and the more sublime elements of nature will find so much that will fascinate and captivate him as here.

But pleasure-seekers like to have a special destination in their excursions, whether they walk or are carried, and such places abound.

Schooner Head is one of these, although the "head" itself does not amount to much as a "schooner." Among many points of interest there is a celebrated cave called the "Devil's Den," the "Cave of the Sea," and other strange names. It can only be entered at low tide, and it requires a good degree of muscular effort and a sure foot to descend from the cliff to the entrance of this extraordinary cavern, where, at your very feet, the waves are tearing and roaring over the jagged rocks, now and then leaping up as if in anger with the bold intruder who seeks to learn the secrets of its rocky hiding-place; and it is well for you not to be found there an hour later, for then the waters have their wild way in the big cave. Now, however, it is as still and quiet as a dungeon; but, unlike such melancholy location, here, in the darkest shadow, we find in a pool of water, reposing in complete peace and security, the most exquisite sea-anemones, orchids of richest colors, zoophytes, star-fish, and most delicate weeds and mosses—all of them presenting the prettiest picture imaginable.

An object in this vicinity to which is attached more of human interest is the old "Lynam Homestead." The house itself is not specially picturesque, and the surrounding country is bleak and bare, while an old well-sweep and a withered tree in the yard give the place a look of loneliness and neglect. But it is the artistic associations of the old house which will make it celebrated, for



DEVIL'S DEN AND SCHOONER HEAD.

within its walls have been gathered many of the names most celebrated in American art—Cole, Church, Gifford, Hart, Parsons, Warren, Bierstadt, Brown, Colman, and others. The Lynam house is not altogether like the celebrated cottage in the forest of Fontainebleau, whose walls are made priceless by the sketches and studies which have been painted upon them by the greatest names of French art history, such as Decamps, Delacroix, Delaroche, Rosa Bonheur, Troyon, and the like, who during their summer excursions were resident there. But while no sketches enrich the walls about the humble domicile at Schooner Head, there are stories and memories of artists and artistic adventure which will make it interesting for a long while to come. It was on the rocks near the Lynam cottage where the writer experienced an adventure which does not precisely belong to the order which is noticed above. My wife and I had made a sketching excursion over to Schooner Head from Bar Harbor, and on the cliff near by had selected for our morning's work a bit of foreground, where the rocks, covered with lichens, cropped out here and there from the firm ground, which in places near the shore like this never gives sustenance to other herbage than the short yellow grass, or the richer tinted moss, or perhaps the beautiful running ground-pine. Just beyond a cedar-tree rose up across the broken cliff and the distant line of deep blue where the sea met the sky. It was an excellent subject for a picture, and we had got fairly to work, and had settled down into that delicious quiet and calm which only the student of nature can know, when our ears were saluted by several distinct grunts. At first we paid no attention to these sounds, but soon they came nearer and nearer, until the author, an enormous hog, poked out his head from underneath a low pine within six feet of us. Under ordinary circumstances the presence of a porker, while not fascinatingly attractive, may be submitted to, provided he keeps his distance, which is six feet, to say the least. But our four-legged critic, after a careful examination of the situation, claimed closer acquaintance, and advanced his huge person gradually but positively, when it became apparent to several of our senses that his movement was offensive.

To our cries of "Shoo, shoo, shoo!" "Get out, you beast!" "Hi, hi, hi!" and so on, the horrid intruder paid no heed, but continued his aggressive movement, and we were at last forced to put down palette and paint-box, and, with sticks and stones, drive the creature away. Hardly were we again comfortably seated and at work, when the obstinate beast returned to the charge, and again we drove him away as before. Meanwhile we had laid in a stock of ammunition in the shape of clubs and stones, and when he made his third approach—for at us he came again—the batteries opened upon him were fierce and incessant. For a while he halted, unable to resist the blinding fire,

GREAT HEAD.

and sitting down upon his haunches, he emitted a succession of the most extraordinary sounds that ever proceeded from the mouth of a hog. He squealed like a hog, he snorted like a horse, he brayed like a mule, he roared and grunted and whistled. The nervous excitement of the animal was distressing, if not alarming, to see; he swayed from one side to the other, tossing his head in the air, squinting at us first with one eye and then with the other, and altogether exhibiting a state of mind inexplicable upon any established theory of porcine philosophy. Finally, under a heavy shower of missiles, he gathered himself together and fled to the bushes, where he disappeared from sight and sound.

"Thank Heaven!" we exclaimed, "the vile creature has gone. It is beyond any thing I ever heard of." And after mutual wondering at what had occurred, once more we resumed, and for half an hour, in tranquil content, continued our work.

But peace was not to be our lot that day, for all at once, right behind us, we heard the crashing of the branches, and turning, we beheld the horrid hog, grunting and squealing, and in the act of dashing furiously upon us. Without the warning sound we should have been overrun, and perhaps dangerously injured; as it was, I met the assault with the iron point of the staff of my sketching umbrella, and was able, by active blows, to keep the pertinacious pig away while we packed up and beat a retreat to the outer line of irregular, jagged rocks, where we thought ourselves secure. But, astonishing as it may seem, this creature, with something of the agility of a goat and with all the obstinacy of a hog, followed us out upon the rocks, and for the sake of safety we finally went home.

To this day the reason of the attraction of this extraordinary hog to myself and companion remains a mystery. Was it the smell of the lunch which we carried in our sachel, and which reached his keen and eager nostrils? Had he been brought up as a pet, and were his overtures simply evidences of affection? Or was he not a member of that herd of swine mentioned in the Scriptures into which were driven the unclean spirits, and was not this one of the hogs who was not drowned in the sea?

Not more than a mile from Schooner Head, and along the same shore, is Great Head, whose title, unlike that of its neighbor, is no misnomer. Here the massive cliffs lift their bald front high in air, as if to challenge the wildest, most furious assaults of wind and wave. The grandeur and might of these huge cliffs were more impressive when we crouched beneath their overhanging walls. It is a slippery, dangerous foot-hold here, but a point of view impressive and thrilling. It is gained by creeping down a ravine, and then, by sliding and scrambling over the steep cliff among the loose stones, we find ourselves actually underneath Great Head. Below you—indeed at your feet—the waters come swelling up in monstrous waves, not broken as by the uneven shore, nor arched and combing as they fall along the smooth beach, but here they rise in massive billows, as if lifted up by some mighty hand and cast furiously against the cliff.

The wagon road leading to Great Head stops at a farm-house some miles away, and when I last visited that locality a little girl not more than six years old volunteered as guide. She had no covering to her head save a wealth of flaxen hair. Her eyes were beautifully blue, her skin that delicate pink and white which characterizes all the children and women on the island, except the many of the latter who are pallid with consumption. The feet of our little girl were bare, and as she picked her way along over the rough ground, sliding down steep rocks, climbing and scrambling over the ugliest projections, and always in danger, it seemed absurd that this little wind-flower should be guiding our large party of men and women. But she in reality was more agile and sure-footed, and ran less risk, than any of us. She seemed to me a marked example of the people of this region, who from earliest youth begin to act and think for themselves, to learn to be self-reliant, however ignorant they may remain in other ways.

At this point let me say that I do not wish to be understood that the people of the island are not as well educated and as intelligent as those of other parts of the Eastern States, for the children here have equal advantages in the way of common schools, and they appear to make use of them; but to the scattered inhabitants along that bleak and rough part of the coast of which I have just now been writing any kind of school education must be attained under great difficulties. It is a long road from the cottage of the fisherman to the school-house. In the summer-time even, when the strangers from more southern climes seek the island in search of rest and cool bracing winds, the aspect of nature is rough and sterile. Excepting the dark and sombre tones of the evergreen, the landscape is clad in a mantle of russet and gray; that luxuriance of foliage which fills the eye with varied tints of green in the more temperate climates of other parts of our country seems impossible here. The air is loaded with the salts of the sea. The island is mostly composed of rocks, and the scanty proportion of earth yields a meagre supply of yellow stunted grass, while the farmer toils in vain to produce those harvests of corn or other cereals which fill the granaries in more favored lands. The means of communication, too, are difficult; the roads are obstructed with stones; they pass over steep hills into deep

THE BURIAL BY THE SEA.

ravines, rarely ever finding an easy level, so that the mountain torrents and the frequent storms of rain make gullies along and across the way. Thus, if we find it rough to travel from place to place in the summer-time, what must be the hinderances to the people of the island when the wild storms of winter fill the roads and ravines with enormous drifts of snow, when even the houses themselves are buried in snow, and when it is a labor of days to cut pathways to and from their houses and barns? When nature so rudely interposes these almost insurmountable obstacles—for it must be remembered that nearly all the "schooling" is done in the winter-time—it is surprising that the children get any education whatever. Yet by reason of these very obstructions these people have become self-reliant, hardy, and enterprising. Those who have but little give much, and I have always found these islanders, although shrewd in their dealings and saving in all ways, yet kind-hearted and hospitable.

In the lives of these simple-hearted fishermen, isolated from the world and separated far from each other, there are episodes full of the deepest pathos.

One morning, late in the year, when the chill eastern wind had brought in from the ocean drifting banks of fog, with now and then blinding sheets of rain, on the edge of a dreary stretch of marsh land by the sea, we came upon a freshly dug grave. Two or three head-stones to other graves near by told us that this was no public cemetery, and only a secluded corner used by its owner to make such interment as best he could. All by itself, it was a sad picture, and little but this waste of sand and marsh could be seen, for the gathering mists inwrapped the mountain and the sea as in a ghostly shroud; yet it was not complete, for out of the dim distance there came two figures bearing a small coffin between them, which they placed by the side of the grave. The bearers were two men, whose tanned and wrinkled faces bore evidence of life-long exposure to wind and sun and rain; their oil-cloth caps and coats were dripping with water, while about their rough top-boots hung the long grass and kelp cast up by the waves on the rocks and beach. The poor pine coffin, too, bore like evidence of exposure, for the water ran from its sides, and the sand gathered about the bottom showed that the men must have rested in their toilsome journey. We saw all of this at a glance, and then looked in the direction from whence they came, expecting to see other forms, and those of women, approaching, but the flying mists, unbroken, shut closer in about us. The solitary mourners recognized our presence by bowing. There was no service of the church, no audible word of prayer was said, and no sound was heard, save that eternal requiem of the restless sea, while the body was consigned to its last resting-place. And then, perhaps it was the sight of the tears which came fast flowing from our eyes which unsealed the closely compressed lips of the elder of the two men.

"She was the last one who came to me," he said, tremblingly. "And afore now I've thought she was the prettiest of 'em all. There they are, Sir, all of 'em, wife and children, in the ground; and I'm all alone." The great grief of the old man stopped his speech, and answering the warm pressure of sympathizing hands, not daring again to look at the graves of all he held most dear, he turned his steps by the way he came, and, with his companion, was soon lost to view.

We shall never forget that pathetic burial by the sea.

We should have mentioned that in this vicinity of Schooner Head there is a "Spouting Horn," which, unlike most other spouting horns at the watering-places, spouts now and then. There is also a sea-wall, which

CLIFFS AT SCHOONER HEAD.

is famous. "Otter Creek" is another interesting point, not far from Schooner Head, and on the southern or seaward side of the island, where there is a remarkable sea-wall and other objects of interest.

On your road to and from Schooner Head and Great Head you pass by Newport Mountain, which also guards the entrance to Bar Harbor on the side of the sea. It is a rough place to climb, yet the enthusiastic pedestrians, male and female, have little hesitation in surmounting all its difficulties, and, in spite of scars and bruises and great fatigue, affirm they are well repaid by the noble views which spread out on every side.

Eagle Lake, a body of fresh-water some mile in width and two or three miles long, is a phenomenon in its way. It is situated between Green and Dog mountains, some fifteen hundred feet above the ocean, which, in a direct line, is not much more than half or three-quarters of a mile distant. One can hardly realize the presence of so large a body of fresh-water at such an altitude and on a comparatively small island, and which is completely surrounded by salt-water. I put this problem to one of the natives, whose farm-house looks down upon the lake from the side opposite the mountain. He replied, "Well, I guess it rains in." The theory of subterranean channels of water far into the earth and underneath the sea, which here find outlets, was a little beyond him. A right honest, good man he was, by-the-way, who had sent his sons to the war, two of whom left their bones on Southern soil. He owns the boat on the lake, and, with his kind-hearted wife, when the reader goes up there to catch a generous mess of trout, will help him to cook them. Yes, Eagle Lake has double attractions. Every rod of its shore is a study for the artist, while the sportsman may catch all the trout he desires.

From Bar Harbor to the top of Green Mountain is a walk or ride of about four miles. Any person of ordinary leg-power, after he has respired the electrical atmosphere of Mount Desert a few days, will insist upon walking to the summit, and he will find the road good and the ascent easy and gradual, with no very rough climbing any part of the way. Those who wish to drive will have earnestly pressed upon their consideration a great many small wagons and light carry-alls, but I would advise them to choose the so-called "mountain wagons," such as are in general use all about the White Mountains. These are made very strong; the body of the wagon is hung on leather straps, instead of resting upon springs, and although it is a rough way of traveling, yet it is altogether safer. Whether you ride or walk, after you have passed over half the way you will gaze upon the most beautiful views you have ever seen, although you may have crossed the Rocky Mountains or journeyed over half of the Old World.

The singular charm of the panorama to be seen from the summit of Green Mountain may be attributed to the fact that it embraces both the sea and the land. You stand and gaze to the south, and see at your feet little villages hugging close to the golden belt of shore which divides the iron-gray

land from the azure of the sea; and then, still looking seaward, you raise your eyes slowly in the effort to find some sort of lines which will mark the perspective, and, save little dark specks, which are mighty vessels going to and fro, you perceive a wide, measureless expanse of blue, melting off into delicate gray, and then, looking higher and higher, until you meet the blue once more away up in the zenith. Again, not comprehending how the horizon of the ocean should be as high as the place where you stand, you strive to trace a path up that wall of blue, but just as it reaches the level of the eye the atmosphere cheats you of the exact line of the horizon, and you find yourself all in the sky once more.

This delusive effect of perspective is yet more astonishing as seen from a point on the road not quite up to the summit, where you look between two sharp peaks of neighboring mountains, and see what must be, you reason, clouds floating in the sky, but which, thirty miles away, are islands rising out of the sea.

It is when you turn your face away from the ocean and look to the east that you once more feel secure that you are not deceived; for although the mountain pitches suddenly into the deep blue of bay, sound, and inlet, yet beyond that are islands and capes and promontories, and to the north, far across in the silvery hazy distance, the broad sweeping uplands of the main-land, and, fading into the sky, the gray forms of other mountains. There are strong foregrounds to the pictures, which vary, and as you move in the centre of this magic circle, the hard gray rocks lie all around in masses of brilliant light and deep shadows of violet, and of green where the foliage of fern and brake grows from the crevices of the rock. A flock of white sheep are quietly nibbling the scanty growth of grass and weeds, or, clambering the sharp rocks, they look in vain for fresh fields and pastures new. A most comfortable and home-like look do these sheep give to the scene. Rising harmoniously here and there are groups or single trees of fir or cedar, whose sombre colors come up, dark and clear cut, against the filmy gray of the distant hills and the sky. Just below us is Eagle Lake, looking like a mirror, so brightly does it reflect the sun-lit sky. It is a mirror framed in with ebony, inlaid in walnut, so dark are the forests of pine and cedar which surround it. Across the lake there are the brown hills patched with yellow fields and the primeval forests, and then there is a sudden leap across a broad bay of tranquil water, and beyond that a wide extent of threads and splashes of burnished silver and molten bronze. For two-thirds the circumference of the horizon the land and the water have divided empire; nearer at hand the land seems more beautiful, for each island and cape has local color, and glimmers like emeralds rimmed with bands of gold; but far away the water reflects the dazzling glory

VIEW OF EAGLE LAKE AND THE SEA FROM GREEN MOUNTAIN.

of the sunlight, and the beholder may not give the palm of victory to land or water, but gaze upon it all with awe and wonder and unspeakable delight.

Dog Mountain has already been spoken of as forming one of the boundaries to Eagle Lake. The mountain itself has not been an object of general visiting interest, but the photographic artists go every where, and they have found at this point some interesting bits of scenery. These indefatigable gentlemen often are the pioneers to the most beautiful views and objects, and especially at Mount Desert have they shown the true artistic eye in the selection of desirable subjects.

Flying Mountain is not so well known to the casual visitor at Mount Desert, but from it may be seen interesting views, especially of the ocean. But of these, and "Hadlock's Pond," and "Carroll's Mountain," and "Echo Lake," and "Northeast Harbor," and many another lovely locality to be seen, one must pass summer after summer at the different places on the island in order to do them justice.

I have described only one way of approach to Mount Desert—that of the sea. There are many persons who are made unhappy, not to say ill, even, by going on board of a steamboat, and who can not endure so much of motion, which at times is serious in the passage from Portland to Rockland. To these there is the pleasant resource of a stage ride from Bangor all the way by land to any part of Mount Desert; for although this is an island, there is one point where the mainland is reached by means of a bridge. This gives you a drive of some fifty miles over superb roads through a picturesque country, and behind such handsome horses as I have never elsewhere seen coupled to a stage-coach. It is possible that the opening of the new railroad to the British Provinces may have shortened this distance. There are those who do not consider this distance a great journey. During two summers I passed at Bar Harbor there was a gentleman who every week drove down from Bangor to Bar Harbor. He would start about nine in the morning of Saturday, and arrive just before sunset, his good roan mare looking as fresh, the hostler said, "as a daisy."

Perhaps this is as proper a place as any other to halt for a while in my description of the natural beauties of Mount Desert, and relate some really interesting facts regarding the past history of the island.

When the traveler visits the southern portions of the United States—at St. Augustine, in Florida, at Savannah, in Georgia, and even at Port Royal, South Carolina—he will find ruins and monuments, and even the descendants, of the French and Spanish emigration of the seventeenth century. The historian will not only tell you of the descent of Admiral Drake upon the town of St. Augustine, the contests of the Spanish settlers with the Indians, the fights between the French emigrants and the Spanish soldiers, but the antiquarian will show you splendid fortifications and beautiful architecture which had been the handiwork of these people, who had lived and prospered and died so long before, and whose civilization was so different in all ways from ours.

The visitor at Mount Desert, if he were to study and search ever so critically, would scarcely suppose that while in 1609 the Franciscan monk was converting to Christianity the savages of Florida, his Jesuit brothers of France, Biard and Masse, had established a colony in the vicinity of what is now known as Somesville, at Mount Desert. This is not, however, the first appearance of the French on the island. It is told that when De Monts, a French adventurer, who obtained from Henry IV. a charter for one-half of the Atlantic coast south from Cape Breton, broke up his encampment at the island of St. Croix, he sailed westward, and in order to gratify the curiosity of one Nicholas d'Aubri, he put that gentleman, who was an ecclesiastic of some sort, ashore at Mount Desert, where he remained for a while. Meanwhile the grant of De Monts had been surrendered to Madame De Guercheville, and confirmed to her by the king. This lady was a zealous Catholic, and with the assistance of De Suassaye, who was her agent, caused colonies of Jesuit missionaries to settle at this island in 1613, whether at the western end, where Biard and Masse were already located, is in doubt; but it is certain that, coming from Port Royal, they landed at Mount Desert, built a small fort, set up a cross, celebrated mass, and called the place "St. Saviour" and "Mount Mansel." It is interesting to know, also, that Mount Mansel was the first land discovered by the Massachusetts emigrants in 1630.

Suassaye's colony soon after this was driven away by an expedition of bloody Englishmen from Virginia. But they afterward returned, and in 1691 we hear of one "Cadillac," who, excited by the descriptions of D'Aubri—who, it will be remembered, was put on shore at Mount Desert—established colonies of Jesuit missionaries all through this region.

Much could be written of these early settlements at Mount Desert, but all that is known is derived from contemporary reports within the island itself, nor can its present inhabitants add one leaf to its earliest history. It is said that there are on the west side of Somes Sound evidences of these early settlements, but these indications must be very indistinct.

The reader will remember that we came from Southwest to Bar Harbor by water, and that mention was made of a route by the land. Upon a recent occasion I resolved

HEAD OF SOMES SOUND.

to take this journey across the hills, and so started off one morning in obedience to a prearranged programme. We—there were ladies in the party—were to occupy the most of the day in going to the village of Somesville, where we were to stop all night, and in the morning take a sail or row boat down through Somes Sound to Southwest Harbor, there to meet the steamboat, and then proceed on to Portland.

The first stage of the journey, a ride of less than twenty miles, was made with pleasure to all of us, for we saw the mountain, the lake, and woods, and fields under a sky filled with gray clouds, that most charming effect of equal light, when there is neither strong lights nor shadow, and when the chaste and delicate tints of russet and yellow and green find their true values. Arriving at Somesville early in the afternoon, we rambled about this pretty village, watching the workmen in the ship-yards, wandering along the shore, lined with rocks, and belted with groups of birch and pine and fir trees, and we were never wearied of gazing down the sound, where sailing craft, large and small, were passing up and down, their white canvas in bright relief against the dark masses of the mountains beyond.

The little inn at Somesville had more of a comfortable, home-like look than any thing we had seen for a long while. It is called "Somes House." A Mr. Somes keeps it, and has kept it any time these fifty years past, as have his ancestors, who were the first settlers here. He is also town-clerk, I think postmaster, and I know not what besides. An excellent example of a down East landlord is Mr. Somes, even if there was a portrait of Andrew Jackson hanging in our bedroom.

"What, in marcy's name, do you want to go down the sound fur, when there's a good road all the way ter the harbor?" was the expostulation of the old gentleman, when we were trying to make the arrangement for the morning's trip.

"It is the scenery we wish to see."

"Yes, I know it's what them artist men come here fur. But what it amounts ter, arter all their squattin' and fussin', I don't know."

The next morning, in company with a stranger gentleman, his wife, and child, we got into a boat which was adapted both for sails and oars. With the two boatmen there were seven of us altogether, which, for a not very large boat, was a good load, to say nothing of two or three trunks by way of luggage. For the first part of our way we passed close to the shore, where the evergreens overhung the ledges of rocks in pretty picturesque forms which were reflected in the water without a break, except where the bubbles slid past the bow of the boat, or the oars splashed under the vigorous stroke of our conductors. But when we got out into the open water little cat's-paws of wind came scampering along, ruffling the surface; these ceased after a while, but I knew they were

premonitory of a stronger breeze which was to come by-and-by. There was a solemn stillness which succeeded this little flurry as we entered a narrow pass cleft between the mountains, and which must have been made by some sudden convulsion of nature; for to the east the mountain slopes gradually to the water, but on the western side the rocky cliff rises perpendicular a thousand feet. Gliding slowly along at its base, and gazing upward, there seemed no limit to its height. But little foliage is to be seen against this wall of iron-gray. At widespread intervals a withered trunk of cedar stood out to view, or a handful of green showed where some fugitive seed had found resting-place in a crevice of the rock. The painful silence of this place was only broken by the cry of the eagle soaring about its nest far above us, or the swift down-rushing and plunge of the osprey seeking its prey and daily food, and as we pulled out from under the shadow of the precipice our attention was riveted to several ospreys, who, screaming with rage, hovered near the top of a stunted pine. With their long, sharp talons outstretched, they would descend almost to the tree, and then, with a wild scream, dash away into the air, again to return with threatening gestures. Very soon we saw the cause of all this excitement, for, perched upon a strong branch, stood a splendid specimen of the bald eagle. Unmindful of the cries and threats of the ospreys, he was tearing to pieces with beak and claw a good-sized fish, which a few moments before he had stolen from his assailants, who were now visiting upon him their furious but impotent rage.

CLIFFS, DOG MOUNTAIN, SOMES SOUND.

"This is a famous place, Sir," said one of the boatmen, who until now had divided his energies between tugging at his oar and gnawing at a pigtail of very black tobacco, which he carried, with his red handkerchief, in the crown of his hat. "In the Revolutionary war the British fleet used to come in here and get water and things. You know, Sir, there's no soundings ever been found alongside that mountain, and a man-o'-war can lie right alongside that cliff and get water enough out of the big spring to fill her hold if she'd like."

"One would suppose this an exposed point in event of a war."

"Well, Sir, that's jes what it is, Sir. In the war of twelve" (1812) "they came in here and sent boats' crews up the sound; but I tell you the d—d Britisher got more nor he come fur. They tuk away cold lead with 'em. Our people fought 'em hard. The reason they come in here, Sir, is 'cause we're handy to the Bluenoses, and 'cause this is the best harbor on the coast. A thousand vessels can ride at anchor safe from any gale."

"This is a remarkable place, sure enough," said the strange gentleman, in a quizzical tone. Old Pigtail was unconscious of the sneer.

He was on his pet yarn, and he spun away glibly.

"Yes, Sir, it is famous. Do you see that pathway cut in the side of the rock?" and he pointed to a whitish, irregular line on the steep mountain-side. "Well, Sir, fur forty year a man's been a-digging there fur Cap'n Kidd's treasure. He hasn't found any thing, not a cent, but he keeps a-digging like mad, and says he'll find it yit."

"What an absurd belief that is about Kidd and his treasure!" I remarked. "There is hardly an island along the coast without its legend."

"Well, Sir, I don't know about furrin parts," answered Pigtail, with a dogged look into the top of his hat in search of his tobacco. "But Cap'n Kidd came inter this harbor, and buried somewhere a ship-load of bars of gold and jewels and plate and things: that's as sure as you're sitting there."

This highly important piece of historical information brought us out into the open water, where we found our "cat's-paws" of two hours before had become tiger's-claws, for the wind was blowing a stiff breeze, "kicking up" an ugly "chopping" sea, through which we, with some difficulty, reached the steamboat landing, afterward to be transported safely back to our first point of departure.

SODA-WATER:

WHAT IT IS, AND HOW IT IS MADE.

SODA-WATER FOUNTAIN.

SODA-WATER, strange to say, contains no soda at all in any form. As made at present, it is simply a solution of carbonic acid in water of the ordinary purity. It is true that a small proportion of the bicarbonate of soda is sometimes added, but no satisfactory reason is assigned for the practice, and it is believed to be a rare exception to the general rule.

Our readers who have not cared to re-

member much of their chemistry may need to be reminded that carbonic acid is, at ordinary temperatures and pressures, a colorless gas of slightly pungent odor and pleasant acid taste; and that it exists in abundance in nature, both free and locked up in combination with basic elements, forming carbonates. These carbonates can be easily decomposed, and the carbonic acid obtained from them at will in a pure state.

Water impregnated with this gas is a grateful and, according to the medical authorities, a wholesome drink, although the gas itself, when respired, is fatally poisonous. All fermented beverages which are "brisk," or sparkling, owe that property to the presence of carbonic acid.

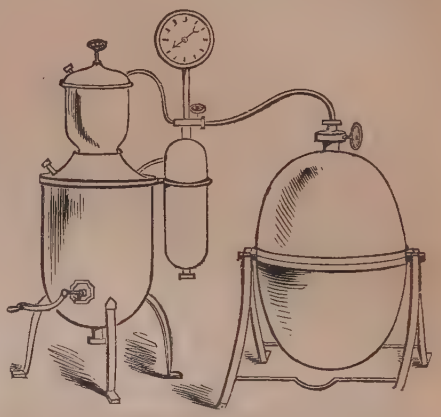
The simplest way of carbonating water is to dissolve in it a soluble carbonate and a decomposing acid. The old-fashioned soda-powders are an application of this principle, the *blue paper* containing bicarbonate of soda, and the *white* one tartaric acid, which being dissolved in separate portions of water and the solutions mixed, a brisk effervescence ensues from the escape of liberated carbonic acid. It is reasonable to infer that the carbonated water now known as soda has its name from this extemporaneous method of preparing it. The tartrate of soda formed by the reaction is necessarily present in the liquid, and in order to make pure carbonated water the gas must be allowed to escape from the liquid in which it is set free, and then conducted into pure water contained in a separate vessel. This is essentially what is done in the manufacture of the soda-water of the present day.

At the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere water will absorb carbonic acid only to the extent of a volume equal to its own bulk, which is not nearly a sufficient proportion to give agreeable "soda." An increase of pressure, however, causes further absorption in a direct ratio, and by taking advantage of this fact water may be acidified to almost any degree desired.

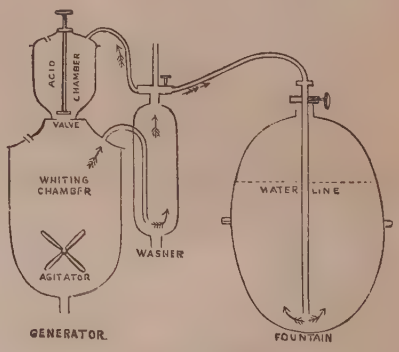
The original method of making soda was to generate the gas and conduct it to a gasometer or gas-holder in the ordinary way, and then force it into the water by means of a condensing air-pump. This method is still in almost exclusive use in England.

In this country the pump is usually dispensed with. The tremendous elasticity of the gas itself when freed from the bonds of chemical union furnishes ample power for compression, and by generating it in a closed vessel of sufficient strength an indefinite number of volumes may be condensed into one, and water impregnated accordingly.

The essentials of an apparatus for making soda-water by the last-mentioned process are a generator and fountain. The generator consists of a strong metallic vessel, divided into two compartments by a diaphragm, or of two separate chambers, mounted one over the other. The upper chamber is a receptacle for the acid to be used, and the lower one receives the carbonate to be decomposed. An opening between the two is furnished with a valve which can be opened or closed at pleasure by an outside connection. The external openings of both vessels are closely fitted with screw plugs, so that after the chemicals are introduced the generator can be rendered gas-tight. The fountain is a cylindrical vessel, into which the water is introduced, and in which it is impregnated with the gas under pressure, and retained until it is drawn for use.



GENERATOR, WASHER, PRESSURE-GAUGE, AND FOUNTAIN.



SECTIONAL VIEW.

To the generator is attached a small cylinder, which is partially filled with water, through which the gas is conducted to free it from impurities before it reaches the fountain. A gauge, constructed to show the amount of expansive power or pressure exerted by the liberated gas, completes the apparatus. The capacity of the fountains varies from ten to thirty gallons, and that of the generators in like proportion.

The material of which the apparatus is usually constructed is copper, which, from

its great toughness and ability to resist expansive pressure, is admirably adapted to the purpose. The acid chamber has a lining of lead, and the fountain one of tin, both of which are necessary to protect the copper from the chemical action of the liquids these vessels are to contain. Fountains of iron lined with glass or enamel are also in use. They afford absolute protection of the water against any metallic contamination, but have the disadvantage of being more weighty, and consequently more troublesome to handle, than copper ones, and are also less secure against explosion.

The chemicals usually employed by the soda makers for the evolution of carbonic acid are whiting or marble dust—both native carbonates of lime, varying only in purity or in aggregation of particles—and sulphuric acid, the oil of vitriol of commerce.

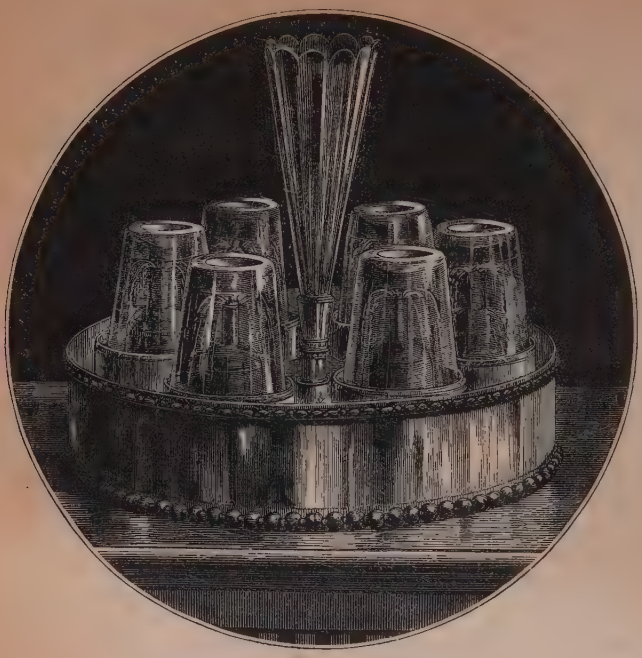
The manufacture of soda-water by the apparatus just noted is exceedingly simple. The process is conducted in the following manner: The whiting, previously mixed with water enough to form a thin, pasty liquid, is introduced into the whiting chamber of the generator through an opening made for the purpose, and the vitriol is in like manner introduced into the "acid chamber." The washer and fountain each being filled to about two-thirds of its capacity with water, the necessary connection of pipes being made, and the openings secured with well-adapted screw plugs, the acid is allowed to trickle slowly down into the whiting by opening the valve at the bottom of the chamber. The mixture of vitriol and whiting is then thoroughly stirred together by means of an "agitator" operated by a crank on the outside of the chamber, and carbonic acid is rapidly evolved. When the pressure gauge shows a sufficient amount of gas to be present, the cock communicating with the fountain is opened, and the gas flows into it, passing first through the water in the washer, which absorbs impurities that may be brought over from the generator. When the pressure has been equalized in all the vessels, the fountain is disengaged and agitated to promote absorption of the gas by the water; it is then reconnected with the generator, and a fresh charge of gas formed and passed into it, which operation is repeated until the gauge finally shows a uniform pressure against the inner surface of the apparatus of 120 to 160 pounds to the square inch. Sometimes it is carried even higher.

It will be perceived that there is considerable danger attending the manufacture of soda-water. Frightful explosions sometimes occur from the carelessness of the operator, or unnoticeable defects in the apparatus. The water being sufficiently charged with gas, the fountain is connected by a suitable pipe with the draught stand on the counter, where the soda is to be served to customers. As the gas absorbed under pressure rapidly escapes from the water when restraint is removed, and in its efforts to do so forcibly carries with it the water in which it is entangled, the soda is readily "drawn" from the delivery pipe, whatever may be the level or position of the reservoir or "fountain."

As a summer drink soda is naturally wanted cold, and, with very few exceptions, its lovers "take sugar," which is supplied in the shape of well-flavored sirups. Accordingly the soda counter must be furnished with apparatus for readily refrigerating the water and for adding the sweets. The former is accomplished either by passing it through a coil of pipe surrounded by ice, or by shaving the ice into the tumbler to be used, which is done by passing it over an inverted plane made for the purpose. The feathery mass thus produced dissolves almost instantly, cooling the soda as soon as drawn. The sirups were in primitive times served simply from a set of appropriate bottles. This method, though still in use to some extent, has been vastly improved on by disposing them in cans or holders provided with faucets, from which they can be drawn with the greatest facility and ease.

The draught stand in its simplest form is merely a pipe rising from the counter to a convenient height, bent to a half circle, so as to deliver the liquid downward, and provided with a stop-cock to regulate the flow at will. The complete draught stand combines in itself the soda draught pipe, refrigerator, and sirup reservoirs. Such an apparatus frequently receives the appellation "fountain," it and the reservoirs being included in the one title.

In the first efforts toward such an arrangement metal seems to have been exclusively employed, and for a time all the stands were of some silver-plated material. Many beautiful, elaborate, and costly designs were executed in this way. Then marble began to be thought a more elegant material for the purpose than silver, and the taste for it has grown so rapidly that at the present day little, if any, new work is found in metal. From a simple square box, as it were, the form of the marble stand has been developed into new shapes of beauty. One of the most elegant and popular styles is the "cottage," fashioned after the model indicated by its name. Whatever the form, the arrangement is essentially the same. The sirup cans are concealed within the case, and deliver their varied contents through projecting faucets, and the soda is, of course, delivered in the same manner. Another and a very novel method of serving the sirups is to deliver them all, and also the soda-water, through one pipe, which is done by forming all the necessary connections inside the fountain, and using an ingeniously contrived combi-



TUMBLER-WASHER WITH BOUQUET-HOLDER.

nation faucet outside, which communicates at will with any compartment in the interior. The cooler consists, as before mentioned, of a coil of pipe, or, what amounts to the same thing, a series of chambers surrounded by ice, through which the soda passes in being drawn. In one form of apparatus an admirable ice-cutter is substituted for the cooler. Its construction is such that by the simple turning of a wheel the ice is drawn against a revolving drum armed with knives or "bits" set plane fashion. The ice, cut into thin feathery shavings, passes through to the inside of the drum, and falls into the vessel placed to receive it. The use of the ice-cutter, which is, of course, only an improved form of the ice-plane, gives the advantage of being able to furnish at will a draught of soda of any required degree of coldness. Soda-water with cream sirups when well iced as above has been fancifully named "ice-cream soda."

In addition to the convenient and elegant draught stands we have mentioned, the well-appointed soda counter is also furnished with a "tumbler-washer." The tumbler-washer consists of frames or supports, on which the tumblers are placed in an inverted position. In connection with each frame is a jet of water, which is opened by the weight of the tumbler. This jet is so directed that it plays continuously into the inside of the tumbler, and a second one, reversed in position, cleanses the outside. The tumblers are being continually rinsed, and present a delightfully clean and refreshing appearance, which is to be especially appreciated during the dog-days. A "head" of water is, of course, necessary to operate the "washer."

The absence of demand for cold drinks during the winter season has led to the introduction of *hot* soda, a comparatively recent invention. The new beverage seems to meet with some favor, but its sale amounts to but a mere trifle compared with that of the ice-cold article dispensed in the summer season. In an apparatus for drawing hot soda-water a boiler takes the place of the cooler required in summer. The heat applied is usually a gas flame. The most desirable form of apparatus is one with two or three independent boilers. By such an arrangement a greater or less amount of liquid can be kept ready, according to the demand.

Our notice of soda apparatus would be incomplete without at least a passing mention of the bottling-machine, by means of which carbonated waters can be transferred from the fountain to bottles, and secured therein without any considerable loss of gas. Its mechanism is such that the bottle is held firmly to the nozzle of a draught pipe until

HOT SODA APPARATUS.

filled; the cork is forced in immediately after its removal, and then held firmly in place until permanently secured by wire or twine.

The bottles employed are of two kinds: one somewhat similar in form to a "Champagne," but of size just sufficient to contain one draught of the water; and a siphon bottle, having capacity for half a dozen glasses or more.

SIPHON BOTTLE.

These "siphons" being fitted with a draught tube which can be readily opened and closed at pleasure by means of a spring valve, any quantity of liquid can be drawn from them as desired without allowing the gas to escape from the portion that remains.

By the use of the bottling-machine, soda and mineral waters—*i. e.*, those containing medicinal salts in addition to carbonic acid—are put within the reach of invalids and others who can not go to the "fountain" for a draught.

The sirups, which are an almost universal adjunct of soda-water, are, when of first quality, solutions of the best white (hard crushed) sugar in water, flavored to suit the taste of the consumer.

The flavors most generally used are lemon, strawberry, pine-apple, vanilla, and ginger; but the list is increased almost indefinitely, according to taste or fancy. With hot soda, coffee, or chocolate, flavored sirups have the preference. Lemon is most popular with the ice-cold draught. Fruit sirups, as frequently made, are only a so-called article. The labors of the chemist give us artificial essences which approach near enough in flavor to the aroma of the pine-apple, the strawberry, and a few other fruits to enable us to make excellent imitations of their corresponding sirups. The genuine are better in flavor when well made, but as they are much more difficult to prepare, and spoil more readily than the artificial ones, the latter are likely to be most used by the dealer; and it is doubtful, all things considered, whether the customer is much a loser by the substitution. It must be admitted, however, that delicate stomachs do sometimes detect a difference between the *effect* of the genuine and the imitation, and that in such cases, at least, the real fruit sirup is to be preferred to the chemical compound.

Genuine fruit juices preserved in sealed bottles are now an article of commerce readily obtainable by those who prefer to make the bona fide sirups.

Unwholesomeness in soda drinks is rather to be suspected in the water itself than in the sirups. When kept in imperfectly lined copper fountains, or drawn through *lead* instead of tin pipes, it is liable to be contaminated to a serious extent with poisonous salts of the two first-named metals.

Soda-water was first made about seventy years ago. The credit of the invention is said to be due to Austin Thwaites, of Dublin.

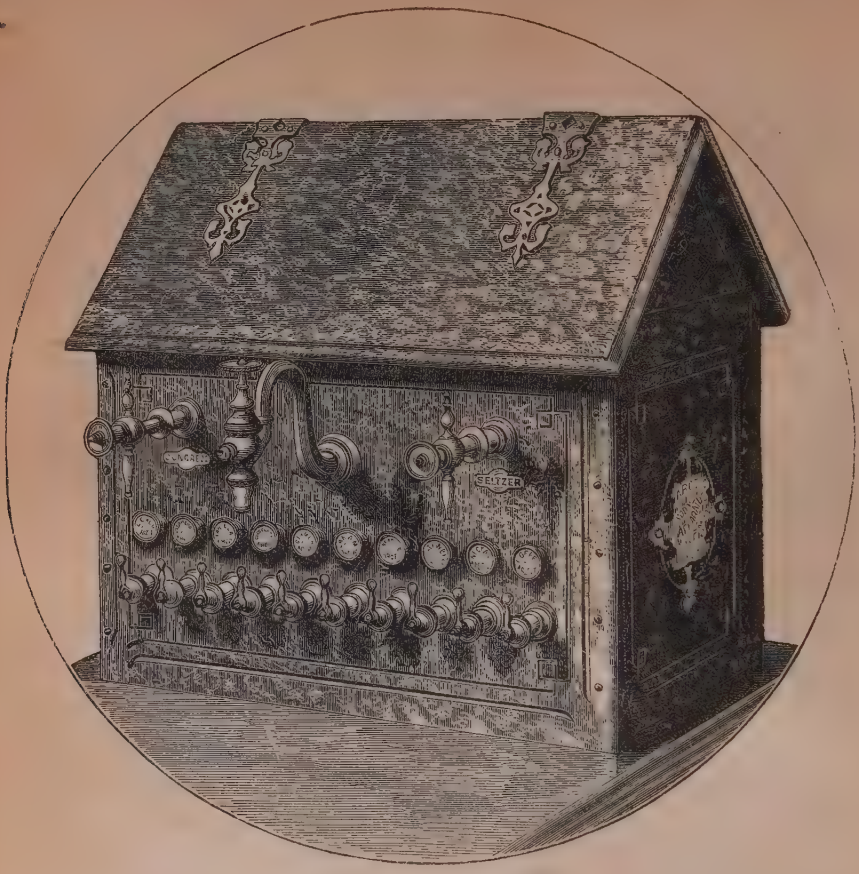
The manufacture of soda-water, and the methods of drawing it, have been vastly improved during the past ten or fifteen years. In few other departments of inventive taste and skill have greater strides been made toward perfection during the period named. American ingenuity seems to deserve the credit of leading the van in this march of improvement, for even the French, with all their skill in matters bibulous and gastronomic, learned something new about drinkables when some enterprising Yankees set up an "American soda fountain" at the great Exposition of 1867. The "*soude Américaine à la crème glacée*" was a novelty to the Parisians and their guests, and met with a hearty welcome from all.

A Paris paper, noticing the "great success in the potable line," said:

> "It is really one of the curiosities of the Exposition to watch the representatives of every nation on the face of the globe as they make a first trial of the new beverage. The crowd is so great that they are formed in line by the police, and, first securing checks, take a drink in turn. As many as 4000 glasses have been sold in one day, much to the satisfaction of the parties in charge. The contrast between the soda as served in the American style and the *eau gazeuse* of the French café is so decided as to make the permanent introduction of the former a certainty."

The manufacturers of the old style of apparatus are, of course, loud in their denunciations of the new. They say that the gas never fully parts with the sulphuric acid it brings over from the generator unless it be allowed to expand in a "rising bell," as in their machines. As to the truth of their objections we are unable to judge; but whether valid or not, the new arrangement, being so much more convenient than the old, continues to win favor abroad as well as at home. We find from examination of the catalogue of a prominent manufacturer that the American soda apparatus is now in use not only in Europe, but has found its way to far-off Australia, and even to China.

The soda trade is confined chiefly to drug stores, at least in this country—a singular fact, to be accounted for only by the chemical nature of the invention. With praiseworthy good taste the dealers in soda-water vie with each other in the introduction of elegant and attractive apparatus and fittings. The continually increasing (and highly commendable) desire for artistic beauty, as well as convenience in the furniture and fixtures of shops and stores, is scarcely any where more visible than at the soda counter. Amounts of money sufficient to establish a small drug store in the coun-



MARBLE DRAUGHT STAND.

try are expended by city pharmacies on the single item of a draught stand, and nearly as much more is invested in the machinery to manufacture the soda, and for other accessories. Modest outfits, quite plain but neat, can be gotten up for a few hundred dollars, but stores of any pretensions usually spend three or four times as much on this part of their business. Unusually fine draught stands cost as much as $2000. The largest one we have seen described is that of a New York house, which is furnished with the proper appliances for drawing thirty-two different kinds of sirup and eight kinds of "mineral water" in addition to the regular soda. This monster requires eighty gallons of sirup to fill all its cans, and delivers its varied contents through two hundred and fifty feet of conducting and cooling pipe. Late catalogues give estimates of cost for still larger stands.

It might be inferred from what we have said concerning the liberal, if not extravagant, investments made in the soda business that it was eminently a profitable one; but unless the location is very good, the returns are not nearly so large as might be expected. The expense of operating a fountain is much higher, in proportion, in a small business than in a large one. Proper location is almost every thing in this instance. Although soda-water is so popular a beverage, yet experience proves that the most attractive fountains often fail to draw paying custom when only a little out of the way.

DEAD.

HOLDING a new and regnant sceptre,
The palest lily of the year,
She gave all glances that o'erswept her
A sudden smile, a sudden tear.

The smile to think the daylight shed
Upon so fair a thing terrestrial;
The tear because so soon she fled
On starry paths to the celestial.

THE MOUNTAINS.—IV.

ILLUSTRATED BY PORTE CRAYON.

A COVEY.

TURNING our backs on the valley of the North Fork, and simultaneously on the rising sun and the last glimmerings of material civilization, we thread our way up the narrowing gorge of Seneca Creek, tunneling apparently into the very bowels of the great Alleghany Ridge. The road is straight and stony, overarched by the primeval forest, indented with the hoof-marks of horses and cattle, but without traces of wheels. The habitations of mud and sticks dotted sparsely along the route make our recent rude experiences seem luxurious by comparison.

Wild groups collect in the cabin doors, staring strangely at our cavalcade. People don't know where any body lives, nor how many miles it is to any where. Women slam the doors in our faces, wolfish dogs howl at us, and elfish children flee at our approach, like young pheasants artlessly hiding in thickets, where their tow heads and peering eyes must inevitably betray them to the hunter—supposing any one ever hunted for such game.

Dick, dismounting suddenly, by a cruel ruse surprised a covey in a laurel break, and with some difficulty succeeded in capturing a specimen. The little one uttered a cry of despair; so, to make amends, he gave it a handful of nickel cents. Instinctively clutching the coin—a certain proof of its humanity—the young creature fled out of sight like a liberated hare.

Following this road along the stream for ten or twelve miles, we at length come plump against the mountain, where Seneca appears to issue from a rock-bound gulch, no longer affording room for a roadway. Here human science steps in to relieve our embarrassment, and we turn aside to ascend the ridge by a narrow but well-graded road. The summit is soon reached, as the altitude of the crossing is not so great as usual, and we have been gradually ascending ever since we left Adamson's.

From the stifling heat, damp shadows, and limited horizons of the lower road to the sunlight and breezy coolness of the mountain-tops the change was delightful. At this point Alleghany shows none of the rugged and savage features presented at other crossings. The ascent is comparatively easy, and the broad, rolling summit open and mild in its aspect, being dotted with cultivated fields and green pastures, with more thrifty-looking settlements than are to be seen in the Seneca Valley.

These uplands are also gay with flowers, pre-eminent among which blazed a scarlet lily, drooping bell-shaped from its tall and graceful stalk. Gorgeous azaleas border the path, bushes fifteen feet in height, covered with pink, red, and orange-colored flowers. On the western slope we descend through forests of lofty firs, with a dense undergrowth of kalmias and the metallic-leaved rhododendron, with its superb clusters of pure white and delicate pink blossoms.

Anon we strike a stream of clear amber-tinted water running through green meadows and a valley of considerable width. This is Gandy, the first trans-Alleghany stream we meet, and one of the feeders of Cheat River.

"Now, boys, for the trout!"

It was a little after mid-day when this inspiriting cry was raised, and on the spot we threw ourselves from the horses and commenced unpacking our fishing tackle. The ground was most inviting for the sport. After a long course of sparkling rapids the stream found temporary repose in a deep pool, a hundred yards or more in length. One bank was shaded by a cliff, the other smooth and gently sloping, carpeted to the water's edge with fresh green turf. There was neither bush, nor briar, nor sunken drift-logs to tangle lines or vex the angler, but an

umbrageous tree hanging over here and there to give the needful shade. Such a spot as might be found in a gentleman's pleasure-grounds.

The major's May-fly was the first that touched the mirror-like surface of the water, and on the moment there was a flash and a struggle which rumpled the pool from bank to bank, and caused the rest of us to suspend our own preparations in anxiety to witness the result. After a few moments' tantalizing play with the reel and bending of the delicately balanced rod, the skillful angler landed a two-pound trout, a lovely specimen for plumpness and beauty. As the fish leaped upon the grass, with his glowing salmon-tinted breast, his mottled olive-green body with double rows of gold and vermilion spots, and crimson-tipped fins, he was indeed a study for an artist.

"By the respectable shade of Izaak Walton, or the gentler memory of Dame Juliana Berners!"—as the major spoke his fine face was suffused with mingled pleasure and regret—"Larry," he half whispered, "what a mistake not to have brought the ladies! Just fancy a light covered wagon, a tent on this level green, and such sport as this!"

"Thunder, what a fish!" shouted Dick, sticking his fingers into the trout's gills and enthusiastically thrusting it into my face. "I'll bet a thousand dollars it weighs five pounds."

"Not quite, Richard," quoth the major, coolly landing another scarcely inferior to the first; "but if you will keep reasonably quiet for half an hour or so, I'll guarantee to show you trout a number of which will weigh twenty pounds."

"Twenty pounds!" exclaimed Dick, in amazement; but then, rubbing his head, "I think there must be some catch in that."

"Of course there is; consequently, beware of the hook;" and the major lifted out his third trout, which he swung over to Dick, who unhooked it and threw it on the grass, still pondering on the subject of weights.

Stimulated by this rapid success, the spectators returned to their rods and lines, and were soon all engaged. Dick talked and vociferated, slashed his rod in the water, hooked a "thunderer" and let him get away, tangled his line, and after each misadventure changed his fly and cursed his luck. At length he hooked a fellow firmly, and while playing him backward and forward with great noise, calling the attention of the whole party to the "snorter" he had caught, he landed a fish about eight inches in length; and then, joining in the laugh which followed, he pettishly threw down his implements, and declared he'd rather assist the major than fish himself.

Now, for a young gentleman who had been telling big fish-stories all the way, and affecting to patronize Cockney's acknowledged greenness, this was rather a lame conclusion; but, as I suspected, Dick had hooked his first trout to-day.

Augustus took to it more gently and seriously, keeping close under the major's shadow, asking advice at every move, and tangling his line with the master's continually. The veteran good-humoredly neglected his own game to direct the throws of the neophyte, until he had seen him successfully land several medium specimens. Then, becoming tired of his attendants, he addressed them persuasively:

"Boys, you don't seem to be doing much fishing, and can't assist me advantageously. Suppose you go up to that bend near where the horses are tied and kindle a fire. I will join you there presently, and show you how to cook a dinner that will be worth your attention."

Pleased with the idea of cooking their own meal, the youngsters went to the spot indicated, and soon raised a fire whose smoke curled above the tree-tops.

For my own part, I had never cared so much for the mere sport of hunting and fishing as I did for the fresh healthfulness and poetry of the sylvan life incident to their pursuit; consequently I paid little attention to the scientific modes and appliances for taking game, but took it *au naturel*, just as I had learned from the mountaineers when a boy.

I found no difficulty in collecting a handful of red worms and a dozen or twenty mussels from the shallows in the stream; with this bait I took my seat luxuriously in an arm-chair formed by the roots of a sycamore, and cushioned with moss. Here I enjoyed an hour's quiet sport after my own fashion, occasionally losing a bait or missing a good fish, by allowing my thoughts to become entangled in pleasant day-dreams. As might be imagined, these took color from my friend's half-whispered suggestion anent the gentle prioress and the Book of Saint Alban's; and from 1486, gliding rapidly and naturally down the trouting stream of time to the present hour, as

On an afternoon in blooming June
I sit by Gandy's amber water,
'Mid vernal bowers and scented flowers,
And trout in plenty to be caught there.

In fancy seen upon the green
The milk-white Lodge we long may O! for
Amid the wilderness's sheen.
(What does my foolish heart thump so for?)

Tug—tug—too late; he's got my bait
While I have been so vainly dreaming.
Keep wide awake he must who'd take
These troutlings shy, all golden gleaming.

Like sounds from home, from linen dome,
As sure as I'm a hungry sinner,
Sweet ministering spirits come,
And now are frying fish for dinner.

Another bite—oh, what a spite!
My silken line snaps like a cracker;
Evanished quite is each fair sprite—
That last one must have been a "whacker."

Thus am I teased, by visions pleased,
Commingling sport with idle wishing;
Time moves as if his wheels were greased,
While I half dreaming sit, half fishing.

Though moments losing, 'tis yet amusing,
In a lazy, hazy summer dream,
While troutlets nibble, rhymes to scribble,
Whispering a name to the fairy stream.

In spite of my nonsense, I had caught thirty or forty handsome trout, when, seeing the major put up his rod, I lifted my catch and joined the party at the fire, where I was complimented on my luck. The major had taken the heaviest fish, but I had brought in the greatest number; so honors were easy, and we all set about preparing dinner.

A coffee-pot and frying-pan in common, a tin cup and plate for each individual, constituted our mess furniture. Then for stock provisions we had a bacon side, cheese, biscuits, ground coffee, with the usual condiments—sugar, salt, and pepper.

These were all displayed on convenient stones and logs, ready for use. I was detailed to make the coffee, while the major superintended the preparation of the fish. "Your true sportsman," said he, "always speaks of having killed so many fish. A fish loses flavor in the process of dying; if, therefore, you have no facilities for keeping it alive, it should be killed as soon as caught, and never be permitted to die." Having delivered himself to this effect, he selected two dozen of the finest trout, had them nicely dressed, and then commanded a number of flat-topped stones to be brought and heated in the fire. "When they are quite hot," said he, "we will frizzle a slice of fat bacon on each, and then lay the fish in the gravy, where they will cook in a few minutes with a flavor surpassing that of the famous planked shad of the Lower Potomac."

The major discoursed with the assurance of an expert, and sliced his middling with a certain affectation of nicety which impressed his assistants with ideas of his profound science. Laying a cut on one of the heating stones, he exclaimed, "It is just in trim. Now, boys, bring on your trout!"

The scullions hastened to obey the order, each bearing a tin platter with a dozen selected fish. The chief picked them off with a forked stick, and daintily ranged them side by side in the bubbling fat.

A tall mountaineer, on an absurd little horse, who had stopped in the road to look at us, now approached with gaping countenance and outstretched neck, as if deeply interested in the proceedings.

"My friend, won't you 'light and take dinner with us?"

"No," said the fellow, bluntly; "I don't want none of your victuals; but I'm cur'us to see ye cook them fish."

"Just wait a moment, then," said the culinary director, with a complacent wink, "and you'll see something that will surprise you."

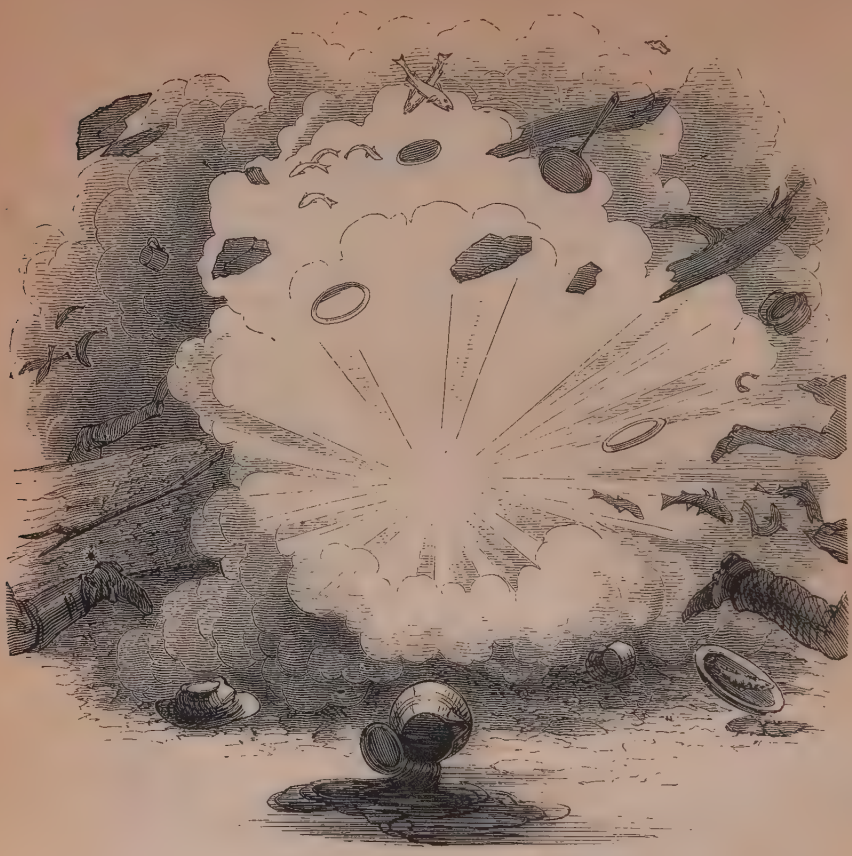
At the word there was an explosion like

CURIOSITY.

that of a ten-pounder shell, a fragment of a cooking stone whizzed by the spectator's head, and a hot trout slapped him in the face. "Heavens!" he shouted; "I've seen enough!" and putting whip to his horse, he started up the road at full speed. Then in quick succession there followed a whole battery of explosions, sending stones, fish, firebrands and tin-ware in every direction, some cutting through the branches of the adjacent trees, others sizzling into the stream; the horses broke loose and scampered; the cook and attendants dodged behind trees, or scampered after the horses.

I deftly dropped behind a sycamore log, creeping under the opposite side, where I remained during the bombardment. I had been watching the coffee, and after the firing ceased, ventured to raise my head above the log parapet to look after my charge. Its place was vacant, but I saw the pot lying overturned, near the margin of the stream, some twenty yards off.

"Hello, Laureate! Are you all safe, and do you think it's over?"



A RECIPE FOR COOKING TROUT.—(PATENTED.)

I saw the major peeping from behind a large maple, with a queer expression, as if he was undetermined whether to laugh or swear.

As the fire was pretty well scattered, and not a trace of our cooking visible, I thought we might leave cover, and so we did.

Fortunately, in their flight, Dick and Augustus had followed the same route taken by the horses, and presently came back leading the astonished runaways by their broken bridles.

With some latent trepidation and frequent suspicious glances at the shattered stones, we commenced rebuilding the fire and collecting our scattered utensils. Searching land and water and the branches of trees, we at length recovered most of the tin-ware, sadly dented and battered, but still available for all purposes. The actual losses consisted in some slices of bacon, two dozen trout, and a boiling of coffee. Then we had spread out our quilts and blankets to air, and these were burned in holes by the flying brands, but they would still keep us warm, and appearances were not of much consequence in our housekeeping.

Nevertheless it behooved the major to explain the result of his cooking arrangements, which he did in this wise: For the sake of shape and cleanliness the stones had been selected from the bed of the stream; they contained cells filled with water, which, as they became heated, generated steam, and blew every thing to flinders.

"How did the water get in there?" inquired Richard.

The major replied, with less assurance than usual, "Well, perhaps the cells contained air, which is equally explosive under a high heat."

"It's very clear," said Dick, "there was a pretty big sell somewhere; maybe it was in the stones."

"Capital! capital!" cried the major, giving Dick a look which assured me he would take a cruel revenge on the first opportunity.

Even Augustus plucked up. "I've seen flying-fish in Barnum's Museum, but scarcely expected to see fish flying in the mountains."

"Pepper away, pepper away, young gen-

tlemen, but mind your work and don't let the dinner lag. Without accidents, you will still find the receipt a good one."

Said I, "It will appear in the cookery books as a 'sauté' of trout, with capers, furnished by an officer of the United States artillery."

"Bravo, Laureate! excellent! Now," said the annoyed chief, handing me a hot fish on a biscuit, "put that under your ribs, and then comment on my receipt."

The split stones had been again heated, and cooked our trout very quietly. Their flavor fully justified the major's boasts, and we made a delightful meal, all the merrier by cause of the preliminary misadventure.

Expanded by a dozen or more of his brownest specimens, a stiff toddy, and an excellent cup of coffee, the culinary chief answered all our rallying very good-humoredly, and even kept his temper when the Dry Forker stopped to gibe at us on his return.

"I say, men, is them fish done yit?"

Dick asked how he liked the specimen he got.

"It was somethin' hotter than I ginerally take 'em," said he, facetiously; "and then, instead of bread ye gim me a stone, which is agin Scripter, hain't it?"

"Oh, you didn't quote Scripture as you rode off a while ago," rejoined Dick. "But get down, and we'll give you the receipt for cooking the fish, which you can teach to your wife."

"Excuse me, mister; my wife don't want none of your receipts for blowin' up things; she's got a way of her own which is more convenient."

"Come, neighbor, 'light and be sociable," said the major, holding up his flask in an insinuating manner.

"Now that's the kind of talk I understand," said the native, dismounting and joining our party. "Gentlemen, here's luck!" And when the drink was swallowed he seated himself on the log and laughed long and loud. "Well, for all the world, I'd like to know what was in them devilish stones!"

The major explained every thing to his satisfaction, in return for which he told us his name was Roy. He lived at the mouth of Red Creek, twenty miles below, and if we would stop at his house he would show us trout-fishing that beat Gandy all hollow. We engaged to visit him; and said he, as he took leave, "I'll show ye how to cook 'em without blowin' your brains out."

Dinner over, we took a siesta on the grass, and later in the afternoon resumed our fishing. At this hour we got our finest fish in the rapids, where those who used artificial flies had all the advantage. The sport was altogether brisk and exhilarating, without gnats, entanglements, or any of the other annoyances which often attend trouting in the mountains. When we had taken enough for supper, making a heavy allowance per head, and doubling that in view of possible accidents, it was determined to knock off for the evening. Our packing was hastened by the appearance of a black cloud and some premonitory growlings of thunder. Mounting as speedily as possible, we took the road to Armantrout's, about a mile distant, at the junction of Gandy with the Dry Fork. As the big drops began pattering through the leaves we increased our speed, but ere we reached the cabin the storm burst in all its fury. The water appeared to fall in sheets, and in five minutes we were drenched to the skin.

Arrived at the house, we did not wait on ceremony, but dismounted and unsaddled in hot haste. The proprietor presently joined us, and hospitably assisted in getting our traps under cover. He then kindled a blaze in the ample chimney, and set a basket of apples before us. We spent the rest of the afternoon steaming before the fire and eating apples, while the horses enjoyed their freedom and the rich browsing in the meadows quite regardless of the rain.

Armantrout was evidently a man of substance, and above the average of his neighborhood in intelligence; yet, contrary to the custom of the country, he had eschewed matrimony, devoted himself to raising bullocks, cooked his own victuals, and made his bed in seclusion.

Perhaps he had met with an early disappointment in love, was the poet's suggestion; or, as Dick phrased it, maybe his gal kicked him and took up with another feller; or perhaps he lacked the courage to risk a disappointment in matrimony, and, reversing Alexander Selkirk's views, preferred "to reign in this horrible place" rather than "dwell in the midst of alarms." In any case, his cabin wanted that air of coziness and comfort suggested by the presence of women.

The storm was over and the sun just setting when we concluded to ride on to Hetterick's, two miles further up the fork. The horses were soon caught and saddled, and the hospitable zeal displayed by our host in "speeding the parting guests" showed that our decision met his full approbation.

At Hetterick's the cabin was so limited, and the flaring pine knots revealed such a multitude of good-humored faces, that we began to entertain some doubts whether we should not have done better to have remained to enliven the bachelor's empty hall, and helped him to cook his lonely supper. Still every body, old and young, seemed glad to see us, and there was no hint of crowding or inconvenience. The dame and her daughter took our trout, and in fifteen minutes served them to supper, fried brown and crisp as doughnuts. The boys had already taken

REVERIES OF A BACHELOR.

our horses and treated them honorably. The family consisted of Hetterick and his wife, four sons, two grown to manhood, and a daughter between ten and eleven years of age, a grandson, and a hired boy. The other domestics were three hounds and a cat, with kittens.

The cabin was eighteen by fifteen feet in the clear, divided into two rooms—a bedded living-room and a bedroom proper—the latter five feet three inches wide by measurement, containing a double bed in either end, to enter which one had to creep over the foot-board. Although limited in space, all the sanitary requirements in regard to ventilation had been especially attended to. The walls, built of logs, turkey-pen fashion, were only partially chinked with moss, and still more imperfectly tapestried with various male and female garments, bunches of dried herbs, with some deer and fox skins stretched on the outside. This open plan did away with the necessity and expense of window glass, and had several other advantages, as we afterward ascertained; for one could study the planets at his ease, and tell the character of the weather without the awkwardness and inconvenience of getting up to look out of a window. Jess also informed us that of nights, when he wasn't sleepy, he could chaw tobacco and spit through the cracks without s'iling the old

THE HIRED BOY.

'oman's floor, which was a pleasing indication of filial consideration.

The living-room, besides the invariable bed, contained a table, a chest, a dresser, half a dozen chairs, and a wide chimney-place for cooking. There was a clock on a rude bracket, a coffee-mill at the window, several rifles with accoutrements on wooden pegs driven into the cross-beams of the ceiling.

We experienced the fact that a family of nine persons, with four guests, could be comfortably fed, entertained, and lodged in such apartments, but during our sojourn of several days we never understood very clearly how it was done.

Next day was Sunday, and as the aspect of the heavens was unpromising, we determined to rest in our quarters.

As there was no meeting-house, Sunday-school, nor religious service of any kind within a long day's journey, the Sabbath passed very much as any other day in the mountain *ménage* It is true that all unnecessary work was scrupulously abstained from, and all who had any articles of dress in reserve made it a point to give them an airing on that day; yet, as the ordinary household duties kept the women quite closely occupied, and very few possessed a change of raiment, the difference was scarcely worth mentioning It was, however, a day on which social visiting was in order, and afforded us the leisure to sketch the family and gain information about the country.

The head of the Hetterick family was a native of these mountains, about fifty-five years of age, with good features, light hair and complexion, broad-chested, and powerfully built. His countenance was amiable, and his manner frank and obliging, consenting to every thing that was said with the grace of a courtier, and closing every sentence with an echo and a twang, a habit common to this whole region—"Ye-as; oh ye-as, I wouldn't wonder now, ah; ye-as, indeed, ah"—at the same time, after confusing you with the universality of his admissions, coming back with opinions of his own, which he sustained with true courtier-like tenacity.

Dick Rattlebrain undertook to pump him on the subject of his politics, and, to our astonishment, discovered that he knew neither the names of the great opposing political parties nor those of the Presidential candidates for the approaching election.

"Oh," exclaimed Dick, somewhat airily, "it's plain to see you don't read the newspapers up here."

Now the mountaineer, intelligently aware of some of the disadvantages incident to his secluded life, is very sensitive to any allusion to them, especially from a stranger. To his guest's inconsiderate remark he replied sharply, his mild countenance flushing red to the roots of his hair.

"Mister, ye're mistaken, I tell ye, ye are, ah. We do git newspapers up here, we do, ah. There was a feller fetched one up here last summer, and my wife she read hit to me, she did, ah. Wife, look ef that newspaper hain't in the chist under the head of the bed."

"No, it hain't," she replied, "for ye know ye lent it to Zed Kyle. Hit's three weeks to-day, and he hain't fetched it back yit; but he ort to have fetched hit back, he ort, fur I heerd of his havin' of hit up at Teters's last Sunday a-readin' of hit to them—much good mought hit do the likes of them! —and he mought git hit tore, so he mought; and hit will be many a day afore he sees another one."

Dick hastened to acknowledge the corn, and the *entente cordiale* was restored.

I afterward inquired privately of Dame Hetterick the name of the paper which had found its way into their peaceful and secluded community, and she gave me the name of a Baltimore paper, which name, she informed me, was printed in big letters at the top on one side. Madam, it seems, can read, and is the only book-larnt member of the family. She is a little vain of her advantage over her legal lord in this respect, and takes pains to cultivate her accomplishment, in spite of the scarcity of reading matter and superabundance of household cares. Except the newspaper alluded to, she showed me the only specimen of Gutenberg's art in the settlement—an extremely aged and well-thumbed copy of a Methodist hymn-book. In this precious volume, she assured me, she had read a hymn or two every Sunday for thirty years, and kept it up reg'lar for fear she mought forgit how.

"Then you haven't a Bible in your house?"

"No, indeed," she sighed. "When I was a gal, afore I got married, I remember my mother had one of 'em, she had, and I used to read in it, and I wanted her to give it to me for a weddin' present; but there was a good many of us, and she 'lowed she'd keep it till she was gone, and then one of us would git it; but she gim me this hymn-book, and hit's lasted me all this while. I've hearn tell as how they sends ship-loads of them Bibles to the heathens, but us poor lonesome Christians in the mountains gits none, we don't, ah."

Having thus established a sort of literary fellowship with the old woman, I seated myself on the chest while she was getting dinner, and continued the conversation. This was not difficult, for after the sluices were fairly opened my share consisted in listening. She opened on polemics, and naming all the religious sects and denominations she had ever heard of, gave each a passing punch or two, quite pointedly and intelligently delivered. As they all fared alike in her hands, I at length inquired what church she belonged to.

"None."

Here was something of an anomaly. A Christian of no sect; pious on her own hook; unguided except by the traditions of her girlhood and the greasy old hymn-book; yet, as far as my observation extended, her conscience and practice were as near the purest Christian standard as if she had all her life enjoyed the advantage of a five-thousand-dollar pew under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Plumpcushion in the great and enlightened city of Hubbabub.

Turning from the discussion of theological subjects, she opened another vein, which showed that neither seclusion nor dearth of opportunity had entirely deprived her of certain consolations so much enjoyed by her sisters in more populous and enlightened communities; and she pitched into her neighbors with a volubility and unction which proves that neither time nor circumstance can wholly suppress the human nature of a true descendant of our great-great-great-grandmother.

"So ye met Nelson comin' down the mountain, did ye? Well, he's a turrible civil-spoken feller, he is, ah; but he's mighty de-

DISHING UP.

ceitful, so he is, ah. He'll treat ye well if ye go to his house, and then he'll talk agin ye after yer back is turned, he will, ah. And ye stopped at Aaron Armantrout's? He's a mizzible, stingy old feller, ah. He hires hands to work for him, and he don't give 'em nothin' to eat. He's got bees, and don't give 'em no honey, and he won't let 'em tetch an apple in his big orchard; and for all he's got so many cows, he don't let 'em have no butter. He jist gives 'em dry bread and old rusty bacon, he does, ah—and not enough of that, ah. A feller that used to live with him used to come up here every Sunday and swear he was half starved, and beg me to give him some of our good victuals, so he did, ah; and when Zed Kyle's wife she died, ah, Armantrout had planks, and he wouldn't let Zed have none to make her a coffin. Then the neighbors all got so mad, they said when he died he shouldn't be put away decent. Some 'lowed they would hang him up in a tree to dry up and blow away, and some was for flingin' him in the fork; but they all swore he shouldn't be buried decent, nohow, he's so orful stingy. That's the reason he never got married; he's too stingy to keep a wife; he is so, ah."

THE BEAU'S TOILET.

And so the worthy dame, on hospitable deeds intent, brimming over with smiles and amiability, went on baking, boiling, stewing, and frying her viands and her neighbors, until every thing was done and dished up. I had listened throughout with appreciative attention, and at table my plate was heaped and my cup sweetened to the rim by the grateful hostess in return for the "season of refreshing" my complaisance had afforded her. By the time our meal was over it was high noon, and the sky had cleared off pleasantly. Jess then announced that there was to be a "yoking" of a pair of steers over at Nelson's that afternoon, and offered to introduce us to the sport if we were so minded. Augustus requested him to oblige us by describing the nature of the diversion.

"Oh," said Jess, "they have turrible times, 'specially if the steers happens to be fractious. They hook and kick and beller, run off and jump fences, and sometimes breaks a feller's leg; they mostly cripple themselves or somebody else afore they're done with it. Then they have a keg of liquor; and there's some as thinks there's right smart fun in it."

The major had seen them break army mules to harness, and thought the sight equally amusing and edifying. On the whole, we thanked Jess for his civility, and declined going. He didn't appear much disappointed, and carelessly observed that he would step down to Tom Mullinx's, and proceeded to put some extra touches upon his toilet.

Jess was a fine-looking fellow, about twenty-six, and a widower. I remember seeing him, when I was here five years ago, with a new-born baby in his arms. The mother had died in giving it birth a few days before, and the brawny tenderness with which the bereaved father fondled the little nurs-

ling was touching to witness. He would hold it on his outspread hands, sitting apart and gazing silently in its face for hours. We fishermen, visitors at the cabin, came and went after our sports daily for a week, until the image of Jess with his baby, sitting like a dumb statue, made us sorrowful, and we departed for other grounds. Since then Time had wrought his usual changes. The infant had grown into a pretty, spoiled boy —granny's darling. The widower had grown gay again, and was going a-courting.

Jess was evidently the pet and pride of the family, and it was amusing to observe the general solicitude in his toilet. The old woman picked at his waistcoat and shirt collar; the little sister, Jane, tugged his coat tails straight; Job pulled the wrinkles out of his breeches legs; while the boy, Harney, pulled them up again to make the red morocco boot-tops show. Jess got off at length; and soon after his father, excusing himself to us, followed in the same direction. About the middle of the afternoon the old man came back, with an unusually solemn countenance, shaking his head as he announced the doleful tidings to his wife.

"Wa'al, wife, they've had orful bad luck down at Mullinx's. That brindle cow of his'n had two desput fine calves this mornin', and they're both of 'em dead; yes, they are, ah. The old woman she jist sot down and cried, she did; and Suze she was afeard to milk her—ye-as, she wuz—till Jess he drew her up in a corner, and hilt her by the horns, then Suze she milked her, she did. And they wuz two turrible fine calves; ye-as, they wuz indeed, they wuz, ah."

The old woman looked up from the hymn-book over which she had been poring, prepared to express her commiseration, when her eye lit upon her pet poking bread through a knot-hole in the floor.

"You, Harney, you shill not waste that bread, ah; you must jist put it away till you git hungry, and then you kin eat it, ah." After this tribute to economy she took up the subject in hand. "And they're both dead, ah. Well, they does have mizzible bad luck down there with their calves, they does; but I always knowed it, for Tom Mullinx don't treat his cows right nohow, he don't, ah. He jist goes out all the time with that gun and them dogs of his'n, and he jist lets his critters and his cattle take their chance, he does, so he does, ah."

"Wa'al, ye-as," continued Hetterick, "I shouldn't wonder; but Tom is middlin' lucky with his gun, he is, and gits a sight of venison, he does; but the worst of it is them sprees he gits on over at Franklin—them's what hurts the cattle, and him too."

While the old folks were playing their parts I had also kept an eye on the children. Jane, the little girl, was the only assistant the mother had in her varied household occupations, and seemed to have no other amusement than what she might find in the daily routine of duties. The child's features were of the Oriental Greek type, and singularly handsome, with fair, florid complexion, and a profusion of flaxen hair ab-

A FLIRTATION.

JANE.

surdly knotted on the back of her head. Her figure was lithe and graceful, although her feet and hands were large, and her shoulders disproportionately broad. Always cheerful and smiling, modest and speechless, except when spoken to, she followed her mother to the milking, carried water from the spring, tended the cooking, set the table, and served at meals like a Hebe.

Harney, the son of Jess, at this date in his fifth year, being unavailable for work and the plaything of the family, behaved pretty much like other boys in like circumstances: he teased the dog, worried the cat, wasted his victuals, and tore his clothes. At the time of our visit he seemed to have the boot distemper very badly, managing to keep himself and the whole house in a stew over a worn-out pair some little lowlander had thrown away, and which had been picked up by grandad and brought home to him.

The following bit of comedy was played on an average about four times a day during our sojourn:

OLD WOMAN. "Now lookee here, the boy will ruing his little feet with them boots; jist see how he's crippled with 'em, and a-cryin' and a-wearin' of 'em all the time."

HETTERICK SENIOR. "Ye-as, the boy is desput pleased with them boots, he is so, ah—he is, ah; but they blisters his little feet. Let grandad take 'em off, ah."

HARNEY. "No, ah."

JANE. "Now let sissy put the pretty boots away."

HARNEY. "No, ah."

JANE. "Now, Harney, do; they hurt his dear little feet."

HARNEY. "No, ah."

OLD WOMAN. "Then granny will bake Harney some nice heavy cakes, ah."

HARNEY. "No, ah."

JESS. "And pap 'll fetch him a new hat when he goes over to Adamson's store, ah."

HARNEY. "No, ah."

Harney perseveres in his "No, ah," until the agony of his blistered feet becomes intolerable, and granny is then permitted to bring a basin of warm milk and water, by the aid of which the boots are removed, and

he and they are put to bed together. After a rest he gets up and pulls them on again, and the scene is repeated—*da capo al fine.*

Next morning was bright, and feeling restless and full of meat, we mounted and started up the Dry Fork Valley to visit the place where Gandy makes its remarkable subterranean passage under a spur of the Alleghany. Five miles up we leave the fork, and crossing the dividing ridge by a low gap, we reach the Teters settlement on Gandy. The road we traveled was not much more than a cattle path, through tangled hemlock and laurel roots, treacherous beds of moss and black mud, in which the horses frequently sunk to their saddle-girths, and at every step ran imminent risks of breaking their own legs and their riders' necks.

Our party was fortunate enough to get through with only the loss of several horse-shoes, bursted girths, and skinned shins. Outside of the Teters mansion were several tame deer, who leaped and pranced round us, staring with their glorious brown eyes, suggesting all that is lovely and graceful in mountain life. Inside were dirt and a group of ugly, frowzy women, who looked wilder than their half-domesticated animals. The men were from home; and when their astonishment at the sight of strangers had subsided sufficiently to permit them to speak, the women civilly enough showed us the road to the tunnel.

About half a mile from the house we found where the stream issues from the mountain, by three arched passages side by side in the face of a perpendicular cliff. The view here is so obscured by trees and a dense undergrowth that we concluded to ride around to the entrance, about two miles distant.

As we advanced the forests became taller and darker, and the path more and more obscure. After wandering for five or six miles in narrow cattle paths, all traces of man or beast disappeared, and we found ourselves at the *ultima thule* of Anglo-Saxon civilization. Riders and horses were both fatigued, and we were vexed at the idea of missing the object of our expedition. Before us was a brook. Of course it flowed into Gandy, and it was suggested that we might find the tunnel by following down the stream. A glance was sufficient to show that this was not practicable on horseback, and I therefore proposed that the party should dismount and rest while I made an exploration on foot. If successful,

HARNEY'S BOOTS.

ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL OF GANDY.

I would inform them, and in any case would not be absent more than hour.

I started alone, and was soon out of sight and out of hearing of all my kind. As I progressed the lofty forest and the tangled undergrowth closed over the stream so densely that all direct light from the sky was shut out, and the brook held its rugged way through a tunnel of verdure, a twilight shade, not pleasant and freshening as one exposed to the July sun on city pavements might imagine, but dismal, dank, and cavernous, where one might see ghosts in broad daylight.

Was that a shadow or a human form I saw moving through an opening in the trees? I actually began to feel nervous, and looked instinctively at the capping of my rifle and my knife in its sheath; then laughed at my folly and pushed on my way. Again I stopped short, and my heart thumped like a pheasant drumming, for I certainly did see the shade of a human form moving with a creeping, stealthy step away off in the silent woods. Again I smiled at my absurd tremor. Might it not be a hunter stealing upon his game? These mountaineers don't regard game-laws, but shoot when they see fit. So I again went forward cautiously, with rifle advanced, and looking out for the shadow. There! it stands like a stump looking at me. It sees me! "Halloo!" I shouted at the top of my voice, and at the same time cocked my piece unconsciously. The sharp click rang through the silence of the forest, apparently louder and clearer than my shout, and came echoing back with a distinctness that thrilled me; or was it another rifle that clicked? The shadow had disappeared.

Come, this won't do. Alone in the wild forest, beyond the reach of law and civilization, a man is the best friend or the most fearful enemy one can meet. I remembered having heard some uncanny stories about this region in former times, and our reception at the Teters settlement had left rather an unpleasant impression. The mountaineer meeting a stranger in the woods makes his greeting prompt and friendly. He does not dog his footsteps like a prowling wolf. While summing up these reflections I had instinctively begun retrograding, making my way through the darkest thickets which skirted the stream. In my excitement I threaded them with a facility which surprised me. I turned barricades of rocks and fallen trees by dashing into the water over boot-tops. It seemed that the faster I walked the more frightened I became, when my course was suddenly arrested by a challenge.

"Halloo! is that you?"

I squatted behind a log, drew up my rifle, and reconnoitring in the direction of the voice, presently espied the major leaning against a tree.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Have you seen a bear?"

"No, I've seen nothing; but thought my hour was up, and feared you might be uneasy."

"That was very considerate in you," he

JOB.

replied, laughing, "for you were moving like a whirlwind, and from the noise I expected to see a whole herd of deer bursting through the laurel."

The presence of a friendly face so entirely restored my equilibrium that I became heartily ashamed of my panic, and determined not to make any further allusion to the cause of it, merely reporting that the road was impracticable to horses, and there was no prospect of finding the tunnel in that direction within any reasonable distance. Nevertheless, the recollection of the adventure haunted me for many days thereafter, without my being able to obtain by covert questioning or ingenious theories of my own any plausible explanation of it.

Mounting our horses, we retraced our road, carefully looking for a side path which might lead to the object of our search. After three miles' ride we found it, and descending by an easy slope, entered a glen of singular beauty. Hemmed in between a steep and rugged hill-side and a savage forest of dark-browed hemlocks, it lies soft and smiling as the ornamental grounds around some sweet cottage home; the turf, green and smooth as a velvet carpet, dotted over with groups of blossoming thorn; while through the midst winds the sparkling amber-tinted stream of Gandy.

Looking up the glen, the vista is bright as fairy-land, ending with a distant glimpse of blue hills. Turning down stream, a grim, menacing cliff rises square athwart the glen, closing it suddenly and shocking you with its unexpected propinquity. At its base is an arched opening fifty feet wide by about twenty in height — a gaping mouth which swallows the little river at a gulp. There is no gurgling nor choking, but the stream glides in gently and lovingly, like a young snake running down its mother's throat to sleep, or simple-hearted Goody Two-shoes entering her grandmother's chamber. Altogether the scene is peculiar and impressive. Since Gandy left her mother fountains her course has been exceptionally bright and beautiful. Unshadowed by gloomy forests, unvexed by ugly driftwood, the gay brunette has leaped and danced through sun-lit glades, just teased enough by moss-clad rocks and picturesque roots to make her laugh and show her dimples to advantage.

In the midst of her joyous life suddenly the dark cavern yawns before her like the jaws of death. Without a doubt or shudder, like an unconscious child she enters smiling upon the untried mysteries of the hidden world.

Wading in some forty or fifty yards, we find the subterranean stream still smooth and practicable, without any roaring or other indication of an interruption in its current. But its winding course soon shuts out the daylight, and as we had no torches, no attempt was made to push our explorations further.

It is said that persons have made their way through the tunnel, and the estimated distance from entrance to exit is a mile and a quarter. The distance around by the road is about two miles. The information on the subject was both vague and meagre, as the mountaineers are usually totally indifferent in regard to these natural curiosities, or superstitiously timid about undertaking an exploration. In fact, no one cared to talk about the tunnel of Gandy, and the idea haunted me that there was some mystery connected with the place which made the mountaineers rather avoid the subject.

Having partially satisfied our curiosity, we all at once remembered that it was long past the dinner hour, and we were beginning to feel exhausted from hunger; at the same time we discovered that the stream was wriggling with trout.

Our fishing tackle was speedily rigged, and in half an hour the green turf was gay with our spoils. A fire was kindled, bread, meat, and condiments unloaded from the saddle-bags, and in the shortest possible time a meal was served which would have charmed an epicure. This time we did not try the hot-stone recipe, but roasted our fish on forked sticks, after the Indian method.

Refreshed and invigorated by our meal, we took the road again, passing the Teters settlement without calling, and reaching the Dry Fork Valley about sunset.

It was quite dark when we reached our recent quarters, and were ushered in to the smoking supper-table with a frank cordiality which made us feel as if we had spent the day from home.

JIMMY.

By KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

JIMMY and I are fellows for play!
Never tired of it, rain or shine.
Jimmy was six the last birthday,
While I was only—sixty-nine!

So little Master Commonsense
Gives himself superior airs,
Guiding my inexperience
By the wisdom under his own white hairs.

Sometimes it happens the hoary sage—
Over-anxious for Number One—
Turns to account my tender age,
And I am most atrociously "done."

No matter how it may chance to be,
Jimmy's argument never fails:
The copper is always wrong for me,
And Jimmy is winner, heads or tails.

Well, I have lived to be boy and man,
Dad and grandad, and yet, I vow,
Never was I in my threescore and ten
Half so sharp as Jimmy is now!

And sadly the question bothers me,
As I stop in my play to look at him—
What will the Twentieth Century be.
If the Nineteenth's youngsters are all like Jim?

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XVII.

THERE had been very little said between Michel Voss and Urmand on their journey toward Granpere till they were at the top of the Vosges, on the mountain-road, at which place they had to leave their little carriage and bait their horse. Indeed, Michel had been asleep during almost the entire time. On the night but one before he had not been in bed at all, having reached Basle after midnight, and having passed the hours 'twixt that and his morning visit to Urmand's house in his futile endeavors to stop poor Marie's letter. And the departure of the travelers from Basle on this morning had been very early, so that the poor innkeeper had been robbed of his proper allowance of natural rest. He had slept soundly in the train to Colmar, and had afterward slept in the little *calèche* which had taken them to the top of the mountain. Urmand had sat silent by his side, by no means anxious to disturb his companion, because he had no determined plan ready to communicate. Once or twice before he reached Colmar he had thought that he would go back again. He had been, he felt, badly treated, and though he was very fond of Marie, it would be better for him, perhaps, to wash his hands of the whole affair. He was so thinking the whole way to Colmar. But he was afraid of Michel Voss, and when they got out upon the platform there he had no resolution ready to be declared as fixed. Then they had hired the little carriage, and Michel Voss had slept again. He had slept all through Münster, and up the steep mountain, and was not thoroughly awake till they were summoned to get out at the wonderfully fine house for refreshment which the late emperor caused to be built at the top of the hill. Here they went into the restaurant, and as Michel Voss was known to the man who kept it, he ordered a bottle of wine. "What a terrible place to live in all the winter!" he said, as he looked down through the window right into the deep valley below. From the spot on which the house is built you can see all the broken wooded ground of the steep descent, and then the broad plain that stretches away to the valley of the Rhine. "There is nothing but snow here after Christmas," continued Michel, "and perhaps not a Christian over the road for days together. I shouldn't like it, I know. It may be all very well just now."

But Adrian Urmand was altogether inattentive either to the scenery now before him or to the prospect of the mountain innkeeper's winter life. He knew that two hours and a half would take them down the mountain into Granpere, and that when there it would be at once necessary that he should begin a task the idea of which was by no means pleasant to him. He was quite sure now that he wished he had remained at Basle, and that he had accepted Marie's letter as final. He told himself again and again that he could not make her marry him if she chose to change her mind. What was he to say and what was he to do when he got to Granpere, a place which he almost wished that he had never seen, in spite of those profitable linen-buyings? And now when Michel Voss began to talk to him about the scenery and what this man up in the mountain did in the winter—at this moment when his terrible trouble was so very near him—he felt it to be an insult, or at least a cruelty. "What can he do from December till April except smoke and drink?" asked Michel Voss.

"I don't care what he does," said Urmand, turning away. "I only know I wish I'd never come here."

"Take a glass of wine, my friend," said Michel. "The mountain air has made you chill." Urmand took the glass of wine, but it did not cheer him much. "We shall have it all right before the day is over," continued Michel.

"I don't think it will ever be all right," said the other.

"And why not? The fact is, you don't understand young women; as how should you, seeing that you have not had to man-

age them? You do as I tell you, and just be round with her. You tell her that you don't desire any change yourself, and that after what has passed you can't allow her to think of such a thing. You speak as though you had a downright claim, as you have, and all will come right. It's not that she cares for him, you know. You must remember that. She has never even said a word of that kind. I haven't a doubt on my mind as to which she really likes best; but it's that stupid promise, and the way that George has had of making her believe that she is bound by the first word she ever spoke to a young man. It's only nonsense, and of course we must get over it." Then they were summoned out, the horse having finished his meal, and were rattled down the hill into Granpere without many more words between them.

One other word was spoken, and that word was hardly pleasant in its tone. Urmand at least did not relish it. "I shall go away at once if she doesn't treat me as she ought," said he, just as they were entering the village.

Michel was silent for a moment before he answered. "You'll behave, I'm sure, as a man ought to behave to a young woman whom he intends to make his wife." The words themselves were civil enough; but there was a tone in the innkeeper's voice and a flame in his eye which made Urmand almost feel that he had been threatened. Then they drove into the space in front of the door of the Lion d'Or.

Michel had made for himself no plan whatsoever. He led the way at once into the house, and Urmand followed, hardly daring to look up into the faces of the persons around him. They were both of them soon in the presence of Madame Voss, but Marie Bromar was not there. Marie had been sharp enough to perceive who was coming before they were out of the carriage, and was already ensconced in some safer retreat up stairs, in which she could meditate on her plan of the campaign. "Look lively and get us something to eat," said Michel, meaning to be cheerful and self-possessed. "We left Basle at five, and have not eaten a mouthful since." It was now nearly four o'clock, and the bread and cheese which had been served with the wine on the top of the mountain had, of course, gone for nothing. Madame Voss immediately began to bustle about, calling the cook and Peter Veque to her assistance. But nothing for a while was said about Marie. Urmand, trying to look as though he were self-possessed, stood with his back to the stove and whistled. For a few minutes, during which the bustling about the table went on, Michel was wrapped in thought and said nothing. At last he had made up his mind, and spoke. "We might as well make a dash at it at once," said he. "Where is Marie?" No one answered him. "Where is Marie Bromar?" he asked again, angrily. He knew that it behooved him now to take upon himself at once the real authority of a master of a house.

"She is up stairs," said Peter, who was straightening a table-cloth.

"Tell her to come down to me," said her uncle. Peter departed immediately, and for a while there was silence in the little room. Adrian Urmand felt his heart to palpitate disagreeably. Indeed, the manner in which it would appear that the innkeeper proposed to manage the business was distressing enough to him. It seemed as though it were intended that he should discuss his little difficulties with Marie in the presence of the whole household. But he stood his ground and sounded one more ineffectual little whistle. In a few minutes Peter returned, but said nothing. "Where is Marie Bromar?" again demanded Michel, in an angry voice.

"I told her to come down," said Peter.

"Well?"

"I don't think she's coming," said Peter.

"What did she say?"

"Not a word; she only bade me go down." Then Michel walked into the kitchen as though he were about to fetch the recusant himself. But he stopped himself, and asked his wife to go up to Marie. Madame Voss did go up, and after her return there was some whispering between her and her husband. "She is upset by the excitement of your return," Michel said at last, "and we must give her a little grace. Come; we will eat our dinner."

In the mean time Marie was sitting on her bed up stairs in a most unhappy plight. She really loved her uncle, and almost feared him. She did fear him with that sort of fear which is produced by reverence and habits of obedience, but which, when softened by affection, hardly makes itself known as fear except on troublous occasions. And she was oppressed by the remembrance of all that was due from her to him and to her aunt, feeling, as it was natural that she should do, in compliance with the manners and habits of her people, that she owed a duty of obedience in this matter of marriage. Though she had been able to hold her own against the priest, and had been quite firm in opposition to her aunt—who was in truth a woman much less strong by nature than herself—she dreaded a further dispute with her uncle. She could not bear to think that he should be enabled to accuse her with justice of ingratitude. It had been her great pleasure to be true to him, and he had answered her truth by a perfect confidence which had given a charm to her life. Now this would all be over, and she would be driven again to beg him to send her away,

that she might become a household drudge elsewhere. And now that this very moment of her agony had come, and that this man to whom she had given a promise was there to claim her, how was she to go down and say what she had to say before all the world? It was perfectly clear to her that in accordance with her reception of Urmand at the first moment of their meeting, so must be her continued conduct toward him till he should leave her, or else take her away with him. She could not smile on him and shake hands with him, and cut his bread for him and pour out his wine, after such a letter as she had written to him, without signifying thereby that the letter was to go for nothing. Now, let what might happen, the letter was not to go for nothing. The letter was to remain a true fact and a true letter. "I can't go down, Aunt Josey; indeed I can't," she said. "I am not well, and I should drop. Pray tell Uncle Michel, with my best love and with my duty, that I can't go to him now." And she sat still upon her bed, not weeping, but clasping her hands, and trying to see her way out of her misfortune.

The dinner was eaten in grim silence, and after the dinner Michel, still grimly silent, sat with his friend on the bench before the door and smoked a cigar. While he was smoking Michel said never a word. But he was thinking of the difficulty he had to overcome; and he was thinking also, at odd moments, whether his own son George was not, after all, a better sort of lover for a young woman than this young man who was seated by his side. But it never occurred to him that he might find a solution of the difficulty by encouraging this second idea. Urmand during this time was telling himself that it behooved him to be a man, and that his sitting there in silence was hardly proof of his manliness. He knew that he was being ill treated, and that he must do something to redress his own wrongs, if he only knew how to do. He was quite determined that he would not be a coward; that he would stand up for his own rights. But if a young woman won't marry a man, a man can't make her do so either by scolding her or by fighting any of her friends. In this case the young lady's friends were all on his side. But the weight of that half hour of silence and of Michel's gloom was intolerable to him. At last he got up and declared he would go and see an old woman who would have linen to sell. "As I am here, I might as well do a stroke of work," he said, striving to be jocose.

"Do," said Michel; "and in the mean time I will see Marie Bromar."

Whenever Michel Voss was heard to call his niece Marie Bromar, using the two names, it was understood by all who heard him about the hotel that he was not in a good humor. As soon as Urmand was gone he rose slowly from his seat, and with heavy steps he went up stairs in search of the refractory girl. He went straight to her own bedroom, and there he found her still sitting on her bedside. She jumped up as soon as he was in the room, and running up to him, took him by the arm. "Uncle Michel," she said, "pray, pray be good to me. Pray spare me!"

"I am good to you," he said. "I try to be good to you."

"You know that I love you. Do you not know that I love you?" Then she paused, but he made no answer to her. He was surer of nothing in the world than he was of her affection, but it did not suit him to acknowledge it at that moment. "I would do any thing for you that I could do, Uncle Michel; but pray do not ask me to do this." Then she clasped him tightly, and hung upon him, and put up her face to be kissed. But he would not kiss her. "Ah," said she; "you mean to be hard to me. Then I must go; then I must go; then I must go."

"That is nonsense, Marie. You can not go, till you go to your husband. Where would you go to?"

"It matters not where I go to now."

"Marie, you are betrothed to this man, and you must consent to become his wife. Say that you will consent, and all this nonsense shall be forgotten." She did not say that she would consent; but she did not say that she would not, and he thought that he might persuade her, if he could speak to her as he ought. But he doubted which might be most efficacious, affection or severity. He had assured himself that it would be his duty to be very severe before he gave up the point; but it might be possible, as she was so sweet with him, so loving, and so gracious, that affection might prevail. If so, how much easier would the task be to himself! So he put his arm round her, stooped down, and kissed her.

"Oh, Uncle Michel," she said; "dear, dear Uncle Michel, say that you will spare me, and be on my side, and be good to me."

"My darling girl, it is for your own good, for the good of us all, that you should marry this man. Do you not know that I would not tell you so if it were not true? I can not be more good to you than that."

"I can—not, Uncle Michel."

"Tell me why, now. What is it? Has any body been bringing tales to you?"

"Nobody has brought any tales."

"Is there any thing amiss with him?"

"It is not that. It is not that at all. I am sure he is an excellent young man, and I wish with all my heart he had a better wife than I can ever be."

"He thinks you will be quite good enough for him."

"I am not good for any body. I am very bad."

"Leave him to judge of that."

"But I can not do it, Uncle Michel. I can never be Adrian Urmand's wife."

"But why, why, why?" repeated Michel, who was beginning to be again angered by his own want of success. "You have said that a dozen times, but have never attempted to give a reason."

"I will tell you the reason. It is because I love George with all my heart, and with all my soul. He is so dear to me that I should always be thinking of him. I could not help myself. I should always have him in my heart. Would that be right, Uncle Michel, if I were married to another man?"

"Then why did you accept the other man? There is nothing changed since then."

"I was wicked then."

"I don't think you were wicked at all; but at any rate you did it. You didn't think any thing about having George in your heart then."

It was very hard for her to answer this, and for a moment or two she was silenced. At last she found a reply. "I thought every thing was dead within me then, and that it didn't signify. Since that he has been here, and he has told me all."

"I wish he had staid where he was, with all my heart. We did not want him here," said the innkeeper in his anger.

"But he did come, Uncle Michel. I did not send for him, but he did come."

"Yes, he came; and he has disturbed every thing that I had arranged so happily. Look here, Marie. I lay my commands upon you as your uncle and guardian, and I may say also as your best and stanchest friend, to be true to the solemn engagement which you have made with this young man. I will not hear any answer from you now, but I leave you with that command. Urmand has come here at my request, because I told him that you would be obedient. If you make a fool of me, and of yourself, and of us all, it will be impossible that I should forgive you. He will see you this evening, and I will trust to your good sense to receive him with propriety." Then Michel Voss left the room and descended with ponderous steps, indicative of a heavy heart.

Marie, when she was alone, again seated herself on the bedside. Of course she must see Adrian Urmand. She was quite aware that she could not encounter him now with that half-saucy, independent air which had come to her quite naturally before she had accepted him. She would willingly humble herself in the dust before him, if by so doing she could induce him to relinquish his suit. But if she could not do so, if she could not talk over either her uncle or him to be on what she called her side, then what should she do? Her uncle's entreaties to her, joined to his too evident sorrow, had upon her an effect so powerful that she could hardly overcome it. She had, as she thought, resolved most positively that nothing should induce her to marry Adrian Urmand. She had, of course, been very firm in this resolution when she wrote her letter. But now—now she was almost shaken! When she thought only of herself, she would almost task herself to believe that after all it did not much matter what of happiness or of unhappiness might befall her. If she allowed herself to be taken to a new home at Basle she could still work and eat and drink—and working, eating, and drinking, she could wait till her unhappiness should be removed. She was sufficiently wise to understand that as she became a middle-aged woman, with perhaps children around her, her sorrow would melt into a soft regret which would be at least endurable. And what did it signify, after all, how much one such a being as herself might suffer? The world would go on in the same way, and her small troubles would be of but little significance. Work would save her from utter despondence. But when she thought of George, and the words in which he had expressed the constancy of his own love, and the shipwreck which would fall upon him if she were untrue to him—then again she would become strong in her determination. Her uncle had threatened her with his lasting displeasure. He had said that it would be impossible that he should forgive her. That would be unbearable! Yet, when she thought of George, she told herself that it must be borne.

Before the hour of supper came her aunt had been with her, and she had promised to see her suitor alone. There had been some doubt on this point between Michel and his wife, Madame Voss thinking that either she or her husband ought to be present. But Michel had prevailed. "I don't care what any people may say," he replied. "I know my own girl; and I know also what he has a right to expect." So it was settled, and Marie understood that Adrian was to come to her in the little brightly furnished sitting-room up stairs. On this occasion she took no notice of the hotel supper at all. It is to be hoped that Peter Veque proved himself equal to the occasion.

At about nine she was seated in the appointed place, and Madame Voss brought her lover up into the room.

"Here is M. Urmand come to speak to you," she said. "Your uncle thinks that you had better see him alone. I am sure you will bear in mind what it is that he and I wish." Then she closed the door, and Adrian and Marie were left together.

"I need hardly tell you," said he, "what were my feelings when your uncle came to me yesterday morning. And when I opened

"TO SAVE YOURSELF FROM LIVING WITH A WOMAN WHO CAN NOT LOVE YOU."

your letter and read it, I could hardly believe that it had come from you."

"Yes, M. Urmand; it did come from me."

"And why—what have I done? The last word you had spoken to me was to declare that you would be my loving wife."

"Not that, M. Urmand; never that. When I thought it was to be so, I told you that I would do my best to do my duty by you."

"Say that once more, and all shall be right."

"But I never promised that I would love you. I could not promise that; and I was very wicked to allow them to give you my troth. You can't think worse of me than I think of myself."

"But, Marie, why should you not love me? I am sure you would love me."

"Listen to me, M. Urmand; listen to me, and be generous to me. I think you can be generous to a poor girl who is very unhappy. I do not love you. I do not say that I should not have loved you if you had been the first. Why should not any girl love you? You are above me in every way, and rich, and well spoken of; and your life has been less rough and poor than mine. It is not that I have been proud. What is there that I can be proud of—except my uncle's trust in me? But George Voss had come to me before, and had made me promise that I would love him; and I do love him. How can I help it, if I wished to help it? Oh, M. Urmand, can you not be generous? Think how little it is that you will lose." But Adrian Urmand did not like to be told of the girl's love for another man. His generosity would almost have been more easily reached had she told him of George's love for her. People had assured him since he was engaged that Marie Bromar was the handsomest girl in Lorraine or Alsace; and he felt it to be an injury that this handsome girl should prefer such a one as George Voss to himself. Marie, with a woman's sharpness, perceived all this accurately. "Remember," said she, "that I had hardly seen you when George and I were—when he and I became such friends."

"Your uncle doesn't want you to marry his son."

"I shall never become George's wife without his consent—never."

"Then what would be the use of my giving way?" asked Urmand. "He would never consent."

She paused for a moment before she replied.

"To save yourself," said she, "from living with a woman who can not love you,

and to save me from living with a man I can not love."

"And is this to be all the answer you will give me?"

"It is the request that I have to make to you," said Marie.

"Then I had better go down to your uncle." And he went down to Michel Voss, leaving Marie Bromar again alone.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE people of Colmar think Colmar to be a considerable place, and far be it from us to hint that it is not so. It is—or was in the days when Alsace was French—the chief town of the department of the Haut Rhine. It bristles with barracks, and is busy with cotton factories. It has been accustomed to the presence of a préfet, and is, no doubt, important. But it is not so large that people going in and out of it can pass without attention, and this we take to be the really true line of demarkation between a big town and a little one. Had Michel Voss and Adrian Urmand passed through Lyons or Strasburg on their journey to Granpere, no one would have noticed them, and their acquaintances in either of those cities would not have been a bit the wiser. But it was not probable that they should leave the train at the Colmar station, and hire Daniel Bredin's *calèche* for the mountain journey thence to Granpere, without all the facts of the case coming to the ears of Madame Faragon. And when she had heard the news, of course she told it to George Voss. She had interested herself very keenly in the affair of George's love, partly because she had a soft heart of her own, and loved a ray of romance to fall in upon her as she sat fat and helpless in her easy-chair, and partly because she thought that the future landlord of the Hôtel de la Poste at Colmar ought to be regarded as a bigger man and a better match than any Swiss linen merchant in the world. "I can't think what it is that your father means," she had said. "When he and I were young he used not to be so fond of the people of Basle, and he didn't think so much then of a peddling buyer of sheetings and shirtings." Madame Faragon was rather fond of alluding to past times, and of hinting to George that in early days, had she been willing, she might have been mistress of the Lion d'Or at Granpere, instead of the Poste at Colmar. George never quite believed the boast, as he knew that Madame Faragon was at least ten years older than his father. "He used to think," continued Madame Faragon, "that there was nothing better than a good house in the public line, with a well-spirited woman inside it to stand her ground and hold her own. But every thing is changed now since the railroads came up. The peddlers become merchants, and the respectable old shop-keepers must go to the wall." George would hear all this in silence, though he knew that his old friend was endeavoring to comfort him by making little of the Basle linen merchant. Now when Madame Faragon learned that Michel Voss and Adrian Urmand had gone through Colmar back from Basle on their way to Granpere, she immediately foresaw what was to happen. Marie's marriage was to be hurried on, George was to be thrown overboard, and the peddler's pack was to be triumphant over the sign of the inn-keeper.

"If I were you, George, I would dash in among them at once," said Madame Faragon.

George was silent for a minute or two, leaving the room and returning to it before he made any answer. Then he declared that he would dash in among them at Granpere.

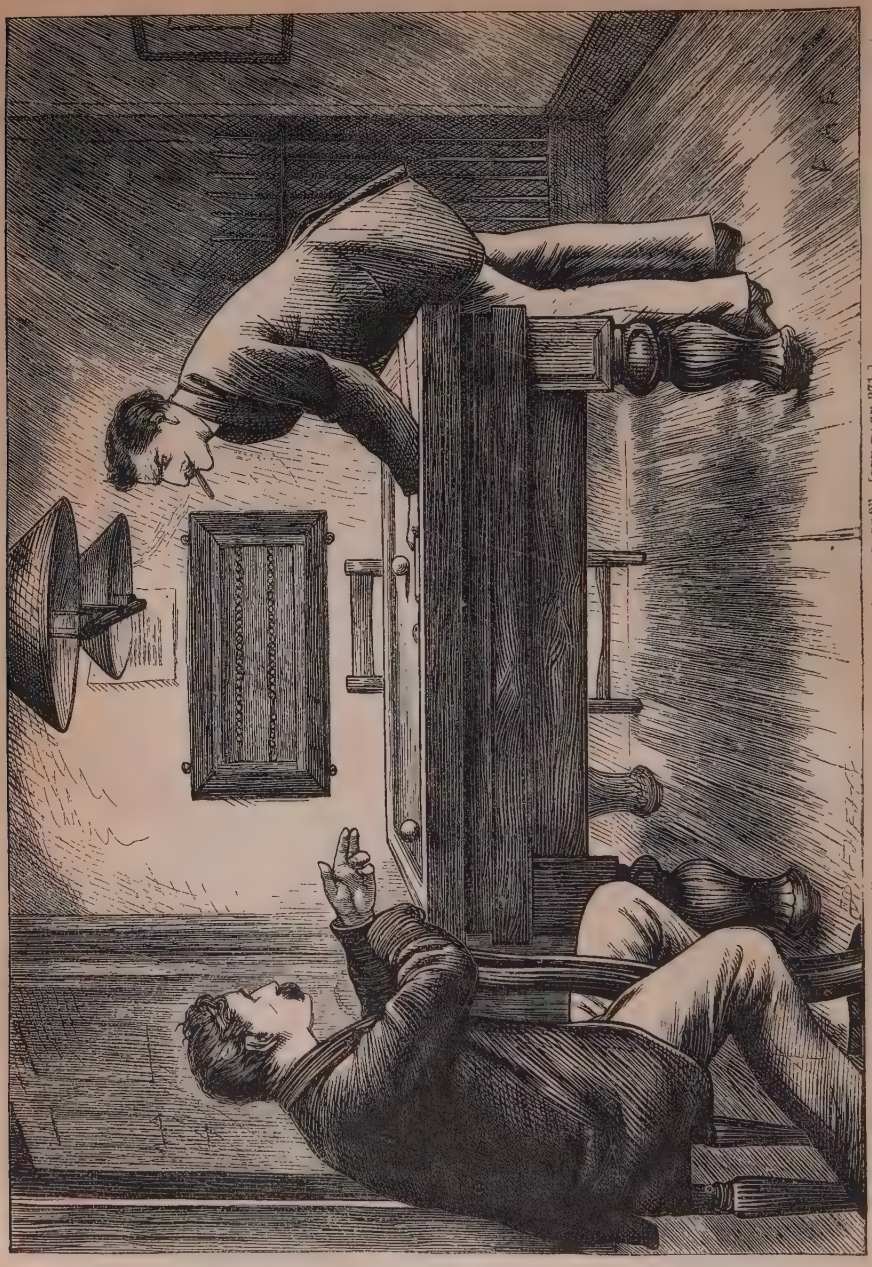
"It will be better to go over and see it all settled," he said.

"But, George, you won't quarrel?"

"What do you mean by quarreling? I don't suppose that this man and I can be very dear friends when we meet each other."

"You won't have any fighting. Oh, George, if I thought there was going to be fighting, I would go myself to prevent it." Madame Faragon, no doubt, was sincere in her desire that there should be no fighting; but, nevertheless, there was a life and reality about this little affair which had a gratifying effect upon her. "If I thought I could do any good, I really would go," she said again, afterward. But George did not encourage her to make the attempt.

No more was said about it; but early on the following morning, or, in truth, long before the morning had dawned, George had started upon his journey, following his father and M. Urmand in their route over the mountain. This was the third time he had gone to Granpere in the course of the present autumn, and on each time he had gone without invitation and without warning. And yet, previous to this, he had remained above a year at Colmar without taking any notice of his family. He knew that his father would not make him welcome, and he almost doubted whether it would be proper for him to drive himself direct to the door of the hotel. His father had told him, when they were last parting from each other, that he was nothing but a trouble. "You are all trouble," his father had said to him. And then his father had threatened to have him turned from the door by the servants if he should come to the house again before Marie and Adrian were married. He was not afraid of his father, but he felt that he had no right to treat the Lion d'Or as his own home unless he was prepared to obey his father. And he knew nothing as to Marie and her purpose.



"WILL YOU GO AWAY AND LEAVE US AT PEACE?"—[SEE PAGE 371.]

He had learned from her that were she left to herself she would give herself with all her heart to him. But she would not be left to herself, and he only knew now that Adrian Urmand was being taken back to Granpere —of course with the intention that the marriage should be at once perfected. Madame Faragon had, no doubt, been right in her advice as to dashing in among them at once. Whatever was to be done must be done now. But it was by no means clear to him how he was to carry on the war when he found himself among them all at Granpere.

It was now October, and the morning on the mountain was very dark and cold. He had started from Colmar between three and four, so that he had passed through Münster and was ascending the hill before six. He too stopped and fed his horse at the emperor's house at the top, and fortified himself

with a tumbler of wine and a hunch of bread. He meant to go into Granpere and claim Marie as his own. He would go to the priest and to the pastor if necessary, and forbid all authorities to lend their countenance to the proposed marriage. He would speak his mind plainly, and would accuse his father of extreme cruelty. He would call upon Madame Voss to save her niece. He would be very savage with Marie, hoping that he might thereby save her from herself—defying her to say either before man or God that she loved the man whom she was about to make her husband. And as to Adrian Urmand himself—he still thought that, should the worst come to the worst, he would try some process of choking upon Adrian Urmand. Any use of personal violence would be distasteful to him and contrary to his nature. He was not a man who in the ordinary way of his life would probably lift his hand against another. Such liftings of hands on the part of other men he regarded as a falling back to the truculence of savage life. Men should manage and coerce each other either with the tongue, or with money, or with the law—according to his theory of life. But on such an occasion as this he found himself obliged to acknowledge that, if the worst should come to the worst, some attempt at choking his enemy must be made. It must be made for Marie's sake, if not for his own. In this mood of mind he drove down to Granpere, and, not knowing where else to stop, drew up his horse in the middle of the road before the hotel. The stable servant, who was hanging about, immediately came to him—and there was his father standing, all alone, at the door of the house. It was now ten o'clock, and he had expected that his father would have been away from home, as was his custom at that hour. But the innkeeper's mind was at present too full of trouble to allow of his going off either to the wood-cutting or to the farm.

Adrian Urmand, after his failure with Marie on the preceding evening, had not again gone down stairs. He had taken himself at once to his bedroom, and had remained there gloomy and unhappy, very angry with Marie Bromar, but, if possible, more angry with Michel Voss. Knowing, as he must have known, how the land lay, why had the innkeeper brought him from Basle to Granpere? He found himself to have been taken in, from first to last, by the whole household, and he would at this moment have been glad to obliterate Granpere altogether from among the valleys of the Vosges. And so he went to bed in his wrath. Michel and Madame Voss sat below waiting for him above an hour. Madame Voss more than once proposed that she should go up and see what was happening. It was impossible, she declared, that they should be talking together all that time. But her husband had stayed her. "Whatever they have to say, let them say it out." It seemed to him that Marie must be giving way if she submitted herself to so long an interview. When at last Madame Voss did go up stairs, she learned from the maid that M. Urmand had been in bed ever so long; and on going to Marie's chamber, she found her sitting where she had sat before. "Yes, Aunt Josey, I will go to bed at once," she said. "Give uncle my love." Then Aunt Josey had returned to her husband, and neither of them had been able to extract any comfort from the affairs of the evening.

Early on the following morning M. le Curé was called to a consultation. This was very distasteful to Michel Voss, because he was himself a Protestant, and, having lived all his life with a Protestant son and two Roman Catholic women in the house, he had come to feel that Father Gondin's religion was a religion for the weaker sex. He troubled himself very little with the doctrinal differences, having no slightest touch of an idea that he was to be saved because he was a Protestant, and that they were in peril because they were Roman Catholics. Nor, indeed, was there any such idea on either side prevalent in the valley. What M. le Curé himself may have believed, who can say? But he never taught his parishioners that their Protestant uncles and wives and children were to be damned. Michel Voss was averse to priestly assistance; but now he submitted to it. He hardly knew himself how far that betrothal was a binding ceremony. But he felt strongly that he had committed himself to the marriage; that it did not become him to allow that his son had been right; and also that if Marie would only marry the man, she would find herself quite happy in her new home. So M. le Curé was called in, and there was a consultation. M. le Curé was quite as hot in favor of the marriage as were the other persons concerned. It was, in the first place, infinitely preferable in his eyes that his young parishioner should marry a Roman Catholic. But he was not able to undertake to use any special thunders of the Church. He could tell the young woman what was her duty, and he had done so. If her guardians wished it, he would do so again, very strongly. But he did not know how he was to do more. Then the priest told the story of Annette Lolme, pointing out how well Marie was acquainted with all the bearings of the case.

"But both consented to break it off in that case," said Michel. It was singular to observe how cruel he had become against the girl whom he so dearly loved. The curé explained to him again that neither the Church nor the law could interfere to make her marry M. Urmand. It might be explained to her that she would commit a sin requiring penitence and absolution if she

did not marry him. The Church could go no further than that. But—such was the curé's opinion—there was no power at the command of Michel Voss by which he could force his niece to marry the man, unless his own internal power as a friend and a protector might enable him to do so. "She doesn't care a straw for that now," said he. "Not a straw. Since that fellow was over here she thinks nothing of me, and nothing of her word." Then he went out to the hotel door, leaving the priest with his wife, and he had not stood there more than a minute or two before he saw his son's arrival. Marie, in the mean time, had not left her room. She had sent word down to her uncle that she was ill, and that she would beg him to go up to her. As yet he had not seen her; but a message had been taken to her, saying that he would come soon. Adrian Urmand had breakfasted alone, and had since been wandering about the house alone. He also, from the windows of the billiard-room, had seen the arrival of George Voss.

Michel Voss, when he saw George, did not move from his place. He was still very angry with his son, vehemently angry, because his son stood in the way of the completion of his desires. But he had forgotten all his threats, spoken now nearly a week ago. He was altogether oblivious of his declaration that he would have George turned away from the door by the servants of the inn. That his own son should treat his house as a home was so natural to him that it did not even occur to him now that he could bid him not to enter. There he was again, creating more trouble; and, as far as our friend the innkeeper could see, likely enough to be successful in his object. Michel stood his ground, with his hands in his pockets, because he would not even shake hands with his son. But when George came up, he bowed a recognition with his head; as though he should have said, "I see you; but I can not say that you are welcome to Granpere." George stood for a moment or two, and then addressed his father.

"Adrian Urmand is here with you, is he not, father?"

"He is in the house somewhere," said Michel, sullenly.

"May I speak to him?"

"I am not his keeper—not his;" and Michel put a special accent on the last word, by which he implied that though he was not the keeper of Adrian Urmand, he was the keeper of somebody else. George stood a while, hesitating, by his father's side, and as he stood he saw through the window of the billiard-room the figure of Urmand, who was watching them. "Your mother is in her own room; you had better go to her," said Michel. Then George entered the hotel, and his father went across the court to seek Urmand in his retreat. In this way the difficulty of the first meeting was overcome, and George did not find himself turned out of the Lion d'Or.

He knew, of course, nothing of the state of affairs at the inn. It might be that Marie had already given way, and was still the promised bride of this man. Indeed, to him it seemed most probable that such should be the case. He had been sent to look for Madame Voss, and Madame Voss he found in the kitchen.

"Oh, George, who expected to see you here to-day?" she exclaimed.

"Nobody, I dare say," he replied. The cook was there and two or three other servants and hangers on. It was impossible that he should speak out before so many persons, and he had not a friend about the place, unless Marie was his friend. After a few moments he went into the inner room, and Madame Voss followed him. "Well," said he, "has any thing been settled?"

"I am sorry to say that every thing is as unsettled as it can be," said Madame Voss.

Then Marie must be true to him! And if so, she must be the grandest woman, the finest girl, that had ever been created! If so, would he not be true to her? If so, with what a true worship would he offer her all that he had to give in the world! He had come there before determined to crush her with his thunder-bolt. Now he would swear to cherish her and keep her warm with his love for ever and ever. "Is she here?" he asked.

"She is up stairs, in bed. You can not see her."

"She is not ill?"

"She is making every body else ill about the place, I know that," said Madame Voss. "And as for you, George, you owe a different kind of treatment to your father; you do indeed. It will make an old man of him. He has set his heart upon this, and you ought to have yielded."

It was at any rate evident that Marie was holding out, was true to her first love, in spite of that betrothal which had appeared to George to be so wicked, but which had, in truth, been caused by his own fault. If Marie would hold out, there would be no need that he should lay violent hands upon Adrian Urmand, or have resort to any process of choking. If she would only be firm, they could not succeed in making her marry the linen merchant. He was not in the least afraid of M. le Curé Gondin; nor was he afraid of Adrian Urmand. He was not much afraid of Madame Voss. He was afraid only of his father. "A man can not yield on such a matter," he said. "No man yields in such an affair, though he may be beaten." Madame Voss listened to him, but said nothing further. She was busy with her work, and went on intently with her needle.

He had asked to see Urmand, and he now went out in quest of him. He passed across the court, and in at the door of the café, and up into the billiard-room. Here he found both his father and the young man. Urmand got up to salute him, and George took off his hat. Nothing could be more ceremonious than the manner in which the two rivals greeted each other. They had not seen each other for nearly two years, and had never been intimate. When George had been living at Granpere, Urmand had only been an occasional sojourner at the inn, and had not as yet fallen into habits of friendship with the Voss family.

"Have you seen your mother?" Michel asked.

"Yes; I have seen her." Then there was silence for a while. Urmand knew not how to speak, and George was doubtful how to proceed in presence of his father.

Then Michel asked another question. "Are you going to stay long with us, George?"

"Certainly not long, father. I have brought nothing with me but what you see."

"You have brought too much if you have come to give us trouble."

Then there was another pause, during which George sat down in a corner, apart from them. Urmand took out a cigar and lit it, offering one to the innkeeper. But Michel Voss shook his head. He was very unhappy, feeling that every thing around him was wrong. Here was a son of his, of whom he was proud, the only living child of his first wife, a young man of whom all people said good things; a son whom he had always loved and trusted, and who even now, at this very moment, was showing himself to be a real man; and yet he was forced to quarrel with this son, and say harsh things to him, and sit away from him with a man who was, after all, no more than a stranger to him, with whom he had no sympathy; when it would have made him so happy to be leaning on his son's shoulder, and discussing their joint affairs with unreserved confidence, asking questions about wages, and suggesting possible profits. He was beginning to hate Adrian Urmand. He was beginning to hate the young man, although he knew that it was his duty to go on with the marriage. Urmand, as soon as his cigar was lighted, got up and began to knock the balls about on the table. That gloom of silence was to him most painful.

"If you would not mind it, M. Urmand," said George, "I would like to take a walk with you."

"To take a walk?"

"If it would not be disagreeable. Perhaps it would be well that you and I should have a few minutes of conversation."

"I will leave you together here," said the father, "if you, George, will promise me that there shall be no violence." Urmand looked at the innkeeper as though he did not like the proposition, but Michel took no notice of his look.

"There certainly shall be none on my part," said George. "I don't know what M. Urmand's feelings may be."

"Oh dear, no; nothing of the kind," said Urmand. "But I don't exactly see what we are to talk about." Michel, however, paid no attention to this, but walked slowly out of the room. "I really don't know what there is to say," continued Urmand, as he knocked the balls about with his cue.

"There is this to say. That girl up there was induced to promise that she would be your wife, when she believed that—I had forgotten her."

"Oh dear, no; nothing of the kind."

"That is her story. Go and ask her. If it is so, or even if it suits her now to say so, you will hardly, as a man, endeavor to drive her into a marriage which she does not wish. You will never do it, even if you do try. Though you go on trying till you drive her mad, she will never be your wife. But if you are a man, you will not continue to torment her, simply because you have got her uncle to back you."

"Who says she will never marry me?"

"I say so. She says so."

"We are betrothed to each other. Why should she not marry me?"

"Simply because she does not wish it. She does not love you. Is not that enough? She does love another man; me—me—me. Is not that enough? Heaven and earth! I would sooner go to the galleys, or break stones upon the roads, than take a woman to my bosom who was thinking of some other man."

"That is all very fine."

"Let me tell you that the other thing, that which you propose to do, is by no means fine. But I will not quarrel with you if I can help it. Will you go away and leave us at peace? They say you are rich, and have got a grand house. Surely you can do better than marry a poor innkeeper's niece—a girl that has worked hard all her life?"

"I could do better if I chose," said Adrian Urmand.

"Then go and do better. Do you not perceive that even my father is becoming tired of all the trouble you are making? Surely you will not wait till you are turned out of the house?"

"Who will turn me out of the house?"

"Marie will, and my father. Do you think he'll see her wither and droop and die, or perhaps go mad, in order that a promise may be kept to you? Take the matter into your own hands at once, and say you

will have no more to do with it. That will be the manly way."

"Is that all you have to say, my friend?" asked Urmand, assuming a voice that was intended to be indifferent.

"Yes—that is all. But I mean to do something more if I am driven to it."

"Very well. When I want advice from you, I will come to you for it. And as for your doing, I believe you are not master here as yet. Good-morning." So saying, Adrian Urmand left the room, and George Voss in a few minutes followed him down the stairs.

The rest of the day was passed in gloom and wretchedness. George hardly spoke to his father; but the two sat at table together, and there was no open quarrel between them. Urmand also sat with them, and tried to converse with Michel and Madame Voss. But Michel would say very little to him, and the mistress of the house was so cowed by the circumstances of the day that she was hardly able to talk. Marie still kept her room; and it was stated to them that she was not well, and was in bed. Her uncle had gone to see her twice, but had made no report to any one of what had passed between them.

It had come to be understood that George would sleep there, at any rate for that night, and a bed had been prepared for him. The party broke up very early, for there was nothing in common among them to keep them together. Madame Voss sat murmuring with the priest for half an hour or so; but it seemed that the gloom attendant upon the young lovers had settled also upon M. le Curé. Even he escaped as early as he could.

When George was about to undress himself there came a knock at his door, and one of the servant-girls put into his hand a scrap of paper. On it was written, "I will never marry him, never—never—never; upon my honor."

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Third Paper.]

THE LATIN PEOPLES.—(*Continued.*)

III.

FRANCE exerts a powerful influence over the peoples of the two peninsulas beyond the Alps and the Pyrenees. All three peoples—French, Italian, and Spanish—are united in their humanitarian spirit by contiguity of territory, and are one in the Latin race and blood. Consequently our ideas are analogous, our movements simultaneous, our revolutions mutually contagious. But the spirit of all Italian policy in the present century, and especially the impulses of republicanism, are invariably connected with that cause which fills with enthusiasm the hearts of all the inhabitants of the peninsula—the cause of independence. The Croats on the fertile plains of Lombardy and the beautiful lagoons of Venice, their guns mounted on the fortresses of such patriotic cities as Verona, Mantua, and Peschiera, their lieutenants commanding in Modena, in Parma, even in the Attic Florence; the genius of the Bourbons, inherited from the ancient Spanish domination, converting into prisons those sunny regions bathed by the classic waves of the Tirrhene, and illuminated by the inspiring sun of Magna Grecia; the pontificate in Rome, which, through its universal ministry and its cosmopolitan authority, is always bringing foreign intervention to Italy—all these historic misfortunes filled the Italians with a despair whose echoes are felt in the stanzas of her poetry and the cadences of her music, tinged with such a sadness that you seem to hear in them, as in the lamentations of the prophet, the sob of an entire people.

The fate of Italy has interested us always, and always will interest us, like our own fate. From the soil of Italy our own bones are made. From the tables of the pretors comes our law; and the language which we speak is the sonorous echo of that which resounded in the tribune of the Rostra. The temple in which our first prayers ascend is a shadow of the universal catholic spirit of Rome. Our poetry was suckled at the breast of Italy, and our arts of coloring and design sprang, like Venus from her shell, from the Italian palette. All nations owe something to the Italian—France, the teaching of St. Thomas for her philosophers and of Cellini for her artists; Germany, the thought of Giordano Bruno, who appears like an anticipation of the German genius; Spain, the inspiration of Christopher Columbus, who created worlds, like the Divine word. Nevertheless, all nations have oppressed her, forced her to adorn our palaces, to tinge our robes with her colors, to delight us with her song, and have compelled the divinity of her arts to do us service, as if the Italians had always to play in the modern world the part of the Greeks in the ancient imperial world—our masters, but still our slaves.

But Italy, nevertheless, did not lose her great spirit and her dignity of mind and heart. All the revelations of her nature, music, sculpture, letters, philosophy, and

law, were consecrated to the vindication of her personality and independence. Her politics more than any thing else was tinged by this universal aspiration, and especially her republican policy. A people which has lived so long and with such glory as Italy never renounces its traditions. Therefore Italian republicanism has something of the ancient savor, something of the classic spirit. Its men have been chiefly inspired by the men of Plutarch. There is in them the same sacrifice of private to public virtues, of conscience to country. Conspiracy appears to them the permanent state of the mind while tyranny continues. Their own individuality disappears for the advantage of general liberties. The secret society takes possession of the man, accompanies him through life, commands him throughout the world, and demands of him even the alienation of his conscience, and, if it is necessary, death. Every republican imagines himself the judge and the executioner of despots. Tyrannicide becomes a dogma. There is no code, human nor divine, for these classic tribunes which could protect a wretch capable of subjugating his country, of invading the domestic hearth, of persecuting the family, of taking from the eyes of the people the light of their native heaven, and of attacking, like hyenas, the remains of past generations. Thus in the Italian democracy you will encounter many who have taken for their model that ancient patrician, the descendant of those who abolished the monarchy in Rome, the disciple of Cato, the master of Cassius, the husband of Portia, student of the Platonic dialogues which breathe the sentiment of immortality, discreet in his language, resolute in his actions, capable of killing a tyrant even though he were his own benefactor, and of taking his own life on that clear and starry night of Philippi in which he lost the hope of seeing liberty once more in Rome. I do not think that Brutus exceeded in stoicism the Italian patriots who, blinded by their love of the republic, went to Paris and attacked the emperor, and then died cheerfully, invoking the name of their country, as if the guillotine were the altar where they wedded immortality.

Among a people educated in this way all the great revolutionary movements of modern generations have necessarily remarkable influence. The first French Revolution dazzled the thinkers, but did not attract the masses. The French ideas, like a great deluge, rose above the Alps and overflowed the soil of Italy. Napoleon, who delivered the Venetian republic to Austria, founded the cisalpine republic. The French troops marched through the centre and the south of Italy, restored the ancient republic in Rome, and founded anew that austere form of government in the sensual Parthenope. The people rose in excitement and in indignation, because the French ideas were contrary to their historic beliefs, irreverent to their idols and to their temples. But the minds inspired by the energetic poetry of Alfieri, educated in classic memories, republicans by necessity in that land where even history and nature are republican, saw with regret that they could not found a true democracy which had for its support the foreigner, and for its enemy the people. Therefore, when the hand of the French was lifted from Italy to engrave the name of Bonaparte on the Pyramids, the reaction came, covering the peninsula with gibbets; and while the skeletons still dangled from the scaffolds, the Russians, commanded by the savage Suwarrow, descended to the fertile plains, eager for booty, thirsting for blood, breathing fire and slaughter, like a fantastic resurrection of those legions of Attila which spread terror through decrepit Rome in its long and terrible agony. And worse than these evils was the fate of Italy drifting in the current like a dead body—Austrian in the first thirteen months of reaction, republican again when Napoleon was consul, monarchical again when Napoleon became emperor and assumed the Lombard crown in the cathedral of Milan, converted into a viceroyalty for the step-son of the emperor, into the patrimony first of one and then of another Bonaparte, until she sent submissively her pope to Paris to pour the sacred oil on the brow of the conqueror, and her sons to all the fields of Napoleon's battles to shed their blood for the conqueror and against her own cause, to fall at last under the yoke of the Holy Alliance, to be beaten and buffeted.

The people became prisoners, the kings jailers. Universal discord ensued between rulers and ruled. The foreigner had made Italy prisoner, and the hope of independence had vanished like a dream. Illustrious travelers from all countries traversed the beautiful region, inspiring themselves in its ancient memories, tasting its eternal pleasures. In their songs and in their books these travelers, who were called Lamartine, Byron, Stendhal, compared the glorious Italy of old with the servile Italy of the present. The Greek, Ugo Foscolo, in verses of such relief that they appear like sculpture—a work worthy the chisel of his country—showed all the Italian glories reduced to ashes and shadows of sepulchres. Shame inflamed the cheeks of the patriots. Literature became one eternal elegy; music, inspired by the longing for liberty, a lasting lamentation. Only the Miserere of Palestrina could express such grief, or the prayer of the Israelites of Rossini, invoking the God of liberty to put an end to their captivity. When the traveler visited the museums, and saw among the glories of Florence the group of despairing Niobe encircled by her children, slain by invisible

and mysterious darts, he said, involuntarily, "This is the image of Italy!"

Here and there was found a writer of such patient temperament as to preach resignation in the midst of captivity; but the Italian democracy, glowing in wrath and shame, preached only action. Even while their work in the eye of the law was a crime, the democrats were consulting in secret. The Carbonari dated from the time of Murat. Organized in taverns, composed at first of twenty conspirators, and extended throughout the peninsula, and even into other nations, by mysterious hierarchies, they pledged themselves to punish apostacy with death, and to die themselves, if it were necessary, to bring back the Christian republic to the oppressed nation. From these arose the Adelphi, the Republican Protectors, and the Ausonians, who were the boldest of all, proclaiming that the sovereignty resided in the totality of the citizens; that the liberty of the individual had for its limit only the same liberty for others; that no difference of rights was created by difference of state and condition; that the official religion should be abolished, leaving the spirit free to create, and speech free to diffuse, faith; that twenty-one sovereign states should compose Italy, and govern themselves by a central assembly as a perfect republic. If with these ideas were mingled some strange and fantastical ones, like the patriarchate of the pope and the election of archbishops by the people, we find an explanation of these in the special historical traditions of Italy. The foundation of these doctrines, in which a great portion of the republicans existing to-day in Italy have been educated, was the purest and most perfect democracy.

While the new ideas were formulated in this manner, and resources were gathering to realize them, the revolution of 1820 broke out in Spain. This revolution had a great echo in Italy. Piedmont in the north, Naples in the south, demanded the Spanish constitution. This revolution quickly passed away, crushed by the Croats, and as no legitimate movement of the people is wholly lost, in spite of the failure of this revolution the spark once kindled remained alive in the Hellenic peninsula, which gave liberty and independence to Greece. But the present century is the century of revolutions. As soon as an apparently powerful reaction is accomplished, it is succeeded by progressive and revolutionary action. Ideas have their ebb and flow like the waters of the ocean; but in every one of these oscillations there is an advance. After the reaction of 1823 came the action of 1830, and in the light of these revolutionary ideas is seen clearly revealed the essentially republican genius of Italy. The man who has sustained this idea with most fervor, and has organized it with most power, is the immortal Mazzini.

Let us pause a moment in the presence of this man, who personifies an age.* His appearance has something of the sacerdotal. His worship of ideas has given him a strange and mystic aspect in manner, face, and speech. At first sight you would judge, from his gentle, affable, and yet ascetic manner, the ideal light of his eyes, and the saintly smile of his lips, and from the visible traces of grief and of combat in his face, that he was some missionary who had wasted his life in turning rebellious souls to heaven—something of sadness and wounds received in the battle of disenchained elements and fiery human passions, but, mingled with this, resignation to his martyrdom and a disposition, if need be, to renew that martyrdom.

I remember having seen him in a humble house in London, in a modest apartment full of books and engravings of the monuments of Italy. It was the 20th of June, 1868. When I saw that aged man, weak, withered, nervous, showing in his broad forehead space for ideas, and in his searching glance the fire of passion still, but modest even to humility, and spiritualist even to mysticism, I could scarcely comprehend how many times he had troubled the sleep of the kings of the world, though guarded by courtiers and armies.

He is entirely without pretension or affectation. His ordinary dress is of black, and a wide silk cravat, black also, leaves no linen visible. Over his coat and waistcoat flows his thin white beard. His complexion is clear but pale; his lips, imperfectly concealed by a mustache, are fine and shrewd. His forehead is high, broad, and round, like those of the great figures of Raphael of Urbino. In its wrinkles you see where the lash of the tempest has scarred it, and in its shadows you perceive where the weight of thought has oppressed it. The soul is most clearly seen in the eyes—profound, melancholy, inspired, luminous, changing in expression with the course of ideas in conversation, and shedding their serene and fervid light over the austere face. And the eyes are in perfect harmony with the musical speech, full of emotion, which flatters your sense of hearing with its sadness like a melody of Bellini's, fit organ for those ideas in which at each instant the name of the country is mingled with the name of God. He has been compared to Robespierre; but Mazzini can not be understood if you separate him from the land where he was born, and to whose liberty he has consecrated his life. Ideas are absolute, and to that extent independent of all time and place. But ideas are colored by sentiments, and in sentiments you find something of the land which has nourished them, as you find lime in the vine and phosphate in the wheat. The soul of Maz-

* This sketch of Mazzini was written previous to his death.—Ed.

zini has been nourished by the sap and the juice of Italy. It is thus that he unites the worship of ideas with enthusiasm for action; an inner spiritualism with a plastic and artistic aptitude, somewhat sensuous and external; the Christian spirit which believes in God and in redemption, which sees the angels establishing communication between heaven and earth, between creatures and the Creator, with all the ancient spirit, severe, rigid, full of the republican and patriotic sentiment, capable of all sacrifices for its classic ideal, even to the sacrifice of conscience and name, like Brutus and Cato. He has absorbed the ideas of Italy as our bodies absorb the atoms of the planet. Italy is his Beatrice and his Laura. He loves her with all the loves, he respects and venerates her like a mother, he corrects and educates her like a daughter, and he adores her like a mistress. It may be said that she has been his only wife, the only companion of his existence, and the only muse of his genius. Thus Mazzini is, like Italy, the child of Greece; like Italy, a believer in the historical superiority of his race; like Italy, a pagan in his worship of the classic speech and form; like Italy, democratic, deist, spiritualist, Christian; like Italy, a Guelph, if the popes had given her liberty, a Ghibeline when the kings are soldiers of independence; like Italy, a dreamer, with faith in miracles, with Utopian hopes, penitent if prayer and penitence serve his work, a conspirator, a Machiavel; capable of believing in magic and of invoking the devil, like Italy in her desperation, but always great, always heroic, always inspired—a sublime mingling of tribune, of priest, of prophet, and always republican.

As Mazzini has seen how the barbarians and foreigners, restrained in the fifth century by the voice of the popes, have fallen in modern times upon Rome, upon Italy, at the summons of the popes, he execrates their temporal authority, their poisonous influence, their anti-Italian policy, their Asiatic theocracy; but he does not interfere with the faith of the people. He knows how it consoles in adversity, how it sustains in the laborious struggle of life, how it unites the past generations with the present in worship and in prayer, how it fills the spirit of the peasantry of Italy forced to believe in something supernatural by every thing which surrounds them, and he has no thought of persecuting or even of opposing the historical religion of his country. He leaves to time and to the slow but sure virtue of ideas, to preaching and discussion, the Divine ministry of enlightening the understanding, of elevating the heart, of substituting for the pagan foundation of vulgar faith something more spiritual, of raising up the pure and luminous idea of God in the conscience, with splendors like those which the sun scatters on summer mornings through the heavens and the seas of his beautiful Italy.

The great Italian patriot adds one important idea to these fundamental ones. In his opinion, as in that of the ancient Romans, as in that of the modern Catholics, unity is before all and above all. He desires to see Italy one, governed by central assemblies, a strong and powerful unitary republic. Federalism is, in his conception, an idea propagated by the French, to diminish the moral value and impair the political authority of neighboring nations. Federalism, in the conception of Mazzini, is the same as dismemberment. According to him there are no federal traditions in his country. The cities nearest each other are the most hostile. Genoa has always hated Turin, Padua Venice, Brescia Milan, Bologna Rome, Florence Pisa. You need not tell him that Italy is great and wise, that she retains high artistic inspirations, the diadem of her glory, that she radiates a light of science which is the honor of her genius, and that she owes all this to her federal character. The palaces of Genoa, crowded with riches, and her mercantile inventions; the marvels of Venice, spread like works of Eastern magic along her canals and lagoons; Pisa, with her cathedral and her Campo Santo, her baptistery and her leaning tower, revealing how commerce and navigation were tributary to the arts; Florence, the new Athens, with her severe edifices and beautiful statues, those prodigies of art which history never wearies of admiring nor genius of studying—all this luminous wake of ideas, of poetry, diffused by Italy through the human spirit, has been the work of that immense variety which was so rich and fruitful in the Middle Ages, and which promises her now a new life in the future republican federation. To this Mazzini replies that in Italy there are municipal traditions, traditions which it is well to preserve and amplify, but that there are no federal traditions. The genius of Mazzini is wholly Italian even in its defects. He remembers that the ancient nations bore the seal with which Italy had marked them, were her tributaries through this genius of Roman unity, and that modern nations have been, and that some still are, in conscience, in religion, and in worship, provinces of Rome, because the popes have inherited the unitary cosmopolite spirit of the Tribunes and the Cæsars.

I do not share these ideas of Mazzini, for I have been, and always shall be, federal; but I shall never cease to love and admire him. The title of friend with which he honors me is one of the gratifications of my life. Mazzini has only lived for his idea. He insisted that Italy would be free and united when sorrow and despair had taken possession of every mind. He organized its legions of youths who only loved liberty, and who for

liberty alone fought and died with antique heroism and calm. He succeeded in keeping alive the hopes of his race in writings which had something of the Greek harangues, and something also of the Christian apologies. He sustained against Naples, Austria, Spain, France, at the head of the Roman republic, the attack of the fratricidal legions of France. He has given himself no rest from preaching his idea and diffusing it among all peoples, organizing its partisans with such faith and such constancy that he gained over to the cause of Italian independence and unity even kings and emperors. His idea has triumphed in part, and he has not triumphed. The gates of the beloved home of his soul have been opened for all but him. The proscribed are indebted to him for their country, and as yet for him there is no country. Those corpses, Venice, Milan, and Rome, have arisen from their graves. Italy has returned to a life full of joy, and Mazzini has seen her fall into the arms of kings, with that grief with which a lover sees his mistress, his muse, his star, his ideal, in the arms and bed of another. Mazzini refused to enter Rome because the republic could not go with him. Dearly as he loves his country, he loves his idea more. His life is wasting away, and will certainly be extinguished before his ideal is lighted anew in the mind of his race. But Italy will be without heart unless she gathers up the ashes of her hero, unless she warms them with her kisses and waters them with her tears, unless she deposits them in a marble mausoleum worthy of the heart of the prophet, and bears them to some one of those shrines where all who think and feel go as in pilgrimage, to the basilica of Venice, to Santa Cruz of Florence, to the cemetery of Pisa, to the cathedral of Genoa or of Milan, to the brow of the Aventine, to the base of Pausilippo, where all people may read that these cold ashes were the immortal germ of modern Italy.

To our eyes, as we have said before, the grave fault of Mazzini consists in giving undue power to the state, and absorbing unity to the nation. But in a country so rich in ideas as Italy there can be no lack of federal tendencies. These have been collected into a system set forth in vigorous arguments by a great philosopher, a writer of original thought and attractive style, Ferrari. As the unitary republican has lived only for action, the federal republican has lived only for thought. The former was always a conspirator, and the latter always a professor. Mazzini belonged all his life to the transcendental philosophy which beyond conditional and relative existence sees the absolute, beyond the organism the spirit, beyond the universe God, beyond the natural code the code of Providence; while Ferrari always belonged to the human, immediate philosophy which follows the course of ideas, its contradictions, and its synthesis, which studies nature and its laws, society and its life, without taking thought of what extension ideas, nature, reason, and life may gain in other spheres, in wider heavens. Mazzini has never renounced the fundamental basis of Christian dogmas; and Ferrari has always believed that Christianity is a phase of the human spirit in eclipse, and that its saints, its priests, and its popes have only served to pervert the reason by a mass of superstitions, and to make of nature a deluding poem of magic. In the days in which Mazzini most needed popularity he most strongly opposed socialism; and Ferrari, who never asked nor needed popularity, being a man of thought and not of action, of science and not of politics, of the university and not of the assembly, sees at the base of all human revolutions, as in the ancient revolutions of Rome, an agrarian law.

Nevertheless, the social philosophy of Ferrari has something in it of the destructive and fatalist. It seems written against Utopia, and, as Proudhon thought, against the influence of ideal systems in social life. The world is not ruled, according to Ferrari, either by ideas, or by justice or right. It is ruled through more mechanical laws, by more material forces, by controversies, by wars, by a continual, universal, simultaneous revolution, in which castes, theocracies, heroes, philosophers, redeemers, popes, military aristocracies, consuls, alcaldes, emancipators, kings, revolutionary democracies, generations opposed in beliefs and ideas, succeed each other like seasons on the earth, like phases in the moon. In spite of these ideas, which there is no occasion at this moment to discuss, the honor of Ferrari consists in having demonstrated in the history of Italy the fruitfulness of municipal life, and in the history of the world the virtue of federalism. He carried this idea from the club to the university, from the university to parliament, and boldly sustained it when Italy was giving herself up with most abandon to her worship of unity. And, in fact, the republican-federal cities have always been the teachers of science and of progress. The tribes of Israel in Asia, the Greek cities in the morning of European history, the Hellenic colonies which came up like two choruses of sibyls on either shore of the Mediterranean, the Latin municipalities, the Italian republics in the Middle Ages (which are like the museums and the academy of the human race), the states of Holland and the cantons of Switzerland, the Hanseatic cities of Germany, free and federal America, have given us the metaphysical ideas and the moral law in which humanity is to be educated, the chisel with which we have carved our statues, the palette from which painting has

risen, the philosophic and natural sciences, poetry and music, the civil law and political rights, the end of slavery and the beginning of independent life, religious liberty and the invention of printing, the compass which has subjugated the seas and the telescope which has widened the heavens, fundamental human right and the government of society by its natural and proper laws, steam and electricity, which are to unite on the face of the earth under the ideal of justice all peoples in one universal federation, which shall embrace the human spirit, free, luminous, and entire, like the glory of God in the universe.

But, unfortunately, in Italy the federation, the republic, have not prevailed, and will not for a long time prevail. Nevertheless, there is not in the world a people where democracy, where the republic, have had such illustrious defenders. In the sphere of thought Mazzini, Ferrari, are universally known and admired. Tommaseo, a great writer, Guerrazzi, the great novelist, Montanelli, a great poet, have not thought it enough to write and inflame the hearts and dazzle the consciences and open to the eyes of the people new horizons of thought and of faith; in Venice and in Florence they have gone to the fields of battle, have fought and bled like martyrs of liberty, have passed their lives in the conspiracies of secret societies, in the storms of opposition, in the serious work of governing, in prison cells, in the bitterness of exile, sustained by the ideal of the republic and by love of country. In the pure sphere of art Leopardi has cultivated the love of liberty, comparing the antique power of conquering Rome with the decay of conquered Italy. Nicolini has presented in Arnold of Brescia liberty of thought and the democratic republic rising on the ruins of Rome.

And if from the sphere of art we descend to that of action, none have known better than the Italians the art of organizing republican societies. The Carbonari spread themselves throughout the world. Young Italy created immortal legions of the defenders of justice. Every city produced men of action — Nice, Garibaldi; Venice, Manin; Naples, Poerio; Florence, Dolfi. Movements succeeded each other without interruption, as if to show the tenacity of a race which has been called artistic, impressionable, nervous, frivolous. In 1820 and 1821 the revolution of Naples and Sicily; afterward the revolution of Piedmont. The ideas of Spain passed like a breeze of hope over collapsed Italy. After 1830 the audacious expedition of Mazzini to Savoy, the insurrection of Parma and Modena, the successive risings among the indomitable cities of the Romagna; later, although the effort was hopeless, the revolutionists came from the cantons of the Ticino, from Africa, from the Greek islands, to kiss the soil of their country, and raise anew the banner of emancipation, watering it with their blood. In 1848 a general movement. New ideas appeal to all consciences. The ancient valor is born again in all hearts. The transfiguration of the pontificate in Pius IX. is succeeded by great commotion in Leghorn, and a radical revolution in Sicily. At the cry of the republic in Paris it seemed as if past generations woke in their graves, resuscitated by liberty. Milan fought heroically, and drove out the Austrians. Venice established herself in the lagoons, and pronounced anew the name of the republic, the powerful talisman of her glory. Piedmont put the sword in the hands of her kings, and hurled them against Austria. Genoa remembered that with the republic she had been rich and powerful and free. The air of the new ideas agitated commercial Leghorn and breathed life into Pisa. Florence repelled her archdukes, and convoked her ancient assemblies to proclaim the form of government to which she owed her splendor in history; while the Roman spirit ceased to be that *ignis-fatuus* flitting over sepulchres, and wrote with the new light upon her monuments, abandoned by the pontiffs, two sublime words which all Italy saluted in chorus — God and the People.

Yet to-day the nation appears resigned to its monarchy. Two especial features of Italy give us the key to this extraordinary situation. Who does not remember Venice? Reared on the shifting sands of the lagoons, changing like the soil of inundation, and with indefatigable labor presenting her contributions to the culture of the world; inhabited by the Latins who fled from the irruptions of Attila, and by Greeks who fled from the despotism of Byzance and the cimeter of the Turks; situated at the intersection of the Grecian, the German, and the Roman world; seated on the Italian peninsula at the gates of the East, like an Attic sibyl at the door of an Asiatic temple, hearing all the mysteries of the cradle of religions, and engraving them on the tablets of her archives; the hospitable asylum of the greatest geniuses of the Renaissance and of the sages who brought from the ancient cities of the past the secrets of plastic art; the factory of commerce and the school of intelligences, surrounded by her girdle of islands, each of which paid the tribute of its inspiration; devoted to labor in the Middle Ages, when the rest of the world was given up to the discipline of cloisters; served by navies of gilded ships, which bore in their hulls the products of all regions, and in their swelling sails the breath of all ideas; with the Adriatic at her front, the verdant fields around her, the snowy Alps at her back; furrowed by canals filled with the swelling waves of the sea; adorned with marvels of

architecture, from the fantasies of the Arab chisels to the severity of the Greek columns, from the Byzantine arches which seem implanted in the earth for an eternity to the cathedral spires which appear eternally aspiring to heaven; with its arts, with its riches, with its lagoons traversed by squadrons, and its canals traversed by gondolas—Venice is the most privileged city of the earth, a Greek siren and an Asiatic priestess, queen and laborer, poet and merchant, the reflection of the ancient world and the wonder of the modern, the shrine of all generations who seek inspiration in the study of past ages, and the mysteries of poetry breathed forth like an aromatic essence from its history.

One of the greatest glories of Venice was Manin. He founded the republic in 1848. Honest as the human conscience itself, he proposed to realize good results by good means, to accomplish a revolution without excesses. His character, tempered in the great ideas of justice, succeeded in keeping the republic free from stain. When others believed that for the national defense it was necessary to deliver Venice to the King of Piedmont, Manin left the government. When the King of Piedmont ceded Venice to Austria, Manin took possession of the government anew for the defense of the republic, and sustained a heroic siege against victorious Austria, which posterity will count among the glories of the immortal city. The name of Manin was indissolubly united with the republic. Manin was at heart opposed to the house of Savoy, but in exile, under the sad and leaden sky of Paris, afflicted by homesickness, and by the sorrow of his daughter Amelia, dying of a broken heart, Manin insisted that the country was above every thing, and that it was necessary to unite it even though republicans did violence to their principles in placing themselves at the orders of the kings of Piedmont.

The same line of conduct was followed by Garibaldi, the type of abnegation and of heroism, the soldier of liberty in America, the navigator who illustrated with his exploits the waters of the Plata, defender of Rome and leader of the immortal retreat to Venice, the partisan of the Alps, the conqueror of Palermo and of Naples, the sublime peasant and pilot, who, holding a crown in his hands, threw it at the feet of the king, and retired to his solitary island of the Mediterranean, only to come forth when he considered it necessary to fight, alone or in company, in his own or a foreign land, never looking at obstacles nor counting enemies, inflexible as duty, simple as genius, for the two ideas which have been the religion of his glorious life—for humanity and his country.

But will it be possible for Italy to abandon finally the cause of the republic? I do not believe it. Her political genius led her to see that independence could only be gained by alliances, that alliances could only be accomplished through diplomacy, and that she could only enter into the field of diplomacy by means of the monarchy. In one of the discourses pronounced by me in the Spanish Cortes in regard to the Italian policy I spoke in the following language of the industry with which Italy has sought the alliance of all powers and all nations to establish her liberty and her independence, and regain the supremacy lost at the beginning of modern history: "Beatrice vanishing in heaven; the beautiful Laura for whom genius has sighed; the Juliet dead on her bed of marble, and garlanded with her bridal wreath; even the plaintive cadences which have fallen from the golden lyres of her great singers, Bellini, Palestrina, who seem like the poets of nostalgia, are the various forms which Italy has taken to seduce the world—a poor Antigone who goes weeping from door to door to find nourishment for the Œdipus of the peoples, the king blind and dethroned; Italy, who drags herself to the feet of all the powerful, being prematurely rationalist with Arnold of Brescia, Catholic and papal with Alexander III. and with Julius II., imperialist and German with Henry V. and Frederick II., French with Charles VIII. and Louis XII., Spanish with Peter III. and Alphonso V.; penitent, monastic, mystic, and martyr with Savonarola; pagan, venomous, and sensual with the Estes and the Borgias; Athenian, artistic with Leo X.; criminal, without conscience, without justice, ready for every imaginable rascality with Machiavel; Guelph or Ghibeline according to her hopes; commercial, Jewish, grasping with the Medici; warlike and quarrelsome with the Orsini, with the Colonnas, and their condottieri; enemy of the Reformation because the Reformation elevated the German race, and friend of the Jesuits because the Jesuits assured her, through the papacy, the supremacy over all nations; classic and courtly in the reign of Louis XIV.; the foe and the flatterer of all nations; firm in faith, yet worshiping the cruel principle of the reason of state; devoted at once to recalling the pagan memories for the restoration of her sovereignty, and prostrating herself before Madonnas to seek some consolation in her slavery; diplomatic after Westphalia, republican after '93; following Napoleon with her legions to see her sons die upon foreign soil and in a foreign cause; surrendering herself to the Sanfedists or the Carbonari, to the pope or the king, the dukes or their vassals, to any one capable of relieving her captivity."

But Italy has entered into the rank of independent nations. Her resurrection is the miracle of the century, as the resurrection of Lazarus was the miracle of the Gospel. In

every one of the European conflicts Italy has regained something of her mutilated territory. In the conflict between Russia and the East she obtained the right of bringing her complaints before the congress of Europe. In the conflict between France and Austria she gained the Milanese; in the conflict between Prussia and Austria, Venetia; in the conflict between France and Prussia, the climax of her nationality, the crown of her independence, the eternal Rome. Will she be contented with this? Will so great a nation be satisfied to remain merely a modest constitutional monarchy, living for herself, separated from the world, and shut up in her egotism? No: it is not for themselves alone that her sons have fought, have filled the fortresses of the North, have eaten the bitter bread of exile, have died by thousands in the fields, in the mountain passes, where the bones of her martyrs are still whitening. Italy, which has done so much for the human race in slavery, in dismemberment, and in prison—is she to do nothing in liberty and in independence? She will not justify in this way the idea of those who imagined she was fit only for singing—who said that it was necessary to take from her her independence that she might sing better, as it is said the Greeks tore out the eyes of nightingales to make their songs more melancholy and inspired.

Italy once aspired to the supremacy over all nations, and aspired to this by means of the pontificate. It is evident that her high æsthetic education, which is gained even by cross-roads and street corners, gives her a position in the modern world analogous to that of Greece in the ancient world. If Italy would only reflect that it was she who gave civil unity to ancient society, and spiritual unity to modern society—if, extending her eyes over her soil, she would survey that multitude of achievements which were like a ladder where humanity has ascended to marvelous transfigurations, she can not but be convinced that it is now necessary to essay the confederation of the human race; and to commence this work she must now begin and build one of its foundations, the Latin Federation, which can only be accomplished through one idea—liberty; through one power—democracy; through one government—the republic.

IV.

At this day one of the nations most fitted for the federation is our Spain. Undoubtedly, when the Spanish genius is studied, we do not find the æsthetic brilliancy of the Italian, nor the sudden inspiration of the French, but we do find moral elevation of character, fervent enthusiasm for ideas, tenacity of effort, obstinacy in combat. The Spanish genius never distrusts itself. It has never fallen into discouragement, much less into despair. The word impossible seems erased from its dictionary. Its degeneration has been great, but not irremediable. When it seems lost forever, it suddenly wakes and dazzles the world. It certainly appeared at the close of the Middle Ages broken, destroyed, by its feudal wars; but it immediately conquered Europe and discovered America. All considered it dethroned at the end of the seventeenth century, lost in bigotry and witchcraft; but shortly afterward it again astonished the world with its audacity. Napoleon thought that he had only to stretch out his hand to take possession of the corpse of the dead nation. He attempted it, but burned his hand with the fire of Bailen, of Saragossa and Gerona. There is every thing to fear of the Spanish people in reaction, but there is every thing to hope of the Spanish people in liberty and democracy.

We do not have the same republican traditions possessed by Italy and France. Our people, always at war, have always needed a chief, and this chief required not only the sword of the soldier to fight, but the sceptre of the monarch to rule. Notwithstanding this ancient monarchical character, there are regions which have been saved from the monarchy, and which have preserved their democracy and their republic. There still exist in the north provinces possessed of an autonomy and an independence which give them points of resemblance to the Swiss cantons. The citizens give neither tribute nor blood to the kings. Their firesides are as sacred from the invasion of authority as those of the English or of the Americans. Every town is a republic, governed by a council elected by the citizens at the summons of the church-bell. When the time fixed by their constitution arrives, the representatives of the towns come together in the shade of the secular trees of liberty, vote taxes, draw up or amend the laws, name new officers and retire the old ones, with the calmness and moderation of a people accustomed to govern themselves in the midst of the agitations of liberty.

And we not only have these living examples of democracy, but we have also democratic traditions—traditions which we may call republican. Our Cortes of Castile succeeded frequently in expelling the ecclesiastical and aristocratic estates from their sessions. Our Cortes of Aragon attained such power that they named the government of their kings, and obtained fixed days for their sessions. Navarre was a species of republic more or less aristocratic, presided over by a king more or less respected. And the Castilian municipalities were in the Middle Ages true democratic republics. All the citizens came to the council, they elected the alcaldes, and alternated on the jury. They guarded their rights of realty in which

the servitude of the tenantry was extinguished. They all bore arms in the militia, all held safely guarded the liberties indispensable to life, and they founded together the brotherhood which defended these against feudalism, and which was a genuine federation of plebeians.

What is really remarkable in Spain is that it has always possessed an energetic people, strong enough sometimes to impose its errors upon its government, and at other times its elevated spirit and resistless heroism. This people has, like the Greek, its epic, its theatre, inspired by the sentiments of its heart, illuminated by the ideas of its intellect, with all its defects, but at the same time with all its exaggerated grandeur. It is true that its extravagance of sentiment led it to be the champion of Catholicism when Catholicism was decaying in the world, and to persecute the Reformation when the Reformation was renewing the human conscience, and to extirpate the liberty of thought when without it the development of reason was impossible, and to fight Holland and England at the very moment when these two nations were serving with the greatest zeal the progress of modern civilization. But these very sentiments will one day serve liberty with the same ardor. It perhaps becomes enamored of new ideas later than other nations, but it will love them longer. What is certain is the complete extinction of the monarchical sentiment in the Spanish people. How, ask the minds which are astonished with these sudden transformations—how can so constant a people have so changed? We are in the habit of attributing the death of institutions to attacks and impulses from without, when, in fact, institutions die through decomposition within. At the beginning of the century monarchical faith had diminished in the popular conscience, and the respect for the monarchy had suffered in our hearts. The scandals of the court taught the people that kings had lost the moral superiority which is the life and soul of political superiority. An insurrection irreverently attacked the palaces of the kings, and forced them to shameful abdication. The mutiny of Aranjuez really put an end to the absolute monarchy which began in the unfortunate reaction against the communes. Afterward, when the people began and carried on the greatest of their undertakings, the war of independence, the king was absent, converted into a courtier of the conqueror, congratulating him for the victories gained against his own subjects, and licking his spurs wet with Spanish blood. The king returned, thanks to the valor of the people, who carried their patriotism to the point of suicide. He returned to oppress the patriots who redeemed him, and to call to his aid the foreigners who had captured him. Proscriptions followed, executions, and a universal reaction, in which the most illustrious in the Peninsula were sacrificed with a cruelty and savagery equal to that of Nero and Tiberius. The crowned monster left us his offspring, and intrusted the cradle of his child to the liberty which he had violently persecuted. For seven years the civil war continued — seven years in which we fought for a terrible delusion: the alliance of modern liberty with the ancient throne of the Bourbons. But these princes, like the Stuarts whose history is repeated in all reactionary dynasties, in the war of independence were the allies of the foreigners, and in the civil war the allies of reaction, always hostile to our nationality and our liberties. It is difficult for the people to learn abstract ideas, but they acquire with facility the lessons of experience. When they had fought for the country they found their kings against them, and found their kings against them when they had established their liberty. The revolution of 1820, the revolution of 1836, the revolution of 1840, the revolution of 1854, the revolution of 1868, appear to be some against ministries and others against dynasties; but when carefully examined in the motives which impelled them, in the idea which inspired, in the sentiments which animated and sustained them, it is seen that they are in reality revolutions directed against the monarchy and the monarchs.

When a form of government is decaying, the society which survives forms a new system which incarnates and realizes its ideas. While, therefore, the monarchical sentiment is being extinguished, the republican sentiment is growing. Flashes of this idea shine brilliantly in all the movements of the century. Already there is a journal published in Teruel, a flying sheet printed in Cadiz. Strong and toilsome Barcelona holds ever since 1848 formidable forces at the service of the republic. Its clamors in favor of a central junta become in succeeding years instinctive clamors for federalism. From time to time in the Cortes of the Statute, as in the subsequent Cortes, the word republic bursting from the lips of some impulsive orator is received with excited murmurs. The city of Figueras founds at this time the political school directed by a man of much nerve of character and enthusiasm of faith, who unites with his republicanism the most generous ideas of social emancipation.

Long before the revolution of February in France a little group of deputies traced a programme containing the fundamental ideas of democracy. The director of this group was the only representative of the progresista party who came to the Cortes after the foreign reaction of 1843. And not only in the parliament appeared the democratic aspiration, but also, sustained by an

enthusiastic and intelligent body of young men, it appears in the press by means of journals, of pamphlets, written with the exaltation and the eloquence natural to our race. But as every idea finds expression, if not in light, then in shade, the secret societies admirably supplied the lack of publicity, and founded not so much a party as the basis of a party, destined in the future to powerful influence.

Like all Europe, we felt the shock of 1848 in France. The European peoples form a tacit confederation—a rough sketch of the finished federation which they are to form in time. Two insurrections were attempted in Madrid. Both failed, one in March and the other in May, 1848. In spite of these material defeats the republican party increased morally. The tribune resounded with its ideas. The press, under senseless persecutions, always retained some representative of this idea. The young men who before 1848 idolized the republic, increased in number as in political education. Schools for the people were founded, under color of general instruction, to diffuse republican education. Secret societies extended themselves every where. Imprisonment and exile were frequently the result of these efforts; but in prison and in banishment republicans sustained each other, all full of faith in the hope of the better days which were sure to come from such tenacious efforts.

One of the characteristics of our race is its native originality. It only trusts in itself. It takes no account of the European reaction when it has decided to be free. In 1820 Europe was subjugated to the Holy Alliance, which thought it possible to impose itself even upon America. The Spaniards, in opposition to the Holy Alliance, undertook their revolution, which in three years of life extended to Greece, and sowed the seeds of the constitutional system in Italy. But in 1854 the Napoleonic policy was in its zenith, and we, in spite of this policy, which influenced even England, accomplished a liberal revolution, as later, in 1868, when no other people was moving, we accomplished our anti-dynastic revolution, whose incidents and complications destroyed the dictatorial power of the Cæsars in Paris and the political power of the pontiffs in Rome.

The revolution of 1854 had the result of organizing throughout the Peninsula the republican party. It called itself democratic through a scrupulous respect for the laws, but it was a party essentially hostile to any monarchy. This was admitted by its chiefs when, in the Cortes of the time, they voted not only against the dynasty of the Bourbons, but also against any hereditary and permanent power. The spread of the new ideas at this time was enormous. Journals inspired with the purest faith, written with convincing eloquence, fighting against the reactionary parties with a tenacious and skillful propaganda, excited extraordinary interest. Learned, polished, popular, and literary, they were at once the focus of light and the nucleus of organization. The chairs in the universities, gained by rigorous academic competition by disciples of the new ideas, contributed powerfully to the diffusion of the light. Thanks to them, history assumed a progressive and humanitarian tendency. They redeemed the traditions of the country from their monarchical character, and reinvested them in the light of new science with the democratic character. Philosophy proclaimed human reason as the supreme criterion for investigating and learning the truth. The tribune, although open only to one person, seconded the movement of the press and the university. A party arose, strongly organized, revealing itself in all the manifestations of public life, acquiring inside and outside of the law extraordinary energy.

The dynasty of the Bourbons understood that this infusion of ideas was transforming the public conscience, and thus leading inevitably to revolutionary explosions. They prosecuted the press, and the press sustained its banner with great heroism under the weight of enormous fines and the privations of continual imprisonment. They prosecuted the tribune, and the electors agreed upon retirement from their legal privileges, and notified to the authorities their intention to appeal to the extreme resort of revolution. They prosecuted the university, and the university continued its propagation of ideas and the education of youth for liberty. From this action and reaction, the attack of the one and the resistance of the other, from the tenacious propaganda and continual persecution, resulted what always happens among Latin peoples when an idea is condensed and oppressed by power—a revolution. And this revolution, begun in 1856, did not succeed until 1868. It had its period of long preparation, in which the republicans carried on an incessant and tenacious apostolate. It had its day of explosion, of June, 1866, in which the republicans fought with the troops of the queen in all the streets of Madrid, sustaining a battle of twenty-four hours. After this battle came a period of repression, in which the republicans, although vanquished, sealed with their blood on the field and with the sufferings of exile their unshaken fidelity to the republic. It had its day of victory, the 29th of September, 1868, in which the dynasty fled, and those principles essentially republican came to be the formulas of our policy—the sovereignty of the nation, the rights of the individual, and universal suffrage.

The revolutionary movement has, after these preparatory epochs, the final epoch of organization and of formation. How did it

happen that a movement democratic in character, and consequently of anti-monarchical tendencies, did not attain the republic? There were several reasons for this. First. The revolution which broke out so often only triumphed when conservative elements were co-operating with it, and these conservative elements demanded that the ancient monarchical form should be restored, knowing that with the ancient monarchical form they would acquire their historic predominance. Second. In the constant republican propaganda there had been diffused among the people an idea of national unity, of individual rights, and of universal suffrage; but the idea of the republican form had only been propagated in secret. The public propaganda came to the people, but not the secret. They demanded what they understood—the essence of our ideas—but did not demand what they were ignorant of—the form of our government. Third. Among the Latin people, a people of inspiration, it is necessary for the implanting of an idea to proclaim it in the first days, in those supreme moments of revolutions which are the moments of creation. The word republic was not pronounced by any junta, and the republic failed. Fourth. The republicans were divided. Some thought that if the principles essential to all democracy were admitted, it was indispensable to accept the monarchy; others thought that nothing was attained if the republic was not also attained. Fifth. The revolution was in part military, and the generals who conducted it feared two things—that the republic might be opposed to the army at home, and that abroad it might give umbrage to the monarchs of Europe. All these concurrent causes contributed to the result that the revolution of September substituted one monarch for another, and did not attain the logical consequence of its ideas—the true republic.

But the republican party did its duty well. Dismembered, opposed by all the revolutionary elements which had attained to power, calumniated in its purest intentions and its most honest men, forcibly provoked to unequal battles in Malaga and Cadiz, proscribed by the revolution to which it had contributed with all its power, it trusted to the virtue of its ideas, the force of its speech, and succeeded in inducing the cities, the centres of culture, the seat of the schools, the hives of industry, the defenders and propagators of great ideas, to ally themselves with indissoluble bonds to the republic.

It is impossible to describe all the activity employed in this work. Miracles were worked by speech, a multitude of orators traversed the streets, the roads, villages, hamlets, fields, diffusing federal republican principles. A feverish enthusiasm took possession of the people. The provinces remembered their ancient glories, and felt that they might renew them in the new sphere open to human activity, if they succeeded in obtaining governments of their own in harmony with the central government without prejudice to the national existence. The idea arose and spread like light that the bonds created by military conquest, or by monarchical descent, should be succeeded by those created by the stronger and more intimate federal compact. Portugal was moved, and patriotic hearts cherished the hope that the Peninsula might be one, like its sky and its soil, the Iberian race one, like its blood and its history, uniting upon the two bases of the republic and the federation. The result was that in spite of the manœuvres of the government, and in spite of official influence, eighty republicans came to the constituent Cortes, sent by the first cities of Spain, all of which, with the exception of Madrid, adhered to the federal republic.

It certainly does not belong to me to say how we have fulfilled our mandate. America and Europe know and have judged our efforts. I will endeavor briefly to develop the programme of our ideas. It is most simple. France, from her geographical position, from her blood and her genius, is the middle term between the Latin and Germanic races. Her frontiers on the east coincide with the German frontiers; her seas on the north with the seas of England; her mountain ranges on the south with those of Italy and Spain. The French people not having been during the period of strife between Catholicism and the Reformation a people so bigoted as ours, they preserved, by their Edict of Nantes and their influence over the Peace of Westphalia, that middle term in the sphere of religion which they represented in geography. It seemed in the first moment of the revolution, when the rights of man were proclaimed and harmonized with the government of the people, that France was going to preserve in policy her half-German, half-Latin character, being a sort of intermediary between the two races, in which she would have rendered invaluable services to humanity and its progress. But France soon changed this character for that absurd centralization to which she was forced by her wars, and through which her Cæsars arose to power. France was the most centralized of the Latin nations. Therefore it is that in the political sphere we who succeeded in escaping in part from the absorbent policy of the empires, we who within our unity retain the richest variety, we who are federal, can say that in policy we unite certain qualities of the German race with those of the Latin.

Our democracy does not start from that principle of absolute popular sovereignty

which has so flattered and so enslaved the French democracy. We have chosen to seek a solid support for liberty in the nature of man. We have said there can be no antagonism between human nature and society, which is its complement. We have continually demonstrated that by becoming a social being man does not narrow his nature, but extends it; he does not lose his faculties, but assures and develops them; he does not abdicate his rights, he establishes and enlarges them. And inspired by these ideas, we demand that the man shall be socially the same that he is naturally, free and responsible, absolute master of his activities, the artificer of his own life. Society should incarnate in itself the laws of human nature. As it can not mutilate the body of a man, neither can it mutilate his soul. A man is born with certain innate rights, and those rights are superior and anterior to any law, superior and anterior to any state, superior and anterior to any constitution. The theory of natural rights has been constantly and rigorously maintained by us, until it has been established in the new Spanish constitution, in spite of its monarchical character. We have succeeded also in forcing the authorities to declare themselves, in the first article of the constitutional code, incompetent to limit individual rights, and more incompetent still to disregard them in the person of any citizen, because they have no control of what there is in him of fundamental, of eternal, pertaining to his nature as a man. Thus we have demonstrated that no government can possess any advantages over a republican government. In it every human faculty has its rights assured, and consequently its free exercise. The powers of man, his labor, are not to be wasted in arbitrary regulations nor in privileged guilds. His sentiments, his loves, his family, possess a sacred temple in the inviolable home. His fancy, or the faculty of art, his reason, or the faculty of science, are never to be restrained by censure or enslaved by the state; they are never to lose the spontaneity of their manifestations. Error is not to be prosecuted except in free controversy, nor amended unless by the sovereignty of reason. No material punishment can be inflicted upon this purely moral infirmity. Error, it is true, will circulate, but no truth will be lost. We may receive delusions, but we will not drive away any ray of light. Political institutions founded in liberty give development to every human faculty: to labor, through association; to the domestic sentiment, through the inviolable home; to fancy and reason, through free art, free schools, and the free university; to the conscience, through the church, the sect, organized on independence; to the will, through the polls; to the judgment, through the jury; to all life, through liberty. And these institutions are not, like feudal lands, the patrimony of a privileged class, but the property of all, like air and the light of heaven.

How is this democracy to be organized? Upon this point we have concentrated all our efforts. The Spanish republican party is distinguished from the republican party of France by having been always federal. We can not understand how the popular sovereignty exists in reality or in force in a country where, as its only means of manifestation, it has the suffrage placed above outraged individual rights, over mutilated municipalities blindly electing in accordance with administrative coercion representatives to central assemblies, which, imagining themselves sovereign, become arbitrary. The fundamental institutions of society have, like man, a personal character. Social personalities have their laws, like the human personality. Right, which is the law of human nature, is also the law of those great autonomous organisms. There exist, therefore, social entities with rights, like individuals. These entities are, in the first place, the municipality, an association of free citizens. The municipality should repeat all the essential faculties of the man. The municipality should have its legislative power in the town meeting, its executive power in the delegated town council, and a judiciary power in the jury.

But as man can not live isolated, neither can municipalities. The idea of society is so innate to the man that wherever individuals exist there are relations between those individuals, and hence comes the family. Wherever families exist, relations arise between them, and hence comes the municipality. Wherever the municipalities exist, relations arise between them, and hence comes the state. Geography, climate, history, identity of race, analogy of customs, proximity, create those little states which, in our administrative language, are called provinces, prefectures—that is to say, states broken up and mutilated by imperial and Roman centralization. But the states are self-governing, like the municipalities, and the state should repeat and enlarge individual human nature. Man has his legislative power in the reason, his executive power in the will, his judicial power in the conscience, which together form one and the same human power. So the municipalities should repeat these powers in their degree, and the state also in its degree. These personalities in society can no more come in conflict than a satellite with the planet, or the planet with the sun in space. These different entities have their forces of repulsion which hold them in their independent autonomy, and forces of attraction which bring them into social relations.

Thus it is that relations between individuals create the family, relations between fam-

ilies the municipality, relations between municipalities the state, and between states the nation; and the nation should establish itself in constitutional compacts which should recognize and proclaim the autonomy of the citizens, of the states, and of the nation. This is the federal republican form. This is the form which leaves all entities in their respective centres of gravity, and associates them in harmonious spheres. And when human relations become more intimate, not only through those miracles of industry which annihilate distance, but also by a closer sense of the solidarity which exists among all men, the federation of states, which we call nations, will be succeeded by the federation of nations, which we may call the organism of humanity.

This is the form of government proposed by the republican deputies in the Constituent Assembly, and defended with great tenacity in daily struggles; and when this form of government is dispassionately examined, it must be admitted that it is not possible to invent another more adapted to our national character. The geographical constitution of the Peninsula makes of Spain a southern Switzerland. Its vast cordilleras mark the boundaries of natural and autonomic states. The Basques and the people of Navarre still preserve their independence, as if nature had wished to rebuke with this living example the violence of men. Between the Cantabrian, the Asturian, and the Gallician, although they stretch upon one line and are mirrored in the waters of the same sea, there are profound differences of race, of history, of character, which always give rise, in spite of apoplectic centralization, to profound social and political differences. The two Castiles, separated by their high mountain range, would form two powerful states. Valentia, Murcia, Andalusia, and Estremadura are, like Italy, like Greece, the regions of light and inspiration and of beauty, the fruitful mothers of our artists, who have dazzled the world with the splendor of their coloring; of our poets, immortal through their fire and their melody; of our orators, who preserve in the midst of modern society the ancient Hellenic eloquence. The Aragonese retains the type of the ancient Celtiberian in his physique, and preserves in his *morale* the independence, the moderation, and the virility which come of his historical liberal institutions. Catalonia is a poetic Provence, inhabited by men as industrious as the English. And these races form the most various and most united nation, and consequently the nation most naturally federal in the world.

Each one of these regions has its history apart, and each has accomplished great exploits alone, and together they constitute one of the most united nationalities of Europe. Whenever we have been attacked from abroad, whenever the foreigner has sought to strike at our independence, although it was with the genius of the first Bonaparte, and although we lost the battles of Ocaña, of Castulla, we did not lose our country, as did other nations at Waterloo, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Sedan; and when the conqueror entered into Madrid, he did not enter into the heart of the nation, and consequently did not paralyze its life.

Asturias alone made a treaty with Great Britain, and its treaty was religiously observed by all the nation. The alcalde of Mostoles, an insignificant village, first declared war against Napoleon, and his declaration was the declaration of all Spain. The village bell rang with clamor, and awoke in the hearts of the peasantry indignation against the invader; the defiles were changed into Thermopylæs of innumerable Spartans; the cities renewed Saguntum and Numantia; the hunter became a guerrilla, and the guerrilla a general. An improvised army followed him to victory or death. The image of the nation became, as it were, impressed on the heart of every one of her sons. This image can not be blotted out of the present generation. No one need ever think that Spain can be reduced to fragments, and that those fragments shall be, like aerolites, lost and scattered through immensity. Spain is one through the consent of all Spaniards, is federal through the nature of her character, her geography, and her history. And the federal republican form is necessary and indispensable to-day if we are to unite with the Portuguese, a people restricted in territory but great in their history, who wrote the poem of navigation and of labor, who peopled the ocean with legions like the ancient Argonauts, who evoked the East Indies from oblivion, and who divided with us the immensity of the New World, as they ought to share with us to-day the vast promise of another world newer and wider, the luminous world of justice and of right. It is certain that all these ideas, all these noble aspirations, have profoundly impressed our country, and have set in motion the irresistible republican current which will, sooner or later, result in eradicating the foreign monarchy which has scarcely taken root in our soil. It is already admitted by even its partisans that this monarchy has not gained a single adherent, while it has lost many of those who believed it compatible with liberty. The reactionary parties may wish to overturn it by military insurrection, but military insurrections in Spain do not prevail when the people take no part in them, and the people will not, at present, rise for any cause but the federal republic. It is evident that the republic is the natural heir of this foreign monarchy, which lives completely isolated in its palace at Madrid.

If, in addition to this, we consider the im-

possibility of restoring the monarchical form in France, we will have new encouragement for our hopes. Thiers, in spite of his history, appears to me at present decidedly in favor of the preservation and the definitive establishment in France of the republican form of government. It is true that Theirs has founded a centralized republic of authority, without rights in the citizens or autonomy in the municipalities, and without the essential basis of all liberty—a democratic government. But there is such virtue, especially in the matter of education and culture, in the republican form, that Thiers will still render an immense service to his own country and to the general life of Europe if he destroys hereditary authority, and substitutes for it public powers removable and responsible. There is a shadow upon these hopes. The Orleans family, after having solemnly promised complete abstention from the Assembly and from the legislative deliberations in exchange for the invaluable right of citizenship, which was denied them by the laws of their banishment, as soon as the monarchical conspiracies rose to the surface reclaimed their political post, and their right to conspire with impunity. Thiers refused to relieve them from the promise they had given. The Assembly passed to the order of the day, disregarding the impertinences of the Orleanist retainers, who asked for the moral rehabilitation of their masters, and the princes arrogantly and unscrupulously entered into the national representation.

To what do they aspire? To the presidency of the republic in the person of the Duke d'Aumale, who, inheriting the titles and estates of the Condés, appears to have inherited their restlessness and their inordinate ambition. Once established in the presidency of the republic, the Orleanses, like the Bonapartes, will begin to conspire against the republic. It will be a different method, but the result will be the same. They will not conspire, like Corsicans, in secret conclave, by means of spies and assassins; they will not go to the barracks to intoxicate and corrupt the pretorians, and drive them blindly against the National Assembly; they will not surprise the deputies at home in the arms of sleep, dragging them first to prison and then to exile; they will not cynically retain in their pockets the keys of the National Assembly, nor put the people in chains, nor drive them with the lash to the polls to proclaim their authority, and crown the work of usurpation; but they will disturb the cities and provinces, pretending that the republic is incompatible with order; they will pay and pension the propagators of monarchical tradition, and they will obtain from the Assembly what Bonaparte obtained in spite of an Assembly; for they will not assault, but swindle, the republic—they will not conquer, but buy, the monarchy. There is only one remedy against this—that France should be forewarned, and if France is forewarned she will save the republic.

The difficulties of restoration in France, the weakness of the new monarchy in Spain, the decadence in Portugal of the degenerate Braganzas, the republican glories of Italy—all these considerations fill us with confidence, with certainty, that the Latin race—that artistic and eloquent race, which possesses an æsthetic sense so vivid, and so ardent a worship of ideas—will understand that it belongs to its plastic genius to produce the new social forms in Europe, and to bring about a moral and political Renaissance which shall be as splendid as that with which we opened modern history—that Renaissance of art whose light will never be extinguished in the human intelligence.

ON THE ORONTES.

By J. AUGUSTUS JOHNSON.

FOR a week the river Orontes had been our objective point. A well-directed effort under the auspices of Kiamil Pasha, Governor of Tripoli, whom we had met in the oak glades of the Nosairee Mountains, had utterly failed to carry us across the country in a straight line from the town of Jebily, on the coast, to Castle Mudik at Apamia, on the east side of the river. Turned back by eight hundred armed Nosairees of Anab and Ain-el-Kroom, who were bent on revolt and the indiscriminate shedding of blood, we were obliged to change our course, and strike the Orontes three days further north, where the river is spanned by the bridge known as "Jisr Es Shogre."

St. George, the patron saint of England, figures largely in the traditions of these parts. After a night at the convent of St. George, over against the castle of Hosn, and the "entering in of Hamath," we camped for two days at Safeeta, in the Nosairee Mountains. Here my companion, Rev. S. Jessup, of the Syrian mission, labored among the members of his flock while the writer was occupied in exploring the famous tower, of Crusader or Saracenic origin, which commands the country for many miles, and which stands upon a solid work of masonry, dating probably from the days of the Phœnicians. Tortosa, also of Phœnician origin, but known in history as the Greek Antaradus, which stands on the coast and in full view of the island of Ruad (Arvad), was our next stopping-place for the night, and here the Stars and Stripes waved over our tents, between the huge remains of primitive times and the cemetery of the present degenerate inhabitants, as we slept on the shore of the Mediterranean. The castle of Merkab, perched upon a hill 1165 feet high, sheltered us from the storm on

SAFEETA, SYRIA.

the following day—a castle of the Crusading knights, where we were pleasantly entertained over the Sabbath by a Moslem feudal family, which for 280 years had held this immense château.

From this castle, which is large enough to garrison 2000 soldiers and stable 8000 horses, we rode to B'humra, a long day of eleven and a half hours in the saddle. But we made good use of the time in exploring the ruins of Balanea, in following the river Sin, of the "Sinites," from its mouth to its source—one of the deepest and yet the shortest of all the rivers of Syria—and in going over the Roman ruins of Jebily with Noureddin Effendi, the most courteous of Turkish governors. Besides all this, we spent an hour with the pasha and the Nosairee chief at Kordahy, and then, after an entertainment given by the Nosairees by fire-light and moonlight, we were in a condition to appreciate another night of quiet rest.

On Tuesday came our great disappointment. Within three hours of the river, and yet unable to reach it, we were left without an escort, without a guide, and, so far as we could see, without a road. But we swallowed our grief, not without many a wry face, however, and pushed on. Another day of eleven hours in the saddle over the mountain-tops brought us to the Christian village of Nizairan. Wednesday was yet a longer day, but it was one of great interest. No guide-book has made this journey hackneyed, for no writer had passed over this road. The interest and excitement attaching to our note-books, in which every hill, village, and water-course, tomb and clump of trees, was duly noted, with names, population, and other statistics of botanical, ethnological, and geological character, made the hours pass swiftly by. But instead of reaching Kensebba, a mountain village three hours from the bridge, that night, as our M'Kuddam friends had promised, we were glad, after twelve hours of hard work, to accept the cordial invitation of Abu Mustafa, an old Kurdish farmer. We hailed him as he was turning off from the sultan's highway to go up the hills to his farm.

"How far is it, O my uncle, to Kenseba?"

"From two to three hours," was the hoarse reply.

"O my brother, what is the nature of the road? Is it easy to find in the night before the moon rises?"

"The road lies along precipices; it is a mere sheep-path, hard enough to find at noonday."

It was already dark, and the moon would not rise for an hour. The prospect was not pleasing. Abu Mustafa, who was still riding in advance of us, upon a diminutive donkey, weighing, I am sure, some pounds less than himself, with half a dozen live chickens tied in threes across the donkey's back behind him, now turned around—as I judged from his voice, for it was too dark to see his face—and offered us the hospitality of his poor house.

What did this mean? Was it possible that his house was a den of Kurdish brigands, who cut the throats of wayfarers and appropriated their baggage? Or could this be a bit of pure Oriental hospitality, of which we had read so much?

The muleteers decided the matter. "The animals could not go on; they were ready to die, and probably would die in less than fifteen minutes unless we stopped." Happily the truth of this prediction was not tested, for in ten minutes we reached the cottage of Abu Mustafa, who proved to be an honor to his race. Before leaving him we resolved that if we ever met a Kurd in distress we would cheerfully give him a cup of cold water and some other things in memory of the very comfortable night we spent at Idoo in Jebel Kraad. For a time the darkness could be felt, but when the moon brought out the beauties of the scenery the charm of the silent hour was irresistible.

Mrs. Abu Mustafa and the young ladies her daughters, with faces unveiled—Moslems though they were—bustled about to get barley for our animals, to put the little sucking lambs, with their bleating mammas, into their pens on either side of the front entrance, and to milk the two amiable and

PORTE DE TORTOSE.

FAMILY OF ABU MUSTAFA.

homely cows that stood by, staring with their great eyes at this inroad of strangers upon their quiet home. Our cook stuck his cane with a crooked handle into a crack of the mud wall of the house, and hanging his lantern upon it, got out his cooking utensils and provisions, and began, at that late hour, to make the fire that was to cook our dinner. The muleteers fed their animals, and got them all into the position best calculated to resist a night attack from mountain wolves or murderous Kurds. And while my friend was looking with a careful eye after the household arrangements of our little family circle of two, who were to sleep that night not in the single inhabitable room with Abu Mustafa and his family, to which we had been invited in common with the servants and muleteers, but in the open portico, exposed on three sides, and in our own little beds—while all this was going on, I rambled about the queer old place, and enjoyed the moonlight upon the sleeping hills.

The dark body of wooded shade on the high mountains on one side, and an immense stretch of rolling hills in one of nature's grandest amphitheatres on the other, all brightly illuminated and bathed in the witchery of Syrian moonlight—the heights, the depths, the distances, the starry heavens, the silence, and the mystery of an unknown land—contributed to make up a picture of indescribable beauty. The hour of waiting for dinner that night will be one of the hours the memory of which will probably outlast time, and remain one of the joys that endure forever.

But we must get on, for our tents for the next night are to be pitched upon the Orontes.

The dawn found us in good plight. The animals had not been disturbed, and nothing had been stolen. We breakfasted before sunrise, and under the guidance of our cordial host, who did nothing by halves, and who was mounted as before upon his smallest of donkeys, we soon reached the main road, which connects the Euphrates Valley with the sea.

In our impatience to reach the river, still six hours before us, we soon parted from our baggage train, and, with Kaleel, the janizary, pushed on through the well-watered valleys and over the chalky and wooded hills without a guide. Soon Kaleel was left behind, his enthusiasm and his horse not keeping pace with ours, and we saw him only when, as we stopped to get an elevation upon some hill-top, we could see him beating the sides of his jaded steed in the valley below.

The emotions of Bilboa, after his long journey, when he saw for the first time the Pacific Ocean are not generally known. History does not say whether he threw up his time-worn hat. But I must confess to a lively sensation of pleasure and an utter disregard for my own turban when, after a week of hard riding, we looked down into the valley of the Orontes, which was animated with all the loveliness that a silvery stream and verdant fields can give to a landscape. Its contrast with the hills behind us gave it another charm.

We were twenty minutes in riding down the steep, chalky hill-side to the plain. Our

KALEEL, THE JANIZARY.

morning gallop of several hours enabled us to appreciate our luncheon in an olive grove, despite the swarms of flies, some of which were as large as bees, and with almost as painful a sting. Refreshed with food and rest, and the quiet beauty of the plain, which seemed about six miles across to the highlands on the other side, we rode into the Moslem village of Es Shogre, under the lead of the martial Kaleel. On, through its dirty, narrow, and shadeless streets, and between rows of low, mud-built houses, we proceeded to the serai, or government-house, to seek the local authorities. We needed information as to the safety of the roads on the other side of the river, and we might want an escort and guide. "We must see the governor and get a safe-conduct."

The governor was asleep.

"Wake him up," said Kaleel; "the howadjis wish to see him at once."

The servants of the caimacan were astonished at Kaleel's impudence; but as he looked very fierce—his mustaches were rather formidable—they obeyed mechanically. After five minutes of impatient waiting we were ushered into *the presence*. The serai was a large establishment, and is probably the fortified khan mentioned by former travelers; but the room in which we found the governor was ridiculously small. The Turkish official, who has replaced the tyrannical feudal chief of former days, was the most surly of petty pashas. He did not rise from his seat, where he had been taking his siesta in this the council-chamber, nor did he ask us to be seated, as his superiors would have done. But we sat down, and, after explanatory remarks, proceeded to make our wants known.

"Is the country safe on the other side?"

"Yes. The Pasha of Hamath, who is asleep in the next room, came up yesterday with only five horsemen. He found every thing quiet."

"Can you give us a couple of horsemen (of course we will pay them well for it) to go with us to El-Bara?"

"Where is El-Bara?" The pasha did not know.

The cadi now came in—a clean, neatly built, well-dressed, and polite Arab from Tripoli, a striking contrast to the fat, frowzy, and sensual creature who sat in the seat of the governor—and then came the commander of the military station at the bridge. The cadi smiled a pleasant, oily smile, but did not know El-Bara. But the commandant had been there. "Six hours of fast riding on the road from Aleppo to Kalat-el-Mudik."

Only six hours from the bridge, and the country safe. That was satisfactory. But we must spend the night at the bridge.

The pasha now began to wake up a little, and carried on a dialogue in Turkish with our brave Kaleel, while we talked Arabic to the man of the law, and to him of the sword who had cut the gordian knot of our troubles with a single blow.

It seems that the pasha had just been *marzool*, or dismissed from office, on charge of corruption, and was very careless and cross, often tipsy, and slept much while awaiting the arrival of his successor. This, added to

TURKISH PASHA AT JISR ES SHOGRE.

THE CADI.

the fact that the government horsemen were out collecting the taxes in the various districts under the government of the bridge, and to the demand of the Governor of Hamath for an escort of five horsemen to accompany him to Antioch, made the poor man unamiable. He naturally dreaded our request for an escort.

All this was made known to us in an aside, and we at once relieved the mind of the uncomfortable functionary by assuring him that we wanted no horsemen. "Only give us a footman to show us the road. We will protect ourselves."

The pasha knew of no one who could show us the road; but the soldier, more frank and courteous, sent for a policeman, who knew the country well. The man came, but, timid, and fearful of being made to serve without pay, he denied all knowledge of the roads. Another man, a buffoon by profession, was sent for and came. He knew the road. He would take us to El-Bara, and from thence to Kalat-el-Mudik, two days' journey, for one hundred piasters. This was more than the price of five days' work. The pasha, seeing that we were getting on so well without him, now became affable, and offered fifty piasters. The guide hesitated. He could make more money in playing the clown at a country wedding. The man of the sword again solved our trouble by offering in our behalf sixty piasters, food on the road and backshish at the end, and an indefinite amount of government patronage, provided he brought back a certificate of good conduct.

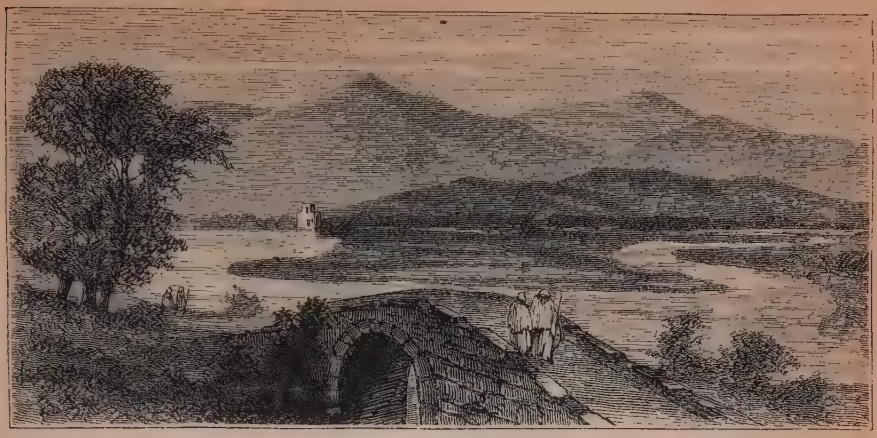
At this hint of backshish visions of frangic gold floated before his poetic mind, and the man consented at once. The sixty piasters had a precise, hard, and metallic sound, but his imagination was captivated by the allusion to an undetermined sum—"backshish" being the open-sesame to every Oriental's heart. He was to sleep at our camp, and to start with us at daylight. If he failed to appear at the proper moment, he should eat stick, yes, a hundred, on the soles of his feet. The guide showed all his teeth as he smiled in response to the officer's warning; and putting his hand to the ground, he raised it slowly to his lips and his forehead, and said, "Upon my head be it."

Meanwhile the suave cadi had explained to my friend that the great castle of Merkab, where we had spent our Sunday, was mentioned in the history of Ibn Khuldūn, who gave the date of its construction as 454 of the Hegira.

We took leave of this trio of officials, and, entering the telegraph-office in another room, sent word to Beyrout that we had escaped from the Philistines in Jebel Nosairee, and that we should spend Sunday at Hamath, and the Sunday following at Baalbec, *en route* for our Syrian homes.

Kaleel now took our horses to be shod, and to extract the leeches which had clung to their bleeding mouths for several days. He also took with him our umbrellas, whose constitutions had been much shaken by the

AWAD, OUR GUIDE.



JUNCTION OF A TRIBUTARY WITH THE ORONTES.

journey, for treatment, while we went down to the river-bank to select a place for our tents.

The Orontes at this point, after dividing its waters between several little islands in mid-stream—islands covered with picturesque poplar-trees and practical cabbage gardens—flows under a bridge of fourteen arches, and, bending to the north, rushes on as far as latitude 35° 30′, where its northern course is obstructed by the great range of Amanus, and, turning abruptly, flows west through the mud silt of the plain,* and by the town of Antioch, an important part of which once stood upon an island, until it unites the fresh waters of Northern Syria with the salt sea at Suadeah, the finest natural harbor on the coast, in latitude 36° 3′.

Whatever may be said of the diminutive size of Syrian streams, the Orontes, at least, is entitled to respect. From its principal source, Ain-el-Aasy† (latitude 34° 22′), a copious and beautiful fountain 2118 feet above the sea, it is vigorous and self-reliant. While not disdaining the contributions of tributaries, such as the Lebweh and the Kara-Su, it is not dependent upon them. Like Minerva from the front of Jove, it leaps forth from the mountain fully armed for the struggle—as struggle the Orontes must, in its tortuous course of about 200 miles through various geological formations, in its effort to reach the sea.

This river is no mere poetic fiction, but is a brave reality. It can not boast, like the waters of Damascus, of fertilizing that "Pearl of the East;" or, like the Jordan, of birth at the base of Hermon, and a career through the waters of Merom, the Sea of Galilee, and the Holy Land; yet the river of Northern Syria has merits of its own. The Abana and Pharpar exhaust themselves in the oasis of Damascus, and are lost in the desert in a vain attempt to reach the Euphrates or the Persian Gulf.* The Litany (Leontes), springing from a small lake six miles southwest of Baalbec, reaches the sea through a ravine of the Lebanon about five miles north of Tyre, without doing any thing to boast of beyond a little irrigation of the narrow plain of Cœle-Syria, and the still narrower strip of coast. The Jordan boasts of no city or town from its source at Dan to Tiberias on the lake, or from the lake to the Dead Sea, except poor, wretched Jericho, once a city, but now a mere mud hamlet.† But the Orontes, while fertilizing great plains, is also the life of towns like Riblah and Shogre, and of cities like Homs, Hamath, and Antioch, "the Queen of the East," whose inhabitants are numbered by thousands, and whose wealth is estimated at millions. Except the Euphrates, which barely touches the northeast boundary, the Orontes is the only river of Syria susceptible of navigation. And Antioch was no mean city. Favorably situated for commerce, being 300

* The Orontes, turned by the Amanus, sweeps round to the west to the plain of Umk, and after receiving from the north a large tributary called the Kara-Su, the volume of whose water exceeds its own, enters the broad valley of Antioch, doubling back upon itself, and flowing to the southwest. After passing Antioch the river pursues a tortuous course, first between steep and wooded hills, and then across the maritime plain, with a fall of 14.3 feet per mile, and with a large volume of water, until it finally falls into the bay of Antioch. In this part of its course the Orontes has been compared to the Wye. Its length to the source at Lebweh, exclusive of the lesser turnings, is above 200 miles.—RAWLINSON'S *Herodotus*, vol. i. p. 456.

† The Arabs in this case, as in regard to the Jordan and other rivers, speak of the most copious, not the most distant source, as the true source of a river. The most remote source of the Orontes is the ain at Lebweh, about ten miles northeast from Baalbec.

* The course of the Barada, exclusive of meanders, does not exceed forty miles.

† The whole course of the Jordan, from the most northern source—that of the *Hasbeya*—to its termination in the Dead Sea, including the passage of the two lakes, is, if we include meanders, about 270 miles; if we exclude them, about 140.

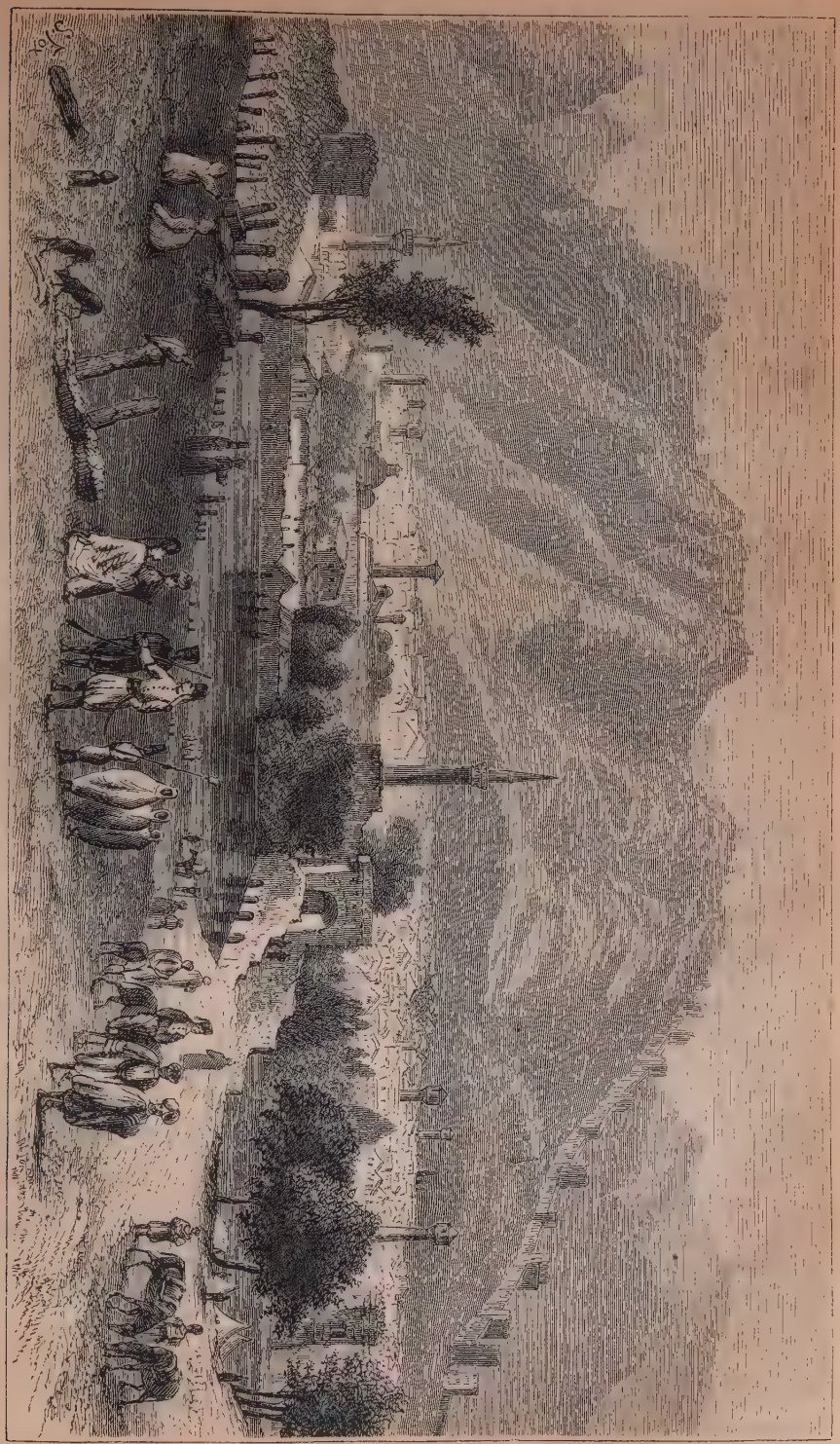
BEIT ELMA, NEAR ANTIOCH, SUPPOSED SITE OF DAPHNE.

miles north of Jerusalem, and about 25 miles from the sea, it was of easy access from Damascus, the valley of the Euphrates, and the Cilician Plain. Founded and occupied by the successors of Alexander the Great, 300 B.C., "the beautiful Antioch" once contained a population of half a million. Its walls inclosed a space of nearly seven miles in circumference, and sustained four hundred lofty square towers, each containing a staircase and two or three rooms. This "Eye of the East," although called God's City, was rather the city of the gods. Bacchus ruled the city, and the adjacent grove of Daphne was the seat of pleasure. Lucius Verrus, the dissolute noble, once lavished $190,000 upon a single supper at Antioch when it was the third city of the Roman empire.

But pagan and Christian Antioch has been equally famous for its misfortunes. It was captured in turn by the Persians, Romans, Saracens, Crusaders, and Turks, and was frequently pillaged; but its greatest foe has ever been the volcanic character of the country. Rocked and shaken for centuries, shattered, overthrown, and sometimes ingulfed, poor Antioch is now but the shadow of its former self; and now again its population of 6000 has been more than decimated by the earthquake of 1872, which has also proved very destructive to the neighboring villages, causing the death of 2000 people. The name Christian, first used at Antioch 1800 years ago, now applies to a very small number of its people; but the spirit of apostolical Christianity is being revived by the noble little band of American missionaries, whose church and schools are gaining favor with the inhabitants.

One of the many earthquakes which have devastated this once noble city, the sixth recorded by the historian, occurred in A.D. 526, and destroyed 250,000 persons who were gathered here in celebration of one of their great festivals; in 1822 one-quarter of its population were killed. Safed and Tiberias, in Galilee, were overthrown in 1837, and it seems probable that these convulsions, traces of which may be seen in the depression of the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea, will continue to afflict these Bible lands until there shall be a new heaven and a new earth.

This little town of Shogre, under whose protection we pitch our tents on the north side of the bridge, has a population of about 5000 souls, nearly all of whom are followers of the Prophet, and with its district is held by a caimacan under the Governor-General of Aleppo. The former governor, Mohammed Aga Yansu, was the hereditary feudal chief, and almost depopulated the country by his arbitrary conduct in the imprisonment of men, the abduction of women, and the seizure of property, which he held for ransom. This aga was a shrewd villain, for he did not molest Christians of any sect, lest they, through the foreign consuls on the



ANTIOCH, ON THE APPROACH FROM SUADEAH.

coast and at Aleppo, should raise the cry of "the persecution of Christians by the Turks," and thus bring him into trouble. But the less befriended Moslems and Nosairees suffered fearfully at his hands, until the Porte, in its leveling tendencies, broke down the feudal system, and gradually enfeebled the great ruling families, who had so often disputed with the sultan as to their feudal service. While this system has freed the land from these rapacious chiefs, it has substituted Turkish officials, who, though nominally conforming to codes of law, practically do as they like. The latter may be changed at pleasure, but the former held their places until removed by the bowstring, or by some stronger rival.

Both systems have their advantages; but I am satisfied, on the whole, that the present system of appointing Turks from a distance, crude, uneducated, and corrupt as many of them are, is better for the Porte and better for the people, for it puts an end to local struggles for superiority and border warfare between feudal houses, and requires pasha and peasant alike to recognize the common authority of the sultan. And although the military force of the Porte is not always sufficient to keep in subjection united clans in the mountainous districts, such as the Nosairees, the Armenians, the Maronites, and the Druses, yet the work of subjugation and assimilation is gradually going on, and the people generally are more quiet and contented every year, as the present system, however poorly administered, is carried into effect.

Whatever the faults of the Turkish government, it probably means to act kindly toward the various races subject to its control, and but for the wretched character of some of its subalterns and the fanaticism of the people, its theory of patriarchal rule would be carried out in a more satisfactory manner.

Administrative ability and practical wisdom must have existed somewhere in the councils of the Porte, for it has avoided the error which has proved fatal to other and more enlightened states—that of endeavoring to enforce conformity to the religion of the state, to the language of the dominant race, and to the usages of the ruling class. Its faults of omission and commission are many, but it is a spectacle worthy of admiration to see on Asiatic soil, in so vast an empire, ruled as it is by the spiritual head of a fanatical, aggressive, and persecuting people, almost as many churches and sects as there are subject races, and all of them worshiping according to their accustomed usages in their own churches with the full authorization and under the protection of the government. The sultan assumes to protect every sect in the unmolested enjoyment of its own religion, whether of Jewish, Christian, pagan, or of heretical Moslem origin, not only from its own Islamism, but from the persecution of each other. The exceptions to this rule, marked and bloody as they have been, are of a local, occasional, and temporary character.

The score of Seleucide kings who for 247 years ruled over a kingdom which the successors of Alexander had established in Syria, and whose head-quarters were on the banks of this classic stream, at Seleucia, at Antioch, and at Apamia, were less wise and less liberal than the Ottomans who wrested the vestiges of the Seleucide creation from the hands of their degenerate Byzantine successors.

The attempt to impose the religion, laws, and language of the Greeks upon the subject races inevitably led to revolt.

Antiochus II. was successful in other respects, and was flattered by his Syrian subjects with the title of *Theos* because of his victory over the Gauls. But when he unwisely attempted to enforce conformity to Greek customs and religion, his influence declined, and he soon met with a violent death. Antiochus the Great, who has been called the brilliant, the clement, the humane Antiochus, fell a sacrifice to the fury of an incensed populace while attempting a seizure of the treasures of the Temple of Belus. Seleucus Philopator gave orders for the plunder of the Temple at Jerusalem, and was assassinated by Heliodorus, his tool. Antiochus Epiphanes massacred the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and left an army of 60,000 men with orders to extirpate the few who continued to defend themselves in Judæa. Prohibiting the observance of the Jewish law, he profaned the Temple and set up his own statue on the altar of burnt offering. This Antiochus, called Illustrious by historians, but more appropriately designated by the people of Antioch as *Epimanes*, or madman, next issued a decree ordering all the nations subject to his dominion to conform to the religion of the Greeks and to abandon all others. Armenia and Parthia revolted in consequence. While plundering a temple at Elymais he was ignominiously repulsed by the people, who flew to arms. Learning at Ecbatana that his armies had been defeated in Judæa, and that the Jews had demolished the heathen statues and had restored the ancient worship, he resolved to go to Jerusalem and extirpate the whole Jewish nation, but died on the road to Babylon, B.C. 165. Nicator, losing the affections of his people, was soon expelled from Antioch.

At length the Syrians, weary of this repetition of despotic interference with their creeds and customs, determined to exclude the dynasty of Seleucus from the throne. In the hope of finding tranquillity under a different sceptre, they offered the crown to

BRIDGE OVER THE ORONTES.

Tigranes, King of Armenia, 83 B.C. He reigned but a short time, when the Romans came in, as the avowed protectors of the freedom of all nations, and especially of the races in Asia.

This is a sad chapter in the history of the peoples who lived here upon the Orontes. The present government does not interfere with the local laws, language, or religion of its most diverse population. The Turkish pashas, who speak only their own language, are provided with a host of interpreters, and their doors are open to the meanest subject. Under this system the mutually hostile and anti-Moslem sects remain tranquil, and revolt is never attempted, unless stirred up by some ambitious chief in pursuit of personal aggrandizement, except as in the case of Crete, where rebellion was fostered by foreign intrigue, and promoted by the bad conduct of the subordinate officials.

Although the Seleucide kingdom was of short and bloody duration, it will have answered a useful purpose if it teaches the world a lesson—as it has taught Turkey, and as it has failed to teach Russia in Poland—that an attempt on the part of rulers to stamp out the religion, language, and usages of a subject race will result in disaster to both parties. This is especially true of the Asiatic peoples, in whom the religious instinct is the strongest; for they seem to submit to any government, however faulty in other respects, which will leave their religious customs undisturbed.

The mind of a citizen of the Western world, where things work clear after their preliminary agitation among the people, is always interested in witnessing the operation of systems older than those that prevail in his own country. This village of Shogre shall serve as an example, as antiquated as it is curious.

Burckhardt, who was here in 1812, says that Edlib (six hours distant) and Es Shogre are held by the feudal family of Kuperlizaade, of Constantinople. Part of the revenue of Edlib and that of Shogre is a wakf attached to Mecca and Medina, and contributes to defray the expenses of these "holy cities."

Edlib pays twenty purses per annum to the said family, and fifteen purses to the holy cities; Shogre pays fifteen purses to the Kuperlis, and seven to the holy cities. The revenue arising from thirteen or fourteen villages in the vicinity has been assigned to the support of several hospitals which the Kuperlis have built in that town, where a number of poor people are daily fed gratis. Maundrell speaks of one founded by the second Kuperli, and endowed with a competent revenue. He found the khan at his arrival (A.D. 1697) crowded with a great number of Turkish hadjis bound for Mecca, "but nevertheless we met with a peaceful reception among them." He also speaks of the town as pretty large, but exceedingly filthy.

The passage of the bridge is now free, the toll of two cents per head having been abolished long ago in consequence of the revolt of the people.

Our tents soon arrived, and were pitched upon the grassy bank near the water's edge. On all sides of us were piles of boiled wheat, drying in the sun, and thus becoming transformed into burghool, one of the national dishes of Syria. Women, small children, and old men were in charge, and some were washing baskets of the golden grain in the river water while standing knee-deep in the stream. A bare-legged fisherman threw his net and brought fish, fresh from the swift current, and left them floundering upon the grass for our supper.

Chaplain Maundrell, in speaking of the river and its fish, says: "Its waters are turbid and very unwholesome, and its fish worse, as we found by experience, there being no person of all our company that had eaten of them overnight but found himself much indisposed the next morning." Notwithstanding this caution, we ate freely, digested fully, and were thankful. No bones stuck in our throats, and no souvenir remained to suggest imprudence on our part. Nor did we realize the fears of Ptolemy, King of Egypt, who decreed that annual supplies from the waters of the Nile should be sent to Seleucia, where his daughter was married to Antiochus, the king, rather than that she should suffer from the waters of Syria. We drank from the stream and were satisfied. Our location in the bend of the river enabled us to look up through the arches of the bridge, and down the stream until it lost itself among the hills, which seemingly took it to their very hearts. The ruins of arches on the other side, and the solid masonry of the mill-race under the bridge, are explained by a passage from Maundrell: "The river hereabouts is of good breadth, and yet so rapid that it turns great wheels made for lifting up the water by its natural swiftness, without any force added to it by confining its stream." There are no wheels now here; but the great Persian wheels at Hamath, seventy feet in circumference, throw light on the subject of irrigation as practiced here in former times. Bright moonlight upon the

OUR CAMP ON THE ORONTES.

PERSIAN WHEEL ON THE ORONTES.

bridge revealed a spectacle which differed greatly from that of Idoo, but each rejoiced in beauties peculiar to itself. A stroll over this well-made bridge of fourteen arches showed its length to be 331 paces, and revealed here and there huge beveled stones, which suggested the presence of the Phœnicians further north than Hamath in the days of the patriarch Abraham. The song of the swiftly gliding river was an effectual lullaby, and the night was passed without disturbance from friend or foe. At early dawn we proved the actual and continued existence of the Orontes, and were glad to find that it was not a mirage, or a mere dream of the desert.

After breakfast by starlight, while my companion was doing missionary work at the tent, and while the muleteers were busy in their labor of preparation, I had time for another stroll. In the dim morning light, when nature and man were awakening to the new life of another day, the outlines of Mount Cassius were gradually brought out, with its brow nearly six thousand feet above us. It stood there, silent and grand, in striking contrast with the river, which is ever in motion. The river had not slept. Its song is the same day and night. But the myriads of birds in the poplar-trees were as excited over another day's probation as though they had fluttered into a new stage of existence. And they wakened with a song. Near our tents were a man, a woman, and a child sleeping under a mat near their store of washed wheat. The child waked, and waked with a cry, a piteous wail. The parents began to stir themselves, and looked around, grim and silent, but they uttered no note of gladness. They were not birds: why should they sing? The woman gave the

FERRY OVER THE ORONTES.

child into the arms of the sleepy father, and went out to the town in quest of food. Mohammed, the returned conscript, who slept near by, under a mat, with Awad, our guide, as a guard for our property during the night, now rubbed his eyes, and getting up, shook himself, and kindled a fire with old reeds, and sat down on his heels and warmed himself. Perhaps he was a fire-worshiper, and performed his matins while rubbing his hands before the flame. Several Moslems went down to the bank, and after performing their ablutions began to pray. A flock of sheep with Bedouin shepherds came down to drink, while a camel train jostled me on the bridge.

The grand old mountains, Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, which look down with paternal fondness upon this river, their own pet child, as it sweeps in growing strength and beauty from the intermediate plains of Cœle-Syria, had long ago ceased to accompany it, and confiding their prodigal to the Nosairee range, remain quietly at home. The Jebel Nosairee, though outwardly of dark and forbidding aspect, is yet kindly in its contributions, and watches from its gloomy heights the river's flow, until, full-grown, the stream turns at a right angle, and rushing by Antioch and Cassius, speeds onward to the sea.

We were sorry to leave the river and go out into the desert, where the hart panteth after the water brooks, and where water is found but seldom, and only as the reward of painful labor and distant transportation.

The chickens on the house-tops began to crow, and by the time the sun was fairly up we were all mounted and over the bridge, under the guidance of Awad, who was to show us the wonders of Northern Syria.

Before leaving the river for the desert, let us hear from the guide the legend of the bridge.

"The bridge was built," said Awad, as we began the ascent on the Aleppo side, "by a princess who had married a shepherd. The princess, after a brief honey-moon of only three days' duration, was left to mourn the absence of her fugitive spouse, who had fled to the desert. She had treated him to every luxury of civilized life, had given him a palace and slaves to serve him, but being a son of the Arabs, he was a Bedouin, and could not endure the trammels of city life. He had resumed his tattered garments and fled for freedom.

"The distressed princess would not be comforted. For years she waited in vain for some news of him from the people she had sent out to seek him. In her extremity she hit upon a new device. Proclaiming that she was about to build a bridge and a paved road to Kalat-el-Mudik, and offering fifty piasters per day to every shepherd who would come to work, she placed her pavilion on the eastern side of the river. Here she sat closely veiled, and, holding her infant child in her arms, carefully inspected every candidate for employment. One of the conditions to which all the workmen were subject was that each

one, before entering the service, should hold in his arms the little prince, who was always crying for his absent father. If the child should cease to cry in the arms of any one, the new-comer would be thus identified as the long-lost father. At last the errant husband, while tending his sheep on the arid plains of the interior, heard of the bridge and of the high wages offered for laborers. He looked at his rags and thought of the fifty piasters, and, like many others, went to the bridge. Like the others, he saw the veiled lady, and in his turn held the crying child. The child in his arms stopped crying, having recognized his father. The princess revealed herself, and claimed her shepherd; and this time, to make sure of him, resigned her dominion over the river towns, and took him to Constantinople.

"The bridge was now finished; but having accomplished her object, the princess abandoned the road to Kalat-el-Mudik, and it has never been completed to this day."

"But, Awad," said Kaleel, our skeptical janizary, "how did the child recognize the father whom he had never seen?"

"By the smell, of course," replied Awad, who now began to sing a plaintive air which, he said, the princess sang while sitting in her tent, pensive and alone.

The historical accuracy of this account is not vouched for, nor is the veracity of Awad, who is an Oriental story-teller by profession, beyond question; but the bridge is there, for the writer has seen it.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

"THE gracious estate of widowhood" is a phrase, a little freely translated, of Molière's, and it is peculiarly French in its sentiments: the honor and dignity and freedom of the married condition without any of its responsibilities and burdens; to be as free from trouble as a girl; to be as free from constraint in social matters as a wife. One should be French to appreciate the sentiment properly. Widowhood, with Americans and English and Hebrews, and such-like sombre and family-loving races, suggests such a sad and solitary picture of life that one finds it as hard to grasp at once the French notion as to seize, without some little preliminary thinking and studying, the pagan thought of Goethe's "Bride of Corinth" or Swinburne's "Hymn to Proserpine." But I have to open this story with an account of a widowhood which I must beg my readers to endeavor to regard as much as possible in the light suggested by Molière. For if the estate of widowhood ever could have been regarded as gracious and happy, it surely was so in the case of Rachel Lindsay, relict of the late Alexander Lindsay, whose ashes now repose under a weight of showy marble on a gentle slope of Greenwood.

Poor Sandy Lindsay! He came over, sixty years ago, a small boy, to New York from Aberdeen, awa' in Scotland. He came with his father, and his father died soon after they landed. Sandy was thrown upon his own resources, and he made his way. He peddled and traded, and gathered up money and shrewdly speculated, and became an owner of shares in ships and steamers, and at last a rich man. He was quite old, more than sixty, when he felt his first and last and only twinge of love. Up to the time when he saw pretty, graceful, dark-eyed, saucy Rachel King, Sandy had never noticed any difference between creatures in pantaloons and creatures in petticoats other than the fact that the former lot were more given to business, and therefore to him more important and interesting. But when he came to know Rachel King he began for the first time to understand dimly how man may feel toward woman. Rachel King was as poor as she was pretty. Sandy met her by chance at the house of an acquaintance, and fell in love with her. All his life through he had never indulged himself in any luxury. Now, after half a century of hard work, he thought he was entitled to treat himself to a wife. Some of his friends opposed and ridiculed the idea, and that determined him. All his life long he had done well by never taking any body's advice, and he would act upon the same principle now. Rachel was an orphan, and lived with an uncle and aunt, who were of good position, but poor. She was under twenty years old, and tired of a dull, narrow sort of existence; and she was easily enough talked into the marriage. Her heart had hitherto been as empty of love as Sandy's own; but her heart was a cradle, while his was a coffin. There was this great difference, too, that now he did at last begin to feel what love was like, and she did not.

She was a good girl; but a house in Fifth Avenue, a country place on the Hudson, carriages, and as much money as she could wish for are temptations to any girl; and in Rachel's case there was nothing in particular to counteract them. And she married Alexander Lindsay. Really they were not unhappy. Perhaps the strangest fact in their condition was that she was happier than he. For in finding love he had to find jealousy—not in the Othello sense, but the jealousy of an old man who could not bear to see that his young wife took any interest in the company of any one, man or woman, but himself. Poor Sandy! He had fagged and toiled and slaved all his life, risen early, and lain down late, swallowed crusts for breakfast and a cup of tea for dinner, and never cared for any enjoyment but such as the making of money could give, until, late in life, he found that earth could afford him one delight, and

he grasped it; and after all it turned out to be rather a torment than otherwise. He never let Rachel know this. She was an excellent, an unexceptionable wife. And he did not expect her to be in love with him; and so he kept his disappointment and vexation to himself. That was magnanimous. But Sandy's life had not been a school of magnanimity, and he did one small, mean thing, which we shall presently hear of. To him it did not seem small and mean, but perfectly just, reasonable, and fair.

Two or three years passed over, and Alexander Lindsay died. He left a large realized fortune, plenty of loose money, and a widow of twenty-two. Every thing he had was left to his widow, to be hers without let or hinderance—so long as she remained his widow. That was the one mean thing he did, and, as I have said, it did not seem mean to him. He thought it fair and just that all he had should enrich his widow, but he did not see the justice of allowing his property to enrich another man's wife and that other man too. Like his countryman, Dumbiedykes, he entirely demurred to "wasting his substance on ither folk's joes."

Rachel found no fault with the condition thus imposed upon her. She was quietly but sincerely sorry for the death of her husband, and she had not the least thought of getting another. It is a very poor sort of feminine nature which wants to have a husband merely as a protector or even a companion, and Rachel was not drawn by love toward any body.

Now it must be owned that Rachel, her decent sorrow over, began to feel very happy. She had apparently all the enjoyments that life could give her. Her town house was delightful. She drew around her a brilliant circle, with an artistic and literary flavor about it. She knew no dull people, and would not know any. No wealthy man or woman, by the mere privilege and virtue of wealth, ever crossed her threshold. Every body who had done any thing, or was worth any thing, or could even say any thing worth listening to, was sure to find an entrance and a welcome there. Rachel was fond of dress and fashion and luxury, and all the good things of the world, especially intelligence and amusement; and she fairly reveled like a happy little child in the freedom, the comforts, and the graces of her position. It would be hardly possible to see any where a more complete, cordial, open-hearted, undisguised delight in the enjoyments that manly and refined tastes can give. Poor old Sandy Lindsay! While he lay quiet at last in Greenwood, the money-grub he had treasured so long was bursting out a gleaming, gorgeous butterfly.

Need it be said that Rachel had suitors almost as many as Penelope herself? She was, indeed, a woman to be admired and loved if she lived in a cottage, and had not a dollar of spending money; but such a pretty little treasure in so gorgeous and costly a casket was a thing to be coveted by princes; and when Rachel spent a winter at Rome, or Florence, or Nice, she had real princes sometimes among her admirers. But admiration was thrown away upon Rachel, not that she did not like it—for she did—but that it did not touch her heart, and, therefore, had to be its own reward. It sometimes amused her to think (for she had a dash of the satirical in her) how easily she might discover some of her suitors by simply announcing that the moment she consented to marry any body she would at once come into the condition of Cinderella when the clock struck twelve—the carriage and jewels and splendor would all disappear, and she would have to steal, poor and shabby, out of the grand house which must know her no more.

Rachel had all a woman's love of buying things. Very few men like to buy. They like to have things, and to get them they must go through the operation of purchasing; but they do not enjoy the buying process itself. Women commonly feel a pleasure in the mere buying. Perhaps in the same spirit men put on dress suits, and are willing to do it because they like to go to the places where the dress suits must be worn; but their wives and sisters find a pleasure in putting on the clothes, independent of and additional to the pleasure of going to the place where the dresses and the wearers are to be displayed.

Rachel was always buying artistic curiosities; people were always coming to her to sell such things, and, of course, she was often imposed upon.

One day she wrote to a well-known dealer in such articles—a man of high character and judgment:

"Do send me somebody who understands old Roman ornaments and such things. I have some offered to me now for sale, and I should like to buy them, but I really can't afford to buy trash. I wish you could come yourself; but I suppose that would be asking too much. Do pray send me to-day or to-morrow some man or woman with an eye and brains, who can guide me."

The person she wrote to thought for a moment—Rachel's description of the articles offered to her for sale was rather vague—and then he called to one of his assistants, gave him the letter, and bade him go there directly.

When the expert reached Mrs. Lindsay's house in Fifth Avenue Mrs. Lindsay had gone to drive in Central Park. The young man, however, was shown into a room crowded with statues and paintings and pell-mell curiosities and pretty things of all kinds. He looked at them not very admiringly in

most instances. Then he took up a book, and then another; but the books that were there evidently did not, in his judgment, amount to much, and he could not get through many pages of them. He had a long wait; and the day was hot and he was very tired.

When Rachel returned, and was told that the young man had been so long waiting for her, she was rather compunctious, and without even taking off her hat she went at once into the room where he was to be found. What she saw when she opened the door was a young man fast asleep in an arm-chair. He was a handsome, intelligent-looking young man even in his sleep, with a pale face and dark hair and dark mustache; he was very shabbily dressed, and the arm which hung over the "velvet violet lining" of the chair showed a shirt wrist frayed and buttonless. These little things are seen by women, and touch them. The frayed and buttonless shirt sleeve over the somewhat thin wrist sent a little thrill of pity into Rachel's heart.

She was in some doubt how to arouse him or what to do, when the rustling of her dress settled the question, and the young man opened his eyes, and then rose at once to his feet.

"I beg pardon," he said, in an accent unmistakably English; "I was tired, and I was up rather late last night, and I suppose I must have fallen asleep. Miss Lindsay, I presume?"

For he saw a pretty young woman—a pretty girl, one might say—standing before him, with a coquettish little hat over a mass of dark curls, and it never occurred to him to suppose that this could be the lady of the house, the widow of old Alexander Lindsay, of whose wealth he had often heard.

"Not Miss Lindsay," said Rachel, smiling—"Mrs. Lindsay."

"Oh! I beg pardon—the lady who sent for me?"

"Yes. I sent for some one to tell me something about things I have been asked to buy. I am very sorry you should have been kept waiting."

"Thank you; it is no matter."

There was a quiet self-possession about him, such as poverty, it must be owned, does not often assume in the presence of wealth, being for the most part, under such circumstances, either timidly shrinking or roughly self-asserting.

Rachel produced her treasure-trove of Roman ornaments—medals, *fibulæ*, bracelets, gems, and such-like.

The expert glanced at them rather doubtfully, then examined them one by one with deliberate care, and shook his head.

"These are worth nothing," he said.

"Worth nothing?"

"No. They are not genuine; they are only made up for the market. There is a regular manufactory of such things in Birmingham and Sheffield."

"And these, you are sure, are worth nothing?"

"Quite sure. At least they are only worth a few dollars."

"But I am sure the person who offered them to me believed them to be real and valuable."

"Very likely. But they are unreal and valueless all the same."

"Oh, I am so sorry. I wanted to help her. I should have so liked to buy them!"

"Then why not buy them?"

"Well, yes: but one doesn't like to be taken in, you know."

"Oh, think that they are real, and they will do you just as well. They are quite as real as half the things that are bought and prized in New York, and other places too."

Perhaps the expert did not really believe in Rachel's charitable wish to buy the trumpery in question. But it was quite genuine; and yet, at the same time, she did not like to be the buyer and owner of downright trash.

"I think I had better buy them," she said, reflectively.

"How much money is asked for them?"

Rachel smiled. "Really," she said, "I will not tell that. I know I am making a fool of myself, but I don't care to say to what amount. No, I won't tell; you would only laugh at me."

"They will be just as real as many other fine things," he repeated.

"As what things?" asked Rachel, a little sharply. "Any thing here, for instance?"

"Well, if you ask me, yes. These ornaments, for example, which, I suppose, you bought as antique bronzes, are of modern manufacture. That little Cuyp is a poor copy."

"Oh, indeed!" Rachel spoke in a sarcastic tone. "Perhaps there is nothing in the room that is genuine or worth any thing?"

He did not reply, but his look was eloquent. It plainly said "Not much." Then he said aloud, and in a tone that was half apologetic:

"I think in New York people are rather too fond of crowding up their rooms with pictures and curiosities of all kinds. The whole world of art has hardly enough of genuine treasures to stock Fifth Avenue in this way; and, after all, London and Paris and the other European cities have the first pick of the market. It's like the Champagne. If New York will insist on having no end of Champagne, she must be content with the make-up concoctions of Cette, and such places."

"You don't think much of our New York taste?"

"Not much. Just look at this wood-carving."

"Yes. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Delightful! Here, you see, are some tropical leaves, and here is a humming-bird; and intertwining with the tropical foliage you see the ivy and the mistletoe. What exquisite taste!—Capricorn and the frozen zone brought together! What should you think of a painting which showed you Central Park all sweltering and blazing under a July sun, and the people at the same time skating on a frozen pond in the midst?"

"I never thought of that. It is absurd."

"Then look down at this carpet—all covered, apparently, with the most beautiful and delicate flowers. Isn't the first business of a carpet to be walked on? And who would like to walk on a bed of exquisite flowers?"

"I am afraid you would not like the frescoes I am having in the music-room," said Rachel, thoughtfully.

"What are they?"

"Well, would you come and look at them, and give me your judgment?"

"I should be very glad, but it is late, and I shall be wanted at the store. I think I must go back; but if some other day—"

"Any day would suit. I should really like you to see what has been done, so far. You have shaken my opinion of my own taste and judgment dreadfully, Mr.— I have not the pleasure of knowing your name."

"Lefroy, madame—Henry Lefroy."

"Well, Mr. Lefroy, you have made me feel quite distrustful of myself, and I dread to show you the frescoes. But you must see them. Can you come the day after to-morrow, at three?"

"Certainly, madame; I will come with pleasure, and give you my opinion, if it is worth any thing."

Then he took his leave with all the quiet ease of a gentleman who had come to make a friendly call on a lady.

He came on the day appointed, inspected the frescoes, and, on the whole, did not greatly disapprove; at which Mrs. Lindsay was much gratified. Then they talked a little about art and about European cities; and she found that he had a vast amount of knowledge, which, however, seemed more like that of a highly cultivated amateur or connoisseur than that of a practical and professional artist.

"Are you an artist, Mr. Lefroy?" she asked.

"No, madame, I never had an artistic training, in the true sense. But I always had a great liking for old pictures and for curiosities and such-like, and it stands by me now."

"You are an Englishman?"

"Yes; I came from London."

"Have you lived long in New York?"

"Two years."

"But you have evident talent and great knowledge; and really—"

"You wonder I didn't get on better, you were going to say?"

"Oh, pardon me. I didn't mean to say any thing rude."

"Thank you. I don't regard it as rude. I am rather gratified by your taking so much interest in me. Well, I have not got on because I am not much of a man of business. Mrs. Lindsay, I ruined myself in London by being fool enough to believe in a great family name, and so putting what little money my father had left me into a concern owned by a cluster of renowned philanthropists. The concern smashed up—you may have heard of what we in London called the Black Friday, when so many banks collapsed—and my few hundreds went with the rest. So I came to New York, and my little knowledge of art and curiosities and all that, picked up here and there, and very expensive in the learning, stands me in good stead here. At least I can live by it, and I don't know that I have any other means of making a decent living—for you don't care much about the sweeping of crossings in New York. It's the old story of the stag and his legs, Mrs. Lindsay: the one thing I thought of least substantial value has pulled me through when most other things were pulling me down."

He spoke in the tone of light, half-scornful carelessness which young Englishmen generally think it necessary to adopt when they are talking of any thing that lies deeply at their hearts. Mrs. Lindsay listened with interest and sympathy. Only the other day, so to speak, she had been poor.

"Thank you, Mr. Lefroy," she said, in a low, grave tone.

"Thank me? For what, Mrs. Lindsay?"

"For speaking to me of yourself in this frank and open way. It shows that you think me capable of taking an interest in other things than cameos and curiosities."

Lefroy bowed, and did not carry the conversation any farther. Presently he had no more excuse for remaining, and he left. It was evident that he had very often to remind himself that he had not come merely as a gentleman to make a friendly call upon a lady.

Rachel made inquiries about the young man of his employer, who knew little or nothing of his personal history, but told her many things about his daily life and habits which touched and pleased her.

One day she sent for Lefroy, and he came to her house.

"Mr. Lefroy," she said, endeavoring to be as direct and business-like in tone as possible, "I am about to have my place on the Hudson, and then this house, put into complete order—all the stage properties, so to speak, rearranged. Now I want some one to undertake the artistic superintendence of the whole. *I* can't do it; I have not the time,

the energy, the patience, or the brains. I want both places to be something like the perfection of good taste. Will you undertake to direct the work? Take your own time. Take six months to each house, and let every thing be done well under your own eye. I can occupy the one house while the process of *renaissance* and transformation is going on in the other. Will you undertake this for me?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Lindsay, no—I can not."

"Why not?"

"You remember the day I first came here?"

"Certainly, quite well."

"And the things you asked me to give an opinion on?"

"Yes; what of them?"

"They were worthless."

"So you told me. Well?"

"Yet you bought them and paid for them as if they had been valuable."

"What has that to do with my proposal to you?"

"A great deal, Mrs. Lindsay. You think me poor and friendless, and you want to serve me. You have invented a pleasant and tempting office for me. Well, that is just what I might have expected of you; but I can not accept the offer. I thank you. You are the one only person in the world to whom I am under any obligation—for your wish and plan to serve me are a deep obligation—but I should be ashamed of myself if I accepted your offer. No; pray don't urge it any more. The thing is impossible."

"The silly pride of men is insufferable!" broke out Rachel, petulantly. "I suppose my place must be spoiled and bungled because you are too proud to make an ordinary business arrangement!"

Even her anger did not move him, and when he went away he left her really angry.

"I must go to work some other way," she thought to herself.

She found other ways; for she knew every artist and scholar worth knowing in New York, and she took some of them into her special confidence, and got them to find out Lefroy at the store where he was employed, and to test his qualifications and see what could be done for him. They found that in certain fields of art and virtu his knowledge was great and his taste exquisite. Some of them became his warm friends. Before many months were over a responsible and well-paid office in a new institution of art was offered to him, and accepted eagerly and thankfully. He began to be known in a certain circle of cultivated people and to be asked out; and he sometimes met Mrs. Lindsay in this way, and she sometimes invited him to her house. She did this at first very sparingly, because she wished to make him suppose that she had almost forgotten him, so greatly did she fear that he might discover how much of his advancement he owed to her. But after a while this feeling and the danger it suggested began to fade, and he was a frequent visitor at her house.

Then came up gradually another feeling and another danger. Sentiments that she had never felt before toward man began to animate her. She found herself looking out anxiously for the coming of Lefroy; unhappy and restless when he did not come; glad and yet sad when he was near her. And she must have been blind indeed, as never yet woman was, if his manner, the tones of his voice, the glance of his eye, the tremor of his hand when it touched hers, did not satisfy her that he and she stood surely, although not avowedly, on one isolated spot of shore, alone, the tide of the common outer life flowing idly by them.

The very newness of the sensation would have taught Rachel, did she need any teaching, that her feeling toward Henry Lefroy was love.

At first she laughed and then cried at the notion, and struggled hard against it. Love for her could only be bought at the sacrifice of all else that makes life dear—at least that made it dear to her. All the ease and luxury and refinement; all the bright, many-tinted society over which she was the queen; all the woman's joy in buying and in bestowing; all the delight that a kindly nature finds in pouring out liberal charity and in giving pleasure; all the traveling and the lounging; the autumn rest by beautiful rivers and lakes; the genial joys of the brilliant cities in the winter—all, all must be given up. And even to her very lover, to whom she would fain come as a benefactress, she must offer herself as a beggar. And she must offer herself—literally offer herself! She knew well enough that the pride and independence of Lefroy would never allow him to ask for the hand of a woman he believed to be so wealthy, and she feared that if he knew the whole truth he would hold back out of a chivalrous, self-denying reluctance to bring her down to poverty.

So she tried to crush down her feelings, and persuade herself that she would be happy in living for others and spending her money in doing good. But some feelings are like flowers—the more you crush them the more they fill you with their odor; and the more Rachel resolved to conquer her love, the more it rose up a conqueror over her. "The hard struggle to forget is the renewing," sings some poet.

One night Rachel's eyes and Lefroy's suddenly met, and were suddenly averted. The glance was enough. Each knew what lay in the other's heart. Nothing was said.

"If I were a poor woman," Rachel sighed to herself that night, "he would have told me that he loved me then." And she did more than sigh—she sobbed.

"O God!" groaned Lefroy, as he walked home alone; "if she were only poor I would then have told her how much I love her—and perhaps she would have listened! But I am a poor devil, and she is immensely rich! I will go there no more!"

He remained away after that night; and he passed his evenings in wandering, dreary and lonely, through silent streets, sometimes venturing timidly to pass under her windows—and life was very, very bitter to him. It had lost all its savor and its brightness and perfume; and as he sat in his room in the noonday it seemed dark to him, and he talked moodily to himself, so that people wondered.

An admiring artist of rare promise had painted Rachel's portrait, and it hung in the Academy during the winter exhibition. Rachel went in there very early one morning—soon after the doors were opened, in fact—that she might have a quiet look round the rooms. When she came near her own portrait she saw Lefroy seated before it, his chin resting on his hands. She stood still; he did not stir. She remained a long time behind him unseen by him; he never moved from the place, but remained still with his eyes fixed on her portrait, his chin resting on his hands. She thought of the day when, entering her drawing-room, she saw him lying in the "velvet violet" chair asleep. An impulse she could not resist sent her on. She went quietly up to Lefroy and touched him on the shoulder. He looked round, flushed and started, then rose to his feet, and stood between the portrait and the original.

"Mr. Lefroy," she said, quietly and sadly, "if you admire that portrait, you may have it. It will please me to give it to you, and to know that you have it always—as a memorial of me."

"I understand, Mrs. Lindsay," the poor youth replied, in tones still sadder than her own—"I understand the gift, and I accept it. Nothing could be dearer to me, and it shall be always with me, although I know it is given as a farewell."

"You don't understand all," Rachel said; "and here I can not speak to you. Come and see me to-day at three. We will say a farewell then."

He came to her house at the appointed time. She was standing near the chimney-piece, on the marble of which she leaned her hand. He stood also. For a moment there was silence. Then she began:

"Mr. Lefroy, some explanation is necessary between you and me. We both know why; but we need not say the reason. Well, then, listen. You think me a very rich woman?"

"Yes, Mrs. Lindsay."

"And you think me fond of riches?"

"Not meanly so, certainly. I know no one half so generous. But I think riches suit you—you ought to be rich."

"Very well. I was a poor girl when my husband married me. He left me all he had, but on the absolute condition that I should always remain his widow. If I were to marry again, I must give up every thing—literally every thing. The clothes I wear would be my only property. His money, and his land and houses converted into money, would go to the building of hospitals and churches. All that is pointed out and minutely arranged in his will. Whoever would marry me would marry a woman as poor as any in New York."

A flash of positive rapture came over Lefroy's face while she spoke: the light of it brightened her own face. She thought, she hoped, that he was about to take her hand in his and tell her that he loved her—her only, and not her money—and ask her to be his wife. In that supreme moment wealth was of no account to her. She would have gone forth poor, proud, and happy, pledged to be his wife.

But a change came gradually over his face, and all its sudden light left it. He looked round the luxurious room in which they stood, and thought of the wealth, the refinement, the brilliant, bountiful life it symbolized, and of his own hard and narrow poverty, and he lost heart. He did not dare to bring her down to share his poor ways of existence. His eyes dropped, and he stood silent.

"Now, Mr. Lefroy, I have told you all. Have you nothing to say to me?"

"Nothing!"

She started, and looked at him with questioning, wondering, beseeching eyes.

"Nothing—but farewell! I will take your picture—and farewell! I avoided you, Rachel, because I thought you rich. I must now avoid you rather than make you poor. For I love you with all my heart and soul—and now more passionately than ever, when I leave you."

"Do you, then, think so meanly of me as to believe that I care for money beyond every thing else in life?"

She spoke coldly and bitterly.

"No, Mrs. Lindsay, no. Rachel! who can understand you better than I do? But I could not bear to bring you down to poverty. Oh! I love you far too dearly."

"There is a poverty worse than want of money," she said, still coldly. "There is the poverty of want of love. You leave me to that without scruple. We have said enough, Mr. Lefroy—too much, indeed, for me. I have gone farther than any woman ever went before, or ought to go. I have exposed my whole heart and betrayed myself; and I only receive in return the lesson that money is the most precious thing in life. Good-by."

"You will give me your portrait still?" he said, humbly.

"No, Sir, I will not! I will give my portrait to no man who is unworthy of my esteem and incapable of understanding me. Let us part wholly and forever now. Let there be nothing between us—not even memory, if we can crush it. Let me forget—if I can—that I actually prostrated myself before a man who had not the spirit to lift me from the dust, because in the doing so my purse might fall to the ground and be lost. Good-by!"

She turned indignantly, disdainfully, from him. But he sprang after her and caught her in his arms.

"Rachel!" he exclaimed, "this is more than mortal could bear. I can not, I will not, put my love in chains any longer. Poor or rich, you shall marry me now. I thank God who has so blessed me—I thank God and you!"

Her head sank on his shoulder. After a moment or two of happy silence she raised her eyes and said,

"Then you are penitent?"

"I am—penitent and proud. What is there that I can possibly do to prove myself worthy of you?"

"Aid me in doing a great and good work of charity."

"What work, my love Rachel?"

"The building of hospitals and churches. To that work shall go the widow's mite!"

Old Sandy Lindsay's money was indeed thus bestowed, and Rachel's marriage became the talk and the wonder of a season. Some people thought she was mad. Perhaps she was, but she was certainly happy. She will never repent her surrender; and her husband only loves her more as the days go on. Meanwhile he is doing tolerably well, and they live in a neat, graceful, artistic home. It is poor, indeed, compared with that which she renounced, and they will never be rich. But their life is made golden by the light "that never was on sea or shore," the light without which palaces are dark, with which cottages become lustrous—the light of love.

THE GREEK CHURCH.

THE annals of man offer few more varied, more magnificent, or more touching records than that of the Eastern Church;[1] and from its dim yet hallowed origin, through its long career of worldly triumph and of spiritual joy, of bitter overthrows and of swift decline, of fresh revivals and unprecedented strength, until to-day it rules over half Europe, and threatens the subjugation of Asia from the Indus to the China seas, a surpassing interest has ever followed the only Christian body that can claim a visible descent from the companions of its founder. A cloud of doubt, of fable, or conjecture, rests upon the pretensions of the Church of Rome; the legend of St. Peter relies upon no contemporary proof, and belongs to the domain of faith rather than of history; nor does any Protestant communion profess to trace its origin through an unbroken line of presbyters and bishops to the apostolic age. But the Oriental Church seems possessed of a well-authenticated genealogy. Its language is still that in which the Gospels were written and Polycarp and Ignatius preached; its melodious ritual[2] reaches back to the days of Constantine and Athanasius; its great patriarchates, that sprang up in the veritable homes of the Apostles, are yet faintly delineated in the feeble churches of Alexandria, Jerusalem, and Constantinople; along the fair shores of Syria and Asia Minor the shattered ruins of the Christian Church have outlived the fallen shrines of Antioch or Ephesus; and from the city of Constantine, the capital of the Christian world, has flowed a regular apostolic succession, whose members still minister to devout congregations from the Kremlin to Solovetsky.

Scholar as well as theologian will find much in the annals of the Greek Church to touch his sympathy and startle his curiosity. The genius of Attic civilization seems often revived in its teachings; the humane and liberal spirit of philosophers and poets, the gentler impulses of Plato or Socrates, are renewed, together with their names, through all those barbarous races that were educated from the brilliant schools of Constantinople. While the Latin Church, under its illiterate popes, inculcated persecution, and grew into a fierce and aggressive political despotism, the Greeks, looking ever to the teachings of Nice and of Constantine, have preserved a humane toleration.[1] As if in tender recollection of their high intellectual ancestry, the monks of Mount Athos and the priests of the Kremlin have painted on the walls of their cathedrals the venerable faces of Homer, Pythagoras, or Plato, and admit to the catalogue of the just the sages and heroes who prepared the path of Christianity. In Moscow or Novgorod the Mohammedan, the Lutheran, and

[1] Mouravieff, Hist. Russ. Church, trans. Stanley, Eastern Church, has made free and effective use of the Russian historian, besides his own careful researches.

[2] King, Rites, etc., of the Greek Church. Renaudot, Liturg. Orient., 1847, Paris, p. 30. Neale, Patriarchates.

[1] Stanley, Eastern Church, 34, 35. King, p. 6-8, notices that the Greeks have never worshiped the Virgin or the saints. But Covel, Greek Church, p. 376, thinks the Greeks "the most zealous adorers of the mother of God."

the Roman Catholic are permitted to enjoy their faith and their religious rites undisturbed. No St. Bartholomew's, no dragonnades, no raging Inquisition, no hecatombs of martyrs, no strange and cunning tortures, such as those devised by the keen invention of Jesuits and Romish priests, have ever defiled the venerable ministry that traces its origin to Ephesus and St. John.

Along that hot but luxuriant shore reaching from the falls of the Nile to the lower borders of the Euxine, still fertile at that momentous period in the richest productions of nature and art, the land of Homer and Herodotus, Scopas and Parrhasius, of stately architecture and perpetual song, the Eastern Church, at the opening of the Council of Nice and the triumph of Constantine, had fixed its immutable foundations. Its mighty bishoprics—seats of learning as well as of abundant faith—seemed the corner-stones of Christianity. Alexandria, Antioch, and the seven churches were flourishing with such outward vigor as to overshadow the feeble Church of Rome and the missionary stations of the barbarous West. Rome, in fact, had long remained a Greek congregation. Its bishops employed the Greek language in their writings or exhortations;[1] its presbyter, Anicetus, admitted the superior authority of Polycarp; its members were obscure, uncultivated, and humbled by frequent persecutions. But in the great cities of the East Christianity already had invested itself with material and intellectual splendor. At the famous schools of Alexandria the keen faculties of the heretic Arius, and the resolute genius of his young opponent Athanasius, had been prepared for that vigorous contest that was to divide Christendom. In all the Syrian cities Christianity became the religion of the intellectual classes. Learning and philosophy were blended with faith; the Eastern bishops were voluminous writers, poets, orators, even novelists; while all along the sacred shore stately churches grew up above the ruins of the pagan temples, the Nile was lined with monasteries and cathedrals, the cliffs of the Grecian coast were converted into pious strongholds, the abode of cultivated eremites;[2] the soft music and the gay processions of the classic creed were borrowed to enlarge and corrupt the Christian ritual; and the Greek Church had already assumed something of its modern form.

At length (325), with cries of victory and peace, the Council of Nice assembled. Martyrs and confessors, maimed bishops and eyeless hermits, cultivated scholars from the learned seminaries of Egypt and Alexandria, monks from the Thebaid, and anchorites from the desert, gathered at the call of Constantine to decide the doctrines and the usages of the triumphant church. Amidst its eager and clamorous throng wandered the inspired dwarf Athanasius, deformed, with glittering eyes; or the tall, emaciated Arius, wasted with penance and conscious of defeat, summoning his followers to that intellectual combat whose decision was to fix the opinions of half mankind. Yet the decrees of the first, perhaps the only, general council deserving of a lasting veneration are observed alone by the obedient Greeks. Imperious Rome has long neglected its injunctions and interpolated its creed. Protestantism has preferred to revive the simpler usages of the apostolic age. But the Eastern Church has remained immutable. Its clergy are married; its creed is still that of Constantine and of Nice; the worship of Mary has never been allowed to overshadow the purer rites of a cultivated age; the priest has never aspired to a temporal supremacy; the Scriptures are still read in the national language in its churches; the authority of the sultan or the czar is admitted in the selection of its patriarchs and bishops. The mild genius of Constantine founded an ecclesiastical system that for fifteen centuries has obeyed his precepts and reverenced his fame.

To Constantine the Eastern Church was to owe its central shrine. The Christian capital arose on the verge of Europe and of Asia, over whose mental and religious progress it was never to lose its influence, in the fairest site known to the ancient world. The waters of the Euxine rushed before the city of Constantine, through a long and sometimes narrow strait, to mingle with the Ægean. By its side the Golden Horn offered a safe and almost tideless harbor; ships from Arabia and from Scythia might meet in the friendly shelter. Around it opened a landscape rich with the later results of Greek cultivation, and the delusive beauties of the modern city can only faintly reflect the magnificence of the scene when the shores of the thickly wooded Propontis were cultivated with Attic elegance, and the marble churches and palaces of Constantine covered the swelling promontory from the harbor to the glittering sea.[1] Nothing was wanting, except perhaps creative genius, to make the new Rome the chief of cities. The wealth of an empire was lavished in its decoration. Within ten years it attained a splendor that might rival the fruits of ten centuries of the slow progress of ancient Rome. The new Romulus traced the circuit, and witnessed

[1] The epistles of Clement are in Greek. Paul wrote in Greek to the Romans.

[2] The Egyptian ascetics appear about the middle of the third century. The practice was rapidly adopted. Of the monasteries of Mount Athos some boast an origin at least contemporary with Constantine. See Curzon, Levant, 340. The Vatopede is said to have had Constantine for its founder.

[1] Gibbon often describes the attractions of Constantinople. Von Hammer, Constantinople, etc., may be consulted.

the completion of his capital. Its temples were brighter than the yellow columns of the Parthenon; its circus more spacious than that of Tarquin; its baths, aqueducts, and fountains, its abundant markets and its stately churches, provided for the requirements of a population that sprang up with artificial vigor; and for more than a thousand years, amidst the barbarous turmoil of medieval Europe, Constantinople outshone all its rivals, even in its slow decay.

It was a museum and a store-house for the ravished treasures of Greece. A tripod of serpents from Delphi, statues from the deserted temples of the ancient faith, columns carved in the days of Phidias, gems and precious stones from the coronals of ancient deities, libraries gathered in the home of philosophy, the writings of the fathers, the poets, and the sages, found shelter in the halls of Constantine, when the museum of Alexandria was made desolate, and the Acropolis had become the haunt of robbers. Protected by its fortunate situation and its lofty walls, Constantinople held securely within its bosom its precious deposit. A last bulwark of civilization, when all the world was savage, its schools still employed the language of Homer; its students read Euripides or dreamed of Plato; the wisdom which had been lost to all other men was still familiar to its children; the priests of the Greek Church were all cultivated, and often gifted with rare ability; and while the Latin clergy could seldom read or write, a living fountain of true learning fertilized the intellect of the East.

With the death of its founder a remarkable revolution passed over the Christian capital, and under the rule of the corrupt Constantius the opinions of the heretic Arius were enforced upon its clergy and its people; the whole Christian world seemed converted by the subtle argument of the new sect.[1] The great see of Alexandria, almost imperial in power and state, was governed by an Arian bishop; Antioch and Jerusalem yielded to the arts of the emperor; Rome and distant Spain obeyed his commands;[2] but Athanasius, and perhaps the majority of the laity, still defended the Trinitarianism of Nice, and the latent principal of Christianity was kept in remembance by the sharp diatribes of the exiled prelate. Bitter, vindictive, magnanimous, unconquerable, a weary life awaited the presbyter who had defeated Arius in his early vigor, but who seemed at last to have sunk in his old age into a forlorn and powerless victim before the avenging spirit of his fallen foe. The cruelty and the keen persecutions of the Arians drove Athanasius to a savage retreat in the wilderness, and oppressed his adherents with bitter tortures. Yet more than once the heroic Copt, his diminutive frame inspired by a genuine courage, came out from his hiding-place to terrify the court and the hostile clergy into an insincere compromise; often the faithful Egyptians concealed, at the peril of life and fortune, the great head of their church. Of all the spectacles witnessed at Alexandria the most memorable was the reception of Athanasius after his first exile and return. The whole Egyptian population poured out like a swelling Nile—it is the figure of the narrator—to greet with shouts of joy and adoration the national saint. On the one side a huge mass of dusky children lined the broad highway; the men and women, separated into two vast hosts, as was the Oriental custom, rolled out of the city gates, an endless stream; every trade and profession was ranged in order; branches of trees were waved aloft; the richest carpets of the Alexandrian looms were flung, radiant with gay colors and costly figures, in the pathway of the hero; and when his feeble form rose on the sight, one wild burst of acclamation broke from myriads of lips. Countless hands were clapped with rapturous joy, and the most precious ointments, cast before him, filled the air with fragrance. At night the whole city glowed with a general illumination, and in every house rich entertainments invited perpetual guests. An unusual religious fervor followed. Men, women, children hid themselves in convents, or sought a hermitage in the desert; the hungry were fed, the orphans sheltered, and every household, filled with devotion, seemed transformed into a Christian church.

Through a weary life of ceaseless persecution Athanasius[1] passed onward to old age and death. But his victory was at last secured. Constantinople, Rome, and Alexandria returned to the Trinitarian faith, and the great Theodosius reigned in the Christian capital over an undivided church. The fair and prosperous city of Constantine became now the admitted head of Christendom. Rome, sacked and depopulated by Goth and Vandal, almost ceased to dispute the supremacy of the Eastern bishops; the Patriarch of Constantinople claimed a universal rule; the popes feebly or violently protested against the assumption; the Eastern emperors selected or deposed at will the Latin bishops; Justinian and Belisarius

[1] Mosheim, i. 345. Giesceler, i. 302. Gibbon, iii. 11. Constantinople was the principal seat and fortress of Arianism.

[2] See Hefele, Con., i. 658. Milman, Hist. Christ., ii. 431. The forced apostasy of Hosius and Liberius is well known. I need not allude to the vain controversy.

[1] Such was the pre-eminence of Alexandria in mathematics that to its bishops only was given the duty of fixing the beginning of Lent and the Easter season. The bishop issued every year a festal letter. Those of Athanasius have recently been discovered. See Cureton, Festal Let. of Ath.

scoffed at the fallen priests of the ancient capital.

From Justinian the Eastern Church was to borrow that novel and pleasing style of architecture which was to adorn the Kremlin and satisfy the fancy of Moslem or Christian, whose glittering domes and lavish decorations of gems and gold are more grateful to the Oriental taste than the wildest or the grandest of the Gothic minsters; and in his long and wasteful reign churches and monasteries were scattered with profuse hand over his tottering empire. It is the characteristic of feeble rulers to seek for renown in huge or costly buildings. The active but imbecile Justinian toiled to complete the splendor of Constantinople, and to make it worthy of himself. Nor was he unsuccessful. The magnificence of the decaying capital was perfected by the last resources of an impoverished world. A throng of stately churches, a palace of unequaled splendor, groves, gardens, and public edifices, rich with varied marbles, mosaics, and gold, covered anew the fortunate site where Constantine had first transplanted the simpler forms of Grecian architecture, and preserved the memory of the Doric temple or the Corinthian shaft. But under Justinian arose that tall and graceful dome of St. Sophia, the most wonderful of the inventions of the later architects, whose fair proportions still rise over the Moslem city, and reproach the Eastern Church with the spectacle of its desecrated shrine.[1] It was built of brick, but coated with marble; its exterior, like the churches of the Kremlin, could never have been imposing; but no sooner had the spectator passed its gates of bronze than he was dazzled by a profusion of rare embellishments such as St. Peter's can scarcely surpass. Above him soared the central cupola, surrounded by six smaller domes, covered with heavy gilding and gleaming with varied colors. A hundred columns of jasper, porphyry, or costly marble, torn from ancient temples, and dissimilar in form and carving, sustained the lofty roof. The altar was a pile of silver. The sacred utensils were of purest gold, studded with inestimable gems. From the walls looked down the figures of saints and angels; and in the form of a Greek cross the magnificence of St. Sophia opened at once upon the observer, and presented all its gilding, its mosaics, and its bronzes, its gold and gems, at a single glance. In its modern dress only the bare and dusky walls and the graceful domes remain; the priceless ornaments of the shrine and chancel are gone; yet the columns of porphyry from the Temple of the Sun, and the green marbles of Ephesus, may yet be distinguished, and the dull echoes of Mohammedan eloquence seem profane and dissonant in the desecrated shrine where once the Christian world collected its treasures and poured forth its prayers.

To perfect his grand conception of a Christian cathedral, Justinian labored with an ardor that never tired. Often he was seen under the glare of the noonday sun, while all others slept, clad in a coarse linen tunic, a staff in his hand, his head bound with a linen cloth, directing his workmen, urging on the indolent, and stimulating the industrious. Tradition relates that angelic visions guided him in his labors and suggested his happiest ideas.[1] A spiritual guest revealed to him a hidden treasure; a figure robed in white descended on the sacred site, and was deluded by the acute emperor into a promise to remain forever. But the ceaseless industry of ten thousand laborers, toiling often by night and day, in the course of six years completed the Church of the Holy Wisdom. Four columns, tall, graceful, and firm, sustained the swelling dome. Its tiles of Rhodian clay were the lightest of building materials. Its height from the pavement was one hundred and seventy-nine feet, its breadth one hundred. Twenty-four low and rounded windows threw streams of light through its groined ribs of equal number. Four colossal figures of winged seraphim adorned its four angles; and from its summit looked down the majestic face of Christ the Sovereign Judge, whose noble aspect is still imitated or reproduced in every Byzantine cathedral. At the eastern end of the pillared nave, the climax of the magnificent interior, arose the silver screen of the altar, composed of twelve pillars wrought with arabesque devices, twined into pairs, and graced with holy faces. A massive cross of gold appeared above. The table of the altar was formed of molten gold, into which the most costly gems had been cast in uncounted masses. Behind, the altar seats of silver, separated by golden pillars, were arranged for the bishop and clergy. Tall candelabra of gold, of the richest workmanship, threw a soft light over the glittering scene. A pulpit, a throne for the emperor and one for the patriarch, and seats for innumerable priests, probably filled all the space of the eastern end. The altar cloths were stiff with gold and gems, and patriarch and emperor were adorned with robes encumbered with the spoils of ages.

Such was the monument of barbaric folly which Justinian transmitted to the Eastern Church. Feeble vanity, religious ardor, ar-

[1] Gibbon's account of St. Sophia, iii. 523, has been enlarged by modern investigations. See Von Hammer, Constantinople und der Bosporus, i. 346. Byzantine Arch., Texier and Pullan, p. 21–59.

[1] Paul the Silentiary, and Anonymi, in Banduri, p. 61. The late sultan permitted St. Sophia to be studied, the walls purified, the figures copied, but re-covered. See Fossati, drawings lithographed by Hague, London, 1854. For the first time they were seen since 1453.

tistic genius, and inhuman waste are all exemplified in the story of the Greek cathedral. The world groaned with taxation and misery that the corrupt church might possess a gorgeous shrine; yet the great edifice has proved more lasting than any of its contemporaries, and promises to be almost as enduring as that grotesque, half-barbarous, and half-imbecile scheme of law which Justinian embodied in the Pandects and the Novels.[1] Often shattered by earthquakes or defaced by insurrections, plundered by conquerors and stripped by the Turk, St. Sophia has outlived the cathedrals of Charlemagne and the early basilicas of Rome. It preceded by nearly a thousand years the foundation of St. Peter's. It opened a new era in architecture. Its graceful dome has been imitated at Moscow and Novgorod, in Florence and Rome. The boundless richness of its interior decorations has been nearly rivaled in the Kremlin or the churches of St. Petersburg.[2] Yet no modern cathedral can recall such splendid and such touching memories as those that cluster around the central shrine of the Eastern Church. On Christmas-day, in the year 538, its founder dedicated his stately labors with a pompous pageant that exhausted the wealth and the invention of his empire. The great bronze doors rolled open. The emperor, clothed in purple, the patriarch, radiant with cloth of gold, a host of inferior clergy, arrayed in the rich vesture of a corrupt ritual, filled the silver seats around the altar. The golden candlesticks poured down their light. The courtiers and the people covered the wide expanse of the nave or dome. The graceful galleries were thronged with the fairest and the noblest women of Constantinople; and Justinian, in grateful exultation, with arms outstretched and lifted in the attitude of prayer, exclaimed, "Glory to God, who has deemed me worthy of such a work! I have conquered thee, O Solomon!" The chant of countless choristers swelled through the pillared aisles. Immense sums were expended in lavish gifts to the poor, and the whole city shared in the boundless yet too transient satisfaction of its master.

For nine centuries in St. Sophia emperors were enthroned, patriarchs installed, and the Christian festivals celebrated with Oriental pomp. It was the favorite scene for the display of the feeble magnificence of the Byzantine court. The imperial marriages and baptisms were celebrated at its altar; and above the holy spot, in the vain pride of Greek exclusiveness, was inscribed the law forbidding the marriage of a Byzantine prince with a stranger. Often its interior witnessed wild outrages and riotous fanaticism; its pavements were stained with blood in the fierce struggle of the image-breakers. From its pulpit Photius pronounced the excommunication of Rome and the separation of the two churches. The sweet music of its choristers and the splendor of its rites converted the Russians to the faith of Constantine. It was desecrated with barbarous sacrileges by the Latin Crusaders; a papal priest sat for a moment in the chair of Photius; and the hatred of the Greeks for the Latins sprang up with new intensity as they saw the brutal deeds of the chivalry of the West. "Rather," they cried, "would we see the turban of Mohammed than the pope's tiara in Constantinople." At length, in the opening of the tenth century of its existence, the vast cathedral beheld the most dreadful of all its woes. Amidst the groans and cries of the host of dying Greeks Mohammed II. strode up its blood-stained nave, and proclaimed from its high altar the God and Prophet of an accursed faith.[1] A golden crescent was raised above the dome of St. Sophia. The Greek Church, fallen and powerless, yet wept over the desecration of its central shrine as the chief of its humiliations; nor in all its wide domain is there to-day a priest or layman who does not remember that St. Sophia was torn from his ancestors by the savage Turk, or long for the day of its restoration.

Not from Goth or Hun, from the fierce tribes of the German forests who had stricken down the mighty fabric of the Latin rule, was to come the final desolation of the Eastern Church. In the opening of the seventh century it still retained an exterior grandeur that overawed the feebler sees of Western Christendom. The authority of Constantinople, in church and state, was admitted at Antioch and Alexandria, in Africa and Italy. Rome, already ambitious and avaricious, was a humble dependency of the Eastern empire. The arms of Narses and Belisarius had alone saved the fallen capital from the rule of an Arian chief, and perhaps an Arian pope.[2] Nor was it without a reasonable sense of superior intelligence as well as power that the bishops of Constantinople had assumed the title of Universal Patriarch, and claimed a general control of the Christian Church. Gothic Spain was yet held by the Arians; the great Lombard kingdom of Northern Italy still threatened to enforce the doctrines of Arius upon the Catholics of Rome and Naples; at Alexandria the native

[1] I would scarcely wish to do injustice to Justinian's codifiers, but Gaius is better than his imitator, and the Twelve Tables better than Gaius.

[2] The Church of St. Isaac, at St. Petersburg, is said to surpass all that man can conceive of splendor. Dicey.

[1] Die Männer wurden mit Stricken, die Weiber mit ihren Gürteln zwey und zwey zusammengebunden. Von Hammer, i. 550. The desolation of St. Sophia was completed by the plunder of its ornaments and the covering up of its pictures.

[2] How nearly Rome became Arian forever, when its infallible popes must have pronounced fatal heresy, may be seen in the history of the time. It was long a question whether Arianism would not rule the West.

Copts clung to the Monophysite heresy, and submitted reluctantly to the supremacy of the Greeks; yet the Patriarch of Constantinople was still the chief head of Catholic orthodoxy, and from the pulpit of St. Sophia instructed an obedient world.

It was the sword of the Saracen that swept into sudden ruin the venerable seats of early Christianity. The children of the Arabian deserts are divided into two hostile and dissimilar families—the dwellers in cities and the dwellers in the sands.[1] The former, assuming the pacific habits of the merchant, had laid aside the savage virtues and vices of the Bedouin. They lived in the rich fields of Yemen and Arabia the Happy; their fleet ships bore the spices of the East to the docks of Rome and the coast of Coromandel; their caravans had founded and cherished the prosperity of Hira and Palmyra. But it was not from the more civilized Arabs that the swift storm of reform was to break over dying intellect and virtue. The fiery children of the desert, free, impetuous, independent, whose companions from infancy had been the boundless landscape of sand and sky, the hot sun, the splendid wanderers of the night, who never rested, who had no home nor possessions but the dromedary and a tent, were now to be moved by great thoughts, and to issue from Arabia armed with a comparative truth. Amidst the wide decay of Christianity, the apparent flight of honesty and mental vigor from the earth, the cry of fallen human nature for reform was answered by a wild voice from Mecca. A Bedouin, though softened somewhat by a more pacific life, Mohammed preached to the dull world God and himself.

Mecca is described as one of those places where only necessity or habit could induce men to dwell.[2] An arid valley, shut in by bare and rugged mountains, is watered by a few feeble springs that support its scanty herbage. The hot sun, the perpetual blasts of the desert, are imprisoned in its narrow cleft, and the surrounding rocks reflect and deepen the torrid heat. Yet, by the vigorous impulse of a single active mind, the Arabian village became the rival of Rome and of Constantinople; and when Mohammed, half crazed by the problems of life and of immortality, prayed and fasted amidst its loftiest cliffs, he was preparing the swift destruction of that degenerate Christianity that had grown up in the venerable churches once tended by Mark and John.[3] At his death his followers issued from the desert, and the sword of the Saracens, during the seventh and eighth centuries, perfected their work of purification or of desolation. Jerusalem, strewn with Christian dead, became a Moslem shrine. The fate of Damascus has grown famous in prose and song. The seven churches, the crowns of seven splendid cities, have sunk into almost undiscoverable ruin. Thyatira is lost, and Sardis a brambly waste; and travelers search in vain on the lonely sites for the mighty cathedrals once raised in honor of St. John or the Holy Wisdom, and for some trace of that magnificence that once marked the Eastern Church.[1] The sword of the Saracens swept over Egypt and Alexandria; the great see of Athanasius was reduced to a wretched shadow; the Nile was cleared of its swarming monasteries; and Africa, Spain, and Sicily were readily taught to abandon the idols of Rome for the invisible deity of Mecca.

The city of Constantinople, in this period of desolation, embraced all that was yet left of the Christianity of the East, unless, perhaps, a purer faith had sprung up beneath the iron tread of Moslem tyranny, and the virtues of an age of martyrdom were revived among the obscure and forgotten fragments of the churches of Asia or the Nile. But all the visible strength of the Eastern faith seemed shut up, with the treasures of Greek art, within the walls of Constantinople. Twice the vast hordes of ardent Saracens thronged around the trembling city; the shores of the Bosphorus were ravaged by the children of the desert; and it seemed probable that the Sclaves of Russia and the Goths of Middle Europe must, with the fall of the capital, be reduced to adopt the doctrines and the Prophet of Mecca. But for the powerful walls of the Christian citadel, and the foresight of Constantine, rather than the valor of its trembling emperors and people, no human arm could have stayed the march of that swarm of enthusiasts who preached and fought for the conversion of the West; and a more successful crusade of the horsemen of Khorassan and the emirs of Mecca would have planted the crescent on the walls of Mentz or Worms. The trembling people guarded their gates; the Greek fire destroyed hosts of infidels; the Saracens melted away in the inclement winter; and six centuries passed, during which Christianity fixed itself in the heart of Russia, and a Christian empire had civilized and conquered the Niebelungs and the Hungarians, the Batavian and the Swede. The citadel of Constantine gave Christendom six centuries of progress before it yielded to the shocks of time and the rage of the Turks.

Of this period of comparative rest the most memorable event was the final separation of the Greek from the Latin Church and the deposition of the bishop of the West from an equal station in the Christian hierarchy

[1] Amari, La Storia dei Musulmani di Sicilia, i. 34.
[2] Muir, Life of Mohammed, vol. i. p. 3.
[3] Muir's picture of the youth of the Prophet is the most complete we have.

[1] For the desolation of the seven churches see Burton, Arundel, and Chandler.

with the patriarchs of Antioch and Alexandria.[1] To the faithful congregations of the orthodox East the Latin pontiff is the Judas of the band of bishops. He has been deposed from his high place; he is an excommunicate and accursed; the Patriarch of Moscow has assumed the vacant seat created by his apostasy, and a bitter warfare has raged between the rival churches, in which the praise of humanity or mercy can least be ascribed to that of Rome. Often the cruel popes labored to bring bloodshed and disunion within the walls of Constantinople, aimed the assassin's dagger at its emperors, encouraged the rage of the Crusaders, or smiled, while they trembled, at its fall. In a later age the persecuting fury of the Church of Rome was aimed against Russia and the Patriarch of Moscow. The Poles were incited to become the champions of Catholicism. For nearly a century the most fertile fields of Russia were desolated by the fierce missionaries of the West; the monasteries were sacked, the orthodox bishops tortured into submission. Moscow perished in a memorable conflagration. The Russian hierarchy were corrupted or intimidated. A usurper, the tool of the Jesuits, reigned in the holy city, and amidst the scenes of national ruin in which they have so often triumphed the popes seemed about to extend their spiritual empire over regions that had never felt their sway. But the Sclavic nation rose, led by its patriotic priests, the Catholics were expelled with heroic courage, and Poland has suffered in modern times for the cruel policy of the Jesuits and the guilt of its ancestors.

The schism between the Eastern patriarchs and the Pope of Rome sprang, no doubt, from early differences, from opposing interests, and from varying traditions.[2] In the first century the mild Polycarp, who ruled, by superior sanctity, the Syrian churches, opposed Anicetus, the presbyter or bishop of Rome, in his own city, and defended the usages of Ephesus. Anicetus modestly yielded, for he was, perhaps, a disciple of Paul;[3] but as the Roman see grew rich and powerful, it was almost the first of the early churches to fall into superstitious decay. Its early popes, Zephyrinus, Callixtus, Victor, bear no honest characters.[4] Its episcopal chair became the object of intrigue and corrupt ambition. Pride came with moral decay, and the fallen bishops of Rome hoped to hide their own spiritual degradation in a fabulous claim to the succession from St. Peter. Conscious of their own crimes, they strove to exalt the authority of the office they had won by fraud or violence, and to dazzle the world by vain assumptions and idle display. More honest, because more intelligent, the bishops of the Eastern cities still preserved some traits of the earlier simplicity. The two Gregorys, Basil, Meletius, and Chrysostom might do credit to the church of a cultivated age; but the popes were grossly ignorant, and the Latin see a centre of moral decay. The pen of the ascetic Jerome has left a vigorous sketch of the growing vices of Rome. As the Latin prelates sank lower in barbarous ignorance their pretensions rose; but the Eastern emperors treated them with little ceremony, exiled or punished the popes at will, and the Patriarch of Constantinople declared himself the universal bishop. With the fall of the chief centres of Christianity in the East under the assaults of the Saracens, the ambition of Rome revived. It aimed to subject or to destroy the Eastern Church, as it had already eradicated its rivals from Gaul or Britain, persecuted the Church of Scotland, and was to reduce cultivated Ireland to a forlorn and bleeding waste. Doctrinal differences and varying rites added lasting hostility to the war of ambition, and the Church of Rome, to the purer faith of Constantinople, seemed lost in fatal heresy. It had added to the Nicene Creed, from the decrees of a Spanish council, the unauthorized *filioque*.[1] It refused to allow its clergy to marry, in direct revolt from the well-known decision of Nice. Its abject worship of images and the Host, its ignorance, its dependence upon the Western barbarians, its pretension to a place above all the other patriarchates in honor and power, naturally excited the disapprobation and the fear of its Eastern brethren; and at length Antioch and Alexandria, Jerusalem and Constantinople, united in deposing forever from his place in the Christian Church the heretical and ambitious Bishop of Rome.

The chief source of this remarkable separation, the founder of the independence of Eastern thought, was Photius,[2] Patriarch of Constantinople. No man of his period could rival his various learning and his extensive acquaintance with the Greek classics. His vast and careful library, or selections from more than two hundred writers, passes over a boundless field of philosophy and general literature, preserves the finest passages of Herodotus or Plutarch, and indicates an intellect avid, industrious, and refined. Photius, in literary activity, was the Johnson, the Gibbon, of his century. As a layman he had traveled to the cities of the Arabs, and had been employed in high offices at the Byzantine court. In 858 the Patriarch Igna-

[1] Mosheim, i. p. 513. Gieseler, i. 503. John Jejunator assumes the title of Universal Patriarch, 587. Gregory the Great thinks the title impious.

[2] Mosheim, i. p. 513.

[3] Eusebius, Ecc. Hist., v. 24. Eusebius calls Anicetus *presbyter*.

[4] Milman, Lat. Christ.

[1] The procession from the Father and the Son first appears at the Council of Toledo. See Gieseler, ii. 73. Its adoption by Protestant churches was indiscreet.

[2] Schnitzler, L'Empire des Tsars.

tius was deposed by the Emperor Michael, and Photius was raised to the first station in the Eastern Church. The Romish see, eager to control the politics of Constantinople, assumed the cause of Ignatius, deposed or excommunicated his rival, and began its ceaseless war against a scholar and a thinker whose severe pen and vigorous intellect were to deal it blows that were never to lose their sting. In his famous encyclical Photius[1] reviewed the errors of the papal see, and held up to the Christian Church the heresies and the corruptions of Rome. He pointed out its interpolated creed, its Jewish tendency, its paschal lamb that was eaten by pope and bishops, its celibacy, and its countless crimes. His learning and his logic confounded his dull opponents, nor was there any one of the period who could meet his unequaled intellect in the field of controversy. Yet the contest was long and doubtful; the Eastern patriarchs sustained their brilliant leader; the West sided with the popes. Photius was driven into exile. Ignatius ruled in St. Sophia; he died, and Photius was again restored. Even the pope was reconciled to his return; but a new emperor banished the scholar to a lonely monastery in Armenia, where, perhaps, he died. Gleaming out an intellectual prodigy in the dark age of general ignorance, Photius has won no low place in the annals of mental progress. His wide reading and his acute disquisitions have not been lost to posterity; his bold and patriotic defense of the liberties of the East saved from contempt the decisions of Nice, and repelled from half the Christian world the later abuses of Rome.

It was the theory of the Greeks that there were five patriarchates equal in power and authority, but that the capital city of the empire must hold a titular precedence in rank. So long as Rome remained the source of government it had been allowed the primacy; when it sank into neglect and ruin, it was supplanted by the superior dignity of Constantinople.[2] But the severe strictures of Photius had now drawn the attention of the Eastern churches to the false doctrines and the rising ambition of Rome. A century of discord was followed by a final separation in 1054. The Roman legates boldly affixed an excommunication of the Greek emperor and his adherents to the altar of St. Sophia; the patriarch, in reply, pronounced an anathema against the pope. Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem joined in the condemnation; nor has Rome ever again been admitted into the communion of the early churches. Soon, under Hildebrand, it seemed to grasp at universal empire; and the rude Crusaders saw, admired, and finally plundered the sacred treasures of St. Sophia. Yet the Greeks would never relent in their hatred of Rome. Within their crumbling walls, helpless before a savage foe, they cherished to the last hour of their freedom their devotion to the faith of Photius or of Constantine; saw with abhorrence the barbarous practices of the West; nor, even when reduced to a fearful slavery under the Turk, would hold any friendly intercourse with the defamers of the Nicene Council.[1]

Sadly indeed had the Nicene patriarchates fallen from that material splendor which had made them illustrious in the reign of Constantine. A few feeble and down-trodden Greeks represented the Church of Alexandria; the trembling Patriarch of Jerusalem was seldom safe at the sepulchre or the cross;[2] Antioch had sunk into a Turkish town;[3] the Syrian shore was strewn with the wrecks of convents and cathedrals. The madmen of the Crusades had nearly completed the destruction of the Eastern Church, and in the utter ruin of the city of Constantine the last of the patriarchs had been converted into a Turkish slave. A Greek population, indeed, considerable in numbers, still gathered around desecrated St. Sophia, or occupied the fertile fields of European Turkey, but it was fast sinking into extreme ignorance, and the learning and the genius that had adorned the age of Photius or Justinian seemed forever passed away. From the depth of its abasement no human power could extricate the fallen church. Rome pursued its feeble rivals of Constantinople and Antioch with menaces and dangerous intrigues; it would have rejoiced to sweep from the earth the four patriarchates that had condemned its heresies, its follies, or its crimes; and from the time of the dull, mischievous Hildebrand had threatened an instant ruin to priests or people who might dare to oppose its absolute rule of the earth. It seemed as if the moment had come for the complete submission of all Christendom to the usurping popes. The four patriarchs might well fall down and worship their prosperous brother, whom they had so boldly ejected from the apostolic family, but who had now risen to rule over all Western Europe; whose hands were yet red with the blood of the Albigenses, the Vaudois, the Hussites, and the Lollards; whose symbol was death to the heretic, and who had resolved to drag at his spiritual triumph the nations racked by the scourge and flame,

[1] The Jesuits (see Migne, Pat. Græc., 101, 4) still rage against Photius. He is callidus, hypocrita, ambitiosus, falsarius, tyrannus, attamen ingenio et eruditione non caruit.

[2] Mouravieff, p. 292. The Patriarch Jeremiah, in the midst of his humiliation and exile, called himself Universal Patriarch—of the whole universe; but the claim involves no infallibility.

[1] Gieseler, ii. 227, n. Posuit Deus ecclesiam suam in quinque patriarchiis, etc.

[2] William of Malmesbury, iv. 2 (1099), says the Saracens permitted the patriarch to remain.

[3] The Patriarch of Antioch removed to Damascus. See Neale.

kings terrified by interdict or excommunication.

But there had grown up meantime a new centre of Oriental Christianity, inaccessible to the persecutions of Rome, and the seeds of progress, nurtured amidst the hot landscapes and the golden clime of Syria and the South, had ripened in an unknown land, where Herodotus had traced the wandering Scythians, and the Greek dramatist placed the scene of his grandest fables. The Eastern Church seemed transplanted without a change to the boundless wilderness of medieval Russia.[1] Monks and anchorites, more hardy and more terrible in their asceticism than those who had swarmed around Paul and Anthony in the Egyptian deserts, or had founded the sacred fortresses of Mount Athos, had lived and prayed amidst the Russian steppes, borne the fierce rigors of an arctic climate, and met with joy the frozen horrors of the Northern seas. Moscow and Novgorod were belted with a chain of massive convents, from whose lofty walls the conquering Tartars had been repelled with shame. The bare islands of the Arctic Ocean, where even the hardy Esquimaux had failed to find a habitation, were covered with the rude huts of Russian monks. Nor have the annals of asceticism any examples of human endurance that can compare with the self-chosen pains of Sergius, or Savatie, or Nikon. To their penance and their toils the labors of Benedict were light, the discipline of Loyola a life of indulgence. They fled to the lonely birch wood or the frozen island. Hunger, solitude, the horrors of a climate where winter and night ruled for half the year, the summer burning but not invigorating the earth, the plague of countless stinging insects from whose assaults the wild beasts fled in terror, malaria and gloom, failed to check their devotion or disturb their holy meditations. Lives of strange austerity and patient faith have rolled on unrecorded in these frightful retreats. The heroism of the squalid and savage saint was often never recognized until his emaciated frame was seen no more among men;[2] but over his poor remains, now more valued than heaps of gems, his superstitious countrymen would erect a magnificent convent, and kings and prelates bring their treasures to his shrine. Labor was always the duty of a Russian monk; sometimes intense study was joined to his devotions; and minds fortified by abstinence, bodies hardened to superhuman endurance, natural capacities enlarged by rigorous culture, have rescued from the convent or the hermitage many of the men who have proved most useful to the progress of the Sclavonic race.

If the monasteries of Mount Athos or Ararat were successfully copied on the Lauras of Moscow and Solovetsky, not less carefully were the patriarchates and bishoprics, the rituals and the cathedrals, of Antioch or Constantinople renewed in the Russian steppes. At Kief, for three centuries the centre of Russian Christendom, the bishop or metropolitan was usually borrowed or ordained from the court of the Cæsars. At Novgorod, and afterward at Moscow, arose a chain of curious churches—low, covered with glittering and fantastic domes, and shining within with a rude imitation of St. Sophia. At Moscow a patriarch was appointed,[1] with the consent of the four ancient patriarchates, to take the place of heretical Rome. A priesthood, bearded, robed, and disciplined in the Greek model, formed his missionary aid; and the soft music, the gay ritual, and the classic processions and chants that had won the hearts of the early Russians were swiftly scattered through the countless congregations that sprang up in the frozen North. The library of Photius and the sermons of Chrysostom became familiar to the Russian priest, at least in name. The manners, looks, dress, and carriage of the people of Constantinople were transferred to the towns and cities of Russia. The czars boasted a descent from the successors of Constantine, and traced a lineage back to Philip and Alexander, revived in their families the classic names, and ceased to be altogether barbarous. Nor did the four Eastern patriarchates see without exultation the rise of that vigorous power whose devotion to the creed of Nice might prove a safeguard against the ambition of Rome, and in some distant hour relieve Antioch, Alexandria, Constantinople, and Jerusalem from their bitter subjection to the Turk. Not seldom the oppressed and trembling patriarchs from the South made their way in poverty and contempt to the Russian court, and were received with honor, emoluments, and signal veneration by the rulers and the people. Through many a period of danger the Russian patriarchate has extended a kindly aid to its feebler brethren, has protected the Greek population of Turkey, has shielded the Patriarch of Jerusalem from the malice of his Latin rival, and rescued the holy places from the sole custody of the Roman heretic; and one,[2] perhaps the rul-

[1] Curzon, Levant, p. 340, etc., describes the fortress monasteries of Mount Athos; they are revived in the Holy Trinity of Moscow. See Lowth, Kremlin. For Solovetsky, see Dixon's pleasant picture of that wonderful community, flourishing in an arctic waste.

[2] Sergius, Basil, the wild hermits mentioned by a series of travelers, the founders of Solovetsky; the more recent hermits in Russia are more Oriental than Western monks; are dervishes, or Brahmin devotees.

[1] Mouravieff. In 1587. Jeremiah seems, at least, to have been no impostor. See Mouravieff's Appendix, Dis. on Jeremiah.

[2] Kinglake, Crimean War. "By causing a persistent, hostile use to be made of the fleet," vol. i. p. 487. The French emperor fanned the quarrels of the churches.

ing, cause of the Crimean war was the religious question of the Holy Sepulchre and the keen affront offered by the unscrupulous ruler of France, in the interests of the papacy or of himself, to the Eastern Church. Nor can it be doubted that the new Constantine who is to rescue the ancient seats of Christianity from the rule of Islam will come from the North, and that the five Eastern patriarchates, united and vigorous, must once more taste an uninterrupted freedom.

A fair-haired Swede or Norman, Rurik, in the close of the ninth century (862), when Alfred was about to rescue England from Danish barbarism, when the empire of the great Charles had dissolved into warring fragments, entered Russia at the invitation of its Sclavonic tribes, and founded at Kief and Novgorod the central fabric of the Russian power.[1] With flowing locks and stalwart forms, the hardy Norsemen ruled with vigor, and brought comparative repose to the obedient people; but they were pagans, worshiping gods formed from huge logs of wood, grotesquely carved and adorned with gems.[2] They had heard by report of the wonders of civilization, of the splendid city to the southward on the shores of the Euxine, rich with the treasures of commerce and of art; and more than once great fleets of the avaricious and inquisitive barbarians had assailed the port and the walls of Constantinople, confident in their own strength, and conscious, perhaps, of the cowardice of the Greeks. Once the city would have fallen had not the learned patriarch Photius worked a miracle by touching the sea with the holy garments of the Virgin. The sea rose in a violent storm, and dashed in pieces the frail vessels of the barbarians. Later emperors were content to purchase their forbearance by lavish gifts. A friendly intercourse was established between the Russians and the Greeks; and at length a royal convert, the Princess Olga, was baptized, with imposing ceremonies, at Constantinople, received the august name of Helena, the mother of Constantine, and strove to win over her countrymen from the worship of idols to the Nicene faith. She was unsuccessful; yet the name of Olga, the first Christian princess, is venerated and preserved in the reigning family of the czars. Her grandson, Vladimir (988), founds the Russian Church. A rude and simple savage, cruel and terrible, his conversion to the faith of Constantine is the dawn of Russian civilization, the chief event in the history of Eastern progress. He heard, it is said, the arguments of the envoys of various religions. The Mussulmans of the Volga pressed him to believe in their Prophet, the Western Christians in their pope, the Jew in Moses, the Greek philosophers in Attic culture. The ferocious ruler listened, but sent an embassy to Constantinople to observe the manners and the faith of the city of the Cæsars.[1] Basil the emperor and his acute patriarch prepared a religious spectacle of rare magnificence to dazzle and convert their savage and simple guests. It was a high festival. St. Sophia, magnificent in gold and mosaic, blazed with a thousand lights. The Russian envoys were placed in a position from whence, at a single glance, they might survey the splendors of the noblest of Christian churches, and a ritual that had been adorned by the costly devices of ages. Accustomed only to the rude worship of their forest gods, the simple Sclaves were converted by a splendid show that seemed the foretaste of Asgard or of Paradise. The incense smoked, the chants resounded, the patriarch, gleaming with gems and gold, entered the church; but when the long procession of acolytes and deacons, bearing torches in their hands, and with white wings on their shoulders, passed out of the sanctuary, and all the people fell on their knees, shouting "Kyrie Eleison!" the Russians, supposing the white-winged children to be angels, took their guides by the hand and expressed their wonder and their awe. "Do you not know," said the acute Greeks, "that the angels are sent down from heaven to join in our services?" "We are convinced!" cried the Russians. "Let us return home." The pious or the impious fraud, and the matchless pageant of St. Sophia, had converted a nation; nor could the dull Justinian, when he labored to perfect his favorite shrine, have conceived, amidst all his exultation, that the magnificent dome and the silver altar, the gleaming lights and graceful ritual of his cathedral, would allure half the world to the faith of Nice.

Vladimir received the account of his envoys with some hesitation. He besieged the city of Kherson, in the Crimea, and vowed that, should he succeed in taking it, he would be baptized. The city yielded, torn and bleeding, to its savage foe; but still the slow convert hesitated. He sent an embassy to the Emperor Basil, demanding his sister in marriage. He promised, on that condition, to become a Christian. He threatened that, if he were refused, he would lay Constantinople as low as Kherson. Anne, sister of Basil, nurtured in the luxury of a Byzantine palace, was the victim led forth to grace the rude lodge of the Sclavonic prince.[2] Her

[1] Karamsin gives from Nestor, Nikon, and the annalists his clear and interesting narrative. See vol. i., Sources de l'Hist. de Russ., Les Chroniques. The name of Rurik was common in France, p. 53, among its invaders.

[2] Karamsin, vol. i. p. 62, 99, describes the superstition, the ignorance, of the Sclaves.

[1] Photius claimed the conversion of the Russians. The Russians assert that St. Andrew visited Kief; but the influence of saint or bishop was feeble. See Schnitzler, L'Empire des Tsars, iii. 485.

[2] Schnitzler, iii. 489.

sister already sat upon the German throne. Anne, most effective of missionaries, bore Christianity to the wild tribes of the frozen North, and with more fortitude or resignation, perhaps, than a Xavier or a Boniface, gave her hand to her ferocious suitor, and saved her country and her faith. Vladimir was baptized. He converted the Russians by no inconclusive arguments. He ordered the whole population of Kief, his capital, to be immersed in the swelling river, while the priests read prayers upon the banks. The huge log of wood, Peroun, which had for generations been the object of adoration to the savage Russians, was dragged at the horse's tail over mount and vale, was scourged by twelve mounted lictors,[1] and thrown into the Dnieper; and Vladimir the Great, the near connection of the Christian emperors of Germany and of Constantinople, in the close of the tenth century, strove to reform Russia, and perhaps himself. It was that mournful epoch, the year 1000, when all Catholic Europe, plunged in ignorance and general woe, was watching for the last hour of existence, when it was believed that the heavens must soon melt in a general conflagration, and the earth perish in seas of fire. A wave of religious excitement passed over Germany and France; pilgrims flocked in unusual numbers to the Holy Sepulchre; the altars were thronged with ceaseless worshipers; and Russia, sharing in the general revival, seems to have gladly welcomed the Greek missionaries. Churches were built at Kief in imitation of St. Sophia, Byzantine bishops ruled in the royal city, and the docile, placable, imaginative Sclaves began to adopt the manners of Constantinople, and share the virtues and vices of the Greeks.

From the year 1000—no ominous period to Eastern civilization[2]—Russia begins its career as a Christian nation; was the spiritual offspring of the Byzantine Church; received its ordination from St. Sophia, its bishops from the schools of Constantinople; obtained an alphabet formed from the Greek; read the Scriptures in the Sclavonic tongue; was transformed from utter barbarism to a softer culture, and learned the worth of education. Five centuries pass on over the varying fortunes of the Russian Church; the descendants of Rurik and of Vladimir still rule over the Sclavonic race; the feeble rays of Constantinopolitan civilization extend themselves more and more over the savage tribes. But the sad disasters that have fallen upon Eastern Christianity seem once more to threaten its extinction. For two centuries the vast hordes of Tartars, from Genghis-Khan to Tamerlane, desolated the fairest fields of Russia, and reduced almost to a savage wilderness the land that had seemed about to surpass Western Europe in civil and religious progress. A few huge and battlemented monasteries defied the rage of the invaders, and alone kept alive the faith and the liberty of the Sclaves. In the midst of their humiliation the bishops of Moscow and Kief beheld the sudden fall of the holy city from whence had come their earliest inspiration. Constantinople sank before the arms of Mohammed.[1] St. Sophia was desecrated by an alien worship. A common ruin had ingulfed the five great Eastern patriarchates. Meantime their ambitious rival in the West had fixed its supremacy over all the European powers, and was already exciting Catholic Poland to crush the last elements of Russian freedom, to enforce the heresies of Rome upon Moscow or Novgorod.[2]

In the sixteenth century, torn by generations of discord and of hostile ravages, Russia began once more to rise into greatness. From 1533 to 1584 Ivan the Terrible, a barbarian more cruel and more frightful in his rage than his ancestors Rurik or Vladimir, ruled with success over the reviving nation, and in his moments of sanity renewed the sources of Russian civilization. He introduced the printing-press, opened a commerce with England, advanced the progress of the church. The contemporary of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., of Elizabeth—whose hand he is said to have demanded—of Charles V. and Francis I., the name of Russia was now again familiar to Western Europe, sullied by the horrible renown of Ivan, who was reported to have surpassed the crimes and cruelties of all the tyrants of the past. His early rule had been marked by piety and generous patriotism; for thirteen years he seemed a Christian hero destined to adorn his age by generous deeds. Then a cloud passed over his intellect; he sank into gross vice and loathsome cruelty; his nobles, his courtiers, and his people perished wherever he came; he blotted whole towns from existence; he covered the land with bloodshed. It was his amusement to see hale and lusty monks torn to pieces by wild beasts, to inspect his innocent victims as they writhed in fearful tortures. Yet was his zeal for religion so ardent that he often retired to a monastery for pious meditation,

[1] Karamsin, i. 109, describes the god Peroun, Dieu de la foudre—de bois, avec une tête d'argent et des moustaches d'or. Yet Peroun might compare favorably with a Bambino or a piece of the true cross.

[2] In this year Gerbert was pope and Europe lost in gnorance: the pope seemed a sorcerer; the nobles nd the kings could seldom read or write.

[1] Von Hammer, Ges. Osman, R., i. 549, describes with vigor the fate of St. Sophia and its worshipers.

[2] Hildebrand, among his wide pretensions, claimed Russia as belonging to Rome. In their extravagant folly the popes fancied that the earth belonged to them as the vicegerents of Christ, and proceeded to exercise their authority. The notion has been revived and fixed by the recent council. The popes gave Ireland to the English and America to Spain.

rang the matin bell himself at three in the morning, and passed whole days in prayer. Monster, fanatic, to whose crimes Henry VIII. might seem merciful, or Charles V. benevolent, Ivan the Terrible ruled over his submissive people with a sway perfect in its despotism. His people revered him with a strange infatuation; the assassin's dagger was never raised against him; and he died in old age, after a long and prosperous reign, and was laid in the crypts of the Kremlin.

Moscow, on the banks of the beautiful Moskwa, the holy city of the Russians, was now become the capital of an empire vigorous and united; nor has any metropolis ever so fixed the affections and the reverence of a whole people, or become so perfectly the hallowed shrine of a national faith. Not Ephesus was as dear to the languid Syrian, nor Constantinople to the Greek.[1] Holy Moscow, belted with convents, crowned with the rich spiritual and material splendors of the Kremlin, with the tombs of the czars and the bones of the saints, has become to the fanciful and ardent Russian a spot consecrated in the annals of religion and of his country. Pilgrims in yearly inundations flock to it from all the borders of a land where pilgrimages are yet a sacred duty; the czar and the serf, the Siberian and the Cossack, meet in the Church of the Assumption, or lay their various offerings in the treasury of the monks of the Holy Trinity. The traveler who passes swiftly between the endless forests of the level country sees as he draws near and stands on the neighboring hills a rich and wonderful city, crowned with a glittering circle of cupolas, blue, red, green, or gold, and teeming every where with the emblems of the Nicene faith. One strange building near the Kremlin is the wildest that fancy ever conceived. Basil, a hermit, naked and bound with an iron chain, winter or summer, wandered through the streets of Moscow. He alone dared to rebuke the old emperor, Ivan the Terrible, for his fearful crimes; and when the hermit died Ivan resolved to build a cathedral over the tomb of the saint. It was one madman doing honor to another; and day after day the aged tyrant sat in his tower on the Kremlin watching the strange building rise like an exhalation; the pagodas, cupolas, staircases, pinnacles, blend in wild confusion, and his own mad dreams shape themselves in stone. Justinian had built on in dull imbecility; Ivan in furious lunacy. At length the maddest of architectural designs was finished, and the emperor put out the eyes of his architect lest he might build another cathedral as surpassingly fair as his own.[1]

In the Kremlin centres the swelling tide of Russian faith; in the Cathedral of Michael the Archangel lie ranged around the walls the long succession of the buried czars until near the period of Peter the Great; in the chapel or church of the Repose of the Virgin, from Ivan the Terrible, the czars have been crowned; in its tower the Russian primates were elected. It is crowded with pictures hallowed by entrancing associations to the imaginative people, and rich with relics dear to the Russian and the Greek. Within the Kremlin a glitter of enchantment seems to hang over the path of the visitor; the ground he treads is the holiest upon earth to countless pilgrims; on every side he sees the peasant casting himself on the bare stones; the priests employed in ceaseless adoration; palaces splendid with the decorations of ages, and gay churches stored with gems and gold, before whose priceless treasures even the wealth of St. Sophia and of Constantinople might seem only tolerable indigence;[2] nor any where has the gorgeous taste for glittering baubles and wasteful pomp, the legacy of the Byzantine court, been so carefully applied as within the grotesque battlements of the Kremlin Hill. It resembles one of the robber caves of the Arabian legend, where the spoil of generations of plunderers was heaped up in masses of uncounted wealth. Moscow spreads broad and prosperous around its ancient fortress, the Constantinople of the North. Sixty miles from the holy city, in the midst of the wild and endless forest, sprang up in the year 1338 the Monastery of the Holy Trinity. When the Black Death was desolating the human race, and the vices of men seemed about to bring their own extirpation, the solemn refuge of meditative souls grew into a vast assemblage of buildings; its huge and lofty walls, its wide circuit of churches and convents, its swarm of brave as well as pious monks, defied the rage of the Tartar hordes; and from the battlements of the Holy Trinity saints and anchorites, bishops and deacons, summoned their countrymen to the holy wars against pagan Cossack or Catholic Pole.[3] Hermits more than once have saved Russia. Sergius, the Tell, the

[1] "Our men say," writes Richard Chancellor, "that in bigness it" (Moscow) "is as great as the city of London, with the suburbs thereof." He notices the nine churches of the Kremlin; the majesty of Ivan the Terrible, his jewels, gold, his diadem, and his courtiers clad in cloth of gold; the beauty of Moscow, the wooden houses of the Russians, their Greek faith. He went to Russia in 1553. He describes their long fasts, their service in their own tongue, their leavened bread at the communion.

[1] Schnitzler, La Russie, La Pologne, etc., p. 63. It resembles ces concrétions de stalactites où la nature imite l'art. Lowth, Kremlin, has some clear pictures. Spottiswoode thinks Moscow more beautiful in winter, covered with snow, than in summer, p. 245.

[2] Dicey, A Month in Russia, 1866, gives a lively picture of Moscow. "The wealth of Russia," he says, "would not suffice to buy the treasures of the cathedral church at Moscow," p. 108.

[3] Schnitzler, La Russie, etc., p. 97. Le monastère fut un refuge pour les vrais enfans de la patrie, et ses trésors soldèrent les défenseurs, etc.

Wallace of his country, was a wild anchorite, hiding in impenetrable forests.[1] At the battle of the Don (1380) his prayers and the valor of his monks, clothed in steel, broke the power of the Tartars. From the moat and the towers of the Holy Trinity the Catholic Poles (1613) were beaten back in a wild confusion of fighting monks and raging demons; nor, had the convent of Sergius fallen—the last retreat of Russian freedom—would the pope and the Jesuits ever have released from their grasp the sinking fabric of the Russian Church.

The sacred city became in 1587 the seat of the fifth patriarchate, and assumed, in the opinion of the East, the place made vacant by the fall of the Roman see. Jeremiah, a wandering patriarch from Constantinople, consecrated his brother Job of Moscow; the Kremlin resounded with thanksgiving; the happy czar loaded the Greek prelate with generous gifts; Antioch, Alexandria, and Jerusalem welcomed the new representative of the Nicene hierarchy; Russia was filled with holy joy, and the Patriarch of Moscow ruled over the Sclavonic Church.[2] Yet never were the Eastern patriarchates nearer their destruction; and Russia was now to prepare for that final struggle with the pope, the Jesuits, and the Poles, from which she arose, at length, wounded and bleeding, to a new career. In the close of the sixteenth century, Theodore, the last of the descendants of Rurik, sat on the throne of the czars. His mildness, his weakness, and his superstition had left him little real authority. The bold, aspiring, unscrupulous Boris Godunoff ruled in the name of his master. Already Boris had stained his conscience with a fearful crime, and had procured the assassination of Prince Demetrius, the half-brother of Theodore, and the only heir to the crown. Demetrius was eight years old when his merciless enemy removed him from his path. When the pious Theodore died, childless, Boris Godunoff, who had so long ruled the nation, was chosen czar of all the Russias in his place. Moscow rang with festivities.[3] The Patriarch Job was the devoted friend of Boris; nor, in the moment of his coronation and his triumph, could the usurper have ever dreamed that the shade of his victim, the holy child Demetrius, the last of the race of Rurik, would fall ominously across his upward way.

Raised from a private station to an imperial crown, Boris resolved to marry his two children among the royal families of Europe. His son, Theodore, the heir of the Russian throne, was destined, he thought, to win a princess. His daughter, Xenia, fair, graceful, with thick black hair and sparkling eyes,[1] he betrothed to Prince John of Denmark. All was made ready for the wedding. The fair bride had seen her husband at a distance, when suddenly Prince John was seized with a mortal sickness, and died in the midst of the gayeties of Moscow. Yet still Boris Godunoff, in the year 1600, was at the height of his prosperity. His authority was undisputed; his pious zeal conspicuous; he lived with his family in the palace of the czars, and fought with success at the head of his armies. One danger alone seemed to threaten him: the Jesuits ruled at the court of Sigismund of Poland, and, with that peculiar union of logic and of violence which has marked so many of their assaults upon nations, were winning over the Russian bishops to an alliance with Rome, or urging the Poles to invade the heretical empire. But what they most desired was to awaken civil discord among the Russians, to divide the church and the nation, and to launch the immense force of Poland, then in its mature strength, against the walls of Moscow.[2]

Nor was it long before the opportunity they had looked for came. A sudden check marred the career of the prosperous Boris. He grew suspicious and tyrannical almost in a moment; the memory of Demetrius, his innocent victim, the intrigues of the Jesuits, and the reproaches of his people, may have conspired to change him to a cruel tyrant. He imprisoned or put to death the noblest Russians, and no house suffered more deeply than that of Romanoff, the founder of the present line of czars. To add to his dangers, a wet summer brought famine over Russia; a pestilence followed;[3] robbery and murders filled all the realm, and brigands wandered through the streets of Moscow. The keen Jesuits—such, at least, is the Russian narrative—now resolved to distract the suffering realm by a civil war, to destroy the liberties of the Russian Church, and plant the papal banner in the heart of the Kremlin.[4] There was a monk named Gregory Otriepieff, whose character was vicious, but who was

[1] Sergius is called the father of Russian monasticism. Mouravieff, p. 63. He preferred to die, as he had lived, in poverty, and refused the rewards offered him for saving his country.

[2] Mouravieff.

[3] Karamsin, xi. p. 50, 54. Boris begins to reign 1598. Moscow rejoices.

[1] Boris cherchant pour sa fille un époux digne d'elle, parmi les princes Européens de sang royal, p. 54. In the year 1600 Boris was full of hope, p. 123.

[2] Karamsin, xi. p. 170, attributes the success of Demetrius to the Jesuits and the papal influence. And Mouravieff describes the mischievous labors of the Jesuit Possevin, the spread of Romish influence from Poland among the Russian bishops, the defection of many, the progress of the Unia, or the party advocating submission to Rome. That the war of the pretender was a religious one—an assault of Rome upon the Greek Church—no one will deny. Of its cruel results to Russia and to Poland all later history is full.

[3] Karamsin, xi. p. 131, 132.

[4] Mouravieff, p. 147. Karamsin, xi. p. 160, calls the pretender le fils d'un pauvre gentilhomme de Galitche nommé Jouri Otriepieff. Schnitzler, L'Empire des Tsars, p. 508, gives a clear and brief account of the Unia.

quick and subtle; he had been a favorite of the Patriarch Job, and had seen much of the royal family. One day he exclaimed, to the wonder of his fellow-monks, "I shall yet be czar at Moscow." He wandered from convent to convent; he fled to Poland, and there, at the house of a wealthy noble, pretended sickness; he sent for a confessor who was a Jesuit, and revealed his secret. He was, he said, the Prince Demetrius, who was supposed to have been murdered by Boris Godunoff, but who had escaped by a friendly exchange.

The secret was revealed by the incautious father. Sigismund, King of Poland, was induced to patronize the impostor; the papal nuncio at Warsaw and the pope, Clement VIII., joined in the project, and Demetrius or Gregory was acknowledged as the lawful monarch of all the Russias. He was privately reconciled to the Romish Church by the Jesuit fathers, and pledged himself to restore his empire, should he regain it, to the papal faith. Gregory was of middle size, graceful, his eyes blue, his hair auburn or red; one of his legs was shorter than the other; he had several marks upon his person that it was claimed proved him to have been the true Demetrius.[1] His intellect was quick and cultivated, his air noble and pleasing, his disposition generous, and his temperament sanguine. He had won the affections of Marina, the ambitious and haughty daughter of the Voivode of Sendomir, whom he had promised to place on the throne of Moscow, and her father's wealth aided in providing the forces with which he first invaded Russia. Never, indeed, was there a less promising undertaking. To enter a powerful empire, to assail a vigorous and active prince, to defy a church endeared to the whole nation, and plan the conversion by force of a hostile realm, was a project so extravagant as could only be equaled in the annals of fanaticism or of madness. Twice the undisciplined forces led by Gregory and the Jesuits were defeated. The Russian Church excommunicated him; Boris seemed firmly seated on his throne; Moscow, in the midst of the national calamities, shone with festivity; and scarcely did it seem that Gregory and Marina would ever occupy the palace of the Kremlin, or papal priests defile the altars of the Annunciation.

It is impossible to unravel the dark intrigues of this singular story, yet suddenly, in the midst of his power, Boris died, and the emissaries of Demetrius appear in the heart of the capital. His proclamations were in every hand. The great nobles assumed his cause, the people rose in his favor. The young czar, Theodore, with his mother, was dragged from the splendors of the Kremlin to perish by a horrible death; and soon, amidst a great throng of princes and boyars, Demetrius entered the capital, accompanied by his Jesuit advisers, and was hailed by his countrymen as the last of the house of Rurik. One touching scene was arranged to strike the attention of the multitude. The mother of the murdered Demetrius was still alive, hidden in a convent, and known only as the nun Martha. She was brought forth, by what influences can never be known, to acknowledge Gregory as her son. They met before all the people.[1] They embraced with a profusion of tears. The impostor led his pretended mother into a tent near at hand, and there, after so many years of separation, they indulged in a tender interview, it was told in Moscow, and the czarina at once knew and rejoiced over her long-lost son.

Marina, the proud Pole, with a throng of her countrymen, hastened to the capital to share in the triumph of her husband, and amidst a wild scene of revelry and strange rejoicing[2] Gregory and his wife were crowned in the Kremlin. The impostor sat on a throne of gold, Marina, at his side, on one of silver; their splendor mocked the miseries of their country. Moscow seemed now fallen into the hands of the Poles and the Romanists; the papal priests desecrated the churches of the Kremlin; the Jesuits pressed their scheme of reducing the Russian bishops to a submission to Rome; the impostor scoffed at the usages of the national church, and filled the high offices of the court with foreigners. A deep discontent sprang up through all the unhappy realm; the horrors of a foreign tyranny, the rule of the hated Jesuits and Poles, the dissolute morals of the new czar, who wasted his life in light amusements or fatal indulgence, roused the disgust of the clergy and the people, and from the walls of the convent of the Holy Trinity the Eastern Church still defied the arts of Rome. The imposture of Gregory was every where proclaimed. A new insurrection was planned. One night the tocsin sounded over the cupolas of Moscow; the insurgents hastened to the palace, and Gregory, flying in terror from room to room, at last threw himself from a window, and fell, maimed and bleeding, on the pavement below. He was put to death. Marina, the Poles, and the Jesuits were suffered to escape, and a new czar was chosen, whose reign soon closed in general anarchy. All Russia was weighed down by rebellion, discord, famine, and boundless woe; the ties of society were torn asunder; the flames of

[1] The question of the identity of Gregory with Demetrius is sometimes revived. In the last century Professor Müller is said to have argued against it, yet doubted. See Coxe, Russia, App. It was noticed that the great nobles went out to meet him; that his mother received him; that she never openly disowned him, etc. But the Patriarch Job, who could best detect the imposture, was his steady opponent. Karamsin and Mouravieff do not doubt.

[1] Karamsin, xi. 191. Mouravieff, 151, says the nun Martha testified *silently* to his person.

[2] Mouravieff, 151.

blazing villages, the strife of rival factions, the desolation of the Russian Church, marked the final fall of the dynasty of Rurik.

Touched neither by remorse nor compassion at the spectacle of the frightful woes they had aided so largely in bringing upon the miserable Russians, the Jesuits and the Poles, rejoicing at the opportunity, resolved to win by violence what they had vainly attempted by fraud, and, through new seas of bloodshed and devastation, to destroy forever the stronghold of the Nicene faith. Rome succeeded for a moment in fixing its deadly fangs in the heart of the sister church. Poland is supposed to have attained under Sigismund III. the height of its martial and intellectual glory; its men of letters are reckoned in long lists of doubtful excellence, and Warsaw shone with the faint radiance of a dawning civilization.[1] Its humanity, however, does not seem to have been conspicuous. Sigismund made war upon perishing Russia. With a fine army of thirty thousand men he crossed the border, took Smolensk, reduced Livonia, and appeared before the walls of Moscow. The capital yielded, and the hated standards of the Poles, the heretical emblems of Romish supremacy, ruled over the gay cupolas of the Kremlin. So low had the great empire fallen that a son of the Polish king was elected Czar of all the Russias, and Moscow, the holy city of Eastern Christendom, had almost become an appanage of hated Rome. Yet still from the brick walls and tall towers of the Holy Trinity,[2] now become the last stronghold of the Eastern faith, while the Swedes ravaged Russia in the north, and the Poles held its fairest provinces, a brave monk proclaimed a deathless resistance to the invaders. The vast wealth of the famous monastery was applied to no useless aim. The Poles for sixteen months besieged in vain the holy fortress, and at length Moscow was set on fire, and all except the blackened Kremlin was leveled with the ground. The Poles and the Jesuits fled from the wild rage of Russian monks and a superstitious people. The first of the Romanoffs was placed on the throne, and, with shame and horror, Russia threw off the yoke of the fallen pope, which had for a moment defiled the holy city of the East.

The son of a bishop, the representative of a mercantile family, whose plain house is still preserved by their imperial descendants at Moscow, Michael Romanoff became Czar of Russia. His father, the Patriarch of Philaret, a person of learning and of virtue, guided his councils. The country and its church slowly recovered from the dangerous wounds they had received from the Jesuits and the Poles, yet the wide provinces torn from Russia by Sigismund, the humiliating peace with Poland (1613), the ravages of the Swedes, had checked its progress or blighted its prosperity. The young czar was forced to give up to Sigismund new territories, to be added to the spiritual empire of the pope. It is related of this period that Russia, apparently shut out forever from European conquests,[1] began to spread its authority over the icy wastes of Siberia. Yet, as the son of a priest had restored the peace of his country, a wild, huge, stern, impulsive hermit renewed the vigor of its government and reformed its church. Savage and scholar, priest or executioner, the brutal Nikon ruled over the court and the monasteries of Russia with signal power, and the rites and the culture of Russian Christianity have received their final moulding from his rude yet original hand.

Of all the eminent names of the seventeenth century, that of Nikon is least known to the West, yet most honored in the East.[2] The gigantic reformer was seven feet in stature, his frame stalwart and vigorous, his complexion ruddy, his eyes blood-shot, his countenance severe and terrible. He was born a peasant; his huge frame was exercised in childhood to hardship and labor; in his youth he met with a copy of the Scriptures, and, seized with that strong religious impulse so common to his country, he fled secretly from his father's house to hide himself in the recesses of a convent. Remorse, contrition, hope, despair, such as a Bunyan or a Baxter may have felt or described, probably seized upon the iron nature of the huge Sclave, and drove him to silent meditation or secret prayer. His father, however, succeeded in recalling him from his convent to a more useful life. He was married, and became a village priest, and for ten years Nikon seems to have performed with regularity his modest duties. But of all passions, that for a monastic seclusion, an asceticism founded upon the model of Paul or Anthony, seems to be the most powerful to the Russian mind; the unhappy, the destructive, and the degrading taste for a monkish solitude or a hermit's cell, the mental disease of Thibet or of the Middle Ages, ruled and still rules in Russia with unabated power. Nor could Nikon ever restrain the promptings of his powerful but disordered intellect, and in every moment of disappointment or chagrin he pined for the soothing privations of a stone pillow or an eremite's cave. After ten years of labor as a village priest, he persuaded his wife to enter a convent, and went himself, he believed at the call of Heaven,

[1] Hist. de la Pologne, Chevé. Sigismund était attaché aux Jésuites. Il voyait avec plaisir quelle ardeur ils déployaient pour la conversion des hérétiques, etc., ii. p. 77, 87. Chevé reckons up a list of more than a thousand eminent Poles. [2] Mouravieff, 165.

[1] Mouravieff, 181. From this period begins the spread of Russia toward the East.

[2] Mouravieff, p. 193. Stanley.

into the wildest abodes of asceticism. At Solovetsky, amidst the fierce waves of the Arctic Sea, in the depth of unvarying winter for two-thirds of the year, the gigantic recluse complained of the luxury of his abode, pressed on into a sterner retreat, and on a lonely island of the Onega, swept by wild winds, corroded by frost, torn by stinging insects, and fed or starved on the dole of pilgrims or the coarse food of a peasant, the Russian reformer macerated his powerful frame, poured forth his litanies, and lived for many years, it is said, content.[1]

Alexis, the fair and amiable, sat on the Russian throne, and the annals of human friendships have few more curious records than that of the close and intense intimacy that grew up between the wild hermit of the White Sea islands and the despot of the Russian realm. Nikon was drawn reluctantly, with pain and dim foreboding, upon some convent business, from his forest cell to Moscow. He met Alexis, and won a control over his gentle intellect that seems to have contributed little to the happiness of either. The czar forced Nikon to leave his island to rule in his councils and guide the Russian Church. He became bishop, patriarch. For six years Nikon ruled Russia, nor was Alexis scarcely absent from his side. In the magnificent robes of his ancient ritual, Nikon is seen on many a canvas or panel in his favorite churches, his huge form, his fierce countenance, indicating that powerful hand with which he purged the convents or assailed the Poles. Intellectually Nikon seems to have been scarcely less remarkable than in his physical nature. His mind, purified by abstinence and enlarged by silent thought, had, by some process little conceivable, become stored with learning in his forest home, and toiled upon literary labors that might have employed the whole leisure of feebler intellects. His eloquence, his voice—the cry of a giant—subdued his impassioned audiences; but it is as the reformer of the national church that he is either adored or loathed by his countrymen. For six years he toiled to purify and elevate the rites, the liturgy, and the manners of his barbarous clergy.[2] He was sincere, with a depth of truthfulness that Knox or Luther would have admitted; he was passionate, sensitive, imperious, tyrannical, and cruel almost as a Dominic or a Loyola. His janizaries roamed through Moscow, and when they had found an erring monk intoxicated, he was scourged and sent to prison. Nikon, it was said, never forgave. He exposed the metropolitan of Mira to be eaten alive by cannibals for smoking tobacco; he left three deacons, who had married twice, to die in chains;[3] the prisons were filled with the clergy; Siberia was peopled by the unworthy ministers of the church; and, with no uncharacteristic cruelty, in the land of Ivan the Terrible or Peter the Great, Nikon enforced a Puritanic or a monkish austerity in every convent and every parish.

To his vast, ill-ordered, yet fanciful intellect, so imperfectly fed with appropriate aliment, and eager for some advance in knowledge, there rose up the splendid pageant of that early church which had shone in fresh magnificence under Constantine, or adorned St. Sophia in the pious reign of Justinian; and Nikon resolved, by a wide reform—an Oriental progress—to soften the barbarism of his uncultivated clergy, and revive in Moscow and Novgorod the ancient graces of the Eastern rites. He sent to Mount Athos to gather from its pious fortresses, untouched by the infidel, the purest and most tasteful of services, the true mode of giving the benediction with three fingers instead of two, the fairest altar-cloths, and the most authentic pictures. The most extravagant of modern ritualists would have been satisfied with the care bestowed by the barbarous patriarch upon robes and vestments, music and genuflections. His printing-press at Moscow poured forth his new ritual; he corrected the Russian Scriptures, and improved the Sclavonic literature. His gigantic intellect, so keen in its perception of minute faults, was engaged in endless labors. He generously fed the poor, founded hospitals and convents, and built a magnificent patriarchal palace on the Kremlin; was insensible to mortal dangers, and ruled Russia with awful severity. Alexis, with bare head, listened with fixed interest to the stern eloquence of his friend, stood uncovered before him at the cathedral, and gave him the precedence in spiritual rank; and Nikon, with the zeal if not the intelligence of a Luther or a Calvin, conscious that he was pursuing a perilous career, pressed on the work of reform.

Around him gathered the clouds of ruin: the nobles resolved to destroy the fierce and impassive monk, who had risen from a peasant's hut to rule all Russia; the priests refused to alter one word of that venerable service that had satisfied the tastes of their simple fathers. At last—most fatal omen for Nikon—a coldness grew up between him and his friend; the fierce, impulsive, sensitive monk was wounded by the neglect of the czar, and in the anguish of disappointment of lost affection and fading hope, once more recalled the first vision of his youth, the peaceful habitation of his manhood, and sighed for his hermit's cell.[1]

Conscious of approaching evil, wounded by the cruelty of Alexis, who refused to see him, for the last time clothed in the magnif-

[1] Mouravieff, 195.
[2] Mouravieff. Stanley, 360. Macarius, ii. 227.
[3] They were released at the request of Macarius of Alexandria. Mac., ii. 364.

[1] Mouravieff. Stanley.

icent robes of the Greek service, the patriarch celebrated the holy office in the cathedral of Moscow, and then, elate with indignation, tore off his costly insignia, laid down his patriarchal staff, and with his mighty voice, that echoed through the crowded building, declared that he was no more the head of the Russian Church.[1] Amidst the tears and the terror of the faithful people, who strove by various arts to confine him in the cathedral, to imprison him in their arms, Nikon left the splendid patriarchal palace and his royal circle to hide in rage and gloom amidst the solitude of a forest. Not very far from the holy city, in a pleasant woods, he had planned a monastery and a cathedral in imitation of that which enshrines the Holy Sepulchre; and in its chancel rose five lofty seats to enthrone the five eminent patriarchs, of whom he was at one moment the most powerful. But, in his disgrace, he took refuge in a tower behind the convent. His cell was so narrow as scarcely to admit his gigantic form. His bed was a ledge of stone. His dress, no longer glittering with the insignia of office, was coarse and rude; he labored among the workmen, no unskillful mason, in completing his convent; he wrote in his cell his annals of Russia.[2] Yet humility was never a virtue of the savage anchorite; he still heaped curses upon his enemies, and once he stole from his retreat to Moscow, hoping to revive the lost friendship of Alexis. He was repulsed. His enemies pursued him to his retreat; and on a solemn day, in the patriarchal palace, assembled a remarkable synod of Eastern bishops to try and depose Nikon for contumacy and fancied crimes. Alexis, like Constantine at Nice, presided in the council, and wept incessantly over the sorrows of his former friend. Yet the feeble ruler did not venture to save him.[3] He was condemned, degraded from his office, and in the dead of winter, when the fierce frost ruled over the Russian steppes, was hurried, thinly clad and torn with wild emotions, a prisoner to a lonely convent on the White Sea. Many years passed on; Nikon was forgotten; Alexis died; his successor permitted the prisoner to be removed to the more genial clime of his favorite convent of the New Jerusalem; and touched by a mortal illness, bowed down by old age and shame, the monk set out on his last journey. His huge form was carried on a sledge to the Volga; he floated on a barge down the rapid river; the monks and the peasants thronged around him to kiss his hands or his garments; and as he approached the well-known shore he had only strength to receive the last rites of religion, to cross his hands upon his breast, and with one great sigh left the world in peace.

Nikon renewed the Russian Church. He was no Luther, teaching progress, nor a Wesley, breaking down the priestly caste, nor a savage Dominic, founding an Inquisition; the vices or the virtues of Western reformers he never shared. But he brought into the national service the sweet music of Greece, the rich dress, the rare pictures of Mount Athos; he improved the ritual; he revived the memories of Constantinople and St. Sophia.[1] He roused his barbarous countrymen to a fresh study of their own annals, brought to the minds of monks and priests the picture of the great patriarchates of the East, lost in poverty and humiliation, and pointed them to their brethren of the South. But Nikon's reforms produced a great schism in the national church. A large body of the people refused to accept his new books, looked with horror upon his innovations, and clung to the usages of their fathers. They are known as the Starovers, or Old Believers. They abhor the name and memory of Nikon[2] the Reformer. He is the false prophet of the Apocalypse, and all his followers are Antichrist, and lost. No Starover will eat from the same dish with a Nikonian, or bathe in the same water. The Old Believer never smokes tobacco, will eat no potatoes—the devil's food—or worship the pictures of recent artists. He clings to the past with barbarous obstinacy, and many millions of these austere conservatives, frowned upon by rulers and scorned by the priests, still inhabit the southern provinces, and even have their churches at Moscow.

A regal Nikon, Peter the Great, is the next reformer of the Russian Church. He broke down the power of the great monasteries, deprived them of their revenues, reduced them to weakness; he changed the constitution of the church, and in the place of a single patriarch ruling at Moscow, placed the control of all ecclesiastical affairs in a Holy Synod.[3] There is no longer a patriarch of Moscow. The Holy Synod or council takes the place of the earlier prelate, and has been admitted by Antioch, Alexandria, Jerusalem, and Constantinople to an equality with the patriarchal office. The huge, stern, cruel Peter, hated by every

[1] 1658, the close of his six years' rule. Mouravieff, p. 263.

[2] Mouravieff, 223. Nikon, says the historian, was morbid, gloomy, quick to take an affront.

[3] Mouravieff, 227. His six years' rule was the most brilliant period of the reign of Alexis.

[1] Mouravieff. Stanley.

[2] Kohl. Dixon and the travelers give various notices of the Russian sects. But little unity seems to exist in the faith of the people.

[3] A laborious but wearisome effort, by the Rev. C. Tondini, to allure the Greek Church back to the arms of Roman infallibility, objects that the patriarchs have no temporal power; but it is probable that they will prefer spiritual to temporal progress. See his Assault on the Patriarchates, p. 165: a feeble argument.

Old Believer as the Antichrist and the Nikon of his age, crushed with rigorous hand the power of the clergy, and sanctioned the music, the robes, the improved books, the endless rites, suggested by the reforming monk. The modern Russian Church is the church of Nikon, and the wild hermit of the arctic forest has left the trace of his original hand upon the Christianity of the East. Yet the Greek Church still repeats the magnificence and the stately ceremonies of St. Sophia. There are no images, but countless pictures of saints and deities crowd the walls of the Kremlin or of St. Isaac's; and at Moscow the picture of the Iberian Mother visits its patients in state, like the Bambino at Rome.[1] In every house, in every room, there is a picture with a candle burning before it, and no faithful churchman passes it without a bow. In the cathedral no organ or clashing band startles the pillared nave with wild bursts of labored harmony; but a choir of singers, trained to the highest excellence, breathe forth the ancient melodies of Greece; or some Russian basso, it is said the most powerful of human voices, shouts forth the anathemas against the heretics, and terrifies his hearers with musical indignation. The traditions of a simpler ritual still linger, and sometimes a rude, illcultivated, but zealous layman reads, in faltering accents, from the clerical desk the story of the Passion, the scene in Gethsemane.[2] The taste for a monkish life, which has received fatal wounds in Western Europe, still rules in modern Russia. The convents swarm in countless numbers from the Black Sea to the Arctic. It is a common conclusion for a merchant's or a broker's career to build a hermitage and lay the foundations of a monastery. The black clergy, as they are called—a host of hermits, friars, monks, ascetics—live in abstracted ignorance, and withdraw from society the faculties and the intellects that should be given to the common benefit, and the principle of selfish isolation is illustrated in the Russian convent with a general prevalence unknown to modern times. Paul and Anthony, the two Egyptian fanatics, are still the guides of millions, and Russia teems with anchorites and wild ascetics. Far out on the frozen waters of the White Sea, on a cluster of islands to whose clime Iona might seem a balmy haven of summer rest, stands Solovetsky, the most prosperous, the chief, perhaps, of modern monasteries.[3] In the dawn of the fifteenth century St. Savatie penetrated to the lonely scene, where even the hardy Laps refused to dwell, carved a rude cross from a fallen pine, and made his hermitage on the icy shores of Solovetsky. The island has become a city of meditative souls. A huge fortress encircles its chief convents. White churches, crowned by green cupolas and golden crosses, shine upon its hills. In the bright, short summer, when the clear Arctic Sea sweeps gently around the holy island, throngs of pilgrims wander to the shrine of St. Savatie, bathe in the sacred lake, and taste the consecrated bread. No woman is permitted to dwell on the hallowed soil. For the brief period of summer she may come, for a single day, under careful restraints, to win the benefits of the arctic pilgrimage; but no sooner does the first snow whiten the poor herbage of the island than the privilege ceases. Then not even the Empress of all the Russias would be suffered to intrude within the abode of celibacy. The monks of Solovetsky are industrious;[1] their workshops produce a variety of useful articles; neatness, good order, and precise devotion mark the singular community; its churches gleam with rich ornaments, and are stored with the gifts of the pious; and, locked in the impenetrable security of a frozen sea, the followers of Anthony and Savatie dream out their dull and prosy lives, defy the rigors of an arctic clime, and chant the litanies of Chrysostom or Basil.

Such is an imperfect sketch of that imperishable church that grew up on the rich shores of Syria, under the genial guidance of the Beloved Apostle, and has fixed its firm foundations in the heart of the most progressive of modern empires. It may be hoped that the genial influence of an enlightened reform may pass over its faithful but uncultivated followers; that its superstitions may be softened, its lingering traits of harshness be removed; that its humanity, which has been so lately proved in the liberation of millions of serfs, may lead it to a general toleration; that its cumbrous ritual may be restored to the simplicity of a Scriptural age; that Antioch and Alexandria, Jerusalem, Constantinople, and Moscow, may share the advancing tide of progress,[2] and renew the moral vigor, the clear commonsense, the love for man, the boundless self-devotion of the fishermen of Galilee.

[1] Lowth, Around the Kremlin, has a lively description of the deep devotion shown by all classes to the Iberian Mother.

[2] Kohl, p. 166, hears a scarred soldier read in a church on Easter-eve with touching effect.

[3] Dixon's animated account of Solovetsky (see Free Russia) abounds in interesting particulars, of which I have been enabled to notice only a few.

[1] Dixon, p. 79. The monks excel in bread-making, are tanners, weavers, etc. The convents resound with the hum of labor. They have proved that successful industry repels the influence of climate.

[2] The East will probably owe its new progress to the vigor of the excommunicated Photius, yet the fury of the popes against the founder of the Eastern Church is beyond expression. Hadrian II. assails him: Photio invasori, Photio sæculari et forensi, Photio neophyto et tyranno, Photio schismatico et damnato, Photio mœche et parricido. Migne, Græc. Pat., 101, p. 11. Nor is there any one so execrated by the fanatics as the accomplished scholar of the ninth century—the intellectual parent of the empire of the czars.

OLD KENSINGTON.

By MISS THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XI.

RABAN MEETS THE SHABBY ANGEL.

SOMETIMES winter days come in autumn, just as hours of old age and middle age seem to start out of their places in the due rotation of life and to meet us on the way. One October evening in the following year a damp winter fog was spreading over London; the lights from the windows streamed faintly upon the thick veils of vapor. Many noisy shadows were out and about it, for it was Saturday night, and the winding Kensington thoroughfare was almost blocked by the trucks and the passers-by. It was only six o'clock, but the last gleam of light had died away behind the western chimney-tops, and with the darkness, and notwithstanding the fog, a cheerful saturnalia had begun. A loitering, a clamoring through the clouds of mist, witches with and without broomsticks, little imps darting through the crowd, flaring trucks drawn up along the road, housewives bargaining their Sunday dinners. It seemed a confusion of darkness, candles, paper-shades, halfpence, oranges, and what not. Now and then some quiet West End carriage would roll by, with lamps burning, through the mist, and horses tramping steadily. Here or there, in one of the old houses, a bending head might be seen in some lighted window—it was before the time of Saturday half-holidays—the forge was blazing and hard at work, clink, clank fell the iron strokes, and flames flashed from the furnace.

Beyond the church and the forge and the crowd the shop lights ceased, the fog seemed to thicken, and a sudden silence to fall upon every thing; while the great veils of black mist spread on along the straight road, hiding away how many faces, hearths, and home-like rays. There are whole years in one's life that seem so buried beneath some gloomy shadow; people come and go, lights are burning, and voices sound, but the darkness hangs over every thing, and the sun never seems to rise. Frank Raban, who has come elbowing his way out of the crowd, thinks some such thought as this as he looks about trying to find his way to the place to which he is going. After a moment's hesitation he turned up a side lane, looming away out of the region of lamps. It was so black and silent that he thought he must have been mistaken. He had been carefully directed, but there seemed no possibility of a house. He could just make out two long walls; a cat ran hissing along the top of one of them, a wet foggy wind flickered in his face, and a twig broke from some branch overhead. Raban wondered if the people he was in search of could be roosting on the trees or hiding behind the walls this damp evening.

He was turning back in despair when he heard voices; a door opened with a flash of light; through the brick-work a lantern was held out.

"Good-night," said a loud, cheerful voice. "Why, your street lamp is out; take my arm, Rhoda. Go in, Dorothy, you will catch cold." And two figures, issuing from the wall like figures in the "Arabian Nights," passed by him hurrying along—a big, comfortable great-coat, and a small, dark thing tripping beside it. Meanwhile the person who had let them out peeped for an instant into the blackness, holding the lantern high up so as to throw its light upon the lane. There came the sudden revelation of the crannies of an old brick wall, of creeping green ivy, rustling in the sudden light which seemed to flow from leaf to leaf, of the branches of trees overhanging the doorway, and of a young face smiling upon the dim vapors. It was all like the slide of a magic lantern passing on the darkness. Raban almost hesitated to come forward, but the door was closing on the light, and on the shining phantasmagoria.

"Please wait," he said, coming up. "Does Lady Sarah Francis live here?"

The girl started—looked at him. She, in turn, saw a red beard and a pale face coming suddenly out of the darkness, and with a not unnatural impulse she half closed the door. "Yes," she said, retreating a step or two toward the house, which Raban could now see standing ghost-like within the outer wall. It was very dimly lighted, here and there, from deep windows. It seemed covered with tangled creepers. Over the open hall door an old-fashioned stone canopy still hung, dripping with fog and overgrown with ivy.

The girl, with her lantern, stood on the steps like some figure in a story. Where had he read about her? This was a blooming maiden in a dark green dress, cut in some quaint old-fashioned way, and slashed with black. Her dress was made of coarse, homely stuff, but a gold chain hung round her neck. Her reddish-brown hair was pinned up in pretty twists, and some berries glistened among its coils.

"Do you want to *see* Lady Sarah?" she said, a little impatiently. "Will you shut the garden door?"

Mr. Raban did as he was bid. Coming back, he found her waiting in the old hall, scanning him still by her lamp-light. She had put the lantern on a corner of the

carved chimney-sill, from whence its glimmers fell upon oaken panels, flags of marble, black and white, closed doors, a dark oak staircase winding into gloom and blackness.

"Please go in there," said the girl, in a low voice, pointing to an open door.

Then she quickly and noiselessly barred and fixed the heavy bolts; her white hands slid along the old iron hasps and hooks. Raban stood watching her at work; he found himself comparing her to an ivy plant, she seemed to bloom so freshly in the damp and darkness, as she went moving hither and thither in her odd green gown. The next moment she was running up the staircase. She stopped, however, on the landing, and leaned over the balusters to point again, with a stiff quick gesture, to the open door.

Raban at last remembered that he had not given his name. "Will you kindly say that—"

But the green dress was gone, and Raban could only walk into the dark room, and make his way through unknown passes to a smouldering fire dying on the hearth. On his way he tumbled over a growl, a squeak. Then a chair went down, and a cat gave a yell and sprung into the hall. It was an odd sort of place, and not like any thing that Raban had expected. The usual proprieties of life have this advantage, that people know what is coming, and pull at a wire with a butler or a parlor-maid at the other end of it, who also know their parts, and in their turn correspond with an invisible lady up stairs, at the right-hand corner of the drawing-room fire-place. She is arranged to come forward with a nice bow, and to point to the chair opposite, which is usually on casters, so that you can pull it forward; and as you sit down you say, "I dare say you may remember," or "I have been meaning to," or, etc.

But the whole machinery seemed wanting here, and Frank Raban remained in the dark, looking at the unshuttered black windows, or at the smouldering ashes at his feet. At first he speculated on the ivy-maiden, and then, as the minutes went by and no one came in, his mind traveled back through darkness all the way to the last time he had met Lady Sarah Francis, and the old sickening feeling came over him at the thought; but he put it away, as he had trained himself to do. For in these last few years he had felt that he must either fight for life or sink forever. Heaven knows, it was through no merit of his own that he had not been utterly wrecked; that he was here to-night, come to repay the debt he owed; that, more fortunate than many, he had struggled to shore. Kind hands had been held out to help him to drag safe out of the depths. Lady Sarah's was the first; then came the younger, firmer grasp of some of his companions, whom he had left but a year or two ago in the old haunts, before his unlucky start in life. It was habit which had taken him back to these old haunts at a time when, by a fortunate chance, work could be found for him to do. His old friends did not fail him; they asked no questions; they did not try to probe his wounds; they helped him to the best of their ability, and stood by him as men stand by each other, particularly young men. No one was surprised when Mr. Raban was elected to one of the minor lectureships at St. Athanasius. He had taken a good degree; he had been popular in his time, though now he could not be called a popular man. Some wondered that it should be worth his while to settle down upon so small an inducement. Henley, of St. Thomas's, had refused it when it was pressed upon him. Perhaps Raban had private means. He had lived like a rich man, it was said, after he left. Poor Frank. His grandfather had left him nothing in his will; he had not forgiven that marriage. Those two fatal years had eaten up the many lean kine that were to follow. All he had asked for was work, and a hope of saving up enough to repay those who had trusted him in his dismay. He gratefully took the first chance that came in his way. The morning he was elected to his professorship he went to thank one or two of his supporters. He just shook hands, and said, "Thank you;" but they did not want any fine speeches, nor was Frank inclined to make them.

Three years are very long to some people, while they are short to others. Mrs. Palmer had spent them away from her children not unpleasantly, except for one or two very vehement differences with the captain, who had taken to offering up public prayers for Philippa's conversion. Lady Sarah had grown old in three years. She had had illness and money troubles, and was a poor woman now, comparatively speaking. Her hair had turned white, her face had shrunk, while Dolly had bloomed into brightness, and Frank Raban had grown into middle age, as far as hope and feelings went. There he sat in the warm twilight, thinking of the past—ah! how sadly! He was strong enough for to-day, and not without trust in the future; but he was still almost hopeless when he thought of the past. He had not forgiven himself. His was not a forgiving nature, and as long as he lived, those two fatal years of his life would make part of it; but he had not yet learned this—(although Sarah Francis, out of her own sorrowful experience, had once tried to teach him the lesson; but some things can not be taught by words, only by time)—that for some people the only possible repentance is to do better. Mere repentance, that dwelling upon past

misery and evil-doing which people call remorse, is, as often as not, madness and meaningless despair.

Sometimes Frank wondered now at the irritation which had led him once to rebel so furiously at his fate. Poor, gentle fate! he could scarcely understand his impatience with it now. Perhaps, if Emma had lived—

How often, in our blindness, do we take a bit of our life, and look at it apart as a finished history! We take a phase incomplete, only begun, perhaps, for the completed and irrevocable whole. Irrevocable it may be, in one sense, but who shall say that the past is completed because it is past, any more than we ourselves are completed because we die? Frank had not come to look at his own personal misdoings philosophically (as what honest man or woman would?), or with any thing but shrinking pain as yet; he could bear no allusion to those sad days.

"You know Paris well, I believe, Mr. Raban," said some young lady. "How long is it since—"

He looked so odd and angry that she stopped, quite frightened. Dark, fierce lines used to come under his heavy eyes at the smallest attempt to revive what was still so recent and vivid. If it was rude, he could not help it.

He never spoke of himself. Strangers used to think Raban odd and abrupt when he sometimes left them in the middle of a sentence, or looked away and did not answer. His old friends thought him changed, but after a great crisis we are used to see people harder. This one talks, and you think he has told you all; that one is silent, and he thinks he has told you nothing. Feelings come and go, the very power to understand them comes and goes, gifts and emotions pass, our inmost natures change as we go on wandering through the narrow worlds that lie along the commonest commonplaces and ways of life. Into what worlds had poor Frank been wandering as he stood watching the red lights dull into white ashes by the blue tiles of the hearth!

Presently a lantern and two dark heads passed the window.

"Where is he?" said a voice in the hall. "Dolly, did you say Mr. Raban was here? What! all in the dark?"

The voice had reached the door by this time, and some one came and stood there for an instant. How well he remembered the kindly croaking tones! When he heard them again it seemed to him as if they had only finished speaking a minute before.

Some one came and stood for an instant at the doorway. No blooming young girl with a bright face and golden head, but a gray-haired woman, stooping a little as she walked. She came forward slowly, put her light upon the table, and then looked at him with a pair of kind, shaggy eyes, and put out her long hand as of old.

Raban felt his heart warm toward the shabby face, the thick, kindly brows. Once that woman's face had seemed to him like an angel's, in his sorest need. Who says angels must be all young and splendid? Will there not be some comforting ones, shabby and tender, whose radiance does not dazzle nor bewilder; whose faces are worn, perhaps, while their stars shine with a tender tremulous light, more soothing to our aching, earth-bound hearts than the glorious radiance of brighter spirits? Raban turned very red when he saw his old friend. "How could you know I was here? You have not forgotten me?" he said; not in his usual reluctant way, but speaking out with a gentle tone in his voice. "I should have come before, but I—" Here he began to stammer and to feel in his pocket. "Here it is;" and he pulled out a packet. "If it hadn't been for you, I should never have had the heart to set to work again. I don't know what I should have done," he repeated, "but for you." And then he looked at her for an instant, and then, with a sudden impulse, Raban stooped—as he did so she saw his eyes were glistening—he stooped and kissed her cheek.

"Why, my dear!" said Lady Sarah, blushing up. She had not had many kisses in her life. Some people would as soon have thought of kissing the poker and tongs.

Raban blushed up too, and looked a little foolish, but he quickly sobered down again. "You will find it all right," he went on, quietly. "The one hundred and fifty pounds you lent me, and the interest for three years at six per cent., make one hundred and sixty-five pounds," said Raban, folding her long thin hand over the little parcel. "And good-night, and thank you."

Still Lady Sarah hesitated. She could not bear to take it. She felt as though he had paid her twice over; that she ought to give it back to him, and say, "Here, keep it. I don't want your money, only your kiss and your friendship. I was glad to help you." But no, she *could* not give it back, she wanted the money so. She looked up in his pale face in a strange wistful way, scanning it with her gray eyes. They almost seemed to speak, and to say, "You don't know how I want it, or I would not take it from you."

"How changed you are!" she said at last, speaking very slowly. "I am afraid you have been working too hard to pay me. I oughtn't to—" He was almost annoyed by this wistful persistency. Why did she stand hesitating? Why did she not take it and put it in her pocket, and have done with it? Now again she was looking at the money with a pathetic look, as if it was *alive;* and so it was alive to her, poor soul—for things

were changed at Church House. And meanwhile Raban was wondering, Could it be that this woman cared for money—this woman who had forced her help upon him so generously? He hated himself for the thought. This was the penalty, he told himself, for his own past life—this fatal suspicion and mistrust of others. Even his benefactress was not to be spared.

"I must be going," he said, starting away, in his old stiff manner. "You will let me come again, won't you?"

"Come again! Of course you will come again," Lady Sarah said, laying her thin fingers on his arm. "I shall not let you go now until you have seen my Dolly." And so saying, she led him back into the hall. "Go in; you will find her there. I will come back," said Lady Sarah, abruptly, with her hand on the door-handle. She looked quite old and feeble as she leaned against the oak. Then again she seemed to remember herself. "You—you will not say any thing of this," she added, with a sudden imploring look; and she opened her thin fingers, still clutching the packet of bank-notes and gold, and closed them again.

Then he saw her take the lantern from the chimney and hurriedly toil up the stairs, and he felt somehow that she was going to hide it away.

What would he have thought if he could have seen her safe in her own room, with the sovereigns spread out upon the bed and the bank-notes, while the poor soul stood eagerly counting over her store? Yes, she loved money, but there were things she loved still more, and for them she hoarded, and, at need, dispensed her secret stores for them —she sacrificed even her failings. Sarah Francis, alone in the world, might have been a miser if she had not loved Dolly so dearly —Dolly, who was Stan's daughter. There was always just this difference between Lady Sarah and open-handed people. With them money means little—a moment's weakness, a passing interest. With Lady Sarah to give was doubt, not pleasure; it meant disorder in her balanced schemes; it meant truest self-denial; to give was to bestow on others what she meant for Dolly's future ease and happiness; and yet she gave.

CHAPTER XII.

DOROTHY BY FIRE-LIGHT.

Lady Sarah had left Raban to go into the drawing-room alone. It was all very strange, he thought, and more and more like a crazy dream. He found himself in a long room of the color of fire-light, with faded hangings sweeping mysteriously from the narrow windows, with some old chandeliers swinging from the shadows. It seemed to him, though he could not clearly see them, that there were ghosts sitting on the chairs, denizens of the kingdom of mystery, and that there was a vague flit and consternation in the darkness at the farther end of the room, when through the opening door the gleam of the lantern, which by this time was traveling up stairs, sped on with a long slanting flash. For a moment he thought the place was empty; the atmosphere was very warm and still; the fire-light blazed comfortably; a coal started from the grate; then came a breath, a long, low, sleepy breath from a far-away corner. Was this a ghost? And then, as his eyes got accustomed, he saw that the girl who had let him in sat crouching by the fire. Her face was turned away; the light fell upon her throat and the harmonious lines of her figure. Raban, looking at her, thought of one of Leonardo's figures in the Louvre. But this was finer than a Leonardo. What is it in some attitudes that is so still, and yet that thrills with a coming movement of life and action? It is like the harmony of a bar progressing to its keynote; it is life, not inanimately resting, but suspended from motion, as we see it in the old Greek art. That flying change from the now to the future is a wonder sometimes written in stone. It belongs to the greatest creations of genius as well as to the living statues and pictures among which we live.

So Dolly, unconscious, was a work of art as she warmed her hands at the fire; her long draperies were heaped round about her, her hair caught the light and burned like gold. If Miss Vanborough had been a conscious work of art, she might have remained in her pretty attitude; but being a girl of sixteen, simple and somewhat brusque in manners, utterly ignoring the opinions of others, she started up and came to meet Raban, advancing quick through the dimness and the familiar labyrinth of chairs.

"Hush—sh!" she said, pointing to a white heap in a further corner. "Rhoda is asleep; she has been ill, and we have brought her here to nurse." Then she went back in the same quick silence, brought a light from the table, and, beckoning to him to follow her, led the way to the very darkest and shadiest end of the long drawing-room, where the ghosts had been flitting before them. There was a tall oak chair, in which she established herself. There was an old cabinet and a sofa, and a faded Italian shield of looking-glass, reflecting clearer waves of brown and reddish light. Again Dolly motioned. Raban was to sit down there on the sofa opposite.

Since he had come into the house he had done little but obey the orders he had received. He was amused and not a little mystified by this young heroine's silent imperious manners. He did not admire them,

and yet he could not help watching her, half in wonder, half in admiration of her beauty. She, as I have said, did not think of speculating upon the impression she had created; she had other business on hand.

"I knew you at once," said Dolly, with the hardihood of sixteen, "when I saw you at the gate." As she spoke in her girlish voice somehow the mystery seemed dispelled, and Raban began to realize that this was only a drawing-room and a young lady after all. Miss Vanborough was sitting on the high-backed chair erect, and like a picture upon the darkness, with her gold chain round her neck.

"Ever since your letter came last year," she continued, unabashed, "I have hoped that you would come; and—and you have paid her the money she lent you, have you not?" said the girl, looking into his face doubtfully, and yet confidingly too.

Raban answered by an immense stare. He was a man almost foolishly fastidious and reserved. He was completely taken aback and shocked by her want of discretion—so he chose to consider it. Dolly, utterly inexperienced and unused to the ways of the world, and accustomed to plain-speaking in her home, had not yet appreciated those refinements of delicacy with which people envelop the simplest facts of life.

Did she expect that Raban, living alone as he had done so long, at all times uncomfortably silent respecting himself, with no intimate friends to exercise his powers of confidence upon, could now be expected to give the details of his private affairs to this almost strange girl? "Dolly" conveyed no meaning whatever to his mind, although he might have guessed who she was. Even if Lady Sarah had not asked it of him, he would not have answered her. Whatever they may say, reserved people pique themselves upon some mental superiority in the reservations they make. Miss Vanborough misinterpreted the meaning of the young man's confused looks and silence.

He had not paid the money! she was sorry. Oh, how welcome it would have been for Aunt Sarah's sake and for George's sake! Poor George! how should she ever ask for money for him now? What endless troubles! Her face fell; she tried to speak of other things to hide her disappointment. Now she wished she had not asked the question—it must be so uncomfortable for Mr. Raban, she thought. She tried to talk on; one little sentence came jerking out after another, to which Raban answered more or less stiffly. "Was he not at Cambridge? Did he know her brother there—George Vanborough?"

Raban looked surprised, and said, "Yes, he knew a Mr. Vanborough slightly, but he had not known that he was any connection of Lady Sarah's." Here a vision of a stumpy young man flourishing a tankard rose before him. Could he be this beautiful girl's brother?

"Did he know her cousin, Robert Henley?" continued Dolly, eagerly.

Raban (who had long avoided Henley's companionship) answered even more stiffly that he had been a pupil of his, but did not see much of him. So the two talked on; but they had got into a wrong key, as people do at times, and they mutually jarred upon each other. Even their silence was inharmonious. Occasionally came a long, low, peaceful breath: it seemed floating on the warm shadows.

Every thing was perfectly commonplace, and yet to Raban there seemed an element of strangeness and incongruity in the ways of the old house. There was something weird in the whole thing—the defiant girl, the sleeping woman, Lady Sarah, with her strange hesitations and emotions, and the darkness. How differently events strike people from different points of view! Here was a commonplace half hour, while old Sam prepared the seven-o'clock tea with Marker's help, while Rhoda slept a peaceful little sleep, and while the two young people were talking together by the firelight. To most of them it was but a bit of commonplace life; to Raban it seemed a strange and puzzling experience, quite out of the common run of half hours.

Did he dislike poor Dolly? That off-hand way was not Frank Raban's ideal of womanliness. Lady Sarah, with her chilled silence and restrained emotions, was nearer to it by far, old and ugly though she was. And yet he could not forget Dolly's presence for a single instant. He found himself watching and admiring and speculating about her almost against his will. She, too, was aware of this silent scrutiny, and resented it. Dolly was more brusque and fierce and uncomfortable that evening than she had ever been in all her life before. Dorothea Vanborough was one of those people who reflect the atmosphere somehow, whose lights come and go, and whose brilliance comes and goes. Dull fogs would fall upon her sometimes, at others sunlight, moonlight, or faint reflected rays would beam upon her world. It was a wide one, and open to all the winds of heaven.

So Frank Raban discovered when it was too late. He admired her when he should have loved her. He judged her in secret when he should have trusted or blamed her openly. A day came when he felt he had forfeited all right even to help her or to protect her, and that, while he was still repenting for the past, he had fallen (as people sometimes do who walk backward) into fresh pitfalls.

"My cousin Robert has asked me and Rhoda to spend a day at Cambridge in the

spring," said Dolly, reluctantly struggling on at conversation.

Frank Raban was wondering if Lady Sarah was never coming back.

There was a sigh, a movement from the distant corner.

"Did you call me?" said a faint, shrill voice, plaintive and tremulous, and a figure rose from the nest of soft shawls and came slowly forward, dispersing the many wraps that lay coiling on the floor.

"Have I been asleep? I thought Mr. Henley was here?" said the voice, confusedly.

Dolly turned toward her. "No, he is not here, Rhoda. Sit down; don't stand. Here is Mr. Raban come to see us."

And then, in the dim light of the fire and distant candle, Raban saw two dark eyes looking out of a pale face that he seemed to remember.

"Mr. Raban!" repeated the voice.

"Have you forgotten?" said Dolly, hastily, going up to the distant sofa. "Mr. Raban, whose cross—" she began; then, seeing he had followed her, she stopped; she turned very red. She did not want to pain him. And Raban, at the same instant, recognized the two girls he had seen once before, and remembered where it was that he had seen the deep gray eyes, with their look of cold repulsion and dislike.

"Are you Mr. Raban?" said Rhoda, looking intently at the young man. "I should have known you if it had not been so dark." And she instinctively put up her hand and clasped something hanging round her neck with her thin fingers.

The young man was moved.

"I ought, indeed, to remember you," he said, with some emotion.

As he spoke he saw a diamond flash in the fire-light. This, then, was the child who had wandered down that terrible night, to whom he had given his poor wife's diamond cross.

"I sometimes think I ought to send this back to you," Rhoda faltered on, blushing faintly, and still holding the cross.

"Keep it," said Raban, gravely; "no one has more right to it than you." Then they were all silent.

Dolly wondered why Rhoda had a right to the cross, but she did not ask.

Raban turned still more hard and more sad as the old memories assailed him suddenly from every side. Here was the past living over again. Though he might have softened for a minute, he hardened to himself; and, as it often happens, the self-inflicted pain he felt seemed reflected in his manner toward the girls.

"I know you both now," he said, gravely, standing up. "Good-night; please say good-by to your aunt for me."

He did not offer to shake hands; it was Dolly who put out hers. He was very stiff, and yet there was a humble look in his pale face and dark eyes that Dolly could not forget. She seemed to remember it after he was gone.

Lady Sarah came in only a minute after the young man had left. She looked disappointed.

"I have just met him in the hall," she said.

"Is he gone?" said Dolly. "Aunt Sarah, he is still very unhappy."

A few minutes afterward Rhoda said what a pity that Mr. Raban was gone, when she saw how smartly the tea-table was set out, how the silver candlesticks were lighted, and some of the good old wine that George liked sparkled in the decanter. Dolly felt as if Mr. Raban was more disagreeable than ever for giving so much trouble for nothing. Rhoda was very much interested in Lady Sarah's visitor, and asked Dolly many more questions when they were alone up stairs. She had been ill, and was staying at Church House to get well in quiet and away from the school-boys.

"Of course one can't ever like him," Dolly said, "but one is very sorry for him."

"No, I don't like her," said Raban to himself; and he thought of Dolly all the way home. Her face haunted him. He dined at his club, and drove to the shabby station in Bishopsgate. He seemed to see it as he waited for his train, stamping by the station fire, and by degrees that bitter vision of the past vanished away and the present remained. Dolly's face seemed to float along before him all the way back as the shabby second-class carriage shook and jolted through the night, out beyond London fog into a region of star-lit plains and distant glimmering lights. Vision and visionary traveled on together, until at last the train slackened its thunder and stopped. A few late Cambridge lights shone in the distance. It was past midnight. When Raban, walking through the familiar by-ways, reached his college gates, closed and barred against the darkness, one gas-lamp flared, with a garish light of to-day shining on the ancient carved stones and gabions of the past. A sleepy porter let him in, and as he walked across the dark court he looked up and saw here and there a dim light burning in a window, and then some far-away college clock clanged the half hour, then another, and another, and then their own clock overhead, loud and stunning. He reached his own staircase at last, and opened the old oak door. Before going in Raban looked up at George Vanborough's rooms, which happened to be opposite his own. They were brilliantly illuminated, and their lights streamed out and lighted up many a deep lintel and sleeping window.

CHAPTER XIII.

LITTLE BROTHER AND LITTLE SISTER.

As the actors pass across the stage of life and play their parts in its great drama, it is not difficult at the outset to docket them for the most part "a lawyer," "a speculator," "an amiable person," "an intelligent, prosy man," "a parson," etc.; but after watching the piece a little (on this all-the-world stage it is not the play that ends, but the actors and speculators that come and go) we begin to see that, although some of the performers may be suited to their parts, there are others whose characters are not so well cast to the piece—Robert Henley, for instance, who is not quite in his element as a very young man. But every one is in earnest, in a certain fashion, upon this life-stage, and that is why we find the actors presently beginning to play their own characters instead of those which they are supposed to represent —to the great confusion, very often, of the drama itself. We have all read of a locksmith who had to act the part of a king, and of the confusion that ensued; many and many other examples might be cited; and it is the same in private as in public life. Where people are set to work experiments in love, money, sermon, hay, or law making, with more or less aptitude for the exercise, what a strange jumble it is! Here is the lawyer making love to his client, instead of writing her will; the lover playing on the piano while his mistress is expecting him; the farmer, while his crops are spoiling, pondering on the theory of original sin. Among women, too, we find wives, mothers, daughters, and even professed aunts and nieces, all with their parts reversed by the unkind freaks of fate. Some get on pretty well; some break down utterly. The higher natures, acting from a wider conception of life with some idea of a completed whole, will do their best to do justice to the character, uncongenial though it may be, which happens to be assigned to them. Perhaps they may flag now and then, specially toward the middle of the performance; but by degrees they come to hear the music of "duty done." And duty is music, though it may be a hard sort of fugue, and difficult to practice—one too hard, alas! for our poor George as yet to master. Henley, to be sure, accomplished his ambitions; but then it was only a one-fingered scale that he attempted.

Dolly's was easy music enough in those early days of her life: at home or in Old Street the girl herself and her surroundings were in a perfect harmony. Dolly's life was a melody played to an accompaniment of loving tones and tender words among the tranquil traditions of the old house and the old ivy-grown suburb in which it stood. Rhoda used to wonder why people cared so much for Dolly, who was so happy, who never sacrificed herself, but did as she liked, and won all hearts to her, even Robert Henley's, thought Rhoda with a sigh. As for Dolly, she never thought about her happiness, though Rhoda did. The girl's life sped on peacefully among the people who loved her. She knew she meant so well that it had not yet occurred to her that she might make mistakes in life and fail, and be sorry some day, like other folks. Rhoda, comparing her own little back-garret life in the noisy Morgan household with her friend's, used to think that every body and every thing wanted to spoil her. Dolly was undoubtedly Dorothea Regina—ruler of the household—a benevolent tyrant. The province of the tea-pot was hers, the fortress of the store-room. She had her latch-key; her aunt, Lady Sarah, spoiled her in every thing. Old Marker and George were the only people who ever ventured to oppose her. When they did so Dolly gave in instantly, with a smile and a sweet grace that were specially her own. She was a weak-minded, somewhat impetuous, and self-diffident person in reality; as yet she did not know who she was. In looks she could see a tall and stately maiden, with a sweet, round, sleepy face reflected in the glass, and she took herself for granted at the loving valuation of those about her, as people both old and young are apt to do.

So Dolly could not help believing in herself through the loving faith of those in whom she trusted. She took it for granted she was all they wished, and that she ought to be. When the bitter awakening came, she thought she must have been dreaming, and that she had had two lives in her one life. Something of Dolly's life was written in her face, in her clear, happy eyes, in her dark and troubled brow. Even as a girl, people used to say that she had always different faces, and so she had for the multitude; but for those who loved her it was always the same true, trusting face, more or less worn as time went on, but still the same. She had a peculiar, sudden, sweet smile, that went to the very heart of the lonely old aunt, who saw it most often. Dolly never had the training of repression, and perhaps that is why, when it fell upon her in later life, the lesson seemed so hard. She was not brilliant. She could not *say* things like George. She was not witty. Though she loved to be busy, and to accomplish, Dolly could not do things like Rhoda—clearly, quickly, completely. But how many stupid people there are who have a touch of genius about them! It would be hard to say in what it consists. They may be dull, slow, cross at times, ill informed, but you feel there is something that outweighs dullness, crossness, want of information.

Dorothy Vanborough had a little genius in

her, though she was apt to look stupid and sulky and indifferent when she did not feel at her ease. Sometimes, when reproved for this, she would stand gaping with her gray eyes, and looking so oddly like her aunt Sarah that Mrs. Palmer, when she came home, would lose all patience with her. There was no knowing exactly what she was, her mother used to say. One day straight as an arrow—bright, determined; another day gray and stiff, and almost ugly and high-shouldered. "If Dolly had been more taking," said Mrs. Palmer, judging by the light of her own two marriages, "she might have allowed herself these quirks and fancies; but as it was, it was a pity." Her mother declared that she did it on purpose.

Did she do it on purpose? In early life she didn't care a bit what people thought of her. In this she was a little unwomanly perhaps, but unwomanly in the best and noblest sense. When, with time, those mysterious other selves came upon her that we meet as we travel along the road, bewildering her and pointing with all their different experiences, she ceased to judge either herself or others so severely; she loved faith and truth, and hated meanness and dissimulation as much as ever. Only, being a woman too honest to deceive herself, she found she could no longer apply the precepts that she had used once to her satisfaction. To hate the devil and all his works is one thing, but to say who is the devil and which are his works is another.

George Vanborough's temper was alternately uproarious and melancholy: there was some incongruity in his nature that chafed and irritated him. He had abilities, but strange and cross-grained abilities, of no use in an examination. For instance, he could invent theories, but somehow he never got at the facts; he was rapid in conclusion, too rapid for poor Dolly, who was expected to follow him wherever he went, who was sometimes hard put to it, for, unlike George, her convictions were slower than her sympathies.

A great many people seem to miss their vocations because their bodies do not happen to fit their souls. This is one of the advantages of middle age: people have got used to their bodies and faults; they know how to use them, to spare them, and they do not expect too much. George was at war with himself, poor fellow: by turns ascetic and self-indulgent, morbid and overconfident. It is difficult to docket such a character, made up of all sorts of little bits collected from one and another ancestor; of materials warring against each other, as we have read in Mr. Darwin.

George's rooms at Cambridge were very small, and looked out across the green quadrangle at St. Athanasius. Among other instincts, he had inherited that of weaving his nest with photographs and old china, and lining it comfortably from Church House. There were also papers and music-books, tankards (most of them with inscriptions), and a divining crystal. The old windows were deep and ivy-grown and cushioned: at night they would often be brilliantly lighted up. "Far too often," says George's counselors.

"I should like to entertain well enough," says Henley, with a wave of the hand, "but I can't afford it prudently. Bills have a knack of running up, particularly when they are not paid," the young man remarks, with great originality, "and then one can't always meet them."

George only answers by a scowl from his little ferret eyes. "You can pay your own bills twice over if you like," he grunts out, impatiently; "mine don't concern you."

Robert said no more; he had done his part, and he felt he could now face Dolly and poor Lady Sarah of the bleeding purse with a clear conscience; but he could not help reflecting with some satisfaction on two neatly tied-up bundles of bills lying with a check-book in his dispatch-box at home. He was just going, when there came a knock at the door, and a short pale man walked in and shook hands with George, and somewhat doubtfully with his companion, and finally sat down in George's three-sided chair.

Need I say that this was Raban, who had come to recommend a friend of his as a tutor? Was it to George or to Dorothea that Raban was so anxious to recommend a tutor?

George shrugged his shoulders, and said, "I don't know; I have got a theory of my own. I think I shall not take a coach."

Henley delayed a moment. "I am glad you agree with me," he said. "I also have been speaking to my cousin on the subject."

Raban bowed in the shy way peculiar to him—you never could tell if he was only shy or repelled by your advances. "My name is Henley, of St. Thomas's. I have found the advantage of a good coach all my life," the other continued, with a subdued air of modest triumph. It seemed to say, "You will be glad to know that I am one of the most rising men of the university;" and at the same time Robert looked down apologetically at poor scowling George, who was any thing but rising, poor fellow, and well up to his knees in the slough of despond. Nor was it destined that Robert Henley was to be the man to pull him out. Although he had walked over from St. Thomas's to do so, he walked back again without having effected his purpose.

"I did not know, till your sister told me, that Mr. Henley was your cousin," said Raban, as Robert left the room.

"Didn't you?" said George. "I suppose

you did not see any likeness in me to that grenadier with the cameo nose?" and, turning his back abruptly upon Raban, he began strumming "Yankee Doodle" on the piano, standing as he played, and putting in a quantity of pretty modulations. It was only to show off; but Raban, who was easily repelled, might have been tempted to follow Henley down stairs if he had not caught sight of a photograph of a girl with circling eyes, in some strange, old-fashioned dress, with a lantern in her hand. It was the work of a well-known amateur, who has the gift of seizing expression as it flies, and giving you a breathing friend, instead of the image of an image. But it was in vain the young professor staid on, in vain that he came time after time trying to make friends and to urge the young man to work. He once went so far as to write a warning letter to Lady Sarah. It did no good, and only made Dolly angry. At Christmas, as usual, George wrote that he had not passed, and would be home on the 23d. He did not add that he had been obliged to sign some bills before he could get away.

George came home: with or without his laurels, he was sure of an ovation. Dolly, by her extra loving welcome only, showed her disappointment at his want of success.

The fatted calf was killed, and the bottle of good wine was opened. "Old Sam insisted on it," said Lady Sarah, who had got into a way of taking shelter behind old Sam when she found herself relenting. It was impossible not to relent when Dolly, hearing the cab wheels, came with a scream of delight flying down the staircase from George's room, where she had been busy making ready. A great gust of cold wind burst into the hall with the open door, by which George was standing, with his bag, a little fussy and a little shy; but Dolly's glad cry of welcome and loving arms were there to reassure him.

"Shut the door," said Dolly; "the wind will blow us away. Have you paid your cab?"

"It's no matter," said George, pushing to the door. "Raban brought me. He is going on to dine somewhere near."

As he spoke the horse was turning round upon its haunches, and the cab was driving off, and a pale face looked out for an instant.

"Horrid man!" said Dolly. "Come, George, and see Aunt Sarah. She is in the drawing-room."

Lady Sarah looked at George very gravely over her knitting, and her needles began to tremble a little.

"What do you wish me to say, George? That you failed because you couldn't or because you wouldn't try?"

"Some one must fail," said George.

"It is not fair upon me," said Lady Sarah, "that you should be the one. No, Dolly, I am not at all unkind."

I have said very little of the changes and economies that had been made at Church House, they affected Lady Sarah and Dolly so little; but when George came home, even in disgrace, a certain change was made in the still ways of the house. Eliza Twells staid all day, and was transformed into a smiling abigail, not a little pleased with her promotion. One of Lady Sarah's old gray gowns was bestowed upon her. A cap and ribbons was concocted by Dolly; the ribbons were forever fluttering in and out of the sitting-room, and up and down the passages. There was a sound of voices now, a show of life. Dolly could not talk to herself all through the long months when George was away; but when she had him safe in his little room again the duet was unceasing.

Eliza Twells, down below in the pan-decorated kitchen, in all the excitement of her new dignities, kept the ball going. You could hear old Sam's chuckles all the way up stairs, and the maiden's loud, croaking, cheerful voice.

"It's like a saw-mill," said George; "but what is that?"

"That is Eliza laughing," said Dorothea, laughing herself; "and there is dear old Marker scolding. Oh, George, how nice it is to have you home again!" and then, as most happy vibrations bring a sadder aftertone, Dolly sighed and stopped short.

"Disgrace *is* hard to bear," said George, moodily.

"Disgrace! What do you mean?" wondered Dolly, who had been thinking of something quite apart from those unlucky examinations — something that was not much, and yet she would have found it hard to put her thought into words. For how much there is that is not in words that never happens quite, that is never realized altogether; and yet it is as much part of our life as any thing else.

CHAPTER XIV.

RAG DOLLS.

THESE were days not to be forgotten by Dolly or by her aunt. Don't we all know how life runs in certain grooves, following phases of one sort or another? How dreams of coming trouble haunt us vaguely all through a night; or, again, is it hope that dawns silently from afar to lighten our hearts and to make sweet visions for us before we awake to the heat of the day?

It was all tranquil progress from day to day. Raban came to see them once or twice while George was away. It seemed all peace

ON THE STEP OF A RAG-SHOP.

and silence during those years in the old house, where the two women lived so quietly each her own life, thinking her own thoughts. Rumors came now and then of Mrs. Palmer's return, but this had been put off so often, from one reason or another, that Dolly had almost ceased to dwell upon it. She had settled down to her daily occupations. John Morgan had set her to work in one of his districts. She used to teach in the Sunday-school, help her aunt in a hundred ways. This eventful spring she went into Yorkshire with Marker and a couple of new gowns on a visit to her uncle, Sir Thomas Henley, at Smokethwayte. She enjoyed herself extremely, and liked her uncle and the girls very much. Her aunt was not very kind—"at least, not so kind as I'm used to," said Dolly, afterward. They had gone for long walks across the moors; they had ridden for twenty miles one day. She had seen her mother's picture, and slept in the

room that used to be hers when she was a girl, and her cousin Norah had taken her about; but her aunt Henley was certainly very cross and always saying uncomfortable things, and she was very glad to be home again, and didn't want to go away for years and years. Robert Henley had been there for a couple of days, and had come up to town with her. Jonah Henley was a very kind, stupid boy, not at all like Robert. He was very friendly to Dolly, and used to confide in her. He had made his mother very angry by insisting upon going into the Guards.

"She asked my advice," said Dolly. "She wanted to know if I didn't think it a foolish, idle sort of life."

"And what did you say?" said Lady Sarah.

"I said that it might be so for some people who were clever and thoughtful, but that he seemed to have no interests at all, and never opened a book."

"My dear child," cried Lady Sarah, "no wonder Lady Henley was annoyed!"

"Oh, dear me! I am so very sorry," cries Dolly, penitently, as she walked along. They were going along one of the narrow alleys leading to the Square.

Day after day Lady Sarah used to leave home and trudge off with her basket and her well-known shabby cloak—it was warm and green like the heart that beat under it—from house to house, in and out, round and about the narrow little Kensington streets. The parents who had tried to impose upon her at first soon found that she had little sympathy for pathetic attitudes, and that her quick tongue paid them back in their own coin. They bore no malice. Poor people only really respect those who know them as they are, and whose sympathy is personal and not ideal. Lady Sarah's was genuine sympathy; she knew her flock by name, and she spared no trouble to help those who were trying to help themselves. The children would come up shyly when they saw the straight, scant figure coming along, and look into her face. Sometimes the basket would open, and red apples would come out—shining red apples in the dirty little back streets and by-lanes behind Kensington Square. Once Robert Henley, walking to Church House across some back way, came upon his aunt sitting on an old chair on the step of a rag-shop with a little circle of children round her, and Dolly standing beside her, straight and upright, with an apple in her hand. Over her head swung the legless form of a rag doll, twirling in the wind. On one side of the door was some rhymed doggerel about "Come, cookey, come," and bring "your bones" plastered up against the wall. Lady Sarah, on the step, seemed dispensing bounties from her bag to half a dozen little clamorous, half-fledged creatures.

"My dear aunt Sarah, what does this mean?" said Robert, trying to laugh, but looking very uncomfortable.

"I was so tired, Robert, I could not get home without resting," said Lady Sarah; "and Mr. Wilkins kindly brought me out a chair. These are some of my Sunday-school children, and Dolly and I were giving them a treat."

"But really this is scarcely the place to—If any one were to pass—if— Run away! run away! run away!" said Mr. Henley, affably, to the children, who were all closing in in a ragged phalanx, and gazing admiringly at his trowsers. "I'll get you a cab directly," said the young man, looking up and down. "I came this short-cut, but I had no idea—"

"There are no cabs any where down here," said Dolly, laughing. "This is Aunt Sarah's district; that is her soup-kitchen." And Dolly pointed up a dismal street with some flapping washing lines on one side. It looked all empty and deserted, except that two women were standing in the doorways of their queer old huddled-up houses. A little further off came a branch street, a blank wall, and some old Queen Anne railings and doorways leading into Kensington Square.

"Good-by, little Betty," said Lady Sarah, getting up from her old straw chair, and smiling.

She was amused by the young man's unaffected dismay. Philanthropy was quite in Henley's line, but that was, Robert thought, a very different thing from familiarity.

"Now then, Betty, where's your courtesy?" says Dolly; "and Mick, Sir!"

Mick grinned, and pulled at one of his horrible little wisps of hair. The children seemed fascinated by the "gentleman." They were used to the ladies, and, in fact, accustomed to be very rude to Dolly, although she was so severe.

"If you will give me an arm, Robert," said Lady Sarah, "and if you are not ashamed to be seen with me—"

"My dear Lady Sarah!" said Robert, hastily, offering his arm.

"Now, children, be off," says Dolly.

"Please, Sir, won't you give us 'napeny?" said Mick, hopping along with his little deft, bare feet.

"Go away—for shame, Mick!" cried Dolly again, while Henley impatiently threw some coppers into the road, after which all the children set off scrambling in an instant. "Oh, Robert, you shouldn't have done that," cried Dolly, rushing back to superintend the fair division of kicks and halfpence.

Robert waited for her for a moment, and looked at her as she stood, straight and tall in her long gray cloak, with a little struggling heap at her feet of legs and rags and squeaks and contortions. The old Queen Anne rail-

ings of the corner house, and the dim street winding into rags, made a background to this picture of modern times: an old slatternly woman in a night-cap came to her help from one of the neighboring doorways, and seizing one of the children out of the heap, gave it a cuff and dragged it away. Dolly had lifted Mick off the back of a smaller child: the crisis was over.

"Here she comes," said Lady Sarah, in no way discomposed.

Robert was extremely discomposed. He hated to see Dolly among such sights and surroundings. He tried to speak calmly as they walked on, but his voice sounded a little cracked.

"Surely," he said, "this is too much for you at times. Do you go very often?"

"Nearly every day, Robert," said Dorothea. "You see what order I have got the children into."

She was laughing again, and Henley, as usual, was serious.

"Of course I can not judge," said he, "not knowing what state they were in originally." Then he added, gravely turning to Lady Sarah, "Don't you somehow think that Dolly is very young to be mixed up with a—rag-shops and wickedness?"

"Dolly is young," said her aunt, not overpleased; "but she is very prudent, and I am not afraid of her pawning her clothes and taking to drink."

"My dear aunt, you don't suppose I ever thought of such a possibility," Robert exclaimed. "Only ladies do not always consider things from our point of view, and I feel in a certain degree responsible and bound to you as your nearest male protector. (Take care—here is a step.) I should not like other people, who might not know Dolly as we do, to imagine that she was accustomed already to—"

"My dear Robert," said Lady Sarah, "Dolly has got an aunt and a brother to take care of her. Do you suppose that we would let her do any thing that we thought might hurt her in other people's opinion? Dolly, here is Robert horrified at the examples to which you are exposed. He feels he ought to interfere."

"You won't understand me," said Robert, keeping his temper very good-naturedly. "Of course I can't help taking an interest in my relations."

"Thank you, Robert," said Dolly, smiling and blushing.

Their eyes met for an instant, and Robert looked better pleased. It was a bright delightful spring morning. All the windows were shining in the old Square; there was a holiday thrill in the air, a sound of life, dogs barking, people stirring and coming out of their hiding-places, animals and birds exulting.

Dolly used to get almost tipsy upon sunshine. The weather is as much part of some people's lives as the minor events which happen to them. She walked along by the other two, diverging a little as they traveled along, the elder woman's bent figure beating time with quick, fluttering footsteps to the young man's even stride. Dolly liked Robert to be nice to her aunt, and was not a little pleased when he approved of herself. She was a little afraid of him. She felt that beneath that calm manner there were many secrets that she had not yet fathomed. She knew how good he was, how he never got into debt. Ah me! how she wished George would take pattern by him! Dolly and Rhoda had sometimes talked Robert over. They gave him credit for great experience, a deep knowledge of the world (he dined out continually when he was in town), and they also gave him full credit for his handsome, thoughtful face, his tall, commanding figure. You can not but respect a man of six foot high.

So they reached the doorway at last: the ivy was all glistening in the sunshine; and as they rang the bell they heard the sound of Minette's bark in the garden, and then came some music, some brilliant piano-forte playing, which sounded clear and ringing as it overflowed the garden wall and streamed out into the lane.

"Listen! Who can that be playing?" cries Dolly, brightening up still brighter, and listening with her face against the ivy.

"George," says Robert. "Has George come up again?"

"It's the overture to the 'Freischütz,'" says Dolly, conclusively: "it *is* George."

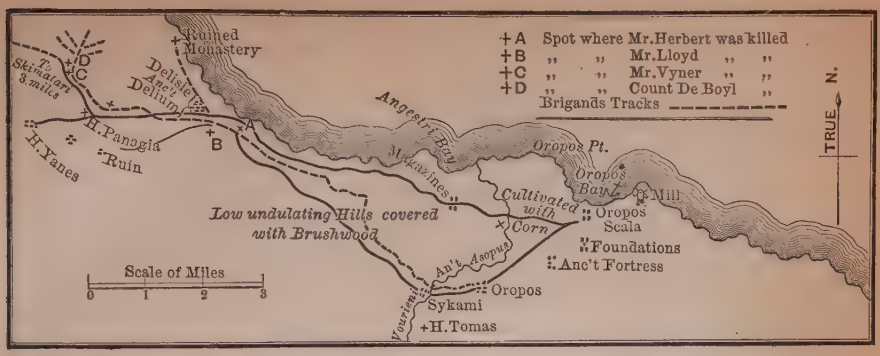
And when old Sam shuffled up at last to open the door he announced, grinning, that "Mr. Garge had come, and was playing the peanner in the drawing-room."

At the same moment, through the iron gate, they saw a figure advancing to meet them from the garden, with Gumbo caracoling in advance.

"Why, there is Rhoda in the garden," cries Dolly. "Robert, you go to her. I must go to George."

THE MASSACRE NEAR MARATHON.

ABOUT the middle of April, 1870, there might have been met in the streets of Athens a certain gentleman who, from his fine physical type, would readily be recognized as an Englishman. Like many of his countrymen, he had come to Greece as a simple tourist, and was accompanied by his wife and a young friend, Mr. Vyner, who was related to them by marriage. At the period spoken of, Lord Muncaster had completed the object of his visit to Athens, and in the ordinary course of events should have been on his way to other countries. Why did he linger? He was in the enjoyment



THE SITE OF THE MARATHON MASSACRE.

of perfect health, he was a man of property, and he possessed all the advantages of social and titled distinction. Yet this gentleman, who had done no man any wrong, who had committed no breach of the peace, or rendered himself amenable to justice by the violation of any law, was a prisoner in Greece—a prisoner *en parole*—pledged to return to captivity if he failed to fulfill certain conditions, as strongly as if his free limbs had been bound with shackles, and his person guarded by officers of justice. To whom was he thus bound? To any civil, judicial, or military authority? To any power in his own land or in the kingdom of Greece which had the right to enforce such restraint upon his individual life and liberty? No. This free Englishman, gentleman, and noble lord was walking the streets of Athens in the sunny days of April a prisoner to the chief of a band of brigands secreted in the wooded mountains, miles away from the capital. The King of Greece was on his throne; his Majesty's ministers sat in council; the British legation swayed with almost despotic power the will of a government keenly alive to the lawful rights of every absent subject of the realm; and the ships of war of England, France, and Russia lay as usual, ready for service, in the neighboring harbor of the Piræus. Yet, for all their panoply of power, these were as impotent as reeds shaken by the wind, before the imperious will of a rascally outlaw, clad in a filthy fustanelli, and issuing his decrees in illiterate Greek from his inaccessible mountain throne.

The situation seems incredible in this age of law, of railways and telegraphs, of international intercourse, and of free and powerful nationalities. Yet such *was* the situation.

To give an account of the memorable act of brigandage of April, 1870, with all its detail, conflicting testimony, and the judicial proceedings consequent thereon, would fill a volume, and, in many respects, might fail to interest the general reader. Briefly stated, the occurrence was as follows:

On Monday, the 11th of April, at about six o'clock in the morning, a party consisting of Lord and Lady Muncaster; Mr. Herbert, secretary of the British legation; Mr. Vyner, a brother of Lady De Grey; Mr. Lloyd, an English barrister, with his wife and their little girl of five years; Count De Boyl, secretary of the Italian legation, with an Italian servant and a Greek courier, left the hotel at Athens in two carriages, for an excursion to the battle-field of Marathon. There was nothing extraordinary in the fact of such an expedition, as hundreds of foreigners make it yearly, and no preparation is required on their part beyond a notification by the resident foreign minister to the authorities, who at once furnish a military escort, free of charge. In this instance the carriages were preceded by two mounted gens-d'armes, and followed by two others. A detachment of foot-soldiers and a patrol were met along the road, and in part accompanied the tourists. After spending two or three hours at Marathon they set out on their return to Athens at about two o'clock in the afternoon. As the party approached the bridge of Pikermes, twelve or fourteen miles from the city, they were suddenly fired at from the brush-wood bordering the road, and at the first discharge the two gens-d'armes in front fell from their horses, badly wounded. The carriages then stopped, and the whole party were compelled to alight. They found themselves surrounded by a band of brigands in the Albanian costume—jackets and fustanellis—armed with revolvers and muskets, and numbering by count twenty-one persons, mostly young and athletic men. Some roughness was offered to Lady Muncaster, to hasten her movements from the carriage, and the brooch on her dress (subsequently returned to her) was torn from it, but, with this exception, no violence was offered to any of the travelers. The captives were immediately hurried up the side of the mountain—Pentelicus—the ladies and little girl being placed on the horses belonging to the wounded gens-d'armes, the rest being on

foot, and the brigands surrounding their prisoners. As the party retreated up the mountain, a fire was opened upon them by the soldiers at not more than fifty yards distance, but as it became evident to their pursuers that a continuous attack would endanger the lives of the foreigners, the engagement was discontinued, and the brigands with their prisoners made good their escape. After a rapid walk of two hours, during which, as Lord Muncaster told me, the brigands were exceedingly hilarious, dancing and laughing over the unexpected "catch" they had made of the "lordies," and talking with their prisoners, one of whom spoke Greek, in a manner which disarmed fears of any personal danger, the party came to a halt at the top of the mountain, and the ladies were informed by the chiefs that they and the little girl could return to Athens, as their longer presence was regarded as an impediment to the long marches and changes of locality which are essential to evade pursuit. These, consequently, retraced their steps, together with the coachmen, who were captured with the party, to the road, where the carriages had been left, and in which they returned to the city, arriving at a late hour the same evening.

When the brigand chief parted with the ladies he asked one of them to send him from Athens a little souvenir of their brief but not wholly uninteresting acquaintance, in the shape of a gold chain. The lady, with no little presence of mind, demanded an exchange of souvenirs, whereupon his highness the king of the mountain presented her with a silver ornament having for a design the head of the Virgin. The chain was duly sent to the brigand, who returned it by the messenger as not being sufficiently heavy! When Lord Muncaster was subsequently released *en parole*, one of the chiefs kindly requested his lordship to take his watch to Athens, have it repaired, and sent back to him.

The ladies were the bearers of notes from the gentlemen of the party with the terms of the ransom, which were fixed at £32,000 sterling (subsequently reduced to £25,000). The brigands also sent a threatening message to the Greek government at Athens, to the effect that if any attempt was made to send soldiers in pursuit or to alarm the country, the lives of the foreigners would be in danger.

The consternation produced in Athens by the news of the capture pervaded all classes, and from that hour, about nine in the evening of Monday, little else was talked about in the ever-talking capital, the interest increasing in intensity as the days went by, and the fate of the prisoners became more and more the subject of anxious speculation.

The news of the capture was soon followed by full information as to the character of the band. It originally consisted of twenty-eight brigands, almost exclusively natives of Turkey (Vallachs), speaking the Greek language, and inhabiting Thessaly. The chiefs were two brothers, Takos and Christos Arvanitaki. It penetrated into the province of Phthiotis from the Turkish frontier near the middle of January, the news producing in Athens the greatest alarm. The band was soon discovered and attacked by a flying column of the Greek soldiers at Lividia, who wounded and captured one of the outlaws, the rest effecting their escape. After three days' flight they encamped at a place called Paralimni, where, perceiving at a distance another Greek military detachment, they again fled. Near Thebes the soldiers came up with them, and succeeded in killing three more and taking two wounded prisoners. The remaining twenty-one were subsequently traced from place to place, but eventually secured retreats in the mountains of Megira, and were not again heard of until the early part of April, when they suddenly appeared in the environs of the village of Pikermes, on the road to Marathon, and committed the act of brigandage of which I now speak.

It appears also that on the very morning of the capture a single carriage containing Americans passed within view of the brigands from their place of concealment, but it turned off toward Kephissia, and was allowed by them to pass, they being attracted by the two carriages a short distance behind, which they naturally presumed to contain a more valuable prize.

At the time of this capture the King, Queen, and Court, with the Prime Minister, were making an excursion among the Greek islands. His Majesty was met with the sad news on his return to the Piræus, and from that moment did all that lay in his royal power to forward the necessary measures for the release of the prisoners, even expressing his willingness to the English minister to place his own person as a hostage, if necessary, to secure the lives of the foreigners.

About noon on the third day after the capture, Lord Muncaster made his appearance at Athens, having been released by the brigands *en parole*, in order to obtain the ransom-money, "or a free pardon," for the brigands. There was, of course, no loss of time in arranging for the money, and the amount of £25,000 pounds, in gold coin, was packed in boxes ready at the bank for delivery, when an unexpected turn was given to the affair by a message from the brigand chief to the effect that they would accept nothing less than the "money *and* amnesty," viz., a free pardon for themselves and the previously captured members of the band then in the prison at Athens. The following correspondence between the chief of the brigands and the British minister at Athens

will serve to show the lawless audacity of power on the one side, and the utter subserviency of mere official authority, when placed against it:

LETTER FROM THE BRIGANDS.

(*Translation.*)

"The gentlemen are very well; but as to that which we agreed with the gentlemen concerning the ransom of £25,000, we demand of the Hellenic government amnesty, and that pursuit of us shall be stopped, not only in Attica but in all the provinces. For if we discover that we are pursued, the gentlemen will be in danger. We wait for your answer to-morrow without fail."

LETTER TO THE BRIGANDS.

(*Translation.*)

"The English and Italian ministers have received your communication. There will be no difficulty as to the payment of the money, but you must not insist on an amnesty which government have not the power to grant. Persons will be sent to treat with you, and in the mean time both the King and the president of the council have assured the English minister that you shall not be molested. Make your prisoners as comfortable as you can. You can even put them under cover in some rural habitation without any fear.

"E. M. ERSKINE."

Emissaries were accordingly sent on the part of the Greek government and of the English minister at Athens to induce the brigand chiefs to modify their terms, as it was not only unconstitutional, but impossible, to grant a free pardon without a trial; and they were urged by letter, and by verbal entreaty and argument on the part of the messengers sent, as well as by the prisoners themselves, to accept the money with the guarantee that they should not be interfered with in their retreat to the frontier. Furthermore, they were promised, if they apprehended danger in that quarter, that a British gun-boat should be placed at their disposal to land them and their ill-gotten gains at Malta or any other point of her Majesty's dominions. Such terms, such concessions, such humiliating prostration of justice at the feet of vulgar villainy, are probably without a parallel. The chiefs were, however, obstinate, made the more so by letters and messages from their "koumbároi," or companions, outside, advising them to "be firm," and their demands would eventually be granted. While these anxious and unsatisfactory negotiations were going on between the Greek government and the English and Italian ministers on the one side, and the brigand chiefs in their mountain retreats on the other, the condition of the unfortunate foreigners in their hands was not improving. They were moved about from place to place; and although the brigands appear to have treated them with all the courtesy of which their nature is capable, and to have provided, so far as their rough life permitted, for the physical well-being of the prisoners, allowing them also to correspond continuously with their friends in Athens and receive food and clothing from them, yet they suffered greatly from their forced marches, exposure to rain and cold, and from their ceaseless mental anxiety, which was inseparable from their condition. Yet all was not hopeless to them. They had many days of fine weather, and a degree of cheerful diversion, as appears from the letters of Mr. Herbert and the note-book of Mr. Lloyd. In the former appeared such passages as these:

"We are tolerably comfortable here for the present." "I do not think we are very unhappy, although things are not exactly comfortable. The captain says he is going to mass to-morrow in the village church with all his band, and, as at present arranged, we are allowed to go too, which will be a very strange thing. The captain says he will throw away his gun at once if he could get pardoned." "We are well and kindly treated, and shall be so as long as the captain believes, as he still does confidently, that the government will find some means of granting him amnesty or pardon for all past offenses."

Mr. Lloyd also writes: "We are well treated, but very anxious."

The intimation that the foreigners would be allowed to go to church was, "strangely enough," as Herbert says, fully carried out. On Palm-Sunday, the 17th of April, the brigands, with their prisoners, descended from the "Vallach village," where they were then encamped, to the church at Oropos, where, stacking their arms outside, the whole party entered and attended the service, mingling freely with the village people! And here in this church occurred a little incident which I have never seen mentioned in print, but which illustrates the hopefulness of the affair at that time. A Greek lady, wife of a merchant in Manchester, England, happened to be at the church service on that day, and was so moved by the appearance of the prisoners, especially of young Vyner, that she resolved to make an appeal to the brigand chief in his behalf, representing his inoffensive character, his absence from his widowed mother, and other points calculated to awaken an interest in his fate. The brigand listened very patiently as the good lady spoke to him in the church porch, and then laughingly replied to her in words to this effect: "Do not distress yourself, madam; they will *all* be free in a few days." That they all would have been free, had a different policy been adopted by those in charge of the matter, there now appears to be little doubt.

The extracts from Mr. Lloyd's note-book are of such melancholy interest, notwithstanding the brief and fragmentary character of the entries, that I will copy them here, as throwing some light on the condition of the poor prisoners, and the nature of brigand life:

"*Monday, April* 11, 1870, 4.30 P.M.—Cold, mist, rain, 6 P.M. to 5.30 A.M. Wood of Ruplimi, captured by band of Arvanitaki. Night on Pentelicus. Language lesson to brigands. Supped on mountain 2 A.M. Reached first Shemena in Stamata; little copse on

hill-side; discussion of terms with brigands. Spend the day. Sixteen soldiers passed along the road below in the afternoon. Alarm of all parties.

"*Tuesday*, 8 P.M. to 6 A.M.—Left after dark along high-road toward Kephissia. Halt in plain. Alarm of parties near. Brigands surround us, ready to shoot. Sleep on thorn-bush. Resting-place in pine wood. Very wet and cold. Brigand warms Dormouse [Mr. Vyner] by lying down close to him. Roused at dawn, and go to other pine wood a short way off for the day.

"*Wednesday*.—Day in pine wood. Heavy rain. Caught two peasants, and borrowed their capotes for us. Lighted fire for toast and broiled lamb. Sent off peasant with Muncaster at 9 A.M. After dark moved off to hut of peasants for night. De Boyl's servant came with grub.

"*Thursday*.—Brigand reads two hours history—Keramide St. John. Rainy and cold. Hut 60×20; our end badly closed by pine branches. Fires, but hard to keep warm. Roast lamb again, and more presents of liver. Evening came Dionys and agents from Athens. Scene by night—negotiating at one end, feasting at ours. Warmer at night with my oil-cloth from Polly.

"*Friday*, 8 A.M. to 7.30 P.M.—Very fine day, and view of Mount Delphi, in Eubœa, covered with snow. Left at 8 A.M., seven brigands, self on mule, Herbert and De Boyl on white horses, Dormouse on brown, without saddle. Baggage horse. Other brigands to follow. Pass wood of Tatoe; defile. Magnificent view over Athens, W., Eubœa, E. Halt almost in sight of guard-house to breakfast. By pass of Decelea, 3000 feet above the sea. Guard-house; fraternize with four soldiers. Alarm on descending to plain. Alexander sent on with Erskine's note to troops seen below. Peace. Officer lunches with us and brigands. Across plain and through fine wooded country, Marco Poulos. Received by Demarch, and general fraternization with Albanian inhabitants. Fresh eggs. Reached village of Vallach shepherds.

"*Saturday*.—Coraki. Village twenty-five huts; shared one with chief and five brigands, circular, 30×20 diameter. Five in middle; people make every thing for selves; spinning and weaving. Hut pretty warm. Walked up to Acropolis; cloudy. View over plain of Oropos, village of La Scala, and house of Paparigo Poulos. Two agents from Athens. Dance of brigands.

"*Sunday*.—Down to church in morning. Blessing of palms; had one. Visit to Demarch and house of Pap.; coffee and raki; friendly meeting. Demarch to go to Athens to negotiate.

"*Monday*.—Jumping and throwing stone by brigands very good. Music at night—singing and fluting. Evening came Dionys and Grisner, who slept.

"*Tuesday*.—Servants left. Afternoon marched over to Oropos; good house, room with fire-place, and seven brigands. Fine day, and pleasant half hour's walk.

"*Wednesday*.—Very rainy. Colonel Théagénis come to treat; also Noel, who stopped all night. Long discussion as to terms.

"*Thursday*.—Messenger from Athens. Armistice partly withdrawn. Troops *en cordon*. We not to move. Chief says he will go to a place a quarter of an hour off, on Ocyoupos. Know troops are in force; danger impending. Love to I—— and Erskine, in worst case. Noel left early. Fine view of mountains in Eubœa. Covered with snow from Delphi to N."

During these days the greatest anxiety filled the public mind at Athens, and induced on the part of those who had taken the matter in hand a degree of persevering activity and vigilance which leaves no room for censure so far as a *conscientious* discharge of personal and public obligation was concerned. None but those who watched the daily, I may say hourly, proceedings can form an idea of the difficulties of the position in which the Greek ministry and the two foreign representatives stood. In the case of the government, they found themselves clothed with a responsibility which their relations to the governments of Great Britain and Italy and to the Greek nation could not exaggerate. They were called upon either to ignore all official recognition of the matter or to assume its control with or without the co-operation of the foreign legations, and with the almost certain knowledge that, whatever might be the result, public opinion would be dissatisfied. The Greek government very wisely determined to admit into their counsels the two parties most nearly interested in the fate of their countrymen in captivity, and it may be said that from beginning to end of this most distressing case the English and Italian ministers joined in, and in many instances directed, their counsel, *no step being taken by the Greek government which was not either suggested or approved by the two ministers whose countrymen were among the captives*. As regards their attitude toward the Greek people, and the difficulties they had to contend with in that direction, it is only necessary to say that the measures recommended by the Athenian journals, and by individuals who, without any personal responsibility, thought fit to proffer their advice, were of the most conflicting character. The government were told that they were no more responsible for an act of brigandage than the English government would be for an agrarian outrage in Ireland, or an attack of ruffians in the purlieus of London; and they were told that they *were* responsible, inasmuch as it was a national evil. They were told that to enter into negotiations with outlaws was to trample the crown in the dust and humiliate the nation beyond redemption; and they were told that negotiation was the only proper course, and that better terms for the release of the foreigners could be enforced by the authorities than by individuals, who had no experience in the treatment of such cases. They were told that the only way to deal with the rascals on the hill was to send an effective body of troops after them, release the prisoners, and destroy the brigands; and they were told that such a course would insure the death of the captives, and by no means guarantee the capture of the brigands. They were told that the English and Italian ministers should have exclusive control of the matter, as the lives at stake were those of their countrymen, otherwise the whole blame of failure would be laid at the feet of the government; and they were told that the English and Italian ministers ought not to mix themselves up in the affair, but to leave it to the authorities. They were told that it was an international question, and that the representatives of *all* the Powers at Athens should be consulted; and they were told that nobody should be consulted and nothing should be done, for that if left to

themselves the brigands would arrange matters with their prisoners, and the whole affair would end as peaceably and quietly as other acts of brigandage had terminated. As to the opposition, they had few such chances presented for attacks upon their adversaries, and they were not slow to avail themselves of it. The shafts flew thick and fast from open platoon and from behind impenetrable breastworks of impersonality, and nothing was omitted which might embarrass the question and lead to the overthrow of the ministry. Not that there was any blood on these men's hands; for until the last fatal move, which turned the comedy into a tragedy of terrible import, few imagined that the prisoners were in any actual personal danger, it being evident to the simplest mind that for the brigands to commit murder, without cause, in the face of such astounding odds as were offered in the ransom-money, and free transportation to a place of security, would be an act of sheer insanity.

But notwithstanding the conflict of argument, political abuse, and irritating advice to which the Greek government were exposed, few went so far as to counsel the granting of an amnesty to these wretches, which would not only have been a shameless violation of the constitution, but a virtual legalization of brigandage throughout the kingdom.* No Greek acquainted with the constitution of his country had the temerity to propose this, even as a *dernier ressort*. The honor of doing so was assumed by Lord Clarendon, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who sent three messages by telegram from the Foreign-office at London—subsequently confirming them by written dispatches to the English minister at Athens—empowering him to say to the Greek government that "her Majesty's government hoped that there would be no hesitation in granting a pardon to the brigands rather than allow the lives of the captives, by demurring to do so, to be exposed to additional risk;" and he declared "that the British government would not accept, as an excuse for the sacrifice of life, the plea that, even for its preservation, pardon could not be extended to the brigands," and "that her Majesty's government considered that they were justified in calling on the Greek government to consent to any measures for the release of the prisoners." These messages were not received at Athens until after the perpetration of the tragedy which ended the eventful history. What effect a continued pressure of the English government might eventually have had, it is impossible to say, but most certainly brigandage itself would have received an impulse by such an act of leniency as would have required half a generation to have checked. At the request of his government the Greek minister at London, M. Brailas-Armeni, called upon Lord Clarendon to express "the great concern of his government at the capture of the English party by the brigands, and to explain to him the difficulty under which the Greek government labored in regard to the grant of an amnesty for which the brigands were appearing to hold out." M. Brailas said that "the power of pardon vested by the constitution in the King of Greece extended only to political offenses, and that the King could not interpose his authority to relieve persons from the penalty attaching to ordinary crimes."* Lord Clarendon replied to M. Brailas that "he could not admit the validity of the constitutional objection stated by the Greek government to preclude them from granting a pardon to the brigands. The Greek constitution had so frequently been violated by the government in regard to matters of internal administration that he could not listen to a plea founded on it as an excuse for not relieving the British subjects, whose lives were in imminent danger, by complying with the demands of the brigands for an amnesty as a part of the price of their surrender."

There is something in all this to remind Americans of the inconsistency of the British government on another occasion. For years and years the finger of scorn was pointed at the United States by England as a nation boasting of free institutions and yet nourishing in her midst the foul ulcer of human slavery. Plunged at last into the horrors of civil war on account of this very slavery—the Federal government struggling on their part for the conservation of the nation, the Confederates on their part for a separate nationality with slavery for its corner-stone—the English government raise the flag of neutrality between the combatants, and conveniently forgetting the horrors of slavery, urge separation and peace on the basis proposed by our enemies. For years the same power has taunted Greece for perverting constitutional liberty, and under its ægis protecting, if not encouraging, brigandage. At last three English subjects are captured by the outlaws, who demand, as an equivalent for their release, a free pardon for themselves and others of the band then in prison awaiting the judgment of the law.

* "If amnesty had been granted to this band," says the Athens correspondent of the London *Times*, "it could not have been refused to the band of Spanos: and it is the general opinion that in a few weeks bank directors, ministers, and men of substance would have been seized in the streets of Athens openly, with a threat that if pursuit should be attempted, or a ransom not promptly paid, the captives would be murdered."

* "The King has the right to pardon, commute, and lessen punishments awarded by the courts of law, excepting those pronounced against ministers. He has also the right to grant amnesty, *but only in case of political crimes*, under the responsibility of the ministers."—*Article* xxxix. *of the Greek Constitution.*

In a moment—in the twinkling of a telegraphic flash—all the sacredness of constitutional safeguards is thrown to the winds, and on the plea that, as they have sinned before, the Greek government are urged to sin again, beyond all former precedent—openly to violate the sacred instrument, and give a *carte blanche* to criminals all over the territory, because the captives on this occasion happen to be "British subjects." It is a little singular that while his lordship at the Foreign-office was impressing upon the Greek government, in the name of her Majesty, the grave consequences with which they might be visited in case the prisoners were not rescued, even at the price of a violation of the constitution, the English minister at Athens was urging the brigand chief, by a written communication, not to insist upon an amnesty "which the government had not the power to grant," and poor Herbert, a prisoner in their hands, was explaining to the Arvanitaki that "the amnesty was impossible," and the secretary of the British legation at Athens was saying the same thing in a letter published in the *Levant Herald*. Thus it would appear that the brigand chief, lying at his ease with loaded musket beneath the sylvan shade of Mount Pentelicus, and the English minister, sitting in his arm-chair at the Foreign-office in London, were the only "powers" in perfect accord as to the necessity for violating the constitution of Greece!

As the days rolled wearily on, and the preposterous demands of the Arvanitaki began to be accompanied by impatient threats, the emissaries gave up all hopes of accomplishing their mission, and the prisoners lost heart. Under these distressing circumstances the Greek government, with the approval of the English and Italian ministers, determined to adopt a more stringent policy, and to try the effects of fear upon the outlaws. An express promise had been made to the brigands that they should not be molested where they then were; but when the former gave intimation that unless their terms were complied with they should move toward the frontier with their prisoners, it was decided to send a body of troops to form a cordon around the encampment, not for the purpose of attacking, but to prevent the removal of the band. It was supposed that the soldiers, marching rapidly and stealthily forward, could accomplish their purpose before any suspicion of the movement induced a change of position on the part of the brigands. But the order was also given to "prevent" the departure of the band with their prisoners, should they attempt it. Now for soldiers to "prevent" an enemy from making a retreat means action, and military action against brigands *with prisoners in their hands* means death to the latter. Thus it appeared to me inevitable that the failure of the troops to effect a perfect cordon would bring on an engagement with the brigands, to the imminent danger of the lives of the captives. The prisoners themselves seem to have anticipated the result of a military movement, as appears in the following passages from notes written by some of them only the day before the fatal ending, but which were not received at Athens until an hour or two of the time when the frightful drama was being enacted.

Mr. Herbert writes with that Christian fortitude and gentleness of character for which he was distinguished:

"If things do not look bright, I do not see that they can be altered, so that we have but to make the best of them. If the government could grant those terms, I believe we should be all right. If not, our only chance is that when they know the troops are sent out in force in Bœotia they may wish to save their lives. For the present I do not think we run much risk unless we meet the soldiers, and in that case we shall have the satisfaction of believing that they will not go unpunished. But the captain desires me to say that he considers any movement of troops against him a violation of the written promise given him by you, which said he should not be molested, without adding any thing about Attica. He seems to think himself entitled, so long as he treats us well, to take us where he pleases; but there must, of course, be some limit to this. At present we are on the frontiers of Bœotia, and I believe the captain's wish is to move a little nearer Thebes—that is, to get nearer a country he and his band know better than they do this. The captain desires me to say that since he has seen Colonel Théagénis's orders he does not feel himself safe even here, and requests a further assurance from you, in writing, as to where they are safe, and for how long."

At the same time Mr. Lloyd wrote to his friend Lord Muncaster:

"With respect to the movements of the troops, you must remind Mr. Erskine that the undertaking on the part of the government was that the brigands should not be molested as long as they were with them. If their march is now interrupted, they may have a right to complain of a breach of faith, for which we shall most undoubtedly and irremediably suffer.

"The great thing is to gain time for negotiations, and not to hurry to an open conflict. I have suggested what I can to that effect, and leave it in your hands and those of our friends in Athens to do the best for us. You must not rely much on pressure to persuade these men to our terms."

Later in the day came another note from poor Herbert, which clearly shows that the military movement was, at least, premature:

"I think he" (the brigand chief) "has some grounds for saying he ought not to be attacked after the promise made to him, though obviously that promise could not be meant to be without limits. He is evidently getting more disposed to negotiate than he was, and I think, if he is not molested for the next week or two, he will come to some terms, could the armistice be prolonged for a little time, and limited, perhaps, to Bœotia or Attica, or to the neighborhood of Thebes and Chalcis, although the latter designation is, perhaps, too vague. We are to move to-day, but only to a village a quarter of an hour distant on the other side of the river, and I do not suppose we shall be attacked there."

The village to which Herbert referred is Sykami, a hamlet, and the river between it and Oropos, where the brigands then were, is the classic Asopus. They can be found on any general map of Greece, and

they will ever be of peculiar interest now in the light of the melancholy events which I am narrating. The road is lined and the spaces on either side are thick with brush-wood, through which, avoiding the open road, the brigands proceeded with their prisoners on the afternoon of April the 21st. Before the start on that day, young Vyner addressed the following touching letter to his friend Lord Muncaster, at Athens. It can not be read without emotion by any who appreciate the horrors of the situation in which he was placed, or who were acquainted with the manly presence and nobility of character of this unfortunate young Englishman. The letter did not reach Athens until after the news of the fatal tragedy which followed.

"The messenger has arrived, and has, in conjunction with Noel, had a lengthened interview with the chief. The result is unfavorable. The chief has said to Noel that he will keep us safe for three or four months; but, of course, the soldiers being set loose has done away with our security, and on the first engagement with the troops we must die, for they will kill us at once....There is one thing they would agree to, namely, that a formal trial should be held here, and that they should be pardoned afterward. This does not seem illegal. Thank the King and his ministers on my behalf for their kindness, and say that I do not ask (for I am powerless to do that), but that, as a dying man, I implore them humbly to grant this request of the brigands, and to prevent the operations of the soldiers; as, if not, we must die in a day or two, besides the needless bloodshed that would ensue. The government official regards our position as beyond all hope, so that we must trust to God that we may die bravely, as Englishmen should do....Pray for your unfortunate but affectionate friend,

"FREDERICK VYNER."

It is said that when the news of the death of Vyner was communicated to the brigand chief Takos, he shed tears. The young Englishman had won the friendship of the chief during his captivity, and the two had sometimes engaged in athletic sports—running, throwing the quoit, etc.

From the various accounts of the occurrences which followed I select a portion only of that of the English commander, Hotham, who officially visited the locality a short time subsequent to the tragedy, and obtained his information from personal observation and conversation with the peasantry, avoiding, as he did, the consideration of military details, as my purpose is to give only a general idea of the principal events bearing upon the massacre of the foreigners.

"A Greek gun-vessel being at anchor in the Scala of Oropos, and also the fact of a person having come from the troops about 11 A.M. of the 21st of April, and also, perhaps, what passed at an interview with Colonel Théagénis and Mr. Noel, seem to have made Takos decide upon quitting Oropos for Sykami. His prisoners tried to persuade him to remain at Oropos, and he seems to have half promised them to return thither in three days' time. From what I can learn, the brigands had no idea that the troops were so near, and I understand that they constantly walked about when in Oropos without arms.

"Takos, and Christos Arvanitaki, his brother, seem to have differed (after the interview with Mr. Noel), the former wishing to accept the ransom alone, but Christos objecting to such a proceeding, on the ground that if they did so without any amnesty, they would be immediately hunted down and killed.

"On the 19th and 20th of April Takos seems to have been kind in manner toward his prisoners, but changed after his meeting with Colonel Théagénis. It was then he seemed to take an angry tone, to which, on the morning of the 21st, was added suspicion, he permitting no one to leave the village of Oropos without satisfying himself of their destination and business. About 2.20 P.M. of that day the brigands left Oropos for Sykami in two parties, each within five minutes of the other, the robbers saying 'good-by' to the inhabitants, and telling them they would be back on the next Sunday.

"The prisoners appear to have been much distressed on leaving Oropos. No soldiers at all were seen from Oropos on the 21st, but after the prisoners and brigands had gone about one hundred yards from that place a policeman in disguise arrived in the village, and almost immediately left again in the direction of Kako-Salessi.

"The band and prisoners arrived at Sykami between half past three and four o'clock, having been delayed a long time crossing the river Asopus, owing to a heavy freshet. After they had been in the village from a quarter to half an hour, the sentries posted on the hill above, seeing the troops coming down over the range on the opposite side of the river, gave the alarm, shouting out some word, the meaning of which I could not get accurately translated into English, but which would seem to imply, 'We are betrayed,' or surrounded. Takos, his band, and prisoners immediately started off toward Delisie, taking with them thirteen peasants, who all managed soon to escape. I can only surmise that the carrying away of these men was to prevent the troops firing upon them.

"About a quarter of an hour after the brigands had left the village the troops crossed the river, some at the ford of the village, others further up. The brigands then seem to have taken the most direct course for Delisie, only once diverging toward the sea, probably with the intention of retracing their steps through the valley of the Asopus, and so baffling their pursuers. In the last gully before reaching the plain of Delisie, the body of Mr. Herbert was found, about 300 yards from the beach, and 600 from the large house at Delisie. It was lying ten yards from the foot-path leading up the ravine into the brush. The country round here is covered with small thick brush-wood—arbutus and small pine. The body was lying face downward on a small bush, and when discovered he was not quite dead, but expired almost immediately. This spot is visible directly over the spur from the house at Delisie.

"In a parallel line to the sea, about 400 yards from Mr. Herbert's body, they dispatched their second victim, Mr. Edward Lloyd. He also was lying on a small bush, quite dead. This must have occurred at about 4.45 P.M. Here the robbers divided, one party, under Takos, taking the remaining prisoners (Mr. Vyner and Count De Boyl), choosing the path leading to Skimatari; the other band, under Christos (who was shortly afterward killed), keeping parallel to the beach. Following Takos's party up the valley, they seem to have abandoned their idea of going to Skimatari, and turned so as to leave that place on their left, making toward Deamisi. About a mile after leaving the valley, four miles from Delisie, and about three from Skimatari, was discovered the body of Mr. Vyner, and at about 100 yards northeast of him lay the murdered Count De Boyl. They must both have been killed just before dark. Very shortly after this occurrence all pursuit was stopped by night coming on, with heavy rain."

With the death of these noble victims immediate interest in the event may be supposed to end. I will, in the briefest manner, touch upon a few points. The question of who fired first—the brigands upon the soldiers, or the soldiers upon the brigands—

has never been satisfactorily settled, nor does it much matter. It is certain, however, that when the pursuing soldiers witnessed the death of the first victims (and they were dispatched only when the brigands perceived that they could no longer keep pace with them in their flight), they could not restrain their indignation, and, without waiting for orders, fired upon the brigands, and, with impetuosity, overtook and captured others. The result of the conflict was that seven of the brigands, including one of the brother chiefs, Christos Arvanitaki, were killed, and four—some of whom were wounded—were taken prisoners. Ten of the band, with the other chief, Takos, made good their escape over the frontier into Thessaly, from whence they originally came, the whole band, with two exceptions, being Turkish subjects. An English official report subsequently stated that the band "remained unmolested" at the village of Koitza, in the Turkish provinces. Since then it has been heard from in various parts of the country, and both the Ottoman and Greek governments have offered large rewards for the head of Takos, the daring leader of this band of miscreants, but every effort to kill or to take him has proved unavailing. His followers are faithful to their chief, and the chief himself too wary to be entrapped.

The bodies of the unfortunate foreigners were brought to Athens, and received all the funeral honors which a heart-stricken community could pay them, the King in person walking in the procession, with the ministers of state, civil and military officials, and the diplomatic body in uniform. Such a sadly impressive display was perhaps never before witnessed in Athens. The funereal pomp was overshadowed by the intensity of the public grief—grief mingled with a certain fear of the opprobrium, if not punishment, which might be inflicted upon Greece by a foreign power for the acts of foreign scoundrels on her soil. And the victims were worthy of the royal and civic honors paid to their mutilated remains. They died, as the noble Vyner foretold, "bravely, as Englishmen should do."

In Herbert was lost a valued friend—a man whose weak physique alone threatened to belie his high promises of manhood. He possessed the most delicate sensibility, united with mental powers of high cultivation. With strong opinions, he was cool in debate, and gracefully yielded to argument. It was his ambition to enter Parliament, but I am inclined to think that his condition of health gave a sober tint to all worldly considerations. I remember one evening he appeared to be greatly depressed, and, in the course of conversation, remarked that he had been that afternoon to look at the Protestant burying-ground at Athens, and was disappointed at its "look-out," adding, after a melancholy pause, "I don't think I should like to lie there, and shall tell E—— to send me home to England." This premonition of early death may be some consolation to the friends at home who were called to mourn his sudden and awful fate.

The widow of one of the victims, Mrs. Lloyd, received a voluntary present of £1000 from the King, with the further promise that his Majesty would recommend the Greek Parliament to vote her an annuity of £400. On the arrival of this lady in England, a liberal subscription was taken up for her there, to which the Greek residents were the chief contributors. Finally, through the influence of the London Foreign-office, the Greek government were required to change the original suggestion of an annuity into a positive payment of £10,000 sterling to Mrs. Lloyd—a measure which did not pass the Chamber of Deputies without protracted debate, in which England was handled without gloves, as enforcing a most unjust demand. When at last it was passed the payment was declared to be made, not as a precedent for the future, and not even as an act of justice to the lady, but because to refuse to pay it would be to incur further pressure on the part of England which might cost Greece more in humiliation and in money than the payment of the first demand, however unjust. Thus Greece put another stone in her already well-filled pocket of English injuries, against that bitter day of reckoning which, weak as she is, she trusts will some day come.*

The heads of the seven brigands killed in the conflict near Delisie were brought to Athens, and displayed on a scaffolding erected in an open place near the city amidst the execrations of the crowd.

The trial of the captured brigands, including those of the same band previously confined in the prison at Athens, was a most painfully interesting affair. The court was crowded with spectators, many from the best classes of society, and the proceedings were conducted with all the solemnity of law. The brigand prisoners, weak with their wounds, were brought into the court-room on litters, producing a lively impression. A sketch of the scene, drawn by one of the English barristers present, appeared in the *Illustrated London News*. During their confinement in jail I was permitted to confer with them, and for half an hour, with an interpreter, was shut up with them in a cell. On my asking the most intelli-

* In the case of the capture, a few years ago, by Italian brigands, of two Englishmen, Mr. Moens and Rev. J. C. Murray Aynsley, Lord Russell declared to the Italian embassador in London that those gentlemen had "no more right to ask the Italian government to repay them their ransom, than the embassador would have, were his pocket picked on London Bridge, to reclaim the value from the English nation."

gent of the three who were captured in the conflict why the foreigners were treated so inhumanly, he threw his arms out in the fashion of a nurse, and exclaimed, "Inhumanly! we treated them like babies;" whereupon his companions, making the same gesture, repeated the words, "Yes, like babies." "And why did you murder them in your flight?" "Ah," he answered, "when shots are flying thick and fast about one's head, one does not know exactly what he does."

The five condemned brigands were executed by guillotine at Athens on the 20th of June. They met their well-merited death with firmness, but elicited no particle of sympathy from the spectators.

The terrible massacre of the four foreigners plunged not only Athens but all Greece into the deepest mortification and affliction. In England the news of the capture had in the first instance created no excitement. The London *Times* pronounced it a "comedietta," and that "beyond the payment of the ransom-money there was scarcely any element of inconvenience, and certainly none of danger in the transaction. It was a customary incident of the spring;" and the *Times* went on to suggest that in case of need "a detachment from Malta might be employed in aiding the Greek government to recover our snared countrymen," a suggestion which contained in it, as the sequel proved, the very "element of danger" which produced the fatal result. But no sooner was the "comedietta" at Marathon turned into a tragedy by the employment of military measures, than a feeling of anger was produced in England which vented itself in the most bitter and unjust denunciations against the whole Greek nation. The London journals declared Greece to be "a country whose political system is anarchy, and whose staple industry is brigandage;" "a miserable failure, and a positive nuisance to Europe;" "the home of ruffians, and the den of assassins;" "a nest of robbers and pirates;" "a mere brigand's den;" "the St. Giles of Europe—the Ratcliff Highway of the world;" "a generation of bastards;" "a convict settlement—the curse of the Levant;" "a rickety bantling, and a political swindle;" and so on *ad nauseam*.

We can not wonder at the horror and anger of Englishmen when the news of the ruthless slaughter of their innocent countrymen was telegraphed to London. But we are apt to regard—at least we wish to regard—the press, as we regard a judicial tribunal, as raised high above popular passions and personal vindictiveness; as a calm, unprejudiced recorder of events, postponing criticism until all the evidence is in, and a judgment can be formed on the basis of indisputable facts.

As time threw light upon the history of events, and a better understanding of the matter cleared the Greek government and people of the infamous charges laid at their feet, public opinion was modified; and although there has never been made one generous retraction of these charges, silence has given assent to the idea that they were unsupported by facts.* Unfortunately, through the misunderstanding of a remark made by the Greek Prime Minister to the English representative at Athens, the impression was conveyed that the extraordinary tenacity with which the brigands had held out for amnesty was attributable to the intrigues of political parties who wished to embarrass the existing ministry. No sooner was this idea mooted than the British government demanded that a most searching judicial investigation should be had at Athens for the purpose of discovering and bringing to judgment accomplices of the crime near Marathon, and that two English barristers should be allowed free access to the courts to watch the proceedings. After some difficulty, owing to the unprecedented character of the last demand, it was acceded to. The preliminary examination was accordingly instituted, and occupied in duration nearly seven months. The number of arrests, chiefly shepherds and peasants, or persons of a similar condition in life, was 111. Of these, two died in prison; forty-seven were released for want of any evidence against them; and sixty-two were sent for trial. Several of these last were finally sentenced to imprisonment, on proof of having protected, given food to, or otherwise been in collusion with the band, and two were sentenced to hard labor for life for having advised the brigand band of the passage of the travelers to Marathon, and urged them to wait and make the capture on their return. The only person of any social standing who was charged with complicity in the crime was a young Englishman, son of the proprietor of a large estate in Eubœa, which island lies along the coast of Greece near its northern frontier, and not far from the scene of the terrible events recorded. This person had in his employ a brother of the Arvanitaki brigand chiefs, and had had business relations with two other brothers of the outlaws. A note, said to have been signed by one of the brothers, to the brigands, and found upon the body of the chief, Christos, urged him to be firm and not to yield the point of amnesty. The Englishman himself was sent to the brig-

* "The matter is dying out," said a newspaper manager in London when requested to print a few new facts; "it is not worth while to revive discussion." The matter *is* dying out, but in ignorance, not in enlightenment; and if a single member of Parliament had risen in his seat and acknowledged that injustice had been done to Greece in any one particular, Greece and England would have been all the better for the honest avowal. How can great Powers hope to win the respect and confidence of smaller ones, or expect to have their counsels followed, if unwilling to make the *amende honorable* which in private life a gentleman never refuses to his inferior?

ands to assist in the negotiations for the release of the captives; and whatever he may have said to the chiefs, he certainly made no concealment of his opinion that "amnesty ought to be granted to the brigands." This young gentleman had not only employed the brothers of the brigand chiefs in business connected with his estate, but he stood in relation to them as "koumbáros," or *compère;* that is, he had stood godfather to the child of one of them, and was bound to the outlaws by ties which in Greece are regarded as sacred. His position, therefore, was extremely difficult.

Such a prisoner and such a charge were, indeed, a most unexpected result of an investigation instituted by the British government in the expectation that some Greek statesman or other would be found at the bottom of the mystery. No wonder that England was chagrined, and that a desire to "hush up the matter" was expressed in government circles in London! However, the young Englishman, whose unfortunate relations with the brothers of brigands is an evidence of the fact that respectable people can not always avoid seeming complicity with open-handed criminals, was well treated. Unlike the one hundred and eleven low fellows who were doomed to share the unenviable hospitality of a loathsome jail until slow justice found it convenient to examine into their case, he was allowed to walk the streets of Athens *en parole,* and to reside with one of his own countrymen, who was kind enough to defend him in a London journal before he could be brought to trial. Finally, as might have been expected under the circumstances, he was not even brought to trial, the evidence being insufficient to sustain a criminal charge against him.

The English minister at Athens is accused of having blundered in authorizing or in not disapproving of the military measures, which, after much earnest consultation, were resorted to by the government, and which, as has been seen, caused the death of the captives. However opinions may vary on this point, every one, upon consideration, will at least agree with the English minister in the opinion expressed by him in his dispatch to the Foreign-office, that "if the brigands had been allowed to carry off their prisoners without interruption from the comparatively accessible situation they were then in, and if the captives had dropped off miserably one by one, or been murdered at a later period by the brigands in some chance encounter with the troops, it would equally have been said that they (the English and Italian ministers) were to blame, and that they ought never to have consented to their removal from Oropos; that a little firmness would have forced the brigands to accept the terms offered to them; in short, any misfortune to the captives would always have been attributed to their mismanagement."

CORN FIELDS.

By CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON.

In the broad Ohio lowlands, in the sun's white heat,
In the shadowless stillness of the clear August noon,
We feel the full earth's pulses hot and strong beneath our feet,
The ripeness and the richness of their rhythmical beat,
Saying, "Ripen, corn; ripen corn; green fields, ripen mellow;"
Saying, "Ripen, corn; ripen, corn; green ears, ripen yellow,
For the harvest comes soon."

In the broad Ohio lowlands thick the green ranks grow,
In straight unbroken furrows to the east, to the west;
The tree-tops in the distance are the only hills they know,
So they proudly lift their tasseled heads, whispering low,
Saying, "Rustle, leaves; rustle, leaves; hear the furrows' voices;"
Saying, "Rustle, leaves; rustle, leaves; all the field rejoices,
For our lot is the best."

They know not of the shadow where the cool mountains stand;
They know not of the brook with the dark rocks at its mouth;
They only know the river and its level banks of sand—
They only know the river moving slow through the land,
Saying, "Float, lilies; float, lilies; August's gold-crowned daughters;"
Saying, "Float, lilies; float, lilies; on my sun-warmed waters
I bear you toward the South."

They know the mellow richness of the brown fervid earth;
They feel the prisoned dew-drops caught in the misty morn;
They think of the soft rain-clouds, of their early spring-time birth,
And they sing of the harvest in their ripe lusty mirth,
Saying, "Shine, heavens; shine, heavens; pour thy splendor on us;"
Saying, "Shine, heavens; shine, heavens; send down now upon us
The glory of the corn."

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD STAGER.

Notices of conspicuous Public Men, with characteristic Anecdotes illustrating their Peculiarities.—Accounts of Congressional and other Duels, and personal Collisions in Congress, including a Glance at Washington Public Life during several Administrations.

I.

MR. CLAY is chiefly known to the present generation as a statesman and orator. He had in him the elements of a great lawyer, but his early training was defective, and he was so constantly in public life after arriving at the period of manhood that he was never adequately equipped for the higher walks of the profession. He was eminently a man of action, and his faculties qualified him for any task that he might undertake. With a jury or a popular audience he was surpassingly powerful. He spoke with equal felicity and force, although he had not that perfect accuracy of expression which distinguished the writings and speeches of Mr. Webster. In the power of controlling and swaying an auditory, Prentiss, the great orator of Mississippi, was his only superior among all his contemporaries, and even that master of the art of persuasion on the one hand and denunciation on the other hardly excelled Mr. Clay as a popular speaker. The great Kentuckian frequently appeared before the Supreme Court of the United States, but he was often overmatched in a legal argument. Charles Hammond, of Cincinnati, and Mr. Clay were engaged on opposite sides in the important suit between the United States Bank and the State of Ohio. Hammond was the more profound lawyer, but Mr. Clay's brilliant declamation obscured and partially nullified his cogent and logical arguments. Tennessee and Mississippi had a protracted controversy respecting the inter-State slave-trade, which was finally decided by the Supreme Court. Robert J. Walker was employed by Mississippi, and Mr. Clay appeared for Tennessee. Walker was a man of great astuteness, adroit and accomplished, and the general impression was that he had the better of Mr. Clay before the court.

Mr. Clay on one occasion in the Senate exhibited a degree of dramatic power, a faculty of imitation and personation of his political opponents, that excited the admiration of all who heard him. He undertook to paint a scene that occurred the night previous at the White House. Mr. Tyler's veto of the Bank bill aroused a strong feeling of indignation among a portion of the inhabitants of Washington, and a considerable number of the malcontents collected at the Executive Mansion to express their feelings by opprobrious remarks and other evidences of disapprobation and disgust. It so happened that on the same night of this disorderly and insulting demonstration a number of Democratic Senators made a complimentary visit to the President to express their satisfaction at the service he had rendered in arresting the bank charter. A resolution of inquiry into the disturbances at the White House was moved in the Senate, and Mr. Clay, ingeniously and mischievously confounding the riotous proceedings of the mob with the visit of the Democratic Senators, gave a graphic and most amusing account of the affair, putting into the mouths of the visitors, and several Senators who were not present, characteristic and appropriate addresses to the President. It was a new rôle for Mr. Clay. In harsh, scathing ridicule he was always effective, and no man excelled him in vehement denunciation or unsparing vituperation. But he had not a keen sense of the ludicrous, nor was he generally happy in humorous allusion or fanciful illustration. One of the happiest hits of his life was on the occasion referred to. The resolution of inquiry, offered by Mr. Woodbury, was before the Senate. Mr. Clay said, in substance, that if any such proceedings did occur, they were certainly very wrong. The Chief Magistrate, whoever he may be, should be treated with becoming respect, if not for his personal character, on account of the exalted office he holds. He had read with great pleasure the acts and resolutions of an early meeting held by the orderly and respectable citizens of Washington in reprobation of those disturbances. But if the resolution had been adopted, he had intended to move the appointment of a select committee, the Senator from New Hampshire for chairman, to be composed of a majority of his political friends. And for this reason: he had heard that about eight or nine o'clock that same night there was an irruption on the President's house of the whole Loco-foco party in Congress, and he had been inclined to suspect that the alleged disorders might have grown out of that fact. He understood that the whole party was there, and no spectacle, he was sure, could have been more amusing or ridiculous. If he could have been in a position to witness that extraordinary reunion, he should have had an enjoyment which no dramatic performance could communicate. He could almost fancy that he could then see the principal *dramatis personæ* who figured in the scene. There stood the grave and distinguished Senator from South Carolina—

Mr. Calhoun instantly rose and insisted upon explaining, saying he was not there, but Mr. Clay refused to yield the floor.

The Senator must excuse him. It was necessary to his picture that the distinguished gentleman should have been present. With his permission, he was there. Tall, careworn, with furrowed brow, haggard, intently gazing, looking as if he were analyzing the last abstraction that sprung from meta-

physician's brain, he muttered to himself, "This is indeed a crisis!"

Then there was the Senator from Alabama [Mr. King].

"I was there, Mr. President," interjected Mr. King.

No doubt of it, said Mr. Clay. The Senator was standing upright, and gracefully regarding the scene as if he were prepared to settle the latest disputed question of order. Not far off stood the honorable Senators from Arkansas and Missouri. The latter, throwing a scornful glance at the Senator from South Carolina, exclaimed, "He a statesman! why, he never invented a humbug!"

Mr. Benton said, "I was not there."

Mr. Clay, accepting the denial of Mr Benton, proceeded: He stood corrected. He was only imagining what the Senator from Missouri would have said if he had been there. Then there stood the Senator from Georgia [Mr. Cuthbert], debating in his mind how he should make his next attack upon the Senator from Kentucky. The honorable Senator from Pennsylvania [Mr. Buchanan] was undoubtedly the spokesman for his whole party. Mr. Clay said he could not pretend to imitate the gentleman's well-known eloquence, but he must make a humble essay toward the kind of speech which he might have been expected to deliver:

"May it please your Excellency: A number of your present political friends, late your political opponents, in company with myself, have come to deposit at your Excellency's feet the evidences of our loyalty and devotion, and they have done me the honor to make me the organ of their sentiments and feelings. We are here more particularly to present to your Excellency our grateful and most cordial congratulations on your rescue of the country from a flagrant and alarming violation of the Constitution by the creation of a Bank of the United States, and also our profound acknowledgments for the veto by which you have illustrated the wisdom of your administration, and so greatly honored yourself. And we would dwell particularly on the unanswerable reasons and cogent arguments with which the notification of the act to the Legislature had been accompanied. We had been ourselves struggling for days and weeks to arrest the passage of the bill, and to prevent the creation of the monster to which it gives birth. We had expended all our logic, exerted all our ability, employed all our eloquence; but in spite of our utmost efforts, the friends of your Excellency in the Senate and House of Representatives proved too strong for us. And we have now come to thank you for beating your own friends — an achievement far beyond our powers."

Mr. Buchanan made a tart reply, but the other Democratic Senators took the imaginary scene in good temper; and Mr. Clay's versatility and presence of mind, with his wonderful graces of elocution, had a pleasing effect upon the Senate.

Mr. Clay, of all men, relished a personal discussion — a duel, with words for the weapons. He excelled in philippic and retort, and never flinched when he met an antagonist who could give as well as take. He was merciless in a skirmish of this kind, and had no hesitation in alluding to physical defects or natural infirmities of any description. He indulged frequently in coarse pleasantries and unsparing ridicule. Mr. Buchanan was his pet aversion, and he expressed his dislike in season and out of season. Mr. Buchanan had a defect in his sight, a sort of *wall*-eye, or cross-eye, which gave him the appearance of obliquity of vision. On one occasion, when the Democrats were in the majority, Mr. Clay complained of some act of Mr. Wright, alluding to him as the "leader of the Senate." From the spot where Mr. Clay was standing, Mr. Wright and Mr. Buchanan were nearly in a range in the semicircle. Mr. Buchanan rose to reply, supposing himself to have been referred to. Mr. Clay, with an expression on his face compounded of derision and contempt, said: "Mr. President, the Senator from Pennsylvania is giving himself a deal of unnecessary trouble. I made no allusion to him, Sir. I spoke of the leader of the Senate," pointing unmistakably to Mr. Wright.

Mr. Buchanan, with much embarrassment, hesitatingly rejoined, "Mr. President, I did not intend to arrogate to myself any such distinction. I make no pretensions to be the leader of the Senate ["I should hope not," interjected Mr. Clay, without rising]; but the Senator from Kentucky certainly looked at me."

"No, Mr. President, I did nothing of the kind. It was not that I looked at the Senator [here he held his hands up, making a cross with two fingers]; it was the way the Senator looked at me."

At another time Mr. Clay and Mr. Buchanan fell into a controversial discussion, in which personalities were freely interchanged. Mr. Clay at last alluded to some transaction involving Mr. Buchanan, much to that gentleman's embarrassment, who hesitated and stammered, but finally recovering himself, said he could retort upon the Senator from Kentucky, and intimated that he could reveal a secret that he would not like to have made public, hinting at something which was understood by Mr. Clay. Springing to his feet, the latter exclaimed in a loud and imperious tone,

"No, Sir, not a word! That subject is taboo."

"But the Senator has spoken of my pri

vate affairs, and I must be allowed a similar license."

"Proceed, Sir," said Mr. Clay; "but understand that you proceed at your peril—your personal peril!"

Mr. Buchanan sank into his seat, turning the color of his white cravat, without uttering another word.

Mr. Clay, although prompt to resent an affront, and always ready for a duel either with words or pistols, never promoted strife unless he had a hand in the contest, and frequently adjusted personal difficulties by his great moral energy and force of character. It was said of him by a shrewd judge of men, Dr. Linn, a colleague of Colonel Benton in the Senate, that Clay was never an indifferent spectator when a quarrel was in progress. If he could not be counted in, he always came forward with a compromise. He was so fond of peace and harmony that he was willing to fight upon that issue at any time.

John Holmes was in the Senate, from Maine, an able man, and always personally popular; but the mutations of party threw him into the minority at home, and he was instructed by the State Legislature to vote upon some important question against his convictions of what was right and proper. Mr. Holmes resented this as an impertinence, and addressed a letter to the people of his State, modestly informing them that the Legislature was not competent to instruct him; that, with his age and experience and his knowledge of the subject, it would be more fitting for him to instruct the Legislature, and he proceeded to read the members a sharp lecture, pointing out where they had erred, and enjoining them to avoid such mistakes in the future. Naturally enough, this was too much for the forbearance of his constituents, and they plainly intimated to the gentleman that he need not expect a re-election. About this time Mr. Clay had interposed in a bitter quarrel between two friends, and by dint of remonstrance and persuasion prevented a duel that seemed to be imminent and unavoidable, much to the satisfaction of every body. Shortly after Mr. Holmes, with whom he was on terms of familiar intimacy, putting his hand on his shoulder, said, "Harry, you are an astonishingly fine fellow. You settle difficulties with wonderful facility. You are the great pacificator of the age. Can't you give me a little help in my present embarrassment? I have a slight misunderstanding with the Legislature of my State. If you would take a run down to Augusta you might arrange the difficulty, and then you would have the pleasure of my company during another term."

In public affairs Mr. Clay's policy was that of concession and compromise. It may be doubted, however, whether the effects of his efforts in that way were as salutary and beneficial as they were in the adjustment of personal quarrels. They tended to the postponement of evil consequences rather than their final prevention. They were temporary in effect, allaying discontent and uneasiness for the moment, but which generally became more irritating and dangerous from the lapse of time. The Missouri Compromise was a measure of that character. The truce between the North and South was a hollow one, and when hostilities were renewed the quarrel was more bitter than ever. The graduated tariff of 1832 was the work of Mr. Clay. It was constructed on the principle so often adopted by petit juries, of splitting the difference, leaving parties litigant dissatisfied and ready to reopen the case at the first opportunity. The compromise of the slavery controversy in 1850 was a temporary expedient postponing a rupture, the conflicting forces, meantime, getting more and more exasperated, and finally the great struggle of 1861 being the ultimate consequence. Wise statesmanship looks to the eradication of existing evils; empiricism seeks merely to put off the evil day.

The defeat of Mr. Clay at the Philadelphia Convention in 1848 was the culmination of his chagrin, mortification, and wrath at the final overthrow of all his schemes of ambition. He aspired to the Presidency with a degree of solicitude and anxiety that finally became a passionate longing. He was an enthusiastic, sanguine man, confident in his own powers, and clear and decided in his convictions. He was not amenable to counsel or advice, nor did he ever receive contradiction graciously. That he was patriotic and conscientious in his public life I have no more doubt than that he was strictly honest and faithful in all his private relations. He wished to be President for many reasons. He was certain that his theory of the policy of the government was indispensable to the development of the resources of the country and the material prosperity of the people. Then he had the strongest desire to gratify and reward his friends, and at the same time punish his enemies. His defeat in the National Convention at Harrisburg was a grievous disappointment. Then the disastrous termination of the campaign of 1844 bore heavily upon him, and the infelicity of the situation was aggravated by the consciousness that he owed his defeat largely to his self-conceit, obstinacy, and contemptuous rejection of the advice of judicious friends. Soon after the nomination of Mr. Clay, John C. Wright and Judge Burnett, of Cincinnati, visited Ashland with a view of conferring with Mr. Clay in regard to the most eligible mode of conducting the campaign. Mr. Wright, from whom I had the particulars of the interview, was a gentleman of great astuteness, a practiced polit-

ical manager, and understood the temper and feelings of the people as well as any man in the country. He had served many years in Congress with Mr. Clay, and was held by him in the highest esteem. Their pleasant relations might have been slightly disturbed by the confidential intimacy that had subsisted between General Harrison and Mr. Wright; but Mr. Clay appreciated the ability and good faith of Mr. Wright, and was as likely to listen patiently to his suggestions as to those of any other statesman. The Texas question was then looming threateningly in the distance, and, as a disturbing force in the Presidential field, required delicate handling. There were other points, too, upon which a hasty decision might have a disastrous effect. Mr. Wright said that Judge Burnett and himself desired simply to make such suggestions as were demanded by the circumstances of the case, and to see if they could receive the acquiescence of Mr. Clay. He met them as they approached his house, greeting them in his usual hearty way, expressing himself gratified at the visit. The moment the salutations were over, Mr. Clay said, "Wright, I know what you have come for: you want to take me into keeping, as you did Harrison."

"Not at all," said Wright. "We came down to talk over the plan of the campaign, and specially to consider how this Texas matter is to be treated."

"I intend to conduct the campaign myself," retorted Mr. Clay. "It shall never be charged upon me that I am in the hands of a committee. I will not surrender my independence, or submit to be guided by any body."

"Then all I have to say is, that I'm sorry we took the trouble to come down. You will manage your affairs in your own way, of course; and as sure as you are now alive, so surely you will be defeated next November."

"Then I'll go down with my colors flying. Wright, you are a prophet of evil. But you don't alarm me. Let us have a drop of Bourbon, and consider the matter settled."

The final struggle took place in the Philadelphia Convention. There was a protracted contest. Mr. Clay's friends made a desperate stand in his behalf, knowing it to be his last chance. His nomination was resisted with great vigor and determination, especially by gentlemen who had smarted under the lash whith he wielded so unsparingly in Congress. And when General Taylor received a majority vote in the convention, William S. Archer, of Virginia, who had recently retired from the Senate of the United States, and who at one time had been Mr. Clay's warm admirer, expressed his gratification at the result in the following fervent language: "Thank God, we have got rid of the old tyrant at last!"

Mr. Clay had resigned his seat in the Senate preparatory to his nomination for the Presidency in 1844, and retired to his home in Kentucky. After the election of Mr. Polk the quiet and seclusion of private life became irksome to him, and he pined for the bustle and excitement attendant upon Congressional service, and his State gladly returned him to the Senate.

Advancing years brought upon him the infirmities of old age, and at the time of the inauguration of President Taylor he was disposed again to resign; but his will was as strong as ever, and, animated by a feeling of resentment toward those who had thwarted his wishes, he went to Washington, as he said, to protect his friends, who were in danger of proscription, from the men who had successfully conspired against him. Meeting him on his way to the seat of government, he spoke in his usual decided and denunciatory tones of his opponents in the Whig party. His utterances were characteristic and as emphatic as ever. "I go to Washington for the last time," said he, "with reluctance, and against my wishes and judgment. My relations to the Whigs are wholly changed by the events of the past year. Whatever of obligations I may have been under to the party are now discharged, and I shall take my seat in the Senate with little hope of rendering any service to the country, but solely to prevent my friends from being sacrificed by this piebald administration."

He died a disappointed and unhappy man, the injustice and ingratitude to which he felt that he had been subjected rankling like a personal indignity to the last.

ALIVE.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

When the wild wake-robin starts in the wood
At the joy of the earth who escapes her bars,
And the birches flutter in breezy mood,
And the quick brooks run and sing in the sun
To some strain of the song of the morning-stars;

When the gay rhodoras throng the swamp,
Like a settling cloud of winged things
All a-quiver in purple pomp,
And their green and gold the ferns unfold
To the far-heard murmur of hastening springs;

When trilliums nod, and the columbines
Spread like flames through the forest gloom;
When in open field the white-weed shines,
And the birds and bees in the apple-trees
Dart through skies of blue and of bloom;

When the whole bright orb is flashing along
With her cloudy gossamers round her curled,
A thing of blossom and leaf and song—
Still, I cry, is He far as the farthest star,
Or living and pulsing across His world?

THE BATTLE OF MURET, A.D. 1213.

[Down to the thirteenth century, and while the other nations of Europe were in a state of despotism and servitude, Spain was the stronghold of civil and religious liberty.

"Civil liberty was preserved as perfect in Spain," says Sismondi, in speaking of this period, "as it can be under any constitution....All classes were admitted to an equal share in the representation, and every Spaniard was taught to place a due value on his privileges as a citizen and on his nobility as a Visigoth....When political liberty was once properly appreciated, religious servitude could not long continue to exist....About the twelfth century the kings of Aragon granted free liberty of conscience in their states to the Paulicians and to the sectaries who afterward acquired the name of Albigenses. They likewise took up arms in their defense in that deadly crusade which was headed by Simon de Montfort; and Pedro II. of Aragon was slain in 1213, at the battle of Muret, fighting against these crusaders and in the cause of religious toleration."

Whatever faults have been attributed to Don Pedro, he was, says Sismondi, "a brave soldier, a skillful politician, and an elegant troubadour." His reign was a happy and prosperous one for his people, and he died, says the old French historian, Loys de Mayerne, "apres avoir régné heureusement et en grande réputation l'espace de dixneuf ans, trois mois, et vingt jours."]

Beside the Guadalquivir is heard the bugle's note;
From the old Moorish fastnesses a hundred banners float;
The shout goes up for Freedom! O hearts so strong and bold,
Forget not in your glory the glorious days of old!
For again they dawn, they brighten, they start to life again—
The good old days when Pedro ruled within the realm of Spain.

Those were the days of Gothic pride and spirit yet unbroke;
No Spanish neck had tamely bowed beneath a despot's yoke;
No Ferdinand had on the land sent out his edicts dire;
No schismatic had for his faith laid down his life in fire;
No Spanish galley filled with slaves had ever crossed the main—
In those good days when Pedro ruled within the realm of Spain.

Then freemen met at council-board, and freemen tilled the sod;
Then men were free even as they pleased to kneel and worship God.
And the name of Spain was hated by the nations of the West,
Because she succored the enslaved and battled for the oppressed;
And kings led forth her armies to break the tyrant's chain,
In those brave days when Pedro ruled within the land of Spain.

Don Pedro sends his summons. They come, each stalwart knight;
There Gomez, lord of Luna, rides, and Aznar, fierce in fight:
The noblest blood of Aragon, the blazons of their shields
Were won in many a well-fought day on Moorish battle-fields.
To Saragossa's stately halls they throng—a gorgeous train;
They gather round Don Pedro, their liege, the lord of Spain.

"Brave Spaniards, who so well have kept our liberties of old,
And to no foreigner paid yet our homage or our gold,
See now what tyrant armies work in Langnedoc their ills—
The thunders of their horse-hoofs shake the Pyrenean hills.
The oppressed cry out to us for aid: they shall not cry in vain:
Come, follow me, and fight for God, for freedom, and for Spain!"

The armies of De Montfort with cross on breast advance;
There are the priests of Italy, the lords and dukes of France;
Red are they with the slaughters of the valley of the Rhone,
The funeral pyres of Villemur, the flames of Carcassonne;
They have trampled on a hecatomb of babes and women slain,
And now by the Garonne they stand to wait the knights of Spain.

'Twas in the balmy sweetness of a soft September day
Along the banks of the Garonne Don Pedro led the array;
The spearmen of Toulouse were there, the horsemen clad in mail,
The banners of proud Aragon waved brightly on the gale;
By Muret's ancient fortress the gallant troops draw rein:
There, grappling, meet the lords of France and chevaliers of Spain.

Alas! brave heart! Don Pedro! that field of battle gave
To thee the hero's guerdon—the glory and the grave.
"'Tis I, the king, Don Pedro," he challenges the foe;
'Gainst him a hundred men to one the treach'rous Frenchmen go;
They whelm him with their numbers; he sinks upon the plain:
There, heaped with dead, lies cold and still the bravest heart of Spain.

For it pleased the Lord of battles to suffer for a time
The oppressor to fill full his cup of slaughter and of crime;
And fair Provence lies desolate, her strongholds are no more,
Her cities levéled in the dust, her vineyards drenched in gore;
And a wail through Saragossa goes: they chant a sad refrain—
A dirge for brave Don Pedro, the noblest knight of Spain.

A SIMPLETON.

A STORY OF THE DAY.

By CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER I.

A YOUNG lady sat pricking a framed canvas in the drawing-room of Kent Villa, a mile from Gravesend. She was making, at a cost of time and tinted wool, a chair cover, admirably unfit to be sat upon—except by some peevish artist bent on obliterating discordant colors. To do her justice, her mind was not in her work; for she rustled softly with restlessness as she sat, and she rose three times in twenty minutes and went to the window. Thence she looked down, over a trim flowery lawn, and long sloping meadows, on to the silver Thames, alive with steamboats plowing, white sails bellying, and great ships carrying to and fro the treasures of the globe. From this fair landscape and epitome of commerce she retired each time with listless disdain. She was waiting for somebody.

Yet she was one of those whom few men care to keep waiting. Rosa Lusignan was a dark but dazzling beauty, with coal-black hair and glorious dark eyes that seemed to beam with soul all day long; her eyebrows, black, straightish, and rather thick, would have been majestic, and too severe, had the other features followed suit; but her black brows were succeeded by long silky lashes, a sweet oval face, two pouting lips studded with ivory, and an exquisite chin, as feeble as any man could desire in the partner of his bosom. Person—straight, elastic, and rather tall. Mind—nineteen. Accomplishments—numerous: a poor French scholar, a worse German, a worst English, an admirable dancer, an inaccurate musician, a good rider, a bad draughtswoman, a bad hair-dresser, at the mercy of her maid; a hot theologian, knowing nothing, a sorry accountant, no housekeeper, no seamstress, a fair embroideress, a capital geographer, and no cook.

Collectively, viz., mind and body, the girl we kneel to.

This ornamental member of society now glanced at the clock once more, and then glided to the window for the fourth time. She peeped at the side a good while with superfluous slyness, or shyness, and presently she drew back, blushing crimson; then she peeped again, still more furtively, then retired softly to her frame, and, for the first time, set to work in earnest. As she plied her harpoon, smiling now, the large and vivid blush that had suffused her face and throat turned from carnation to rose, and melted away slowly but perceptibly, and ever so sweetly; and somebody knocked at the street-door.

The blow seemed to drive her deeper into her work. She leaned over it, graceful as a willow, and so absorbed, she could not even see the door of the room open, and Doctor Staines come in.

All the better: her not perceiving that slight addition to her furniture gives me a moment to describe him.

A young man, five feet eleven inches high, very square-shouldered and deep-chested, but so symmetrical and light in his movements that his size hardly struck one at first. He was smooth shaved, all but a short, thick, auburn whisker; his hair was brown. His features no more than comely: the brow full; the eyes wide apart and deep-seated; the lips rather thin, but expressive; the chin solid and square. It was a face of power, and capable of harshness, but leavened by an eye of unusual color, between hazel and gray, and wonderfully tender. In complexion he could not compare with Rosa; his cheek was clear but pale; for few young men had studied night and day so constantly. Though but twenty-eight years of age, he was literally a learned physician, deep in hospital practice, deep in books, especially deep in German science, too often neglected, or skimmed, by English physicians. He had delivered a course of lectures at a learned university with general applause.

As my reader has divined, Rosa was preparing the comedy of a cool reception; but, looking up, she saw his pale cheek tinted with a lover's beautiful joy at the bare sight of her, and his soft eye so divine with love that she had not the heart to chill him. She gave him her hand kindly, and smiled brightly on him instead of remonstrating. She lost nothing by it, for the very first thing he did was to excuse himself eagerly. "I am behind time: the fact is, just as I was mounting my horse a poor man came to the gate to consult me. He had a terrible disorder I have sometimes succeeded in arresting—I attack the cause instead of the symptoms, which is the old practice—and so that detained me. You forgive me?"

"Of course. Poor man! Only you said you wanted to see papa, and he always goes out at two."

When she had been betrayed into saying this she drew in suddenly, and blushed with a pretty consciousness.

"Then don't let me lose another minute," said the lover. "Have you prepared him for—for what I am going to have the audacity to say?"

Rosa answered, with some hesitation, "I *must* have—a little. When I refused Col-

onel Bright—you need not devour my hand quite—he is forty."

Her sentence ended, and away went the original topic, and grammatical sequence along with it. Christopher Staines recaptured them both. "Yes, dear, when you refused Colonel Bright—"

"Well, papa was astonished, for every body says the Colonel is a most eligible match. Don't you hate that expression? I do. Eligible!"

Christopher made due haste and recaptured her. "Yes, love, your papa said—"

"I don't think I will tell you. He asked me was there any body else, and of course I said 'No.'"

"Oh!"

"Oh, that is nothing. I had not time to make up my mind to tell the truth. I was taken by surprise, and you know one's first impulse is to fib—about *that*."

"But did you really deceive him?"

"No. I blushed, and he caught me; so he said, 'Come now, there was.'"

"And you said, 'Yes, there is,' like a brave girl as you are."

"What! plump like that? No; I was frightened out of my wits, like a brave girl as I am not, and said I should never marry any one he could disapprove; and then—oh! then I believe I began to cry. Christopher, I'll tell you something. I find people leave off teasing you when you cry—gentlemen, I mean. Ladies go on all the more. So then dear papa kissed me, and told me I must not be imprudent and throw myself away, that was all; and I promised him I never would. I said he would be sure to approve my choice, and he said he hoped so. And so he will."

Dr. Staines looked thoughtful, and said he hoped so too. "But, now it comes to the point of asking him for such a treasure, I feel my deficiencies."

"Why, what deficiencies? You are young and handsome and good, and ever so much cleverer than other people. You have only to ask for me, and insist on having me. Come, dear, go and get it over." She added, mighty coolly, "There is nothing so *dreadful* as suspense."

"I'll go this minute," said he, and took a step toward the door; but he turned, and in a moment was at her knees. He took both her hands in his, and pressed them to his beating bosom, while his beautiful eyes poured love into hers point-blank. "May I tell him you love me? Oh, I know you can not love me as I love you; but I may say you love me a little, may I not? That will go farther with him than any thing else. May I, Rosa, may I?—a little?"

His passion mastered her. She drooped her head sweetly on his shoulder, and murmured, "You know you may, my own. Who would not love you?"

He parted lingeringly from her, then marched away, bold with love and hope, to demand her hand in marriage.

Rosa leaned back in her chair, and quivered a little with new emotions. Christopher was right; she was not capable of loving like him; but still the actual contact of so strong a passion made her woman's nature vibrate. A dewy tear hung on the fringes of her long lashes, and she leaned back in her chair, and fluttered a while.

That emotion, almost new to her, soon yielded, in her girlish mind, to a complacent languor, and that, in its turn, to a soft reverie. So she was going to be married! To be mistress of a house, settle in London (*that* she had quite determined long ago); be able to go out into the streets all alone, to shop or visit; have a gentleman all her own, whom she could put her finger on any moment, and make him take her about, even to the opera and the theatre; to give dinner-parties her own self, and even a little ball once in a way; to buy whatever dresses she thought proper, instead of being crippled by an allowance; have the legal right of speaking first in society, even to gentlemen rich in ideas but bad starters, instead of sitting mum-chance and mock-modest; to be mistress instead of miss—contemptible title; to be a woman instead of a girl; and all this rational liberty, domestic power, and social dignity were to be obtained by merely wedding a dear fellow who loved her, and was so nice: and the bright career to be ushered in with several delights, each of them dear to a girl's very soul; presents from all her friends; as many beautiful new dresses as if she was changing her body or her hemisphere instead of her name; *éclat;* going to church, which is a good English girl's theatre of display and temple of vanity, and there tasting delightful publicity and whispered admiration, in a heavenly long veil, which she could not wear even once if she remained single.

This bright variegated picture of holy wedlock and its essential features, as revealed to young ladies by feminine tradition, though not enumerated in the Book of Common Prayer composed by males, so entranced her that time flew by unheeded, and Christopher Staines came back from her father. His step was heavy; he looked pale and deeply distressed; then stood like a statue, and did not come close to her, but cast a piteous look, and gasped out one word, that seemed almost to choke him—"Refused!"

Miss Lusignan rose from her chair, and looked almost wildly at him with her great eyes. "Refused?" said she, faintly.

"Yes," said he, sadly. "Your father is a man of business; and he took a mere business view of our love: he asked me directly what provision I could make for his daugh-

ter and her children. Well, I told him I had three thousand pounds in the Funds, and a good profession; and then I said I had youth, health, and love, boundless love, the love that can do or suffer, the love that can conquer the world."

"Dear Christopher! And what *could* he say to all that?"

"He ignored it entirely. There, I'll give you his very words. He said, 'In that case, Dr. Staines, the simple question is, what does your profession bring you in per annum?'"

"Oh! There—I always hated arithmetic, and now I abominate it."

"Then I was obliged to confess I had scarcely received a hundred pounds in fees this year; but I told him the reason: this is such a small district, and all the ground occupied. London, I said, was my sphere."

"And so it is," said Rosa, eagerly; for this jumped with her own little designs. "Genius is wasted in the country. Besides, whenever any body worth curing is ill down here, they always send to London for a doctor."

"I told him so, dearest," said the lover. "But he answered me directly, then I must set up in London, and as soon as my books showed an income to keep a wife and servants and children, and insure my life for five thousand pounds—"

"Oh, that is so like papa. He is director of an insurance company, so all the world must insure their lives."

"No, dear, he was quite right there: professional incomes are most precarious. Death spares neither young nor old, neither warm hearts nor cold. I should be no true physician if I could not see my own mortality." He hung his head and pondered a moment, then went on, sadly, "It all comes to this—until I have a professional income of eight hundred a year at least, he will not hear of our marrying: and the cruel thing is, he will not even consent to an engagement. But," said the rejected, with a look of sad anxiety, "you will wait for me without that, dear Rosa?"

She could give him that comfort, and she gave it him with loving earnestness. "Of course I will; and it shall not be very long. While you are making your fortune to please papa, I will keep fretting and pouting and crying till he sends for you."

"Bless you, dearest. Stop! not to make yourself ill! not for all the world." There spoke the lover and the physician.

He came, all gratitude, to her side, and they sat, hand in hand, comforting each other; indeed, parting was such sweet sorrow that they sat, and very close to one another, till Mr. Lusignan, who thought five minutes quite enough for rational beings to take leave in, walked into the room and surprised them. At sight of his gray head and iron-gray eyebrows, Christopher Staines started up and looked confused; he thought some apology necessary, so he faltered out, "Forgive me, Sir; it is a bitter parting to me, you may be sure."

Rosa's bosom heaved at these simple words. She flew to her father, and cried, "Oh, papa! papa! you were never cruel before," and hid her burning face on his shoulder; and then burst out crying, partly for Christopher, partly because she was now ashamed of herself for having taken a young man's part so openly.

Mr. Lusignan looked sadly discomposed at this outburst: she had taken him by his weak point; he told her so. "Now, Rosa," said he, rather peevishly, "you know I hate a noise."

Rosa had actually forgotten that trait for a single moment; but, being reminded of it, she reduced her sobs in the prettiest way, not to offend a tender parent who could not bear noise. Under this homely term, you must know, he included all scenes, disturbances, rumpuses, passions, and expected all men, women, and things in Kent Villa to go smoothly, or go elsewhere.

"Come, young people," said he, "don't make a disturbance. Where's the grievance? Have I said he shall never marry you? Have I forbidden him to correspond? or even to call, say twice a year? All I say is, no marriage, nor contract of marriage, until there is an income." Then he turned to Christopher. "Now if you can't make an income without her, how could you make one with her, weighed down by the load of expenses a wife entails? I know her better than you do. She is a good girl, but rather luxurious and self-indulgent. She is not cut out for a poor man's wife. And pray don't go and fancy that nobody loves my child but you. Mine is not so hot as yours, of course; but believe me, Sir, it is less selfish. You would expose her to poverty and misery; but I say no; it is my duty to protect her from all chance of them; and, in doing it, I am as much your friend as hers, if you could but see it. Come, Dr. Staines, be a man, and see the world as it is. I have told you how to earn my daughter's hand and my esteem: you must gain both or neither."

Dr. Staines was never quite deaf to reason: he now put his hand to his brow and said, with a sort of wonder and pitiful dismay, "My love for Rosa selfish! Sir, your words are bitter and hard." Then, after a struggle, and with rare and touching candor, "Ay, but so are bark and steel; yet they are good medicines." Then, with a great glow in his heart and tears in his eyes, "My darling shall not be a poor man's wife, she who would adorn a coronet, ay, or a crown. Good-by, Rosa, for the present." He darted to her, and kissed her hand with all his soul. "Oh, the sacrifice of leaving

you," he faltered; "the very world is dark to me without you. Ah, well, I must earn the right to come again." He summoned all his manhood, and marched to the door. There he seemed to turn calmer all of a sudden, and said, firmly yet humbly, "I'll try and show you, Sir, what love can do."

"And I'll show you what love can suffer," said Rosa, folding her beautiful arms superbly.

It was not in her to have shot such a bolt except in imitation; yet how promptly the mimic thunder came, and how grand the beauty looked, with her dark brows and flashing eyes and folded arms! much grander and more inspired than poor Staines, who had only furnished the idea.

But between these two figures, swelling with emotion, the representative of commonsense, Lusignan *père*, stood cool and impassive; he shrugged his shoulders, and looked on both lovers as a couple of ranting novices he was saving from each other and almshouses.

For all that, when the lover had torn himself away, papa's composure was suddenly disturbed by a misgiving. He stepped hastily to the stair-head, and gave it vent. "Doctor Staines," said he, in a loud whisper (Staines was half-way down the stairs: he stopped), "I trust to you, as a gentleman, not to mention this; it will never transpire here. Whatever we do—no noise!"

CHAPTER II.

Rosa Lusignan set herself pining as she had promised, and she did it discreetly for so young a person; she was never peevish, but always sad and listless. By this means she did not anger her parent, but only made him feel she was unhappy, and the house she had hitherto brightened exceeding dismal.

By degrees this noiseless melancholy undermined the old gentleman, and he well-nigh tottered.

But one day, calling suddenly on a neighbor with six daughters, he heard peals of laughter, and found Rosa taking her full share of the senseless mirth. She pulled up short at sight of him and colored high; but it was too late, for he launched a knowing look at her on the spot, and muttered something about seven foolish virgins.

He took the first opportunity when they were alone, and told her he was glad to find she was only dismal at home.

But Rosa had prepared for him. "One can be loud without being gay at heart," said she, with a lofty, languid air. "I have not forgotten your last words to *him*. We were to hide our broken hearts from the world. I try to obey you, dear papa; but, if I had my way, I would never go into the world at all. I have but one desire now—to end my days in a convent."

"Please begin them first. A convent! Why, you'd turn it out of window. You are no more fit to be a nun than a pauper."

Not having foreseen this facer, Rosa had nothing ready: so she received it with a sad, submissive, helpless sigh, as who should say, "Hit me, papa; I have no friend now." So then he was sorry he had been so clever; and, indeed, there is one provoking thing about "a woman's weakness"—it is invincible.

The next minute what should come but a long letter from Dr. Staines, detailing his endeavors to purchase a practice in London, and his ill success. The letter spoke the language of love and hope, but the facts were discouraging; and, indeed, a touching sadness pierced through the veil of the brave words.

Rosa read it again and again, and cried over it before her father, to encourage him in his heartless behavior.

About ten days after this something occurred that altered her mood.

She became grave and thoughtful, but no longer lugubrious. She seemed desirous to atone to her father for having disturbed his cheerfulness. She smiled affectionately on him, and often sat on a stool at his knee and glided her hand into his.

He was not a little pleased, and said to himself, "She is coming round to commonsense."

Now, on the contrary, she was farther from it than ever.

At last he got the clew. One afternoon he met Mr. Wyman coming out of the villa. Mr. Wyman was the consulting surgeon of that part.

"What! any body ill?" said Mr. Lusignan: "one of the servants?"

"No; it is Miss Lusignan."

"Why, what is the matter with her?"

Wyman hesitated. "Oh, nothing very alarming. Would you mind asking her?"

"Why?"

"The fact is, she requested me not to tell you; made me promise."

"And I insist upon your telling me."

"I think you are quite right, Sir, as her father. Well, she is troubled with a little spitting of blood."

Mr. Lusignan turned pale. "My child! spitting of blood! God forbid!"

"Oh, do not alarm yourself. It is nothing serious."

"Don't tell me," said the father. "It is always serious. And she kept this from me!"

Masking his agitation for the time, he inquired how often it had occurred, this grave symptom.

"Three or four times this last month. But I may as well tell you at once I have examined her carefully, and I do not think it is from the lungs."

"From the throat, then?"

"No, from the liver. Every thing points to that organ as the seat of derangement: not that there is any lesion; only a tendency to congestion. I am treating her accordingly, and have no doubt of the result."

"Who is the ablest physician hereabouts?" asked Lusignan, abruptly.

"Dr. Snell, I think."

"Give me his address."

"I'll write to him, if you like, and appoint a consultation." He added, with vast but rather sudden alacrity, "It will be a great satisfaction to my own mind."

"Then send to him, if you please, and let him be here to-morrow morning; if not, I shall take her to London for advice at once."

On this understanding they parted, and Lusignan went at once to his daughter. "Oh, my child!" said he, deeply distressed, "how could you hide this from me?"

"Hide what, papa?" said the girl, looking the picture of unconsciousness.

"That you have been spitting blood."

"Who told you that?" said she, sharply.

"Wyman; he is attending you."

Rosa colored with anger. "Chatterbox! He promised me faithfully not to."

"But why, in Heaven's name? What! would you trust this terrible thing to a stranger, and hide it from your poor father?"

"Yes," replied Rosa, quietly.

The old man would not scold her now: he only said, sadly, "I see how it is: because I will not let you marry poverty, you think I do not love you." And he sighed.

"Oh, papa! the idea!" said Rosa. "Of course I know you love me. It was not that, you dear, darling, foolish papa. There, if you must know, it was because I did not want you to be distressed. I thought I might get better with a little physic; and if not, why then I thought, 'Papa is an old man; la! I dare say I shall last his time;' and so, why should I poison your latter days with worrying about *me*?"

Mr. Lusignan stared at her, and his lip quivered; but he thought the trait hardly consistent with her superficial character. He could not help saying, half sadly, half bitterly, "Well, but of course you have told Dr. Staines."

Rosa opened her beautiful eyes like two suns. "Of course I have done nothing of the sort. He has enough to trouble him without that. Poor fellow! there he is, worrying and striving to make his fortune and gain your esteem—'they go together,' you know; you told him so." (Young cats will scratch when least expected.) "And for me to go and tell him I am in danger! Why, he would go wild; he would think of nothing but me and my health; he would never make his fortune; and so then, even when I am gone, he will never get a wife, because he has only got genius and goodness and three thousand pounds. No, papa, I have not told poor Christopher. I may tease those I love; I have been teasing *you* this ever so long; but frighten them and make them miserable? No."

And here, thinking of the anguish that was perhaps in store for those she loved, she wanted to cry; it almost choked her not to. But she fought it bravely down: she reserved her tears for lighter occasions and less noble sentiments.

Her father held out his arms to her; she ran her footstool to him, and sat nestling to his heart.

"Please forgive me my misconduct. I have not been a dutiful daughter ever since you— But now I will. Kiss me, my own papa. There! Now we are as we always were."

Then she purred to him on every possible topic but the one that now filled his parental heart, and bade him good-night at last with a cheerful smile.

Wyman was exact, and ten minutes afterward Dr. Snell drove up in a carriage and pair. He was intercepted in the hall by Wyman, and, after a few minutes' conversation, presented to Mr. Lusignan.

The father gave vent to his paternal anxiety in a few simple but touching words, and was proceeding to state the symptoms as he had gathered them from his daughter; but Dr. Snell interrupted him politely, and said he had heard the principal symptoms from Mr. Wyman. Then, turning to the latter, he said, "We had better proceed to examine the patient."

"Certainly," said Mr. Lusignan. "She is in the drawing-room;" and he led the way, and was about to enter the room, when Wyman informed him that it was against etiquette for him to be present at the examination.

"Oh, very well," said he. "Yes, I see the propriety of that. But oblige me by asking her if she has any thing on her mind."

Dr. Snell bowed a lofty assent; for to receive a hint from a layman was to confer a favor on him.

The men of science were closeted full half an hour with the patient. She was too beautiful to be slurred over, even by a busy doctor: he felt her pulse, looked at her tongue, and listened attentively to her lungs, to her heart, and to the organ suspected by Wyman. He left her at last with a kindly assurance that the case was perfectly curable.

At the door they were met by the anxious father, who came, with throbbing heart, and asked the doctor's verdict.

He was coolly informed that could not

be given until the consultation had taken place; the result of that consultation would be conveyed to him.

"And pray why can't I be present at the consultation? The grounds on which two able men agree or disagree must be well worth listening to."

"No doubt," said Dr. Snell; "but," with a superior smile, "my dear Sir, it is not the etiquette."

"Oh, very well," said Lusignan. But he muttered, "So, then, a father is nobody."

And this unreasonable person retired to his study, miserable, and gave up the dining-room to the consultation.

They soon rejoined him.

Dr. Snell's opinion was communicated by Wyman. "I am happy to tell you that Dr. Snell agrees with me entirely: the lungs are not affected, and the liver is congested, but not diseased."

"Is that so, Dr. Snell?" asked Lusignan, anxiously.

"It is so, Sir." He added, "The treatment has been submitted to me, and I quite approve it."

He then asked for a pen and paper, and wrote a prescription. He assured Mr. Lusignan that the case had no extraordinary feature whatever; he was not to alarm himself. Dr. Snell then drove away, leaving the parent rather puzzled, but, on the whole, much comforted.

And here I must reveal an extraordinary circumstance:

Wyman's treatment was by drugs.

Dr. Snell's was by drugs.

Dr. Snell, as you have seen, entirely approved Wyman's treatment.

His own had nothing in common with it. The Arctic and Antarctic poles are not farther apart than was his prescription from the prescription he thoroughly approved.

Amiable science! In which complete diversity of practice did not interfere with perfect uniformity of opinion.

All this was kept from Dr. Staines, and he was entirely occupied in trying to get a position that might lead to fortune and satisfy Mr. Lusignan. He called on every friend he had, to inquire where there was an opening. He walked miles and miles in the best quarters of London, looking for an opening; he let it be known in many quarters that he would give a good premium to any physician who was about to retire, and would introduce him to his patients.

No; he could hear of nothing.

Then, after a great struggle with himself, he called upon his uncle, Philip Staines, a retired M.D., to see if he would do any thing for him. He left this to the last, for a very good reason: Dr. Philip was an irritable old bachelor, who had assisted most of his married relatives; but, finding no bottom to the well, had turned rusty and crusty, and now was apt to administer kicks instead of checks to all who were near and dear to him. However, Christopher was the old gentleman's favorite, and was now desperate; so he mustered courage and went. He was graciously received—warmly, indeed. This gave him great hopes, and he told his tale.

The old bachelor sided with Mr. Lusignan. "What!" said he, "do you want to marry, and propagate pauperism? I thought you had more sense. Confound it all! I had just one nephew whose knock at my street-door did not make me tremble; he was a bachelor and a thinker, and came for a friendly chat; the rest are married men, highwaymen, who come to say, 'Stand and deliver;' and now even you want to join the giddy throng. Well, don't ask me to have any hand in it. You are a man of promise; and you might as well hang a millstone around your neck as a wife. Marriage is a greater mistake than ever now; the women dress more, and manage worse. I met your cousin Jack the other day, and his wife, with seventy pounds on her back; and next door to paupers. No; while you are a bachelor, like me, you are my favorite, and down in my will for a lump. Once marry, and you join the noble army of footpads, leeches, vultures, paupers, gone coons, and babblers about brats, and I disown you."

There was no hope from old Crusty. Christopher left him, snubbed and heart-sick. At last he met a sensible man, who made him see there was no short-cut in that profession. He must be content to play the up-hill game; must settle in some good neighborhood, marry if possible, since husbands and fathers of families prefer married physicians; and so be poor at thirty, comfortable at forty, and rich at fifty—perhaps.

Then Christopher came down to his lodgings at Gravesend, and was very unhappy; and, after some days of misery, he wrote a letter to Rosa in a moment of impatience, despondency, and passion.

Rosa Lusignan got worse and worse. The slight but frequent hemorrhage was a drain upon her system, and weakened her visibly. She began to lose her rich complexion, and sometimes looked almost sallow, and a slight circle showed itself under her eyes. These symptoms were unfavorable; nevertheless Dr. Snell and Mr. Wyman accepted them cheerfully, as fresh indications that nothing was affected but the liver; they multiplied and varied their prescriptions; the malady ignored those prescriptions, and went steadily on. Mr. Lusignan was terrified but helpless; Rosa resigned and reticent.

But it was not in human nature that a girl of this age could always, and at all hours, be mistress of herself. One evening in particular she stood before the glass in

the drawing-room, and looked at herself a long time with horror. "Is that Rosa Lusignan?" said she, aloud. "It is her ghost."

A deep groan startled her. She turned; it was her father. She thought he was fast asleep; and so indeed he had been; but he was just awaking, and heard his daughter utter her real mind. It was a thunder-clap. "Oh, my child! what shall I do?" he cried.

Then Rosa was taken by surprise, in her turn. She spoke out. "Send for a great physician, papa. Don't let us deceive ourselves; it is our only chance."

"I will ask Mr. Wyman to get a physician down from London."

"No, no; that is no use; they will put their heads together, and he will say whatever Mr. Wyman tells him. La, papa! a clever man like you, not to see what a cheat that consultation was! Why, from what you told me, one can see it was managed so that Dr. Snell could not possibly have an opinion of his own. No; no more echoes of Mr. Chatterbox. If you really want to cure me, send for Christopher Staines."

"Dr. Staines! He is very young."

"But he is very clever, and he is not an echo. He won't care how many doctors he contradicts when I am in danger. Papa, it is your child's one chance."

"I'll try it," said the old man, eagerly. "How confident you look! your color has come back. It is an inspiration. Where is he?"

"I think by this time he must be at his lodgings in Gravesend. Send to him to-morrow morning."

"Not I. I'll go to him to-night. It is only a mile, and a fine clear night."

"My own, good, kind papa! Ah, well, come what may, I have lived long enough to be loved. Yes, dear papa, save me. I am very young to die, and he loves me so dearly."

The old man bustled away to put on something warmer for his night walk, and Rosa leaned back, and the tears welled out of her eyes, now he was gone.

Before she had recovered her composure a letter was brought her, and this was the letter from Christopher Staines alluded to already.

She took it from the servant with averted head, not wishing it to be seen she had been crying, and she started at the handwriting. It seemed such a coincidence that it should come just as she was sending for him.

"My own beloved Rosa,—I now write to tell you, with a heavy heart, that all is vain. I can not make or purchase a connection, except as others do, by time and patience. Being a bachelor is quite against a young physician. If I had a wife, and such a wife as you, I should be sure to get on. You would increase my connection very soon. What, then, lies before us? I see but two things: to wait till we are old, and our pockets are filled, but our hearts chilled or soured; or else to marry at once, and climb the hill together. If you love me as I love you, you will be saving till the battle is over; and I feel I could find energy and fortitude for both. Your father, who thinks so much of wealth, can surely settle something on *you;* and I am not too poor to furnish a house and start fair. I am not quite obscure—my lectures have given me a name—and to you, my own love, I hope I may say that I know more than many of my elders, thanks to good schools, good method, a genuine love of my noble profession, and a tendency to study from my childhood. Will you not risk something on my ability? If not, God help me, for I shall lose you; and what is life, or fame, or wealth, or any mortal thing to me, without you? I can not accept your father's decision: *you* must decide my fate.

"You see I have kept away from you until I can do so no more. All this time the world to me has seemed to want the sun, and my heart pines and sickens for one sight of you. Darling Rosa, pray let me look at your face once more.

"When this reaches you I shall be at your gate. Let me see you, though but for a moment, and let me hear my fate from no lips but yours.

"My own love,
"Your heart-broken lover,
"Christopher Staines."

This letter stunned her at first. Her mind of late had been turned away from love to such stern realities. Now she began to be sorry she had not told him. "Poor thing!" she said to herself; "he little thinks that now all is changed. Papa, I sometimes think, would deny me nothing now. It is I who would not marry him—to be buried by him in a month or two. Poor Christopher!"

The next moment she started up in dismay. Why, her father would miss him. No; perhaps catch him waiting for her. What would he think? What would Christopher think? That she had shown her papa his letter.

She rang the bell hard. The footman came.

"Send Harriet to me this instant. Oh! and ask papa to come to me."

Then she sat down and dashed off a line to Christopher. This was for Harriet to take out to him. Any thing better than for Christopher to be caught doing what was wrong.

The footman came back first. "If you please, miss, master has gone out."

"Run after him—the road to Gravesend."

"Yes, miss."

"No. It is no use. Never mind."

"Yes, miss."

Then Harriet came in. "Did you want me, miss?"

"Yes. No—never mind now."

She was afraid to do any thing for fear of making matters worse. She went to the window and stood looking anxiously out, with her hands working. Presently she uttered a little scream, and shrank away to the sofa. She sank down on it, half sitting, half lying, hid her face in her hands, and waited.

Staines, with a lover's impatience, had been more than an hour at the gate, or walking up and down close by it, his heart now burning with hope, now freezing with fear that she would decline a meeting on these terms.

At last the postman came, and then he saw his mistake; but now in a few minutes Rosa would have his letter, and then he should soon know whether she would come or not. He looked up at the drawing-room windows. They were full of light. She was there, in all probability. Yet she did not come to them. But why should she, if she was coming out?

He walked up and down the road. She did not come. His heart drooped; and perhaps it was owing to this that he almost ran against a gentleman who was coming the other way. The moon shone bright on both faces.

"Dr. Staines!" said Mr. Lusignan, surprised. Christopher uttered an ejaculation more eloquent than words.

They stared at each other.

"You were coming to see us?"

"N—no," stammered Christopher.

Lusignan thought that odd; however, he said, politely, "No matter; it is fortunate. Would you mind coming in?"

"No," faltered Christopher, and stared at him ruefully, puzzled more and more; but beginning to think, after all, it might be a casual meeting.

They entered the gate, and in one moment he saw Rosa at the window, and she saw him.

Then he altered his opinion again. Rosa had sent her father out to him. But how was this? The old man did not seem angry. Christopher's heart gave a leap inside him, and he began to glow with the wildest hopes. For what could this mean but relenting?

Mr. Lusignan took him first into the study, and lighted two candles himself. He did not want the servants prying.

The lights showed Christopher a change in Mr. Lusignan. He looked ten years older.

"You are not well, Sir," said Christopher, gently.

"My health is well enough; but I am a broken-hearted man. Dr. Staines, forget all that passed here at your last visit. All that is over. Thank you for loving my poor girl as you do; give me your hand; God bless you! Sir, I am sorry to say it is as a physician I invite you now. She is ill, Sir; very —very ill!"

"Ill! and not tell me!"

"She kept it from you, my poor friend, not to distress you; and she tried to keep it from me; but how could she? For two months she has had some terrible complaint; it is destroying her. She is the ghost of herself. Oh, my poor child! my child!"

The old man sobbed aloud. The young man stood trembling and ashy pale. Still, the habits of his profession, and the experience of dangers overcome, together with a certain sense of power, kept him up; but, above all, love and duty said, "Be firm." He asked for an outline of the symptoms.

They alarmed him greatly.

"Let us lose no more time," said he; "I will see her at once."

"Do you object to my being present?"

"Of course not."

"Shall I tell you what Dr. Snell says it is, and Mr. Wyman?"

"By all means—after I have seen her."

This comforted Mr. Lusignan. He was to get an independent judgment, at all events.

When they reached the top of the stairs Dr. Staines paused, and leaned against the baluster. "Give me a moment," said he. "The patient must not know how my heart is beating; and she must see nothing in my face but what I choose her to see. Give me your hand once more, Sir; let us both control ourselves. Now announce me."

Mr. Lusignan opened the door, and said, with forced cheerfulness, "Dr. Staines, my dear! come to give you the benefit of his skill."

She lay on the sofa, just as we left her. Only her bosom began to heave.

Then Christopher Staines drew himself up, and the majesty of knowledge and love together seemed to dilate his noble frame. He fixed his eye on that reclining, panting figure, and stepped lightly but firmly across the room, to know the worst—like a lion walking up to leveled lances.

IMPROVISATIONS.—I.

THROUGH the lonely halls of the night
My fancies fly to thee:
Through the lonely halls of the night,
Alone, I cry to thee.
For the stars bring presages
Of love, and of love's delight:
Let them bear my messages
Through the lonely halls of the night!

In the golden porch of the morn
Thou com'st anew to me:
In the golden porch of the morn,
Say, art thou true to me?
If dreams have shaken thee
With the call thou canst not scorn,
Let Love awaken thee
In the golden porch of the morn!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE story is very familiar of the boy who declared that he had just seen five hundred black cats in the yard, but upon further reflection, and gradually, admitted that there may have been only one hundred; and upon still further consideration agreed that if not five hundred black cats, there was at least one white kitten, and upon that kitten he made his final stand.

It is an interesting and instructive story, of which every Easy Chair will be reminded this summer as it rolls itself from one political meeting to another to hear the orators, or as it reads the morning paper. The appetite of a public meeting, or of the country at large—the public appetite—is evidently thought by the purveyors of its food to demand the highest possible stimulants. Indeed, five hundred black cats for one white kitten is a stroke of fancy too tame. There are some patriotic souls who think that Dickens was too caustic in the satire of "Martin Chuzzlewit." But Pogram and Jefferson Brick are shadowy sketches. "One of the greatest men in this or any other country" edits a paper—and ask any newspaper (or magazine) editor if editors are not the most powerful body of men in the world—edits a paper, we repeat, in the great State of Louisiana. This greatest man had occasion to speak of a statement in some opposition paper, which, of course, was, under such circumstances, a mere "sheet," and also, of course, "loathsome" in the highest degree. Mr. Brick alluded to the statement thus: "This announcement is rife with sinister meaning. It sweats venom. The poison-sac of the cobra, the viper, or the rattlesnake is not more tumid with the distilled essence of hate, revenge, and destructive guile."

That really seemed to dispose of the subject.

The sinister meaning, or, more strictly, the venom which was sweated, seemed to be an insinuation that some interest of somebody was threatened in some mysterious manner. This baseness was whiffed away in this airy manner: "What interest of [insert anaconda, boa-constrictor, behemoth, green dragon, or any other monster that would faintly typify the monster of iniquity alluded to]—what interest of this [Croton-bug, for instance] is threatened with annihilation? Nothing but his ambitious prospect of perpetuating, with progressive augmentations, the species of autocratic power which a singular concurrence of circumstances placed within his eager grasp. This enormous power, with its pestiferous ramifications—" and so on with sesquipedalian contempt. Five hundred black cats could feebly express that one white kitten. And what—to continue in Brick's own noble strain—what a pachydermatous public palate must it not be which requires the titillation of such peppery periods!

Dr. Channing says that when he was a child, and went to church and heard from the pulpit that the congregation were all children of wrath and bound to destruction, he could not comprehend the tranquillity with which people gossiped about nothing after the service, nor the equanimity and appetite with which his father and mother sat down to dinner. The pale little innocent anxiously asked if they had not better postpone dinner until they had taken active measures to save their souls from the impending doom. The preaching was real to the little man. The awful preacher in the gown and bands had so vehemently testified to five hundred black cats in the yard that the boy's terrified imagination seemed actually to behold them. It was only slowly that he came to understand that it meant only one little white kitten. But father and mother and the adult population generally had learned it. In the roar of the lion they recognized the harmless voice of Snug the joiner.

It was the boy's mother who reduced his story to the one kitten. She probably sat at her window, placidly sewing and looking out from time to time, and saw the simple truth. There is the same motherly good sense in society, which constantly vindicates itself despite the assertion that masses of men can not be wiser than any individual among them. It is the consciousness of this sense which inspired the happy saying that all men know more than any man. This motherly good sense reads the newspapers, and goes to public meetings and hears the orators, and sits in the gallery of the Legislature attentive to all the speeches and debates, and is never very much deceived. It measures the extravagance. It smiles at the fury and ferocity. It hears that thirty centuries look down with unspeakable interest upon the election for constable, and that, with the defeat of Dirt for road surveyor, the temple of liberty will crumble in a mass of indistinguishable ruins. It hears that if this motion is carried, the Constitution becomes mere waste paper; and if that amendment is lost, hope bids the earth farewell. That public good sense hears the loud cry that there are five hundred enormous black cats in the yard; but it calmly surveys the whole space, and observes that there is but one white kitten.

It is certainly tiresome to hear always about those five hundred black cats. If only some statesman would sometimes propose some measure that did not lay the axe at the root of the Constitution! If we could only occasionally consider a resolution that did not overthrow our liberties! If only some public officer were now and then not a mere bloat or elephantiasis of corruption! If only the majority would not always report that every thing is lovely and the goose positively out of sight, while the minority is constrained to announce that the last bulwark has been swept away, and that the annals of the universe may be searched in vain for parallel enormities to those which it is their painful duty to lay before a wronged and imperiled nation! If there were only sometimes three hundred, or even one hundred and twenty-five black cats, there would be some consolation. But always that terrific black host lies in wait for us, five hundred strong, while that exasperating public good sense can see only one white kitten.

Two negatives, as we early learn, make an affirmative, and if we emphasize every word, as the professor of elocution emphatically warned us, we destroy the emphasis. It is perhaps odd that the letters of young ladies at Miss Pinkerton's boarding-school in "Vanity Fair," whose every other word is underlined, should be the type

of so many of the resounding orations that we hear, and so many of the fine articles that we read. Yet somehow those letters do not seem forcible, and the underlining does not enhance the sense of sincerity. A feeble leader in a newspaper, as the discriminating reader has often remarked, does not become weighty or persuasive because of "double leads," as the printers call it, or printing the lines far apart. Indeed, the true advice for all who deal with the public by tongue or pen is to remember that good sense which determines the verdict. The crowd which gathers around the stump may seem, to the gentleman who rises to submit a few remarks, very volatile and very ignorant—a throng upon which he need not waste his eloquence. But he may be assured that in that crowd there is a collective sense which is "taking his measure." It may wish him to falsify or exaggerate for its own purpose, but it knows when he does so, and it remembers him the next time, when he advocates the other side. That crowd may wish him to insist that the kitten is five hundred cats. It may use him, but it will despise him if he can be used. Mr. Brick and Colonel Pogram will not believe it; but there is no doubt that the most efficient orator of the summer will not be he who shouts five hundred black cats, but he who sticks to the one white kitten.

THERE is a pleasant old proverb that kissing goes by favor. It is probably true, and the Easy Chair has no hesitation in appealing to the experience of its readers. They undoubtedly know quite as much about it as any body. But there is another subject upon which the Easy Chair possibly knows more than they, and upon which it has more than once preached a short sermon. Kissing may go by favor, but accepting articles for a magazine does not. It is not a matter of personal feeling, and the peace of mind of many who send contributions to editors would be incalculably increased if they could only consent to believe this little truth. The Easy Chair was lately accosted by a friend, who said that it was a great privilege to have the opportunity of helping the unfortunate. The remark was so admirable that the Easy Chair could not dispute it, and ventured only to suggest that, in the light of such a truth, there was clearly a very large privileged class in the world.

"You, for instance, dear friend," said the Easy Chair, "have the opportunity offered you this very moment. There goes Botch, the artist; a better fellow and a needier does not live. He is surely one of the most unfortunate of men, for nobody will buy his pictures; and an opportunity now offers itself to you to order one of them, and help the unfortunate."

Amicus smiled faintly, and said that that was not exactly what he meant. He was thinking, he said, of something else; and the Easy Chair awaited his pleasure in stating what it was.

"The fact is," began Amicus, "I was thinking of young Blotter, whose wife—you remember that lovely Grace Gossamer?—has just presented him with the fourth pledge of a most faithful affection. They are dreadfully poor. I really do not see how they live from day to day. The magazines and editors seem to be in a conspiracy against him. He is not allowed to have a chance; and I have been long meaning to speak to you about him, and to beg you, you know—for they are really suffering—"

"Certainly," said the Easy Chair, and pulled out its thin little purse.

"Oh, my dear fellow," exclaimed Amicus, "that is not what I mean. How could you suppose it? I mean that you have the opportunity of giving him a chance in your magazine."

"I understand," replied the Easy Chair. "You don't wish to buy Botch's pictures yourself, but you would like to have me order one or two. Ah, Amicus, will you never have done jesting?"

Amicus did not seem to see what the Easy Chair meant, and said that he was very sorry for Botch, but nothing was further from his mind than to recommend any body to buy his pictures.

"But surely," said the Easy Chair, "you are making an appeal for charity."

Amicus could not see it. He returned to Blotter and his faithful partner, late Grace Gossamer, and insisted that the Easy Chair had a noble opportunity of helping the unfortunate. He meant that if the editor of this magazine would but accept one of Blotter's poems, essays, or stories, there would be great joy in the Blotter household. "And surely," said Amicus, brandishing that most ancient and well-worn argument, "surely you would not say that Blotter's story is not as good as the one which was printed last month!"

The gentle reader, who is as intelligent as he is gracious, perceives that the proposition really was that he, the gentle reader, should buy Blotter's story, not because it is good, but because Blotter is poor. How long would he probably continue to buy this magazine under those circumstances? And how long, therefore, would the magazine be able to help the unfortunate by buying their contributions? Does Amicus, as he turns over the pages of this or of any other good magazine, really suppose that the articles which it contains represent the charities of the editor? Does he imagine this one is taken because the writer had lost a leg, and that one because his frame and his purse had been seriously reduced by a long attack of inflammatory rheumatism, and still another because his mother was bedridden and had no other dependence than the sonnets of her son?

The truth is that the remark addressed by Amicus to the Easy Chair should have been made to Blotter himself; for it is he, and he only, who has the opportunity of helping the unfortunate by writing an article which the editor thinks will please the gentle and intelligent reader. If he does that, the editor will certainly accept it, and Grace Gossamer's pale little face will glow with joy. The Easy Chair will frankly disclose one of the secrets of the editorial craft. Instead of conspiring to keep Blotter out, the editors are constantly hoping that Blotter will let himself in. He has the key. If he can not turn it, nobody can. That is to say, if he can not write what the editor thinks will be profitable for the magazine to publish, nobody can write it for him. Admission to a magazine is an open secret. Whoever shows that he can amuse and interest the public is admitted joyfully, and the fatted calf is immediately slain and served up on the editorial table. Not only is Blotter ad-

mitted under such circumstances, but he is eagerly welcomed.

If the mind of any Blotter, therefore, is now agitated by the question how he can "get into" this magazine, or any other, the Easy Chair informs him that he can enter at once if he will send something that the editor finds available for his purpose; and his purpose is not charity for Blotter, but the discharge of a duty to the public. He has a contract with it to do all that he can to spread a monthly feast which will please it, whether Blotter's fourth pledge is fed or not. In his private capacity he is, let us hope, as charitable as his neighbors, and in his public relation to the readers of the magazine not less faithful.

There is unfortunately one point which Blotter constantly forgets. He is very poor, and he writes a great deal of poetry, or story, or essay, or sketch, or whatever it may be, and the late Grace Gossamer is very sure that if Shakespeare and Milton had not happened to get the start of Blotter in being born two or three centuries earlier, there is no knowing who might have been who. At least she expresses that sentiment from time to time; and the Easy Chair has heard Amicus, who, it is useless to deny, thinks that Mrs. Blotter retains a great deal of the charm of Grace Gossamer, remark, as he gravely shook his head, "Who, indeed!" But although Blotter is poor, and writes copiously, and constantly sends little packages to editors, which are perpetually returned with courteous regrets that they are not available, it does not follow—and this is what he forgets—that what he writes is worth printing or reading. It is certainly very hard, if you find that writing seems to offer the best chance for boiling the pot, to discover that it will not even kindle the fire. But is any body else to blame? What would Blotter or Amicus think if a surgeon begged them to call him in, in case of a broken leg or arm, because he really could not make both ends meet? Yet that is what Amicus asks the Easy Chair to do.

A magazine is no more a charitable institution than a hotel, and if the noble army of Blotters would only comprehend and apply that truth, they would spare themselves much chagrin, and the worshipful guild of editors much pain and annoyance. Blotter would probably be amazed if he could know how many competitors he has. Every time he is sending off a small package, a thousand other Blotters are doing the same thing. Nine hundred of them inclose little notes stating that the family is hard pressed this season, and a little assistance would be very grateful; or that grandpa's lumbago is very bad, and they hope for favorable consideration; or that the cow-house needs whitewashing, and the acceptance of the accompanying sonnet, with payment upon the usual terms of the magazine, will secure that boon; or that the author of the inclosed essay has had a slight stroke of idiocy, and has no resource but his pen. If the editor should allow his tender heart to decide for him, and receive all these contributions because of the cow-house out of repair, or of the lumbago of the author's venerable and respected relative, or of the idiocy of the writer himself, he would do what Blotter secretly thinks that in his case ought to be done. And if in Blotter's case, it should be done also in that of the others.

Indeed, when the editor is a soft and showery creature—and it is a sensitive guild!—it is actual bribery and corruption to appeal to him as Amicus appealed to the Easy Chair. It is a great privilege, quoth Amicus, to have the opportunity of helping the unfortunate; and thereupon he describes that sweet Grace Gossamer starving with four starving pledges, and poor Blotter starving and writing intolerable stuff, and hands the Easy Chair a poem or a story. "Decline that," he virtually says, "and you lay Grace Gossamer in her grave, and send Blotter and four Blotterlings to the poor-house! How can you do it and then eat your dinner in peace? You have a great opportunity: use it greatly!" This is bald bribery. It is an effort to buy off an editor from doing his duty. His duty is to accept only what he thinks is good enough to print, and this is an attempt to make him betray his trust, and accept an article not because it is good, but because of a personal consideration. Avaunt, Amicus! Get thee behind me, Grace Gossamer! The Easy Chair knows that his friend the editor of this magazine can not be seduced from his duty. The editor and the Easy Chair willingly drop their pennies in all contribution-boxes for proper purposes. They humbly hope that they improve all their opportunities for helping the unfortunate. But they would be truly unfortunate, and merit the charity of pity, if they could betray their trust—the editor in accepting Blotter's article because he is poor, and the Easy Chair in sympathizing with the offense. Meanwhile they would both be glad to know if Amicus has bought any of Botch's pictures.

The death of Mr. Bennett, the founder of the New York *Herald*, has produced some very queer comments and improvements—queer to those whose memories can recall more than ten years. Probably few of his contemporaries knew

"How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost;"

and few of his fellow-citizens were aware, until he died, of the great qualities and illustrious services of the late editor. His demise also occasioned some further remarks upon the paper that he founded, and the secret of its success. Perhaps, then, it may be useful for those about to take part in international rowing matches, or other similar performances involving a great deal of "tall talking," to reflect that the tallest talking will no more make a newspaper successful than it will win a boat-race. There is no law of nature more absolute than that oak-trees will not grow from toad-stools. If you want corn, you must plant corn; and if we want success, we must plant success.

There are many who suppose that the *Herald* was made by boasting, and that there is nothing like blowing your own trumpet. They think of Little Pedlington:

"Hail, Pedlingtonia! hail, thou favored spot!
What's good is found in thee, what's not is not."

And they remember the Little Pedlington *Weekly Observer*, and consider it the prototype of the *Herald*. But they are very much mistaken.

There are, indeed, articles in the *Herald* which often slyly suggest the remonstrance of the *Weekly Observer* with the Emperor of Russia, which is certainly excellent reading; but that is not the secret of the success which is conceded to that paper. The article of the *Observer* is as follows:

"Once more we call the attention of his Imperial Majesty to what we have so often said, and what we have repeated above, shall we add, *for the last time?* But no; for though patience, like the eagle which wings its airy flight through the boundless realms of ether, must descend at last to rest its weary wing, yet shall ours still soar upward while, with the piercing eye of hope, we behold a ray of expectation that our advice will not, like the sand of the desert, be eventually lost upon him. He may continue to *not* notice us in any of his decrees or manifestoes, and thus *affect* to be indifferent concerning what we say to him; but we have it upon the best authority that he is frequently seen thoughtful and musing—not, indeed, in his moments of noisy revelry, when immersed in the vortex of pleasure, and surrounded by flatterers who, like locusts, would bar our honest counsel from his ear, but in the nocturnal solitude of his chamber. There it is that our warning voice, wafted on the wings of the viewless wind, pierces the perfumed precincts of the palace of Petersburg, and carries conviction, like the roaring of the rushing cataract, into his mind. And if the Little Pedlington *Observer* does sometimes address the autocrat in terms of more than usual severity, let him remember that we do so 'more in friendship than in anger,' that we regret the necessity we are under of giving him pain, but that, 'like skillful surgeons who,'" etc.

Such a strain as this would not explain the success of the *Herald*. The public may be a fool, as so many able editors evidently consider it, but it has nevertheless sense enough not to take a mere braggart at his own valuation. It does not believe a newspaper to be interesting and enterprising because it shouts in the most enormous type that it is so, but because it is so. It was not the boasting, but the performance of the *Herald*, which gave it its prominence. Its news was fresher and fuller than that of its rivals, and the public discovered it. But the discovery was due to the fact, not to the crowing over it. The paper might have crowed its capital away, but it would have been useless. Nobody ever bought the *Herald* or advertised in it because it constantly said that it was the greatest vehicle of news in the country, but because it made itself such.

The newspaper which daily declares itself to be the leading newspaper of the world is believed just as much as the tailor who announces himself to be the first of tailors, or the bellows-mender who advertises that all bellows-mending but his is ridiculous. If you buy an umbrella which lets the water through, you go to another shop for your next umbrella. And it is as true of newspapers as of umbrellas. If they give the news, and if the news is what the public wants, it buys them. If their comments are wise or witty, and that is the object sought, again the papers are sold. But it is never because the paper calls itself a miracle of enterprise, nor because the editor declares that he is the only real master of his profession.

We speak merely of the secret of the kind of success which the *Herald* has achieved. To suppose that it was mere charlatanism is to mistake the fact entirely. The other papers attacked it as Satanic, as outraging all laws of morality and decency. It was forbidden to the families of many who themselves read it at their offices; and there was a time when it was almost disreputable to be known as a reader of the *Herald*. This, of course, was not in consequence of its news, but in spite of it. The other papers assumed to despise a rival of whom they were jealous, and whose influence upon them was perceptible. They said a great many severe things of it which were true, but the whole truth they, of course, did not tell. And had the *Herald* conceived the idea of a really great newspaper, of which the news is the smallest part, it might almost have superseded its contemporaries. Its editorial theory was that a journal should merely echo public opinion, and that the true editorial faculty lay in an instinctive perception of its changes. It was thus a mirror instead of a magnet: it reflected the position, but did not draw the reader on to a higher. It sympathized with majorities, and enjoyed victories, but not battles. It had no theories and supported no causes except as they seemed to be popular and successful. Every body, therefore, read it, and nobody cared for it. If you read the *Herald* you saw the present average opinion. This gave it great power, because there is always an immense multitude who wish to agree with every body else, and when they read the *Herald* they believed that it knew the sentiments of the majority. It was therefore always very foolish to deny its influence, merely because that influence was of a certain kind. It was independent, because it asked no favor of any party and laughed at patronage. Yet it made great mistakes, even in its own way. Thus it mistook public opinion at the beginning of the war, and changed almost too late for the safety of its office. But when the country settled down to the great fight its support was considered to be so important that the mission to France was offered to its editor, who declined it. He lived one of the most solitary of men, and died very rich. But the foundation of his fortune was not his boasting, but his performance.

There are ladies who sneer at all wine as horrible, and find no difference between Sicily, Madeira, and the rarest liquor of the choicest Philadelphia cellar. Table claret and the most exquisite Lafitte or Margaux are the same "red ink" to them. And as wine with the ladies, so is art with Congress. Is it because Congress thinks that nobody knows or can know any thing about art, or perceive differences between one picture or statue and another, that such extraordinary commissions are given? There really *is* a distinction, if the ladies would allow it, between a good wine and a bad, and if the honorable Congress would permit the remark, there is a difference between good and bad pictures and statues. There is one great statue in Washington—Greenough's Washington—which is the subject of universal ridicule. And there are those who make merry over it and repeat that humorous jest of his asking for his breeches, which are at the Patent-office, who look upon the statue of General Jackson, tipped up on a bronze horse in front of the White House, and General Washington in the Circle near Georgetown, without laughing.

On the east front of the Capitol is Persico's Columbus, the most comical work in the world. You have seen the famous Signor Strongarm at

the circus holding a huge cannon-ball aloft. Did you know that it was Columbus? If it is not, then Persico's statue is the signor. And in the old hall of the House of Representatives is Mistress Vinnie Ream's Lincoln! In the Rotunda hangs Mr. Powell's picture of De Soto discovering the Mississippi; and now there is a proposition to buy another picture by the same hand.

"Insatiate *Congress*, would not one suffice?"

During the winter a resolution was offered to order a group of sculpture commemorative of the war from the son of the author of the tipped-up Jackson.

Tens of thousands of dollars are to be paid for each of these pictures and statues. No less than twenty-five thousand dollars have been appropriated for Mr. Powell's picture of the battle of Lake Erie, and thirty thousand dollars was the pretty "figure" mentioned for the sculpture. It is certainly no man's fault that he is not a great artist, but it is a very grave fault in Congress to pay large sums of the public money for poor pictures and statues. If a book in a foreign language were offered for sale to the most honorable Congress as a treatise of great value and worthy of a great price, the most honorable Congress would unquestionably ascertain what members understood the strange tongue, and would refer the subject to them to report whether the book was intrinsically valuable, and if so, then how much money it was worth. Suppose that it were in High Dutch, and upon investigation the Congressional scholars in that tongue reported that it was the proverbial philosophy of some High Dutch Martin Farquhar Tupper, and added that all the lucubrations of the excellent mynheer were not worth the price of waste paper, would Congress appropriate twenty or thirty thousand dollars for the purchase?

But why not proceed with the statues and pictures as with books in an unknown tongue? Why does not a wise Congress, when the persistent lobbying of some excellent sculptor or painter succeeds in bringing the subject before it, say at once that it knows nothing about pictures, and will refer the matter to two or three honorable gentlemen who have that knowledge? Then when those gentlemen report that, whatever may be the talent of the accomplished artist for lobbying, he has none for painting, and that instead of recommending the purchase of his offered work for twenty or thirty thousand dollars, they respectfully beg leave to state that by no possibility could he paint a picture worth a thirtieth of the sum, Congress would undoubtedly decide that as Martin Farquhar Tupper is valueless in High Dutch, he is equally so in painting or sculpture.

The committee might enlarge, and, recurring to the ladies, venture to assume that Congress knew whether there is any difference between good and poor wine, and assure it that there is no less between good pictures and statues and poor. The difference between Persico's statue and a fine work is that between vinegar and good Champagne. If Congress wishes to spend a few hundreds of thousands of dollars in pictures and statues, let it understand that there are excellent painters and sculptors in the country who would gladly execute its orders, but who will not lobby for them, who must be sought because of their known skill, and whom the intelligent committee which we suppose would find. But if, unhappily, there should be no High Dutch scholars in the honorable body, it can surely appeal to others beyond its pale. Whatever it does, it ought not to buy Martin Farquhar Tupper in any language whatever.

Editor's Literary Record.

NOVELS.

WE are very glad to see published in uniform volumes a complete set of *Miss Mulock's Works* (Harper and Brothers). Charles Dickens was not the first one to employ romance in the service of special truths; this has been done ever since Jotham's parable of the trees in the days of the Judges. But he gave to this form of fiction, or this form of teaching, a new impetus, and since "Oliver Twist" the most popular English novels have all had a more or less clearly defined didactic purpose. The followers of Dickens have, however, imitated him in using the novel to rebuke and reform social iniquities, and often as an engine against iniquities organized in legal forms. "Oliver Twist" was originated as an attack on the poor-house system. "Bleak House" was a most effectual assault on the Court of Chancery. And Dickens could not even get through "Pickwick Papers" without making a vigorous onslaught on the Fleet prison. In this respect the followers of Dickens have imitated his example. Charles Reade's most effectual novel, "Put Yourself in His Place," is avowedly an indictment of trades unions; and Wilkie Collins's best romance, "Man and Wife," is not injured, but is made more effective, by the double purpose which animates it—a protest, though a mistaken one, against the marriage laws of Scotland; and a protest, more effective because better considered, against the excesses to which in England "muscular Christianity" has been carried in athletic games.

Miss Mulock's novels are in this respect characteristic of the age which has produced them—that they are animated by a moral purpose. They are vehicles for the inculcation of truth, or, to speak more accurately, for the inspiration of noble Christian feeling. But they differ from the novels of Charles Dickens, and the exceptional novels of Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins, in not being protests against and indictments of social iniquities. Her task is the more womanly but more difficult one of awakening positive feelings of the highest Christian type, leaving the awakened feeling to work itself out as the duty of the individual may dictate. With the exception of "Hannah," which is aimed at the absurd law which forbids the marriage of a widower to his deceased wife's sister, these novels do not very directly discuss social or political questions. They are thus at once more difficult

and less pretentious than the more famous works of some of her contemporaries. It is not difficult to perceive the monstrous injustice involved in the threatenings and violence of the trades unions, nor to weave a story in which that violence shall come into play in making up the pattern of the romance. It is more difficult to perceive the romance of actual life, and so to paint it as to make every reader recognize in the nineteenth century an age of chivalry, and in his own humble life an opportunity to don the armor and be a true knight. And this is what Miss Mulock has undertaken and has nobly accomplished. We place her first among the religious, rather the Christian, novel writers of the day. If she is less subtile than George MacDonald, who alone competes with her for this palm, she is far more healthful, and inculcates with far greater success than he the religion of common life. It is the peculiar charm of her novels that they do not so much inculcate moral or religious truth as inspire with Christian motives and to Christian action. The very titles of her novels have inspiration in them: "A Noble Life," "A Life for a Life," "A Brave Lady," "Woman's Kingdom." Her simple plots are such as might be woven out of the common experiences of any English village. The incidents are the natural incidents of our every-day life. The characters are the real flesh-and-blood characters of English society, neither more nor less than human. And though some of them—the "brave lady," for example—afford illustrations of Christian character and conduct far above the common specimens which the church or the community affords, even her noblest characters are not impossible ideals. Dickens's Agnes possesses a certain unreality; she is a shadow, a spirit; bearing somewhat the same relation to the truth of life that an ideal Madonna by Raphael does to a "portrait of a lady." But the "brave lady" and Hannah are real characters, admirably as they carry themselves in their trials and perplexities; nor should we be surprised to learn that both are, in a measure, portraits. It is this characteristic commonness which gives her novels at once their peculiar charm and their peculiar value. She does not teach religion as Miss Edgeworth did. She takes common life and common men and women, and inspires the latter with such Christian patience, gentleness, courage, that we at once revere them and instinctively seek to imitate them. Christian principle no longer seems an impossible ideal—a dream of the cloister from which the world awakes us. It appears a life which God intends his children to live, and which he gives them grace and power to live. Our space does not permit us to take up her novels one by one, or even to afford single illustrations of the characteristics which we have endeavored to indicate. We must refer the reader for the proof of the justice of our remarks to the books themselves, contenting ourselves with adding here that we are so persuaded of their value that we are convinced that no more effective antidote can be furnished to the young romance reader, who is in danger of being carried away by the sensational novels of the period, than is furnished by the "Select Works" of Miss Mulock, and no better literary companions can be found in the realm of English fiction than these admirable books.

The Little Moorland Princess, a translation from the German of E. MARLITT (J. B. Lippincott and Co.), is a story of German life, whose interest to the American reader depends chiefly upon its pictures of society and manners in that country. This feature gives it a certain freshness and novelty—albeit at times it appears to be hardly natural. The characters are original, and marked by an individuality which impresses their portraits upon the memory of the reader; and while the novel has no definite didactic purpose, its moral tone is such that it can hardly fail to exert a healthful influence.—*Lord Kilgobbin*, by CHARLES LEVER (Harper and Brothers), does not possess that rollicking humor and that indescribable Irish jauntiness which are so characteristic of Lever's earlier novels. His pen has grown more mature, his pictures are more carefully finished; but whether he has gained in sobriety and polish more than he has lost in spirit is a question not easily answered—a question, indeed, to which different readers would doubtless give different answers. The interest of "Lord Kilgobbin" lies chiefly in its pictures of Irish society, with its decayed nobles, its impoverished estates, its unprincipled stewards, its lawless tenantry, its "Bohemians," male and female. In short, in his last novel Mr. Lever has done for Ireland what Mr. Trollope has done so admirably for English society.—*Aimée* (Robert Carter and Brothers) is a historical novel, written with a definite purpose, of which the reader is frankly informed in the preface: "First, to present a view of France during the latter days of Louis the Fourteenth's reign, struggling toward the light, and crushed back with an iron hand into darkness.....Secondly, to present a view of England threatened with the same fate, but steadily, manfully, and resolutely withstanding it." There are but few historical characters introduced into the work, and the author has therefore avoided the criticism to which the more pretentious but untrustworthy romancers, who create their heroes and heroines out of real and prominent characters, are necessarily subjected; but she has evidently made the era of which she writes a careful study; and her pictures of the experiences which denuded France of its best population, and left it a prey, first to superstition, and then, by a natural reaction, to socialism and infidelity, are vividly and powerfully depicted.—The readers of ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN'S works do not need to be told that these literary partners have no love for either of the Napoleons. Their last novel, *A Miller's Story of the War; or, the Plébiscite* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), casts upon Louis Napoleon the responsibility of the Franco-Prussian war. This story is alike powerful as a political pamphlet and a romance. Messrs. Erckmann-Chatrian have no faith in "*La gloire;*" to them war is a hideous, an appalling calamity. Unlike most war romances, their novels are therefore thoroughly healthful, and ought to have an influence in teaching the French, what they have been loath to learn, that the nineteenth century has more glorious emblems to confer than a pair of epaulets, and better instruments to employ than a blood-red and dripping sword. The pictures of Alsacian simplicity are charming; and the glimpses of that profound ignorance which prevails among the French

peasantry, and which is the source of their self-conceit, and was the foundation of their blind acceptance of the empire and their superstitious reverence for the priesthood, are very suggestive.—Modern French writers seem to be undertaking to relieve their nation from the charge of sensationalism in literature. No ono can fail to remark the Arcadian simplicity of "Mirèio;" the "Plébiscite," though a story of the war, and told with fine dramatic effect, is far from being sensational; and the *Rose-Garden* (Roberts Brothers), the scene of which is laid in France, is so quiet as to be lacking in sustained interest; though whether the work is a translation or an English original does not appear, except as some French idioms, such as "you have reason," instead of "you are right," indicate a French nativity. In construction the story is defective; it is lacking in humor and in action, and so is tinged with a certain sameness and sombreness, having few or no contrasts of light and shade. Yet many readers will find themselves drawn on to read the whole, partly by its faithful representations of unfamiliar scenery and social life, partly by its successful portraiture of character, but yet more by a certain nameless charm not easily definable, inherent in the delicacy of its sentiment and, with occasional exceptions, the grace of its style.—*My Little Lady* (Holt and Williams) is a very remarkable story. The heroine, who comes on the stage at the age of six years, is the daughter of a professional gambler, who determines that she shall never imbibe any notions which shall lead her to look on him and his life with any lack of respect. He accordingly carries her with him in his gambling tours, and lets her keep the reckoning for him as he plays, while he sedulously shuts out of her mind all religious instruction. She grows up knowing the name of God only as a current French exclamation. The interest of the story turns upon the development of this singular character, and the education which leads her at the last, in a bitter sense of her own ignorance and want, to cry out to her lover, who from the first chapter in the book has been her friend, "Oh, Horace, help me to be good: I am not, you know, but I would like to be—and you will help me." We have given in these few sentences but a faint idea of the originality of the conception, and none at all of the success with which it is worked out. The book is anonymous; the scene is laid partly in England and partly on the Continent.

Most novel readers who buy fiction to while away a leisure hour on the cars, in the steamboat, or on the lounge will vote that *A Good Investment* (Harper and Brothers) justifies its title. It fastens the attention and secures the interest of the reader in its opening chapter, and the vivacity of its movement and the freshness of its incidents retain the attention until near the close. Then the author appears to be hurried by a necessity of getting through within a limited number of pages; the story is narrated rather than enacted; and some of the changes necessary to the dénouement, such as that which converts Robert from the faithful lover of Bella to the accepted suitor of Polly, are quite too sudden and causeless. The story opens in Southern Ohio, a a region whose barbarism a quarter of a century ago is illustrated in the well-drawn characters of Robert and his parents, and is confined chiefly to the border. It is not a novel of the war, though its plot turns upon an incident growing out of Morgan's raid. It is a romance, and depends for its interest chiefly on the evolution of a plot and the rapid succession of incidents which are generally dramatically told. But Mr. Flagg has evidently made a study of American life and character; and the shiftless Buckeye, who is satisfied so long as his whisky holds out; the well-to-do farmer; the Southern belle, with her passionate hate of the Yankee, whom she finally nurses through sickness and learns to love; the horse thieves' retreat in Kentucky; and last, but by no means least, Hector, whose darky dialect is admirably portrayed, are all pictures from real life, or at least the products of careful studies from real life. As a portraiture of society and the daily experiences of the border along the Ohio River it is characterized by a fidelity to nature which is quite exceptional in novels of so dramatic and stirring a character; nor is this impression of truthfulness overcome by the exaggeration of some of the incidents.

POETRY.

Many of our readers, doubtless, will remember an exquisite little poem entitled "Larvæ," which several years ago went the rounds of the newspapers—a moral simply and sweetly drawn from the incident of a little child who found on her arm a horrible crawling caterpillar:

"And with mischievous smile she could scarcely
smother,
Yet a glance in its daring, half awed and shy,
She added, 'While they were about it, mother,
I wish they'd just finished the butterfly.'"

We refer to this popular favorite because we find it in Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's book of poems, *Pansies* (J. R. Osgood and Co.), and because it is a fair type of the character of the book. The poems are all short and unpretentious; the instrument is sweet and low, and it is a woman's dainty fingers that sweep the strings—a woman whose soul is full of tenderness and sympathy for humanity, who sees and feels its sorrows, but is kept from darkness and doubt, and from the bitterness of weeping, though not from sympathetic tears, by her faith in the great and good God who makes sunshine to follow the tempest, so that to her faith and hope it is clear, even in the darkest experiences, that this life of ours

"Doth still from glory to glory go—
From the sun-bathed hills to the deep serene,
Though the shifting storm may hang between."

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Rev. John S. C. Abbott is fond of essaying difficult, we had almost said impossible, literary undertakings. His first book, if we mistake not, was "The Mother at Home." If there is any class of literature which is consecrated to irredeemable dullness, it is books of counsel to parents, husbands, wives, and children. Yet "The Mother at Home" went through we know not how many editions, and was translated into we know not how many languages: it made the circuit of the globe. Then he undertook to sup-

plant the serial story with a serial history, and succeeded, in spite of the critics, first in his "Napoleon Bonaparte," then in his "Frederick the Great." His last work is possibly the most difficult undertaking of all—a *History of Christianity* (B. B. Russell). Of histories of Christianity there is no lack. But they are, almost without exception, histories of the shell. We crack them open and there is no meat inside. They are histories of theology, of dogma and doctrine, not of the life; and they no more give the reader a knowledge of Christianity than a book on anatomy would give him a knowledge of human nature. It is of Christianity as a civilizing and spiritual power that Mr. Abbott has undertaken to write a history; and though his work has suffered somewhat, in a critical point of view, in being compressed into so small a compass, it will serve even the student a useful purpose by giving him a bird's-eye view of the entire field, which he must afterward study in detail in other authors, while it will give the ordinary reader as full and accurate a history of the leading events as in this busy age he will be likely to find time to read.

One of the best ways, perhaps, to make the early history of New England and the country at large vivid to our mind is by reading biographies: a history is not enough. We have enjoyed the *Life of Henry Dunster*, by Rev. Jeremiah Chaplin, D.D. (James R. Osgood and Co.), as much on that account as because of any intrinsic interest in the life itself. Henry Dunster, the first president of Harvard College, was a quiet, scholarly man, and a hard worker. After he had been president of Harvard College some years he rejected infant baptism, and considered himself under obligation to protest against the ordinance, as it was being administered in church, on one Sabbath interrupting the service for that purpose. If he had kept his convictions to himself he could have retained his place, but he would not be silent, and so he was obliged by the General Court to resign his presidency, was treated with great discourtesy, and compelled to leave the colony. To the action of the General Court, and the state of opinion at the time on infant baptism, is given what will appear to the general reader as an undue prominence, and this will be likely to give rise to the suspicion in his mind that the book was written rather as a plea for the Baptist denomination than as a life of Henry Dunster. Despite this, the book is at once interesting and valuable, chiefly, though not exclusively, for its pictures of New England in the "good old colony times."

The regeneration of Italy is largely due to three men—Gavazzi, Garibaldi, Mazzini: the preacher, the soldier, and the political agitator. Of these, the last has certainly not been the least influential; and those who imagine him to have been an impracticable visionary, irreligious, and atheistic, an iconoclast of the church, of social security, and of governmental authority—a character which has been sedulously attributed to him by his foes, and credulously accepted by those who should be his friends—will find their estimate of his character and influence entirely changed by reading *Joseph Mazzini, his Life, Writings, and Political Principles* (Hurd and Houghton). The book is autobiographical in its character, though not a continuous or perfect autobiography, and we commend it to those who desire to study the character of one of the foremost apostles of human rights which this century has produced.

We took up the *Life of Abraham Lincoln from his Birth to his Inauguration as President*, by Ward H. Lamon (J. R. Osgood and Co.), with great expectations, and have laid it down with great disappointment. It will add nothing to the reputation of Abraham Lincoln; happily his name is so dear to the American people that this book can not detract from it. The author in his preface professes to have had access to a great quantity of materials—"three enormous volumes of original manuscripts, and a mass of unarranged letters and papers"—gathered by Mr. Herndon, Mr. Lincoln's law-partner. He has, however, shown no wisdom in the use of these materials, and his attempted estimate of Mr. Lincoln's character, given in the last chapter but one, shows such a total lack of appreciation as to cast suspicion upon the pictures which he paints of Mr. Lincoln's early life. The three most characteristic features of the book are neither of them likely to commend it to the reading public, except to those who enjoy gossip more than history. Page after page is filled with legendary accounts of "Abe's" exploits as an amateur pugilist, which, if they be not exaggerated, are foisted into a position of undue prominence. The private history—if it be history—of his courtship and marriage, illustrated by the publication of a package of confidential letters, is put upon the record, and publicity given to those domestic and personal relations which every man has a right to demand shall be kept sacred from the intrusions of the public. And, finally, sixteen pages are devoted to an elaborate piece of special pleading, based on no other evidence than reports of Mr. Lincoln's immature doubts in his youth, to prove that he was an infidel and an atheist, had no faith, not only rejected the Bible but ridiculed it, and, to quote the author's conclusion, "was at all times an infidel in the orthodox meaning of the term," but "was a wily politician, and did not disdain to regulate his religious manifestations with some reference to his political interests." We know of no reason to suppose that Mr. Lincoln accepted the creed of the Old School Presbyterian Church, which in his later life he habitually attended, but it will take very different sort of evidence from that which Mr. Lamon has accumulated to make the American people believe that Mr. Lincoln was an infidel if not an atheist, and that his strong and reiterated assertions of his faith in a prayer-hearing and personal God whose providence rules the nations were the simulated utterances of a "wily politician" employed for political effect.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The ordinary text-books on English literature are not of a very valuable order, and Professor C. D. Yonge's work, *Three Centuries of English Literature* (D. Appleton and Co.), is not characteristically superior to works of its class. The author gives in the usual form a sketch of the different writers and selections from their works. He aims to include only the best authors, on the ground that both the college student and the common reader should avoid all mediocre books, and

acquaint themselves with the best alone. He begins with the Elizabethan era, not even allowing Chaucer and Spenser a place in his plan, admitting them to his book only in an appendix. The criticisms are in the main good, though not striking. His account of Coleridge is entirely misleading, however, as to that poet's character and the sad lesson of his life. The book has a usefulness as a text-book; is convenient for reference, and may be serviceable in affording the common reader a general notion of our literature, or rather of our authors; but it is not adapted to be of much service in leading to an intelligent choice of books, or a true and healthy taste. Its chief use is as a sort of introduction to the study of literature, which must, however, be pursued under other instructors.

We find it difficult even to describe, and much more to criticise intelligibly, AUGUSTUS HOPPIN'S *Crossing the Atlantic* (J. R. Osgood and Co.). If we could gather the readers of *Harper's Magazine* about our sanctum table, open this charming series of sketches, and point out its excellences and its defects, we might at least enjoy with them a pleasurable half hour; but it is not easy to criticise a portfolio of sketches which the great majority of those who read our criticism have never seen, nor even to give them any correct idea of the product of Mr. Hoppin's graphic pencil. Such of our readers as have crossed the Atlantic are well aware that there is no place in the world where there is such a curious commingling of characters, and none where each character stands out in such marked individuality. If we were going to write a novel, we should take passage on an ocean steamer to make our studies. The scenes and characters of an imaginary voyage Mr. Hoppin has embodied in a series of twenty-four pictures, characterized by a certain vigorous rudeness in execution, but certainly graphic in drawing, and quite remarkable in the sketches of character which they afford. We regret to see that the only type of a clergyman is a copy of Dickens's Stiggins. The clergy have foibles as well as faults, but climbing the rigging of a steamship on a yeasty sea is not characteristic of the professional weakness of such a dyspeptic-looking minister as Rev. Ichabod Barnes, and we venture to assert also that clergymen are not in the habit of bestowing their controversial writings on gentlemen possessed of such very slight theological proclivities as are unmistakably possessed by Sir Mungo Murgatroyd.

Studies in Poetry and Philosophy, by Principal SHAIRP (Hurd and Houghton), is composed of four essays on "Wordsworth," "Coleridge," "Keble," and "The Moral Motive Power." Any minute criticism would involve us in an estimate of these three English poets, and would carry us far beyond the space at our command. While we do not concur in his too eulogistic estimate of Coleridge, we find much to praise, and little or nothing to condemn, in these essays. They give some new information, new at least to us, as to the lives of these men, and are entertaining as biographies as well as instructive as *critiques*. Mr. Shairp is not one of those who regard criticism and fault-finding as synonymous; he evidently considers it the part of the true critic to appreciate by sympathy the subject of his criticism and the work which he has performed, rather than to find fault with him for what he is not, and to condemn his work for what is lacking in it. His pen produces a less trenchant and lively criticism than does that of M. Taine, but it affords a safer model for the critic to study and to follow.—The interest which recent travel has imparted to all that relates to the region of the Rocky Mountains and the far West gives a new attractiveness to FRANCIS PARKMAN'S *Oregon Trail* (Little, Brown, and Co.). Life on the plains as Mr. Parkman saw it a quarter of a century ago has been entirely changed by the progress of civilization. Of that past and soon-to-be-forgotten life our literature affords no more striking or faithful pictures than this book, which deserves to be brought again before the public in this new edition, and preserved for the future as a valuable contribution to the early history of Western life, too valuable to be suffered to fall into oblivion. —If M. TAINE has ever written a dull book we have yet to meet with it. Dull his *Notes on England* (Holt and Williams) certainly is not, but fascinating, not only for its pictorial effects and its brilliant style, but likewise for its peculiar insight into and its graphic embodiments of national characteristics. For example: "The sermon was good—slightly commonplace, but solid .....commonplaces do not weary them [the English]. Apparently they consider morality not as an object of curiosity, but as a practical tool, an instrument in daily use which must be sharpened every Sunday." Could the Anglo-Saxon conception of religion be more tersely and more truly put? Every thing which Taine writes must be read with the mind alert to detect false conclusions; but, on the whole, we should be at a loss to know where to find a truer picture of English life and character than in these pages. Those who have read that remarkable contrast between French and English society with which he closes his "English Literature" will be prepared to accede to this verdict.—The growing inclination of the non-professional public to know something of medicine and medical subjects is an encouraging and hopeful sign. A very serviceable book, one of the class which this demand has created, and which would hardly have been possible half a century ago, is *The Doctor in Medicine, and other Papers on Professional Subjects*, by STEPHEN SMITH, member of the New York Board of Health (William Wood and Co.). It is hardly possible, however, to speak of it as a medical book. It is composed of fifty-eight independent papers, originally published in periodicals, on subjects more or less connected with health and disease; but the selection of topics is largely such as one might expect from the author's experience in the Board of Health. They are all fragmentary in their character, many of them disposing, in three or four pages, of topics which would not be exhausted by a treatise. They relate rather to the moral than to the merely physical aspects of sanitary and medical questions; are very compact and vigorous; are characterized by a peculiar and almost nervous earnestness; are the product of a pen unmistakably consecrated not to theoretical science, but to the welfare of humanity; and are meritorious rather because they compel the reader to think for himself than because they furnish him with sound conclusions perfectly formed, or new information.

Editor's Scientific Record.

NEW WOODBURY PHOTOGRAPHIC PROCESS.

WOODBURY, the author of the well-known photographic process which bears his name, has devised a new mode of printing, which begins by rubbing a glass plate with wax, and then coating it with a thin layer of collodion. A solution of gelatine and bichromate of potash, containing a certain amount of finely pulverized glass, emery, etc., is then poured on. After drying, this sheet is removed from the glass and laid upon the negative, with the collodion side downward, and then exposed to the light. After sufficient illumination it is cemented by a solution of India rubber to a glass plate and washed with warm water, and after development the relief picture is again removed from the glass plate. The hydraulic press is next used to transfer this fine grain to a plate of metal, the minutest detail of the dry image being pressed into the soft metallic plate. A galvano-plastic counter-form is taken from this soft plate, and a cliché again taken from this, which is immediately coated with steel or iridium.

Another method of producing the relief granular picture consists in preparing the different mixtures of chrome gelatine as above, differing only in the greater or less degree of fineness of the granular substance. A sheet of thin paper is allowed to swim upon the mixture which contains the coarsest grains. After drying it is allowed to swim upon a second mixture, with the medium-sized grains, and then again, after drying, upon that with the finest. The gelatine sheet is now illuminated under a negative, then fastened under water to a finely polished steel plate, developed in warm water, and dried. The image thus obtained is transferred to a soft metallic plate, and a galvano-plastic copy taken. The finest grains in this way furnish the finest tones, while the half tones are supplied by those of medium size. This paper can be prepared like carbon paper, without chrome salt, and rendered sensitive before use.

DEATH OF A. J. SPRING, OF BELGIUM.

An eminent Belgian botanist, Mr. Antoine Joseph Spring, died at Liege on the 17th of January, at the age of fifty-seven. This gentleman long occupied a conspicuous position among the men of science of his country, having been elected professor at the University of Liege in 1839. He had previously spent several years at the botanic garden in Munich, under the direction of Von Martius, and devoted himself especially to the study of the *Lycopodiaceæ*, assisting Von Martius in the elaboration of the species of this and some other families for the "Flora Braziliensis." He subsequently devoted considerable time to the investigation of the mushrooms, and published several papers upon them. He did not, however, confine himself to botanical investigations, but prosecuted researches in physiology, and upon the movements of the heart, with special reference to the mechanism of the auriculo-ventricular valves. He also took a prominent part in the discussion of questions connected with prehistoric man, and endeavored to establish a chronology in the so-called stone age. The first stage, which he called the preglacial, had reference to the tertiary man, the contemporary of the *Elephas meridionalis;* the second, or post-glacial, embraced the celebrated Enghis man, the contemporary of the mammoth; the third was the diluvial, which includes the period of the reindeer and a few other mammals, which have retreated toward the north or into the high mountains; and the fourth the mixed, or Celto-Germanic, in which the implements of the stone age are found, together with those of the bronze and iron.

As a memorial of its deceased member, the Academy of Sciences of Belgium has added the following to the prize questions of 1874: The polymorphism of the mushrooms is attracting more and more the attention of botanists and physiologists, and seems suited to furnish new elements for the solution of the problem of life in general. First, a succinct and critical summary of the known observations of the polymorphism of the mucedinæ is demanded; second, an exact determination, even if based upon a single species, of what relates, first, to the proper nature of the plant (its specific energy), and second, to the exterior (the conditions of its development); third, the positive proof or disproval of the fact that the fungi of ferments, such as micrococcus, palmella, mycodermi, etc., under any circumstances, can be transformed into the higher fungi.

COMBINATION OF CHLOROFORM AND MORPHINE IN ANÆSTHESIA.

Some time ago Professor Claude Bernard ascertained that if a hypodermic injection of morphine be introduced into the system, a very complete anæsthesia will be produced by a much less quantity of chloroform than would otherwise be required. Messrs. Labbé and Guion have also been practically testing this same question. The experiment has been tried of making an injection of morphine while a patient to be operated on was under the influence of chloroform; this resulting in profound sleep, prolonged for several hours after the operation. The gentlemen referred to prefer to introduce the injection before the use of the chloroform, not so much for the purpose of preventing pain as for facilitating the production of anæsthesia, and rendering it less dangerous by reason of the smaller quantity of chloroform employed. In one case two centigrammes of morphia were injected, and after this twenty-eight grammes of chloroform were inhaled. In seven minutes anæsthesia was complete, and was prolonged for many minutes after the end of the operation, which lasted seventeen minutes. In another case the chloroform was given twenty minutes after the injection, and complete anæsthesia was produced in six minutes, extending through the operation, which lasted an hour and forty-five minutes. The total expenditure of chloroform was only forty-eight grammes.

It is not at all improbable that further experiments will determine whether a larger quantity of the morphine can be used with a proportionate reduction in the quantity of chloroform; and

whether, by combining the substances in different ways, very important results may be produced both in causing anæsthesia and preventing the sensation of pain.

ACTION OF THE GASTRIC JUICE ON CALOMEL.

Professor Tuson has been experimenting upon the effect of the constituents of the gastric juice upon mineral substances, especially those employed as medicines; and for this purpose prepared, first, a mixture of calomel and distilled water containing two per cent. of hydrochloric acid; second, a mixture of calomel, pepsin, and distilled water; and third, a mixture of calomel, pepsin, and distilled water containing two per cent. of hydrochloric acid. These mixtures were placed in glass vessels, and kept at 100° F. for twenty-four hours, being shaken occasionally. They were then thrown on to filters of Swedish paper, and the filtrates saturated with hydrosulphuric acid.

The filtrates from experiments numbers one and two remained unaltered, while number three yielded a black precipitate of sulphide of mercury. These experiments, therefore, show that neither dilute hydrochloric acid (two per cent.) nor pepsin, alone, is capable of dissolving calomel, but that when these agents are mixed they do effect its solution, and, consequently, that the digestion of calomel, so far as its solution in artificial gastric juice is concerned, is brought under the same conditions as that of the albuminoids.

These observations are of considerable importance, as illustrating the method by which calomel enters the circulation, so as to exercise the various therapeutical effects which it exhibits.

ORIGIN OF PEARLS IN OYSTERS.

According to Mr. Garner, in a paper read before the Linnæan Society, the production of pearls in oysters and other mollusks is caused by the irritation produced by the attacks of the minute entozoon known as *Distoma;* and he thinks that by artificial means the abundance of this parasite may be greatly increased. British pearls are obtained mostly from species of *Unio*, *Anodon*, and *Mytilus*, but it is probable that all mollusks, whether bivalve or univalve, with a nacreous lining to the shell, might be made to produce pearls.

UPHEAVAL OF THE SWEDISH COAST.

The rate of upheaval of the Swedish coast, a fact long known to geologists, is shown by a large block, ten feet high and fifteen feet broad, on the shore near Morup, which in September, 1816, was four feet above high-water mark, as is proved by an inscription to that effect. During the past summer this block was 120 feet from the shore, indicating a comparatively recent and rapid upheaval. The earliest records of this stone state that it was close to the water, but not in it; so that it would appear that the upheaval commenced in the present century.

NON-CONDUCTING COMPOSITION FOR ROOFS.

A non-conducting substance, known as Le Roy's Non-conducting Composition, has been used with great success in coating steam-boilers to prevent the loss of heat, and has been applied to another useful purpose in India. In that country corrugated iron is employed as a building material for roofs of houses, on account of its cheapness and freedom from vermin; but it becomes very intensely heated in summer, so as to be insupportable, and often injurious to health. This composition, however, applied to the under surface of these corrugated roofs, prevents the radiation of the heat from the iron to the space below, and the house can be kept eight degrees cooler than when the iron is not covered. The heat in buildings not protected by the composition during the month of December ranged from 74° to 101°; while in the protected sheds it ranged from 72° to 94°. In one instance the difference between the two was 11°.

CYPRINUS ORFUS AS AN ORNAMENTAL AND FOOD FISH.

Dr. Kiersch, of Wiesbaden, presents very strongly the claims of the *Cyprinus orfus*, of Linnæus, as particularly adapted for cultivation in the fresh-water streams of Europe. This species the writer considers one of the most beautiful of its kind, closely resembling the trout in its form, and possessing every qualification necessary to give it a preference over all fishes of its family. The fish is very rare in Europe, and, indeed, but for some effort in the line of artificial culture, it is in great danger of dying out—a catastrophe which, in view of its many excellent qualities, would be very deplorable. Unlike the carp and some other kinds of fish, this species does not retire into holes and concealed places in the winter, but remains throughout the entire season at the surface and in plain sight of the spectators. In point of beauty this fish is claimed to possess equal merit with the gold-fish; in fact, it has this superiority, that while the latter is black when young and only assumes the red color at the expiration of the second year, the orph from its earliest period is an object challenging the admiration of the beholder. As an article of food this fish is said to possess many excellences far beyond those of the majority of its class, and only inferior to the trout in this respect. It has one advantage also, that of being very tenacious of life, and capable of being carried to a great distance without injury.

The orph will thrive in almost any water, and especially in ponds and pools where trout could not exist; and it is capable of resisting the influence of injurious substances which sometimes unavoidably pollute streams. One reason for its comparative immunity against destructive agencies lies in the fact of its keeping almost entirely on the surface of the water, which is generally much purer than the lower portions. As a herbivorous fish, the orph has the advantage of not interfering with trout or salmon in a stream; and, indeed, as it multiplies with great rapidity, would be an excellent associate for such species, in furnishing to them an important article of food.

IMPROVED MANUFACTURE OF RED-LEAD.

The ordinary process of the manufacture of red-lead consists in exposing oxide of lead, or litharge, in trays in the same furnace that serves for its production; but this method is very tedious and uncertain in its yield, owing to the changes of temperature to which the substance

is exposed in the furnaces. The most important element for a successful result, next to the access of sufficient air, is said to be constancy of the proper temperature, as the temperature at which litharge takes up oxygen and that at which the red-lead loses it lie very near each other. The most favorable temperature for the formation of red-lead is that approaching a dull red heat, without, however, reaching it. Mercier has lately constructed a furnace, for use on a large scale, for the manufacture of red-lead, which takes into account these considerations. It is essentially a large muffle, around which the fire plays in a great number of small channels, and by means of dampers the heat is easily regulated. By this furnace, in full action and continuously worked, about four tons of red-lead may be produced in twenty-four hours.

BED OF GLAUBER'S-SALT.

A deposit of Glauber's-salt has lately been discovered in the Caucasus, not very far from Tiflis and Marienfeld. In sinking a shaft the experimenters first passed through one foot of marl, two and a half feet of gray moist clay, seven of dark gray bituminous saline clay, then penetrated a bed of pure Glauber's-salt to a depth of five feet, with a probability that the thickness was much greater. In the same region there are various lakes filled with solutions of Glauber's-salt, which furnish the apothecaries of that neighborhood with what they need of that substance, as it crystallizes in perfect purity along the edge of the water.

NEW FIRE-ENGINE.

The *English Mechanic* publishes the description and figure of a fire-engine on an entirely new principle. This consists in charging the water used with carbonic acid and nitrogen. A special merit is in the remarkably cheap method of obtaining the carbonic acid, which is made by drawing atmospheric air through a charcoal fire, and forcing it into a tank containing water. A claim is made—and practical experiments seem to substantiate it—that one cubic foot of this solution, discharged upon any burning pile, is capable of doing as much execution in extinguishing a fire as fifty cubic feet of water from an ordinary fire-engine, and in one-twentieth part of the time.

Another important point is the capability of the invention to instantly depolarize vast quantities of sulphurous vapors, carbonic acid gas, carbureted hydrogen, and sulphureted carbureted hydrogen. A delivery jet one-quarter of an inch in diameter is said to be capable of instantly extinguishing and depolarizing carbureted hydrogen from a two-foot main, working at three-inch pressure from the gasometer. By this method the air in coal-pits, mines, caverns, etc., can, it is claimed, be rendered pure and healthy. This apparatus also may be used for softening water for brewing and dyeing, and for preventing incrustations in steam-boilers.

CHARACTERS OF BACTERIA.

Dr. Cohn has been prosecuting a careful series of experiments upon the Bacteria, well-known forms of microscopic bodies that are supposed to enter very largely into the processes of fermentation and contagion; and he has reached a number of conclusions, which in some respects differ from, and in others agree with, the determinations of eminent writers, such as Bastian, Crace Calvert, Frankland, etc. He thinks he has abundant evidence to prove that Bacteria and *Penicillium* are independent of each other, that the former can not be developed from the latter, that the latter does not produce putrefaction, and finally, that the germs are destroyed at a temperature of 176° F. The other facts reached by Dr. Cohn in regard to the Bacteria are the following: *First.* Bacteria are cells which, as far as we can judge, contain a protoplasmic and, very probably, nitrogenous matter, in the form of strongly refractive granules, which have a decided outline, apparently without cellulose, and a motion apparently not produced by cilia. *Second.* The protoplasm of Bacteria cells is colorless, although of a different refractive power from water, so that, whenever existing in large numbers in water, they impart a turbid appearance to it. This turbidity is therefore a microscopic indication of the development of Bacteria. *Third.* Bacteria cells multiply by transverse division into two equivalent daughter cells, which again divide transversely. This multiplication depends, on the one hand, upon the nutriment received, and, on the other, upon the temperature, and ceases entirely at a low temperature. *Fourth.* Bacteria assimilate nitrogenous combinations, from which they form protoplasm. Following the analogy of the fungi, it is probable that they take up by endosmosis the liquid albuminous combinations dissolved in water. According to Pastem, they can form their nitrogenous cell matter out of ammonia combinations, but how far they can assimilate other nitrogenous matters is not yet established. *Fifth.* Bacteria are also able to assimilate fixed combinations of albumen not soluble in water, after they have previously rendered them fluid, as is the case with hard-boiled egg, etc. This liquefaction of solid or half-solid albuminous bodies, in combination with their assimilation by Bacteria, and the concomitant production of accessory matter, is generally termed putrefaction. *Sixth.* The Bacteria are the only organisms which produce putrefaction in albuminous substances. *Seventh.* As the nitrogenous food of Bacteria is consumed they gradually cease to multiply, and pass from the movable to the quiescent condition, during which they secrete an intercellular substance, and heap this up into palmella-like masses (*zooglœa*). In this state, however, they can still grow, and can again swarm out under favorable circumstances. When all assimilable nutriment is exhausted, these zoogloea masses settle to the bottom, and the water again becomes clear. Mucous masses form from these Bacteria, which are developed in moist air and on nitrogenous soil, and usually produce, as accessory products, red, violet, yellow, green, and brown coloring matters. *Eighth.* When water containing living Bacteria is evaporated, innumerable Bacteria are discharged into the atmosphere, principally as the smallest globular cells. The moisture precipitated from the air is filled with innumerable cells of this kind, which are sometimes globular and sometimes cylindrical. These are the germs of Bacteria, which are constantly ascending into the air during the evaporation of putrefying liquids, are in-

haled into the lungs, are deposited with the rain upon all bodies, and therefore are able to produce putrefaction wherever they establish themselves. Their vitality is not affected by their abode in the air, as is the case with some of the infusoria, and the spores and gonidia of the fungi.

BUTTONS, ETC., FROM SOAP-STONE.

Buttons, dominoes, and other small objects requiring great hardness are now manufactured in Germany from soap-stone by grinding refuse chips and fragments to powder, mixing this with water-glass in a tub, and, after allowing it to stand for some hours, drying it upon a plate and then grinding it again to a fine powder. When thus prepared, this powder is to be brought under a powerful press, where the desired shape is given, and the objects are then to be baked in fire-proof crucibles, kept air-tight, and after burning, immersed again in water-glass until they are completely saturated; after this they are again dried and again heated in a closed crucible. By repeating this operation several times the objects can be made to possess any required degree of hardness. They are then to be cleaned off, by placing them in water in a rapidly rotating tub, and afterward dried and introduced into a second rotating tub, with soap-stone powder, which will give them the proper degree of finish.

COMPARISON OF ANTISEPTICS.

A series of experiments by Dr. Dougall upon the relative powers of substances to prevent the generation of animalculæ gives some interesting and suggestive results. The metallic salts, he finds, possess the highest preventive powers—sulphate of copper occupying the first place, and nitrate of silver the lowest. Of the organic acids, benzoic acid has the highest, and acetic acid the lowest power, carbolic acid occupying the fifth rank. Chloride of aluminium, among the salts of the alkaline earths, stands the highest. The inorganic salts have but little power, with the exception of bichromate of potash, which ranks very high. The poisonous vegetable extracts appear to be inert.

The inference made from these observations is, that if carbolic acid prevents the growth of germs in wounds, etc., solutions of chromic acid, bichromate of potash, and the sulphate of copper have the same property to a still higher degree, and should have the preference, except where their use would be attended with some positively injurious effect.

MUSHET'S SPECIAL STEEL.

"Special steel" is the name of an article manufactured by Mushet with particular reference to the working of cast-steel, and for other purposes where the hardness of the material manipulated rapidly blunts the tools. This steel does not require hardening, but acquires the necessary hardness by gentle hammering. It is manufactured by the Titanic Steel and Iron Company, at Coleford, in Gloucestershire, England.

CELLULOSE IN ANIMAL MATTER.

The discovery of cellulose in animal matter by Schmidt, some years ago, was so remarkable a fact as to excite considerable skepticism; but more recent observations have confirmed it, Schöfer having proved the identity of the cellulose of *Pyrosoma*, *Phallusia*, etc., and that of the vegetable kingdom by the possession of the following characteristics: 1, The percentage composition of vegetable cellulose; 2, The striking a violet-blue with iodine, after previous treatment with sulphuric acid; 3, The solubility in cupriferous ammonia and subsequent precipitation with acid; 4, The formation of fermentable sugar with sulphuric acid; and 5, Its conversion, by forming nitric acid, into a nitro compound, which dissolves in a mixture of alcohol and ether, and resembles gun-cotton.

CAUSE OF THE VARIATION OF THE MAGNETIC POLE.

The precise cause of the variation of the magnetic pole of the earth has not been well established; but in the view of Dr. Menzzer this is owing to the continued variation of the level of the earth's surface mainly in the polar regions. He goes through a very elaborate mathematical investigation of the relation between the land areas of the north and the magnetic currents, and endeavors to show that with unchanging outlines this pole will be constant; but that with any variation it will necessarily be altered in its position. In the fact that the level of the land is continually altering, not only in the north, but elsewhere on the surface of the globe, very few portions being entirely free from change, he finds the explanation of the deflection of the needle first on one side and then on the other, these changes being not all in one direction; the elevation of the land in one place to some extent balancing its depression in another.

STRANDING OF A JAPANESE JUNK ON THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS.

As an illustration of one way in which distant and uninhabited lands may become peopled by the human race it is stated that during the past summer a Japanese junk, which was dismasted and had lost its rudder in a typhoon off Jesso, about the beginning of 1871, and was driven about by the wind and currents for nine months, finally came ashore on the island of Adahk, one of the Aleutians, where the crew were rescued by a hunting party of natives, and subsequently sent down in the schooner *Johnson* to San Francisco. They had burned up their deck for fuel, and had only fifteen pounds of rice left, were without instruments excepting a compass, and had no chart. This is only one of a number of cases of similar character, giving some plausibility to the hypothesis that the Aleutian Islands and the northwest coast of North America were originally peopled in this way from Japan.

FRIABLE GOLD COIN.

In some instances after a piece of gold coin has been struck in a mint it becomes friable and crumbling. It has been ascertained that this property is due to the presence of a very small quantity (hardly a thousandth part) of certain metals, among which lead is the most injurious. By an improved process, however, this difficulty has lately been overcome. This consists in passing a current of gaseous chlorine over the melted metal, which is covered with borax in the ordinary way. A chloride of gold would not be

formed at this high temperature, but on the contrary would be decomposed; while the other metals unite with the chlorine so as to quickly purify the mass. Any silver which may happen to be present is not lost, as it becomes dissolved in the borax which serves as a cover for the molten gold.

COMPOUND NATURE OF CATHARTINE.

A substance obtained some years ago from senna, and named cathartine, under the supposition that it contained the active principle of the plant, has lately been ascertained by Bougoin to consist of three distinct substances—chrysophanic acid, dextro-rotary glucose, and chrysophanine.

ACTION OF SALINE WATERS IN DYEING.

It has generally been assumed that water containing saline matters is unsuited for dyeing and bleaching; but a correspondent of Reimann's *Färber-Zeitung* writes to say that the water of his village, which contains a little salt and some lime, is so far from being injurious to the process, that it furthers it in a decided degree. In cotton dyeing an inequality of color in the yarn is often met with; but the correspondent in question maintains that this is never the case in his neighborhood. In boiling out the cotton, whether in the yarn or in the piece, it comes out from the kettle already half white, thus far lighter than when boiled in ordinary non-saline water. The theory of this process is found in the suggestion that saline water boils at a higher temperature than pure water. Aniline colors, when used with saline waters, according to his experience are more beautiful, and light blue is never as fine as when saline water is employed. Should this communication prove to be founded in fact, it would be a question as to what extent common salt is to be hereafter added to the water for dyeing purposes.

ANHYDROUS ALCOHOL.

The best process for obtaining alcohol absolutely free from water is said by Erlenmeyer to consist in boiling with quicklime, in a vessel fitted with an inverted condenser, for about an hour, and then distilling. If the spirit contain more than five per cent. of water, it is necessary to repeat the treatment with lime two or three times. After distillation the whole product obtained will be anhydrous. With weak spirit not more than half the space occupied with spirit must be filled with lime at first, as otherwise the vessel might be broken by its slaking.

MILLIPORA LIMESTONE.

Various triassic and tertiary limestones are composed of small organic bodies generally called millipores, and Gumbel has lately been investigating specimens from several localities and formations. He finds occasion to divide them into two great groups, one belonging to the dactylopores of the triassic age, the other to lithothamnium of the tertiary. The latter group is interesting from the fact that its recent representatives contain only 2 per cent. of organic matter, the remainder being inorganic, consisting chiefly of carbonates, which were most probably produced in the organism of the plant from the sulphate of lime and magnesia of the sea water. Enormous deposits of "millipora" limestone found in Europe were caused by the agency of this group. A feature of interest is the vast percentage of magnesia in some recent formations, in certain cases amounting to 17 per cent., and it is suggested that the formation of dolomitic limestone may be closely related to this form as the active agent.

RELATION OF GLYCOGEN TO MUSCULAR ACTION.

According to Weiss, muscular action has a very close relation to the amount of glycogen in muscle, as shown by a series of experiments for determining the percentage of this substance in muscle before activity and afterward. The comparison was made by tetanizing the muscles of one leg of a decapitated frog by induction currents, while those of the other remained perfectly at rest, the sciatic nerve being cut. In one set of experiments the percentage of loss was over 24, in another 28, and in a third, where only the larger muscles were compared with each other, the loss was 50 per cent. It was also ascertained, in the course of these inquiries, that the heart, which is the muscle in most constant activity, has a store of glycogen amounting to more than two-thirds that of all the other muscles. The general tenor of the experiments seemed to show that even in starvation muscular energy is retained as long as the store of glycogen lasts.

NEW NETTING MACHINE.

A Saxon weaver has, it is said, lately invented machinery by which nets of all kinds, from the finest silk veil to the stoutest seine, can be constructed with great regularity and rapidity. The instrument, worked by one man, will furnish in a day's labor fine netting from seventy to eighty feet long and five feet wide, and coarser mesh in proportion.

MIXTURE OF BRACKISH AND MARINE FAUNAS.

It is an interesting fact in marine zoology that where organic masses are in the process of decomposition in the sea a true brackish fauna makes its appearance. This has lately been shown in the Bay of Messina, such a fauna having arisen in a locality where large quantities of refuse are thrown into the sea, and forming a striking contrast with that of the surrounding area. It is suggested that this fact explains the sudden appearance of brackish shells with marine ones in the same deposit, and accounts for the fact that, with a very few exceptions, all coal beds contain representatives of a brackish fauna.

COMBINATION OF ALDEHYDES AND PHENOLS TO FORM COLORS.

It was ascertained some time ago by Bayer that all of the so-called phenols furnish coloring matters when combined with polybasic organic acids. As the number of these phenols is unlimited, as is also that of the polybasic acids, it is evident that an indefinite number of new unions can be effected by the combination of the two series. More recently this field, already so extended, has been still further widened in another direction.

It was originally found, as the result of the first

investigation, that the oil of bitter almonds—the aldehyde of benzoic acid—was capable of combination with the phenols, but additional investigations have shown that all aldehydes combine with all phenols to form bodies belonging to the group of phenol dyes, if the necessary conditions are complied with. Among the different dyes derived from aldehydes, upon which Bayer reported to the German Chemical Society in January last, one excited a special interest, as its production appeared to be one step further toward the synthesis of natural coloring matters. The first series of experiments led up to bodies which, in their chemical relations, as apparently in their constitution, stood very near to the dyes of logwood and Brazil-wood. This time it is the pigment of green plants, or chlorophyl, which Bayer approaches in his synthetic experiments. Furfurol, the aldehyde of mucic acid, and reforcine, or pyrogallic acid, furnish a substance having the reaction of chlorophyl. If, therefore, we can not actually speak of the synthesis of the latter, because what has been hitherto termed chlorophyl is scarcely a pure chemical body, but rather a mixture of green pigment with protoplasm, we may still hope to arrive at the green coloring matter of plants along the path pointed out by Bayer, and consequently be able to clear up its hitherto unknown chemical constitution.

TEETH IN YOUNG STURGEONS.

The discovery announced some months ago of the existence of teeth in the young sturgeons has been verified by another observer, who states that in the young of the sterlet there are ten teeth in the upper jaw and eight in the lower. This illustrates a very striking difference in habit between the young and the old. The latter, as is well known, have no teeth, and are believed to be somewhat herbivorous in character, or, at least, to feed only on sluggish invertebrates, while the former are quite voracious in their attack upon free-swimming animal prey. The precise period at which these teeth disappear has not been ascertained.

IODINE AS A DISINFECTANT.

It is stated that an excellent method of disinfecting rooms in periods of epidemics consists in exposing to the air a piece of dry iodine, care being taken to prevent the access of children to it, as it is poisonous. An ounce of iodine will answer for an entire month.

SILVERED STEEL CUTLERY.

According to the London *Mechanic's Magazine*, Mr. Neil, of London, has devised a process for so thoroughly uniting silver with cutlery as to produce an article of great practical value. It has long been the custom to electroplate silver on steel; but whenever the external coating is ground off the steel is exposed, and thereby rendered liable to rust. In the present instance the knives are finished in the finest style, and chemically cleaned by a special process. They are then treated with perfectly pure silver, and the two are pressed together by processes which are not made known by the inventor. It is asserted that the silver is driven into the pores of the steel, and that heat and moisture have no perceptible effect on the metals. The result is a knife that will not rust, is not stained by acids, and only requires washing after use. It may be sharpened any number of times, with the result of always showing a silver surface.

EFFECT OF THE RED RAYS ON THE ASSIMILATION OF GREEN PLANTS.

A series of experiments upon the influence of the different red rays upon the assimilation of green plants has resulted in showing that the middle red rays are in themselves capable of maintaining the growth of a plant, while the exterior red rays do not possess this power; also, that in this action it is by no means the luminous power, but simply the proper quality of the rays, that produces the effect.

NEW DETONATING MIXTURE.

A new detonating mixture is made by bringing together equal parts of nitrate of potash and of acetate of soda; these substances, when exposed to heat, enter into new combinations, in which the salts are converted into gases, with a violent explosion.

WINDOW PHOTOGRAPHIC PROCESS.

A new and quite peculiar photo-lithographic process, lately announced by Window, bids fair to become of much practical value. For this, white paper is coated with a mixture of gelatine and bichromate of potash, and, after drying, illuminated under a negative. The soluble chrome salt is then washed out with water. If the wet picture is now touched with printer's ink the portions corresponding to the light lines of the negative take up the black. This is based upon the peculiarity of gelatine of resisting the fatty blacks, even in thin sheets; and also the fact that these blacks are readily taken up by the lithographic stone. A piece of gelatine paper is rendered sensitive in the ordinary manner in a bath of bichromate of potash, and illuminated under a positive matrix of the object to be lithographed. After a sufficient illumination the paper is immersed some seconds in water, and laid with the gelatine side down upon a clean polished lithographic stone, and then rubbed several times with a rubber pad to press out the superfluous water. A few minutes after warm water is poured on, of the temperature of about 97°, and the picture developed exactly like a carbon print. The paper becomes gradually loosened, and with a little action of the warm water can be completely removed. Warm water is then poured carefully over the side to separate all the remaining soluble gelatine.

The picture thus obtained is naturally a negative, because the matrix was a diapositive. After the picture has been developed so that the lights are entirely pure the stone is to be moistened with alum water, and then allowed to dry. If the experiment has been successful, the negative picture will appear clear and sharp after drying. The edges of the stone are now to be gummed in the ordinary way, and the stone rolled with lithographic black; after which it is to be well rubbed down with a folded flannel cloth dipped in gum water; the gelatine of which the negative picture was composed is removed, and the fat color remains on the originally clear spaces. If the experiment has succeeded, a positive of great delicacy will be produced, which can then be printed from.

Editor's Historical Record.

OUR Record closes on the 24th of June.—The Congressional session closed June 10. The House of Representatives failed to pass the Senate Civil Rights bill and the Senate bill to extend the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus until the next regular session of Congress. These measures were taken up June 7, but failed to receive a two-thirds vote.

The conference committee's report on the Tariff and Tax bill was concurred in by both Houses of Congress June 4. The reduction thus effected will be over $53,000,000.

On May 30 Mr. Sumner in the Senate introduced resolutions recommending "the adoption of arbitration as a just and practical method for the determination of international difficulties, to be maintained sincerely and in good faith, so that war may not be regarded as a proper trial between nations."

The House passed a bill, June 4, distributing to the late insurrectionary States their quota of arms and equipments for the years from 1862 to 1869.

A bill for the prevention of cruelty to animals *in transitu* was passed by the Senate June 4. It will take effect October 1. Mr. Casserly offered an amendment designed to compel railroad companies to provide better accommodation for immigrants, and in advocating it he described some of the hardships and ill treatment he had seen immigrants subjected to on the great railroad lines of the West. The amendment was lost—yeas 15, nays 23.

The Enforcement amendment was passed June 10 by both Houses. It is so far modified from the original as to provide only for Federal supervisors to be present at the election to witness the voting and the counting of the ballots. The supervisors have no power of arrest and no right to challenge voters.

On May 23 every seat in Congress was filled for the first time since the winter of 1861.

The National Republican (regular) Convention was held in Philadelphia, commencing June 5. The assemblage was called to order by Hon. William Claflin, chairman of the National Executive Committee, and Judge Thomas Settle, of North Carolina, was chosen president. The platform, which was read by General Hawley, was unanimously adopted. The resolutions summarize the record of the Republican party during eleven years of supremacy; advocate complete liberty and exact equality of civil and political rights; support the recent constitutional amendments on the basis of principle; favor a reform of the civil service; oppose land grants to corporations and monopolies; declare that "the annual revenues, after paying the current debts, should furnish a moderate balance for the reduction of the principal, and the revenue, except so much as may be derived from a tax on tobacco and liquors, be raised by duties on importations, the duties of which should be so adjusted as to aid in securing remunerative wages to labor, and promote the industries, growth, and prosperity of the whole country;" favor the abolition of the franking privilege; recommend legislation "to secure full protection and the amplest field for capital, and for labor, the creator of capital, the largest opportunities and a just share of the mutual profits of these two great servants of civilization;" denounce repudiation of the national debt; declare women's rights worthy of respectful consideration; recognize the duty of the government to encourage American commerce and ship-building; and commend President Grant's administration. On the first ballot President Grant was renominated, receiving 752 votes—the entire vote of the Convention. Senator Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, was nominated for Vice-President.

Republican State Conventions have been held as follows: West Virginia, at Wheeling, May 23; New Jersey, at Trenton, May 23; Louisiana, at New Orleans, May 29; Maine, at Lewiston, June 13, renominating Sidney Perham for Governor.

Democratic State Conventions have been held as follows: Pennsylvania, at Reading, May 30, nominating C. R. Buckalew for Governor; Louisiana, at New Orleans (closed), June 8, nominating D. D. M'Enery for Governor; Delaware, at Dover, June 11; Kansas, at Topeka, June 11; Iowa, at Des Moines, June 11; South Carolina, at Columbia, June 11; Vermont, at Montpelier, June 12; Missouri, at Jefferson City, June 12; Indiana, at Indianapolis, June 12, nominating Thomas A. Hendricks for Governor; Maine, at Bangor, June 18, nominating Charles P. Kimball for Governor; Texas, at Corsicano, June 18; California, at San Francisco, June 19; Minnesota, at St. Paul, June 19; Kentucky, at Frankfort, June 20; Alabama, at Montgomery, June 20, nominating T. H. Herndon for Governor; Nebraska, at Lincoln, June 20.

The most notable feature in the work of the Methodist General Conference, which sat in Brooklyn during the month of May, was the election of eight bishops, who were ordained May 25. Their names are as follows: Rev. Thomas Bowman, D.D.; Rev. William L. Harris, D.D., LL.D.; Rev. R. S. Foster, D.D., LL.D.; Rev. Isaac W. Wiley, D.D.; Rev. Stephen M. Merrill, D.D.; Rev. E. G. Andrews, D.D.; Rev. Gilbert Haven, D.D.; and Rev. Jesse T. Peck, D.D. The Conference adjourned June 4.

The Presbyterian General Assembly, meeting at Detroit, Michigan, May 29, received a memorial from the Presbytery of Brooklyn on the subject of women occupying pulpits or churches, which was answered as follows: "That there is no necessity for a change in the constitution of the Church, and the memorialists are referred to the deliverance of 1832, which expresses the judgment of this assembly." This action declares that meetings of pious women by themselves for conversation and prayer are entirely approved; but to teach and exhort or lead in prayer in public and promiscuous assemblies is clearly forbidden to women in the holy oracles.

The monster entertainment known as "The World's Peace Jubilee and International Musical Festival" was opened in Boston June 17, with a promise of running until July 4. It was led by Mr. P. H. Gilmore, the father of the famous New York festival of 1869. The chorus

numbered 20,000 voices, embracing 165 societies, led by the Handel and Haydn, of Boston. Of these, 104 belong to Massachusetts, and 44 to the other New England States. The orchestral parts numbered about 2000, including 27 brass bands besides the foreign military bands, the United States Marine Band, and the Emperor William's cornet quartet.

DISASTERS.

The year ending May 1 has been a disastrous one for the seal fishers. Seventeen sailing vessels and three steamers were utterly destroyed in the ice-fields, and forty-five men were lost. The total number of seals caught was 200,000, or about one-third the usual number.

A construction train which left Paxton, Illinois, June 17, on the Lafayette, Bloomington, and Mississippi Railroad, when about six miles east of Paxton was wrecked, and four men were killed and about twenty-five injured.

An accident occurred at Belleville, Canada, June 22, on the Grand Trunk Railway, to a train going from Toronto to Montreal. The axle of the engine broke, and the passenger cars were piled on each other. Twenty-three persons were killed, and over fifty were so badly scalded that they could not recover.

Two trains collided on the Pittsburg, Washington, and Baltimore Railroad, near Connelsville, Pennsylvania, June 22, killing three employés, and seriously injuring eight of the passengers.

OBITUARY.

James Gordon Bennett, Sen., the founder, proprietor, and editor of the New York *Herald*, died June 1, aged seventy-seven years.

Joseph H. Scranton, the founder of the Pennsylvania city which bears his name, died at Baden-Baden, in Germany, June 6, aged fifty-eight years.

Hon. James W. Wall, formerly United States Senator from New Jersey, died in Elizabeth, New Jersey, June 9, aged fifty-three years.

EUROPE.

The Board of Arbitration to carry out the provisions of the Washington Treaty met at Geneva June 15. In the mean time the supplemental article of the treaty, as amended by the United States Senate, had failed to secure the concurrence of the British government. The latest advices indicate that the suggestion of the British government to postpone the session of the Board of Arbitration for a considerable period will probably be adopted.

The British embassy unexpectedly presented, on June 10, to the Emperor William, the arbitrator under the Treaty of Washington, their answer to the American case on the San Juan boundary question. Mr. Bancroft submitted the United States replication June 11. The emperor will deliver his decision as soon as both parties request it.

An important bill was recently passed by the British Parliament, providing that all wages shall, after January 1, 1873, be paid in coin, without any deductions and conditions as to how and where the workmen shall spend their money.

A race took place on the river Thames, June 10, between a United States crew (Atalantas) and an English (London Rowing Club), resulting in the success of the latter by a distance of twenty lengths.

Charles James Lever, the author, died at Trieste, Austria, June 3, aged sixty-six years.

About the middle of June the Rev. Norman M'Leod, a distinguished divine and the editor of *Good Words*, died of heart disease.

Baron Dalling and Bulwer, better known as Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, elder brother of Lord Lytton, the author, died in London May 26, aged sixty-eight years.

The amendment to the Army bill, reducing the term of military service from five to four years, was rejected by the French National Assembly June 10, by a vote of 59 to 495.

President Thiers has given permission for the remains of the ex-King Louis Philippe to be brought from England and interred at Dreux, in the department of Eure-et-Loir.

The boilers of the Spanish steamer *Guadayea*, lying off Marseilles, exploded June 16, killing forty-four passengers and eleven of the officers and crew.

The ex-Emperor Napoleon, in a letter to the *Gaulois*, dated Chiselhurst, May 12, and addressed to the generals and commandants of the French army, makes this acknowledgment: "I am responsible for Sedan. The army fought heroically with an enemy double its strength. After 14,000 had been killed or wounded I saw that the contest was merely one of desperation. The army's honor having been saved, I exercised my sovereign right and unfurled the flag of truce. It was impossible that the immolation of 60,000 men could save France. I obeyed a cruel, inexorable necessity. My heart was broken, but my conscience was tranquil."

The German Reichstag, May 14, decided to appoint a new embassador to the Pope, in the place of Cardinal Hohenlöhe, who had been rejected by his Holiness. The bill proscribing the Jesuits passed its third reading in the Reichstag, June 19, by a vote of 181 to 93.

We have to record another reorganization of the Spanish cabinet. The new cabinet has been formed by General Cordova and Señor Zorilla, and is constituted as follows: Don Ruiz Zorilla, *President of the Council;* Lieutenant F. F. de Cordova, *Minister of War;* J. M. Beranger, *Minister of Marine;* Señor Gomez, *Minister of Finance;* Señor Echegaray, *Minister of Public Works;* Señor Gasset, *Minister of the Colonies;* Señor Martos, *Minister of Foreign Affairs.*

ASIA.

The great fire at Yedo, Japan, April 3, involved a loss of over one million and a half of dollars. Eight persons were killed outright, and some fifty others were desperately wounded. The list of houses destroyed includes 17 large government offices, 60 temples, 287 small public offices, and 4753 private dwellings, shops, etc. With all its frequent devastations by fire, plagues, and earthquakes, but two greater public calamities have occurred in Yedo since the time of its foundation.

The steamer *Great Republic*, arrived at San Francisco June 18, brings the news of a terrible earthquake at Hauieda, in the Japanese island of Sekishn. Five hundred lives were lost.

Editor's Drawer.

THE paternal instinct has seldom had a finer development than in the following, sent to us from Faribault, Minnesota, by a party who calls himself "one of that class styled drummers, gorillas, commercial tourists, missionaries, etc.:"

As the cars stopped at a small town in Minnesota, an honest-looking German and family came on board the train. The "family" consisted of numerous bundles, a wife, and a quantity of children of assorted sizes, from the babe in arms up to a boy of twelve. The German, after stowing his bundles in the forward seats of the smoking-car, proceeded to place his wife and offspring near them. This accomplished, he seated himself for a smoke. All at once, as the signal whistled for starting, he dashed out of the car into the station, returning with another child in his arms that had been asleep, barely catching the train before it moved. As he passed, one of the passengers said, laughingly,

"You came near forgetting that one."

"No," replied Hans, "I don't forget him; *but den I count dem, and I miss one!*"

FROM Meridian, Mississippi, we have copies of two epistles from a colored brother and sister in that region, who desire that their offspring shall be duly corrected and properly educated. The first is from a colored preacher:

Mr. H——, esquier.

If you plees to take my childring and correct them for every falt, plees, deer Sir, dont let them off but send em out to cut plenty of hickkerys, and wear em! wear em! *wear em clean out!* She is 13 years old and William is 6

Yours in the Lord REV JOHN BROWN.

Jenneverry the 3d.

The second is from a fond mother:

MR. TEACHER,—if. my gal gits contrerry and dont behaiv respecterbal and dont lern fast and dont git into gogerafy, take the hide clean of ov her if she is 16 & kicks up a fus

I didnt write this. I aint much eddicated. It is rote by very truly yours POLLY PETERSON

I ame to have her grow up like Yankee folks.

EARLY in Wesley's career his meetings were occasionally the scene of much noise and confusion, even clergymen of the Established Church laughing and talking during the prayers and sermon. At Tiverton the mayor asked a gentleman whether it was not right that the Methodists should be banished from the town. The gentleman recommended his worship to follow the counsel of Gamaliel to the Jews; upon which the furious functionary observed that there was no need of any new religion in Tiverton. "There is," said he, "the old church and the new church; that is one religion. Then there is Parson K——'s, at the Pitt meeting, and Parson W——'s, in Peter Street, and old Parson T——'s, at the meeting in Newport Street—four ways of going to heaven already: enough in conscience; and if the people won't go to heaven by one or other of those ways, by —— they sha'n't go to heaven at all herefrom while I am mayor of Tiverton."

IN the "Lives of the Lord Chancellors of Ireland," lately published by the Longmans, we are told that in the year 1447 the Irish Parliament at Trim enacted this curious statute: "That those who would not be taken for Englishmen should not wear a beard upon the upper lip; that the said lip should be shaved once at least in every two weeks, and that offenders therein should be treated as Irish enemies." An act was also passed restraining display in horse accoutrements. "No man," says the statute, "shall be so hardy henceforth as to use any gilt bridles, peytrells, or any gilt harness, in no place, in said land, except knights and prelates of the Holy Church."

In the same volume mention is made of the appointment of Dr. Cromer as Primate of Ireland in 1522, and the author hopes he did not find the inhabitants of Armagh quite so uncivil as they were described to a predecessor in the see, Octavian de Palatio. The following is the Latin and English uncomplimentary description:

Civitas Armachana,	Armagh is notorious
Civitas vana,	For being vain-glorious;
Absq. bonis moribus;	The men void of manners, their spouses
Mulieres nudæ,	Go naked; they eat
Carnes crudæ,	Raw flesh for their meat,
Pauperis in ædibus.	And poverty dwells in their houses.

We are also told that James II. employed his Irish judges in diplomatic missions, and in England they were received with derision and nicknamed "The Potato Embassadors."

As Stephen D. Baird seems desirous to have it go all abroad that he is no longer on terms of respectful tenderness with his spouse, we reproduce his financial warning and Annie's rhythmic response, as published in a Michigan paper:

NOTICE is hereby given that my wife, Annie E. Baird, has left my bed and board without sufficient cause or provocation, and that all persons are hereby cautioned against trusting her, as I will pay no debts of her contraction from and after this date.

STEPHEN D. BAIRD.

NOTICE.

No bed or board as yet I've had
Of Stephen D. or Stephen's dad,
But since the time that we were wed
Have furnished *him* with board and bed;
And for just cause and provocation
Have sent him home to his relation.

MRS. ANNIE E. BAIRD.

HARRY H——, the proprietor of the Great Hot Springs of the Upper Yellow Stone, was recently in Bozeman, Montana Territory. During his visit he was present in the Halls of Justice, and heard the judge sentence a negro named Smoky to the penitentiary for two years, and a Chinaman for ten years. In the evening, being with a few friends where the social little game of "draw" was going on, some one asked Harry if he had been to the court-room during the day.

"Yes," replied Harry.

"Did the judge sentence Smoky?"

"Yes; sent him up the flume two years."

"How about the Chinaman?"

"Oh, *he saw Smoky and went eight better.*"

The "Great Hot Springs" then took a cigar.

AT length we have intelligence from Fort Wayne, Indiana, of a thoroughly conscientious juror, an Irishman, named Pat E——, who, hav-

ing been impaneled in a case, was, with the rest of the jury, cautioned by the judge as they were about to adjourn for dinner not to speak to any person nor allow any person to speak to them concerning the case in progress. Pat was impressed with this warning. On turning the first corner he encountered Mike H——, who wanted to speak to him about digging a well. Pat gave him a wild glance and passed on. Mike followed him, and seizing him by the arm, said, "Man alive! what is the matter with you? Are you crazy?" Pat freed himself from Mike's vise-like grasp, and planting a terrible blow between Mike's eyes, hurried home to his frugal meal. His troubled look alarmed his wife. "In the name of all the saints, Patrick dear, what's the matter with ye?" He made no reply, but, shaking his head, looked more distressed than ever, then took a seat at the table, and commenced eating in a hurried and most voracious manner. She ran to a neighbor to have him come and see her husband. As they entered the back-door, Pat shot out at the front. The neighbor followed. Pat started on the run, reached the court-room four lengths ahead, and ensconced himself in the jury-box, greatly relieved. A moment after court was reopened in came poor Mike, both peepers closed, accompanied by Constable Hoagland with a writ for Pat. Not daring to serve process there, the officer called the attention of the sheriff to the matter. The sheriff, in turn, notified the judge. The judge asked Pat to explain. Pat rose with trepidation, and said, "May it plaze yer honor, didn't you tell us not to shpake to any one, nor allow any one to shpake wid us? and sure Mike was bound to shpake to me, and the only way I could get out of it was to give him a mild whack between the eyes—for wasn't I bound to obey the orders of the Coort?" Of course he was. The judge was sound, and Pat was allowed to be a "desartless man," and permitted to go his ways.

From over sea we have the three following anecdotes from a clever *raconteur:*

The late Chief Justice Doherty, of Ireland, used to tell this good story of his posting days. He was going circuit in a post-chaise, and at a dangerous part, where the road skirted a descent, one of the horses, which had been behaving wildly all the way, began kicking furiously. Much alarmed, Doherty called out:

"This is outrageous. I don't think that horse has ever been in harness before."

"Bedad, your lordship's right. He was only took out of the field this morning."

"And do you mean to tell me that you have put an unbroken horse in my carriage?"

"Sorra a sight of the leather he has ever seen till to-day. And if he brings your lordship safe to the fut of the hill, the master says he'll buy him."

Old Lady T—— was a delightful person for her good common-sense and plain-spoken style. She told me she was traveling in Switzerland, when she arrived at midnight at some small town. All the inns were full; but, with some hesitation, she was shown into a great barrack-room, where there was one bed, but where five gentlemen were asleep.

"If the lady has no objection—"

"I had none in the world," she said; "and never slept better—never met five quieter men in my life."

I recollect a dinner at Lord M——'s, a good hunting man, and Conservative-official, and who had lately taken up poultry with ardor. During the dinner a letter arrived about a favorite hen, which seemed to give him a great deal of pleasure, and which he read out:

> Your lordship will be glad to hear the hen at last has laid, but will not hatch; so, your lordship being absent in town, I put it under the goose.

Only the wit of the company perceived the joke, and he made his lordship read it over again.

In the early days of San José—that is, when the American citizen began to pervade those parts—proceedings in court assumed a certain degree of freedom, or "looseness," characteristic of the men and the time. On one occasion the clerk of the court came to blows in open court with an attorney. The judge, instead of causing their arrest, coolly watched the progress of the clinch, for the clerk was in favor. The sheriff, knowing the style of the court, did not interfere. Whenever the favorite was on top, or the scuffle apparently in his favor, the judge would remark, "This Court is like any body else, and don't know what is going on until disorders are called to its attention." Of course no person took the liberty of calling his honor's "attention" to the row in progress under his nose. If, however, the scales were likely to be reversed and the attorney uppermost, the judge would order the sheriff to quell the disturbance; but that official understood that he was to hasten slowly, and the belligerents fought it out until separated by the immediate by-standers. Such was the spirit of vivacity that animated the bench!

From a Washington correspondent comes this:

A question propounded by a census marshal to a colored woman in the Old Dominion elicited the following characteristic reply: "How old am dat ah boy, Jim? Well, d'yo knows when Mass George fus plowed up dat foaty-akah field? Well, dat boy Jim he was born one bacca-plantin' time afo dat; and if he lib to see next bacca-plantin' time, he'll be jis 'leven corn-plantins old. How old 'ill dat be, massa?" She haddim dah.

This from Syracuse:

The initiatory ceremony of a certain secret society commences thus: "Sir, you are a fellow of this society, and we welcome you," etc., etc. When Jones was initiated the following little hitch occurred:

"Sir, you are a fellow—"

"Sir, you are another!" replied the person addressed; and thus, after thirty years of partial oblivion, was resumed the old Pickwickian quarrel.

The Drawer is indebted to one of the leading novelists of Great Britain for the following copy of the Rev. Rowland Hill's original and celebrated play-bill, which was posted up at Richmond, England, June 4, 1774, close to the play-bill of the day, and which helped to close the theatre:

BY COMMAND OF THE KING OF KINGS,
And at the desire of all who love his appearing.

AT THE THEATRE OF THE UNIVERSE,
ON THE EVE OF TIME,
WILL BE PERFORMED

THE GREAT ASSIZE:

OR,

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

The *Scenery*, which is now *actually* preparing, will not only surpass everything that hath yet been seen, but will infinitely exceed the utmost stretch of human conception. There will be a just representation of ALL the *inhabitants of the world*, in their various and *proper colours;* and their *customs* and *manners* will be so exactly and minutely delineated, that the *most secret thought* will be discovered. "For God shall bring every work into judgment; with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." Eccles. xii. 14.

THIS THEATRE WILL BE LAID OUT AFTER A NEW PLAN, AND WILL CONSIST OF PIT AND GALLERY ONLY; and, contrary to all others, the Gallery is fitted up for the reception of the people of high (or *heavenly*) birth; and the Pit for those of low (or *earthly*) rank!

N.B.—THE GALLERY IS VERY SPACIOUS, AND THE PIT WITHOUT BOTTOM.

To prevent inconvenience, there are *separate doors* for admitting the company; and they are so different, that none can mistake that are not wilfully *blind*. The door which opens into the Gallery is very *narrow*, and the steps up to it are somewhat difficult—for which reason there are seldom many people about it. But the door that gives entrance into the Pit is very *wide*, and very commodious; which causes such numbers to flock to it, that it is generally crowded.

N.B.—The *strait* door leads towards the right hand, and the *broad* one to the left.

It will be in vain for one, in a tinselled coat and borrowed language, to personate one of high birth, in order to get admittance into the upper places; for there is One of wonderful and deep penetration, who will search and examine every individual, and all who cannot pronounce *Shibboleth*, in the language of *Canaan*, or have not received *a white stone*, or *new name*, or cannot prove a clear title to a certain portion of the Land of Promise, must be turned in at the left-hand door.

THE PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS

Are described in 1 Thess. iv. 16–2 Thess. i. 7, 8, 9—Matt. xxiv. 30, 31—xxv. 31, 32—Daniel vii. 9, 10—Jude 14, 15—Rev. xx. 12 to 15, &c. But as there are some people better acquainted with the contents of a PLAY BILL than the Word of God, it may not be amiss to transcribe a verse or two for their perusal:—

"The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that obey not the Gospel, but to be glorified in his saints. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him. A thousand thousand ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him. The Judgment was set, and the Books were opened; and whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life, was cast into the lake of fire."

ACT I.

Of this GRAND and SOLEMN PERFORMANCE, will be opened by an Archangel, with the Trump of God.

"*The Trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised.*"—1 *Cor.* xv. 22.

ACT II.

Will be a PROCESSION of Saints in white, with golden harps, accompanied with shouts of joy and songs of praise.

ACT III.

Will be an assemblage of all the *Unregenerate*. The Music will consist chiefly of cries; accompanied with weeping, wailing, mourning, lamentation, and woe.

TO CONCLUDE WITH

AN ORATION

BY THE SON OF GOD,

As it is written in the 25th of Matthew, from the 34th verse to the end of the chapter. But for the sake of those who seldom read the Scriptures, I shall here transcribe two verses:—"Then shall the King say to them on the right hand,—Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

AFTER WHICH THE CURTAIN WILL DROP——

Then! O to tell!

Some rais'd on high—others doom'd to hell;	John v. 28, 29.
These praise the Lamb, and sing redeeming love,	Rev. v. 8, 9—xiv. 3, 4.
Lodg'd in his bosom, all his goodness prove.	Luke xvi. 22, 23.
While those who trampled underfoot his grace,	Luke xix. 14, 27.
Are banish'd now for ever from his face.	Matt. xxv. 30.—2 Thess. i. 9.
Divided thus, a gulph is fix'd between,	Luke xvi. 29.
And (EVERLASTING) closes up the scene.	Matt. xxv. 46.

"*Thus will I do unto thee, O Israel; and because I will do this unto thee, prepare to meet thy God, O Israel.*"—*Amos* iv. 12.

TICKETS FOR THE PIT,

At the easy purchase of following the vain pomps and vanities of the fashionable world, and the desires and amusements of the flesh—to be had at every flesh-pleasing assembly.

"*IF YE LIVE AFTER THE FLESH YE SHALL DIE.*"—ROMANS viii. 13.

TICKETS FOR THE GALLERY,

At no less a rate than being converted,—Forsaking all, denying self, taking up the Cross, and following Christ in the regeneration,—to be had nowhere but in the Word of God, and where that Word appoints.

"HE THAT HATH EARS TO HEAR, LET HIM HEAR."—MATT. xi. 15.

"And be not deceived; God is not mocked. For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—Gal. vi. 7.

N.B.—NO MONEY WILL BE TAKEN AT THE DOOR,

Nor will any Tickets give admittance into the Gallery but those sealed by the Holy Ghost, with Immanuel's signet.

"*Watch therefore; be ye also ready,—for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.*"—*Matt.* xxiv. 42. 44.

Soon after the great fires in Wisconsin, last autumn, a liberal man in Detroit did up a bundle of cast-off clothing and sent it forward to one of the sufferers. The sufferer acknowledged the bit of benevolence thus: "The committy man giv' me, among other things, wat he called a pare of pants, and 'twould make me pant some to wear 'em. I found your name and were you lived in one of the pockits. My wife laffed so when I showed 'em to her that I thot she would have a conipshin fit. She wants to no if there lives and brethes a man who has legs no bigger than that. She sed if there was, he orter be taken up fur vagrinsy for having no visible means of support. I couldn't get 'em on my eldest boy, so I used 'em for gun-cases. If you have another pare to spare, my wife would like to get 'em to hang up by the side of the fire-plase to keep the tongs in."

We have received the following touching appeal from a California man, who craves the mental pabulum furnished from Franklin Square, and we publish it for the "general joy of the whole company." Perhaps it is not exactly first-class as poetry, but the sentiment is prime:

A SUBSCRIBER'S PLEA.

WRITTEN FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" BY EDWIN PETERSON.

SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA, *February* 24.

Please send us the *Weekly*—we can't do without it:
My wife is almost crying about it;
The children do make a fuss, and say,
"Pa, can't you get *Harper's Weekly* to-day?"

When my time was out I had not the tin
To send for the paper right off again;
So I had to wait; but now I have plenty—
Ten dollars in silver, in gold a big twenty.

So please send it on to my homely address,
And give us relief from our present distress;
For my wife with delight and pleasure will dance
To read the fine stories full of love and romance.

The pictures will fill my poor children with glee,
And I too would like the editorials to see.
Poor Tammany Ring—oh, how hard you do strike it!
But the harder the blow, the better I like it.

Then down with all thieves and men of dishonor,
Who would ruin your city and bring shame upon her!
But glory to Nast, your elegant artist:
Of all men in the nation I think he is the smartest.

So here is the money, four dollars in cash,
To pay for the paper that gives rascals the lash.
Then send it along, for you don't know the pleasure
It gives us to read it when we have the leisure.

Apropos of the Dolly Varden style of raiment, so much talked of in the present era, we have seen no description of it so succinct and clear as the following: "The starboard sleeve bore a yellow hop-vine in full leaf, on a red ground, with numbers of gray birds, badly mutilated by the seams, flying hither and thither in wild dismay at the approach of a green and black hunter. An infant class was depicted on the back; and in making up the garment truant scholars were scattered up and down the sides and on the skirt; while a country poultry fair, and a group of hounds hunting, badly demoralized by the gathers, gave the front a remarkable appearance. The left sleeve had on it the alphabet in five different languages."

Things have changed in Washington. A dozen years ago our colored brother was no positive weight in the social or political scale. His present status is illustrated by an incident that occurred not long since at the capital: A Western man dropped into the House of Representatives to note what was going on. Beckoning to a well-dressed man of color who stood near him, he said, "Jim, will you show me to the barber's shop? I want to get shaved and have my boots blacked."

The "Jim" thus familiarly addressed happened to be one of the colored Representatives, who quietly replied, "Excuse me, Sah; *I's not a waitah; I's a membah!*"

The Western party elevated his eyes for a moment, and retired in good order.

We commend this to our brethren of the faculty at Bellevue Hospital Medical College. It shows science and a kind heart: A celebrated physician was called upon recently by a person suffering from rheumatism, who insisted upon his doing something for him. The physician wrote a prescription, and as the patient went out of the room, said to him, "I wish you would let me know if that does you any good, for I have myself been very much troubled with rheumatism lately."

We haven't the name of the man, but he was of Terre Haute, who died last month from swallowing a pocket-knife and erroneous medical treatment combined. A party who keeps a store there says he got along very nicely as long as the knife was closed, but when Dr. Terwilliger gave him opening medicine it killed him.

To a correspondent in Galveston, Texas, we are indebted for the following characteristic reminiscences of the South in the olden time:

An old friend of mine who lived in Vicksburg, Mississippi, thirty years ago, and who edited the *Sentinel* of that city then, was a very cool man in every thing. Editing a paper then in Mississippi was almost sure death, as you will find by reference that eight out of nine editors of the *Sentinel* were killed in street fights or duels. Dr. James Fall, now living in New Orleans, I believe, is the only editor of the *Sentinel* that was not killed, and he did not come out unscathed, as he had a ball lodged in one of his legs in one of two duels in which he was engaged opposite the city, across the river, in Louisiana. His first duel was with Robb, a prominent Mississippi politician of those times, who challenged the doctor to mortal combat. The challenge was duly accepted, and the doctor, through his agents in the affair, had a ditch dug fifteen paces in length and about five feet in depth. Unfortunately for the doctor, he came out second best, having received his antagonist's ball in his leg. Upon his recovery, being asked his idea for having a ditch dug, he said it was for the purpose of keeping Robb from running away. Dickens, in his American sketches, alluded to this affair, and thousands of old Mississippians remember it.

At another time he was lying in his room, with windows up, and by the moon's light observed a thief entering the window very cautiously. The doctor lay very quiet until his nocturnal visitor had fairly entered, when he called to him in a loud voice to "strike a light," as he would find a candle and matches upon the

mantel. The thief, appearing much surprised (thinking, no doubt, that the doctor imagined him some bedfellow returning from a night's lark), remarked to the doctor that he was "darned polite." "No, no," says the doctor; "I am lonesome, and want company. Sit down and let's have a chat. Furthermore, my dear Sir, if you can find any thing here in this room worth dividing, let me know, and I will get up instanter." The thief, evidently disgusted, consigned the doctor to a very hot region and left hurriedly.

Again, while sleeping with a friend at the St. Charles Hotel, in New Orleans, the doctor awoke the friend, remarking that he heard a noise in the room. His companion, being of a sleepy turn, flopped over and went to sleep. The doctor arose, and groping around the room cautiously, got hold of a string that appeared to be suspended from the ceiling. On further reconnaissance it turned out to be a thief above the transom-light, with a string with hook attached, trying to hook up their clothing, and had got his hook fastened. The doctor, cutting the string in two, quietly apprised his highness (the thief) that he was not acquainted with him and didn't wish to cultivate him, but that if he didn't reform and stop such antics, he would eventually come to no good. The same thief was afterward caught at the same trick, and served a term in the Louisiana penitentiary.

Mrs. Florida White, well known in the fashionable world forty years ago, was one of the most beautiful, accomplished, elegant, and attractive women of her day. She was the daughter of General Adair, of Kentucky, and her first husband was Joseph M. White, the second delegate sent to Congress from the Territory of Florida. Highly educated, full of genius, and with the manners and bearing of a queen, her society was courted by the most elevated circles in Washington, New Orleans, New York, and Boston. She was a brilliant conversationalist, ready and effective at repartee, and a sincere, warm-hearted gentlewoman of the most gracious and generous impulses. On one of her visits to Rome she was presented to the Pope.

"Kneel, my daughter," said he, as she stood erect in her imperial grace before him. "All kneel to me except the daughters of sovereigns."

"I am a princess in my own right, your holiness," she replied.

"How can that be, when you are an American born?"

"In my country the people are sovereign, and I am a daughter of the people."

The Pope smiled a gracious assent, rejoining, "Then receive an old man's blessing."

In a fresh book of Scottish peasant life, just over from London, is a fine comic sketch of an interview between a taciturn peasant lover and "Kirsty," his sweetheart, who is only waiting for him to speak. It is in fine contrast with the confident, rushing way in which that sort of thing is done in this country:

"The young clacher stands by the cottage gable in the fading light, declaring, 'It's a gran' nicht!' Ever so often he says it, yet he feels its grandeur not at all, for the presence of something grander or better, I suppose—the maiden, Kirsty Grant. Does he whisper soft somethings of her betterness, I wonder, while thus he lingers? Not at all. His only communication is the important fact, 'It's a gran' nicht.' He would linger, blessed in her presence, but the closing day warns him to be gone. It will be midnight before he can reach his village home miles away. Yet was it sweet to linger. 'It's a vera gran' nicht, but I maun haist awa'. Mither 'ill be wunnerin,' said he. 'Deed, ye'll hae tae draw yer feet gey fast tae win hame afore the Sabbath; sae e'en be steppin',' she answered, coolly. 'Its gran'!' said he; 'I wish ilka Saiturday nicht was lik' this ane.' 'Wi' ye, Saiturday nicht shud maist be lik' Sunday morn, if ye bevil it richt,' said she, with a toss of her head, for she rightly guessed that somewhat of the lad's pleasure was referable to herself. 'I maun shut up the coo.' 'Good-nicht,' said he. 'Good-nicht,' said she, disappearing in the byre. He stepped away into the muirland, making for home. 'Isn't she smairt?' said he to himself; 'man, isn't she smairt? Said she, "Saiturday nicht shud aye be wi' ye lik' Sunday morn, if ye beviled it richt!" Was it na a hint for me? Man, I wish I daur spaik oot till her.'"

Most country neighborhoods are afflicted with a family of detrimentals, the members of which are a pest and a nuisance to every body in the vicinity; and when people of this sort affect excessive piety, and practice their knavery under cover of religion, the infelicity of the situation is greatly exasperated. In a small Connecticut village there resided, a few years since, a family of the name of Perry, the members of which were marked by all the disagreeable characteristics above indicated. They were artful, adroit, and while perpetrating all sorts of small rogueries, and making themselves generally offensive, had the address to avoid coming in direct conflict with the penal statutes. On one occasion the neighborhood aforesaid was visited with a religious awakening, a peripatetic revivalist having succeeded in arousing the sleepy inhabitants to a sense of the insecurity of their spiritual condition. Presently the news got bruited about that the spirit of grace had visited the Perrys.

"Father, father," cried a lad to his parent, "they say old Perry has caught the revival."

"I shouldn't wonder," he replied, "and I presume it will go through the family; but they will all have it light."

And they did.

During the "dark ages," as the time preceding the building of railways was termed in Buffalo, an odd fish of a chap named Day published in that now thriving and very beautiful city a weekly paper known as the *Buffalo Journal*. Day was a capital judge of other men's writings, an acute critic, a witty humorist, who talked well, but without the faculty of putting his thoughts on paper. In fact, he had no writing facility, and depended for his editorial matter upon the casual contributions of friends. Albert H. Tracy, a man of fine genius, and equally eloquent with tongue and pen, was Day's main reliance in that regard. Party spirit ran high at that time, and the *Journal* was a powerful instrumentality. It happened once that Tracy was called out of town just before publication day,

and Day's other supporters being out of reach, he was badly straitened for the necessary editorial articles. He ran about the city in great perplexity, and having hunted up a young lawyer who he thought would answer the purpose, brought him into the printing-office to do his work. The foreman, who had observed the embarrassment of his employer with much interest, remarked, with grim humor,

"It seems to me, Mr. Day, that it takes a sight of shoe-leather to edit your paper!"

Just from London comes a most amusing volume of poetry—"Fly Leaves"—by Mr. C. S. Calverley, from which we quote the two samples following, which have the added merit of being seasonable:

In the Gloaming to be roaming, where the crested
  waves are foaming
And the shy mermaidens combing locks that ripple
  to their feet;
Where the Gloaming is I never made the ghost of
  an endeavor
To discover—but whatever were the hour, it would
  be sweet.

"To their feet," I say, for Leech's sketch indisputably teaches
That the mermaids of our beaches do not end in ugly tails,
Nor have homes among the corals; but are shod with neat balmorals—
An arrangement no one quarrels with, as many might with scales.

The rhymes display an ingenuity which may well be matched with that of Hood or of Ingoldsby. Let the reader note those in some stanzas from "First Love," but let him first admire the exquisite beauty of the lines which we have marked in italics:

There she sat—so near me, yet remoter
  Than a star—a blue-eyed bashful imp:
On her lap she held a happy bloater,
'Twixt her lips a yet more happy shrimp.

O my own, my beautiful, my blue-eyed!
  To be young once more, and bite my thumb
At the world and all its cares with you, I'd
  Give no inconsiderable sum.

Hand in hand we tramped the golden sea-weed,
  Soon as o'er the gray cliff peeped the dawn:
Side by side, when came the hour for tea, we'd
  Crunch the mottled shrimp and hairy prawn:

Has she wedded some gigantic shrimper,
  That sweet mite with whom I loved to play?
Is she girt with babes that whine and whimper,
  That bright being who was always gay?

Yes—she has at least a dozen wee things!
  Yes—I see her darning corduroys,
Scouring floors, and setting out the tea-things
  For a howling herd of hungry boys,

In a home that reeks of tar and sperm-oil!
  But at intervals she thinks, I know,
Of those days which we, afar from turmoil,
  Spent together forty years ago.

Every body is supposed to have heard of the humorist and practical joker "Old Lines." He flourished in New Haven in the early part of the present century, and every ancient citizen of good memory has a repertory of characteristic anecdotes to relate of him. Most of them have been so often repeated as to be stale; but one new to me, which I recently heard, may be worth telling in the Drawer. One of Lines's neighbors was a worthy old woman, who was vexed with an ungovernable curiosity, and who had a habit of constantly repeating what she heard, generally perverting and distorting the facts from mere confusion of mind. It was his delight to lead her into squabbles and contradictions, and he constantly kept her in water uncomfortably warm. She was an inveterate snuff-taker, and it was his habit to visit her every morning, titillate his olfactories, and tell her some absurd fiction, which she would spend half the forenoon in spreading about the neighborhood. She never failed to complain when the imposition was exposed, and often declared that she would never again believe a word old Lines told.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Mix. I hope you are very well this morning, after a refreshing sleep last night. May I trouble you for a pinch of your excellent rappee?"

"Dear me, Mr. Lines, how polite you are! Is Mrs. Lines well to-day? There's the snuff-box on the stand."

"I am grieved to tell you, ma'am, that when my wife woke up this morning she couldn't see the *least thing in the world.*"

"Laws-a-massy! you don't tell me she's struck blind! What a dispensation! If I wa'n't a-baking and the oven just heating, I'd go right in and see her."

When baking was over Mrs. Mix spent the rest of the day in running about town telling that poor Mrs. Lines had lost her eye-sight.

Half the gossips in the place called to condole with the afflicted lady, and found her as well as usual. Mrs. Mix did not find time to visit her that day, but the next morning she waited on her bright and early, old Lines being prudently absent.

"What could your husband have meant by saying you'd got to be blind?"

"Really I don't know, ma'am; some of his fun, most likely."

At that moment Lines made his appearance.

"Oh, Mr. Lines, what a wicked story you told me! you said poor Mrs. Lines was as blind as a bat. You sha'n't have another pinch of my snuff."

"My good woman, you misunderstood me entirely. I did not say Mrs. Lines was blind. I said when she got up yesterday morning she could not see the *least thing in the world.* Now could she?"

An honest, thrifty, well-to-do German in a Connecticut city applied to a wealthy landlord who rents a great many houses.

"The house is to let, certainly," said the owner, "and if, upon inquiry, I find you to be responsible and a suitable man for a tenant, you shall have it."

"Vera goot, Mr. H——, you makes just as many questions as you mind. I takes the house when you gets ready."

Two days afterward the house-owner called upon the German. "Well," he said, "I've inquired pretty generally respecting your character and means, and as every body speaks of you as an honest, respectable man of abundant property, you can have the house."

"Vell, den," said Hans, "I takes de house. And I wants to tell you I've asked all about you among de peoples, and dey all say that you is de meanest landlort in de town; but I takes de house all de same."

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXVIII.—SEPTEMBER, 1872.—Vol. XLV.

THE CITY OF THE SEA.

BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

VENICE is a beautiful city. It is not only beautiful, but it has a peculiarity of situation and a splendor of architecture which render it unique and peerless even in its decadence. The problem, how a city could be planted in the midst of the sea, and be made both habitable and attractive, is instantaneously solved with the first glance along its lines of stately edifices. It was a bold conception, full of originality and of novelty, involving considerations of health, of convenience, and of expense; yet all these questions were not only successfully met, but a magnificent city was created, which, for near a thousand years, stood among the first cities of the earth.

For many reasons Venice holds a pleasant place in the memory of every student of history. Its thrice-told marvels retain their interest, and come back at intervals with undiminished welcome. Venice, always Italian in population, is now, for the first time, Italian politically. It has a future as promising as the other cities of Italy. Instead of struggling alone, in reliance upon its strength as a commercial emporium, and without adequate territorial possessions upon which to expand a population, it has taken its rightful place as an Italian city, to share in the future destinies of the Italian peninsula.

It is interesting to remember that Venice originated in an expedient of desperation, and became great by accident of position. Were it otherwise, it would be difficult to account for the selection of so unpromising a situation. The ingenious use made by the later Venetians of the labors of their fathers must ever excite astonishment. Natural causes had produced a site for a city, independent of the main-land, in which singular advantages compensated permanent inconveniences. Along the west shore of the Adriatic, shortly before its head rounds to the eastward, there is a string of low and narrow sand islands running for twenty-five miles parallel with the shore of the main-land, and nine miles distant. Between these islands and the shore there is a salt-water laguna — a shallow sea of clear pure water, changed by daily tides, which stream through the numerous passages between the islands separating the laguna from the open Adriatic. This bay is divided into two sections, which are of very different character. Along the main shore, some miles south of the city, there are numerous mud islands, occupying as much space as the shallow water which encircles them, and which is but slightly affected by the tide. This is called the Laguna Morta. Without this is a bay twenty-five miles long and several miles broad, called the Laguna Viva, in which Venice is situated. Near its north end, and two and a half miles from the main-land, there is a cluster of three large and a hundred and fourteen small islands, which became the site of Venice. The exterior sand islands furnish an outer shore, which receives the waves of the sea, and renders the laguna a tranquil land-locked bay, beyond the in-

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fluence of the storms of the Adriatic. It is further sheltered on the southeast and north by outlying islands in the laguna itself from any considerable agitation of the water within the limits of the city. In addition to this, the variation of the tide is slight, the extremes being about two feet, rarely reaching three.

The city was founded about the middle of the fifth century by refugees from Northeastern Italy, from the towns which had been ravaged and depopulated under Attila. The colonists were chiefly from Padua, one of the oldest settlements of the Veneti; but there were numbers from Oderzo, Altino, Concordia, and other places. Padua was always regarded as the mother city. Unable to find a place of safety upon the land, these refugees sought it in the islands of the sea. The security and growing prosperity of the Venetians attracted other colonists, until increasing numbers developed plans for a permanent establishment. For some years the central point was at Malamocco, upon the shore of the sand islands in the open Adriatic; but the island of Rialto, the largest of the three upon which Venice stands, proved the most attractive situation, and was finally adopted as the site of the new city. The inundation of barbarians advanced and retired, leaving the Venetians free to cultivate upon the main-land, and to traffic upon the sea. Their situation and necessities impelled them from the first to commercial enterprises. A trade sprang up at an early period with the inhabitants of Greece and the adjacent islands, and of the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, which slowly developed that capacity for commerce which produced such remarkable results.

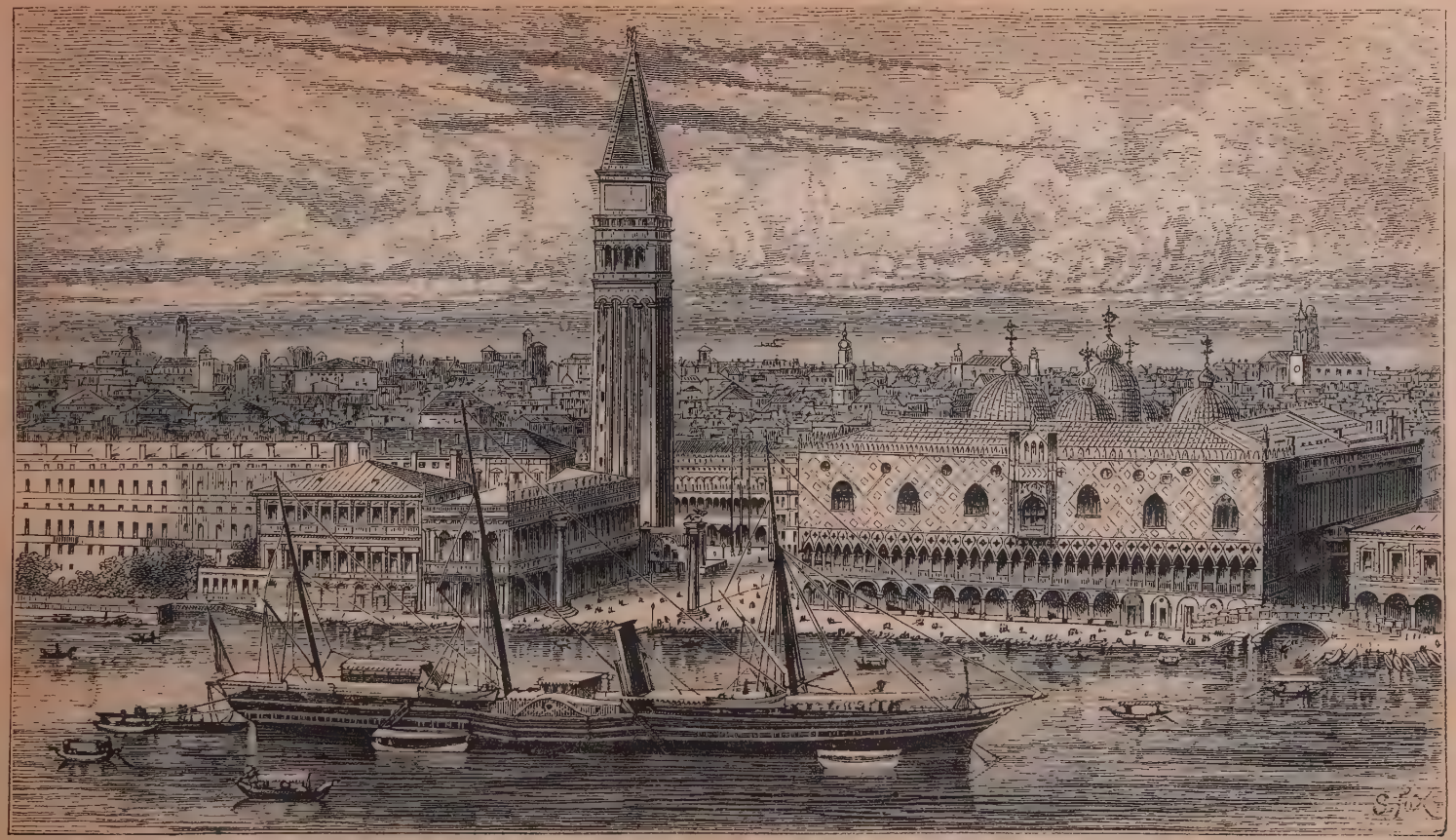
When the islands became overspread with habitations, the people undoubtedly constructed houses upon piles, like the more ancient lake-dwellers, although the historical accounts are silent upon the subject.* These islands furnished but a small part of the solid area covered by the present city, and the expensive method afterward resorted to for the recovery of the remainder of the area was impossible until considerable progress had been made in the creation of wealth. The project of a series or network of canals in the place of streets was more a matter of necessity than of choice. There was no other possible way of building the city upon these islands. The Venice of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was very different from that of the eighth and ninth. It required science and art, great resources of wealth and industry, and a powerful class of merchant princes to create the Venice of history. These came slowly with the ascendency which Venice ultimately gained over the commerce of the world.

For a time Venice was a colony of Padua, and governed by consuls sent out from the parent city. In 487 A.D. the Venetians organized an independent republic, elected a body of magistrates styled tribunes, and enacted their own laws for the government of the commonwealth. The tribunes were elected annually, each island being entitled to one. For more than two centuries they maintained a form of government essentially republican. In 697 the people, being persuaded that a chief magistrate was necessary, instituted the office of doge, or duke, with a tenure for life, but elective upon the basis of merit. He was empowered to appoint his own ministers and to make war and peace, which gave him the virtual control of the state. As might have been foreseen, the ducal office inaugurated an aristocracy, and worked a radical change of institutions. Three doges were elected in succession—Paolo Luca Anafesti, Marcello Tsgallino, and Fabrizzio Urso, who reigned from 697 to 737, when the people rose in revolution to recover their lost liberties. Fabrizzio was assassinated, and the republican form of government was restored. The experiment of popular institutions, however, failed, and at the end of five years the ducal government was restored by the election of Deodato Spato as the fourth doge. From 1055 to 1797 Venice was governed by doges, in conjunction, at a later day, with a Senate, a Council of Three, and a Council of Ten. In 1797 Napoleon deposed Ludovico Manin, the last of the long line of Venetian doges, and the republic of Venice ceased to exist.

One hundred and twenty-two doges ruled over Venice, their united reigns covering the remarkable period of ten hundred and ninety-five years, and with an unbroken succession for ten hundred and fifty-five years, affording conclusive evidence of the stability of the government. These men were distinguished for capacity, as well as remarkable in personal appearance, the latter being sufficiently attested by authenticated paintings and busts. Few states have been governed by a succession of men of such signal ability. It is fully explained by the elective tenure of the office. Venice is commonly called a republic, whereas the term, as used, is simply equivalent to a state.* Instead of a republic, in the Ameri-

* It is a singular fact that the Venetians have never published their own history.

* It resulted from the inaccurate classification of governments by Montesquieu and other modern political writers, who departed from the more correct Greek classification. Aristotle divided governments into three classes: the monarchic, the aristocratic, and the democratic—the rule of one man, the rule of the best men, and the rule of the people. In a state of degeneracy, he styled the first a tyranny, the second an oligarchy, and the third an ochlocracy—the rule of a tyrant, the rule of the few, and the rule of



Palace of the Procurators. St. Mark's Square. Doges' Palace. Bridge of Sighs.

VIEW OF VENICE FROM THE ISLAND OF ST. GEORGE.

can sense, it was an aristocracy of the most intense and inexorable type, not surpassed in the severity of its exactions and in the absorbing selfishness of its privileges by any aristocracy ever organized, the Roman patricians not excepted. The Venetian nobility were the state, and the doge was the chief of the nobility. In a volume which they were pleased to call the "Golden Book of the Republic," the celebrated *Libro d' Oro*, the names of the privileged class were inscribed. To be enrolled in this volume, and possess the honors and privileges of the class, was the life-long ambition of the merchant whose transactions reached over the commercial world. It was not less the impelling motive with the admiral and the general who periled their lives to win victories for the republic, and equal privileges with the nobility, as a consequence, for themselves. This aristocracy were wise enough to open their ranks to able and ambitious men, who might otherwise disturb their security by becoming advocates of equal and impartial laws. A great victory won by a general, or a hundred thousand ducats contributed by a merchant to the necessities of the state, added new names to the pages of the Golden Book in numerous recorded instances. Out of the aristocratic body came the three hundred who composed the Venetian Senate, and also the forty-two electors who named, from the privileged class, the person to succeed the doge when the office became vacant. The Council of Three, and the Council of Ten, those infamous tribunals of despotism, were a part of the machinery of this aristocratic government. It seems to have been the object of their organization to relieve the doge and the Senate from the odium of those acts of cruelty and wickedness which both desired to, but dared not, commit, but for which history must hold them jointly responsible. When Napoleon extinguished the government of this aristocracy, whatever the motive which prompted his course, he performed one of the most meritorious acts of his life. Cruelty, superstition, and fanaticism darken the history of this government beyond any redemption that might be effected by their brilliant achievements in statesmanship and commerce.

It will not be necessary to make further reference to the civil history of Venice, except to fix the date of two or three events which exercised a marked influence upon the natural character and destiny of the Venetians. In the year 819, under the Doge Angelo Participæo, the seat of government was removed from Malamocco to the Rialto, the latter having then become the largest and most prosperous settlement upon the islands. This determined the question of the growth of Venice upon its present site, where alone of all the situations in and near the laguna it would have been possible to construct such a city. The second event was altogether singular. In the year 828, Giustiniani being doge, the body of the evangelist St. Mark was brought from Alexandria in Egypt to Venice, since which time he has been regarded as its patron saint. Under the high altar of St. Mark's Church the sarcophagus is shown in which the remains of the evangelist are said to repose. The winged lion, from the same period, became the chief symbol upon the Venetian coat of arms. Thus Venice aimed to commence its career as a Christian city under the protection of the name of one of the writers of the Sacred Volume. The third event was not singular. In 1073–1171 the Crusades afforded the Venetians a golden opportunity to coin into money the folly and fanaticism of Europe, which they were wise enough to improve to the uttermost, although the children of St. Mark. Out of these several expeditions, so disastrous and impoverishing to Western Europe, the Venetians, by supplying their commissariat, laid the foundation of their commercial prosperity. At the close of the fifteenth century Venice had become the chief commercial city in the world, with a population of two hundred thousand. No city in Europe could compare with it in wealth, luxury, and refinement.* It had also reached its culmination; and from this period commenced its decline. With the discovery of America, and of a new passage to India around the Cape of Good Hope, and more especially with the rise of the commercial enterprise of England, the course of trade was changed. It deserted Venice. The change of circumstances was so great, and its decline so rapid, that in a hundred and fifty years Venice was a nameless city in the marts of the world. In 1797 its population had diminished to sixty thousand. Since then it has in some sense been recovering, having now a population of a hundred and six thousand. Few cities have had such a brilliant commercial career, followed by such a signal eclipse.

Venice is a compact city, about seven miles in circuit, and perfectly accessible in all its parts. Its principal buildings are of marble or of light-colored stone, and the remainder are of brick covered with mastic. Italy is

the rabble. Montesquieu also made three kinds of government, namely, despotism, monarchy, and a republic. In the first an emperor ruled by edicts or rescripts; in the second a king under fixed laws; the third embraced all other forms of government. It was simply equivalent to *a state*, and substantially ignored popular government. The Greeks, as usual, where the point is material, were right.

* "Its annual exports were valued at ten million ducats, four millions of which were estimated as clear profit. It possessed 300 sea-going vessels with 8000 sailors, and 3000 smaller craft with 17,000, as well as a fleet of 45 galleys manned by 11,000 men, who maintained the supremacy of the republic over the Mediterranean."—Bœdelier's *Northern Italy*.

MAP OF VENICE.

so rich in marbles and other building stones that these materials were the cheapest which could be used. No wooden houses are seen in Venice. The prevailing color of all its houses is white, thus giving to the city a cheerful appearance. In addition to the Canalazzo, or Grand Canal, which will be elsewhere described, there are a hundred and forty-seven other canals intersecting all parts of the city as well as each other, and affording all the advantages of light, ventilation, and corner lots, gained in other cities by means of streets and avenues. These canals undoubtedly circumscribe the original islands, as well as indicate their position, by occupying the channels between them, the remainder of the water area having been recovered by erecting walls of masonry upon piles along the line of these canals, and filling in behind with earth brought from the

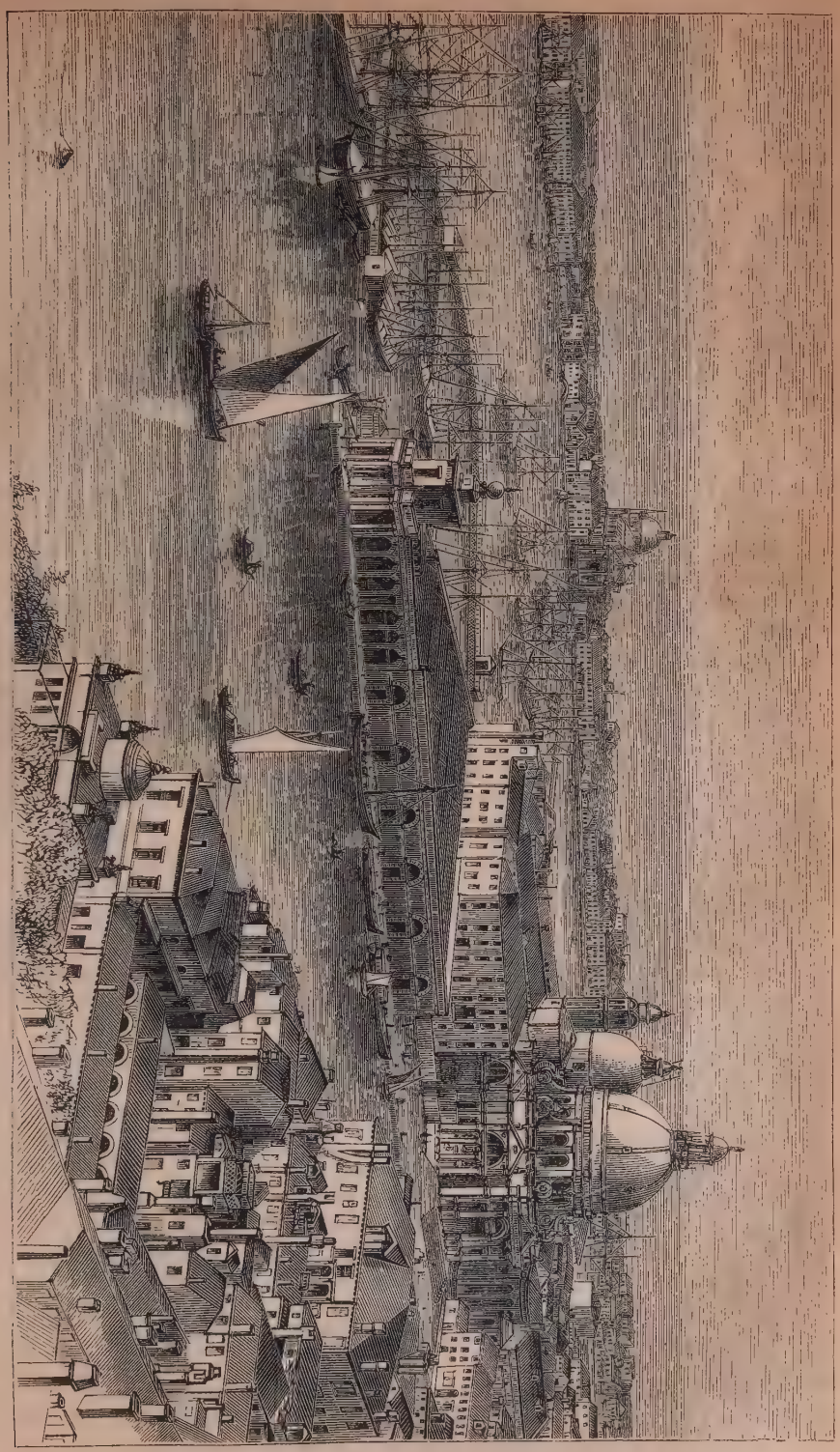
nearest islands or the main-land. These walls are usually of blocks of granite, laid in courses, upon which the buildings along the canals rose as their immediate foundations. The passenger in a gondola finds himself between parallel rows of houses rising from the water three, four, and five stories high, with windows upon the canal the same as a street, and with a front-door opening upon a flight of stone steps descending into the water. These branch canals are from ten to thirty feet wide, with an average width not exceeding fifteen feet. They are short, and often crooked, but all alike are swept out daily by the tides, which keep the water pure and clear. It is in virtue of the salt-water and the tide that Venice is habitable as well as healthy. There is not, probably, an acre of land within its limits not touched by some one of these canals. They may be likened to the streets of a medieval city which run wherever a street was supposed to be necessary, without regard to width or curvature.

It must not be supposed that the Venetians were insensible to the advantages of streets of solid earth covered with pavement. There are twenty-one hundred and ninety-four such streets in Venice, as unique as its canals, and used even more constantly. They are narrow, short, and many of them crooked, but they penetrate every part of the city. A large proportion of them are mere lanes, from six to seven feet wide, between houses rising four and five stories on either side. The widest of them do not exceed twenty-five feet, and the average width is probably less than ten. Another peculiarity is their shortness in a straight line. It would be difficult to find in Venice a single straight street fifteen hundred feet in length. They terminate abruptly, and turn at a right angle, or at any other conceivable angle, or run on curves. All these streets, however, are covered with a Russ pavement, the stones being closely jointed, and smooth on the surface. In the narrowest streets they are set level from side to side, and crowning in those which are wider. Along one side, and sometimes on both, and about ten feet apart, are gutter stones, cut through to pass surface water or rain into conduits beneath. The openings are but six inches long and an inch wide, thus showing that the quantity of water which falls in the streets is not large. Great care is taken of these streets. They are swept clean daily, and so well cared for that there are but a few places in Venice where the air is not sweet and pure—which is more than can be said of most large cities. It is doubtful whether the Venetians would have made broad streets, for climatic reasons, if they could have afforded the room. During a large part of the year the rays of the sun are too powerful to walk with safety in their glare. Venetians in exposed places habitually seek the shady side of the streets and squares. Their narrow streets afford the desired protection, and enable them to keep in a temperature substantially uniform.

The picture thus given of the streets of Venice is rather uninviting. It is modified very much by the numerous squares which relieve the closeness of the streets intersecting them, as well as preventing a too great compactness of habitations. There are two hundred and ninety-four of these squares scattered throughout the city, affording pleasant sites for residences and churches. The streets cross the branch canals by means of three hundred and eighty-seven bridges, mostly of stone, consisting of a single arch, with a roadway graded into low steps. Every rood of land in Venice can be reached on foot, provided the person knows the way—a matter of no slight difficulty with a stranger. The streets are a labyrinth for a time, with so many crooks and turns, and with so few opportunities to consult landmarks, that it is not uncommon to go round and round a particular place without finding it, until a street boy is picked up as a guide. The very smallest of these urchins, however, will go, not straight to the spot, for that is impossible, but on the angles of incidence and reflection, which, when repeated often enough, will finally light upon the place.

The streets of Venice are silent as compared with those of other cities. There is neither a horse nor carriage, nor even a hand-cart, to be seen in any thoroughfare. It is a quiet, noiseless city, free from the dust and din and rattle which are so incessant in large cities. And yet its streets are thronged throughout the day, and present the same picture of animated life as those of other cities. Packages and small burdens are carried by hand, or in baskets, or upon the back; but larger parcels, merchandise, and bulky materials are transported by gondola or barge. The residences, factories, and warehouses upon the canals have a connection with the street as well as entrances from the canal. Business appears to be transacted with reasonable convenience, notwithstanding the anomalous conditions under which it is done. The people seem to be busily engaged at something, although the number of idlers is large. Venice has a much larger number of the latter class than it can afford to keep. They gather in the squares and market-places, or lounge upon the quays. In this land of sunshine and cheap polenta* the smallest amount of industry affords a subsistence. What should be a blessing to the people is an actual detriment under a land system now prevalent in Italy, as iniquitous in principle as it is destructive of national prosperity, because it removes all stimulus to industry.

* Corn meal boiled into a pudding, on which the poor chiefly and cheaply subsist.



ENTRANCE TO GRAND CANAL.

Throughout the city the mean level of the streets is from three to four feet above the level of the water at high tide. It would be supposed that houses built upon a soil in which water is reached at a depth of four or five feet under every house would be damp and unhealthy. This is not the case. The Venetians, like the Romans, understood the manufacture of cement and of concrete impervious to water. Stone and brick will transmit moisture by absorption to a considerable height, but even this was arrested by cement. It was one of the first things the Venetians were compelled to learn while constructing a city literally in the midst of the sea. The ancients expended as much labor and thought upon the floors of their houses as upon any other part of the structure. This was particularly the case with the Greeks, Romans, and even Carthaginians. The highest result of their conceptions was the mosaic floor, which has scarcely been since surpassed. It was of very simple construction, and yet very durable and strikingly handsome. The plainest of these floors consisted first of a bed of cement two or more inches thick, upon which was a second floor of small cubes of white marble from a third to half an inch square, about three-quarters of an inch long, and set on end with cement in the interstices. After these had become firmly set, the surfaces were ground down level and smooth by means of a stone rubber and sand. These small cubes of marble were evidently prepared by fracture, as no attempt was made to joint the sides or make them uniform in size. A floor thus made would endure for centuries, and they are still found in place and perfect in excavating ancient houses. A much finer floor was made by using marbles of different colors wrought in patterns, or with figures of animals, fruits, and flowers; but they were constructed on the same principles. The Venetians constructed a floor similar in kind, but differing in one respect. White and red marbles were broken up into small fragments, imbedded in cement upon an under floor previously prepared, and made substantially level. After the cement had hardened it was ground down to a smooth and even polished surface by a stone rubber and dry sand. Such a floor effectually excluded dampness from beneath, and was the ordinary Venetian floor in all houses of the better class. Floors of this kind are still largely used throughout Italy. As a further precaution, the rooms of the basement were usually devoted to culinary purposes, while the living apartments were in the upper stories. With these provisions the Venetians were as comfortably and healthily housed as the people of other cities.

Until a comparatively recent period cisterns for rain-water were the exclusive reliance of the Venetians for the supply of this indispensable element. No attempt was made to bring water from the main-land by means of aqueducts. The insecurity of past ages, and even of recent times, rendered it impossible for Venice to depend upon a structure one end of which was beyond its protection, and whose destruction would have been fatal to the inhabitants. At a later day Artesian wells were sunk in the principal squares, by means of which a plentiful supply of pure water was obtained; and since the construction of the railroad bridge to the main-land (1845) water has been introduced by means of tubes laid along the parapet of the bridge.

The markets of Venice exhibit an abundant supply of fruits and vegetables of every variety, brought in daily from the main-land, and remarkably cheap. Fish, wheat and rice flour, corn meal, meat, and poultry are also abundant and of good quality. In nothing is the fallen condition of Venice from its ancient estate as a city of great merchants shown so conspicuously as in its present stores and shops, and the wares they exhibit. The stores are small, the average size being less than twenty feet square. Those making the greatest display are the jewelry shops, which are unreasonably numerous for a city of its size. It is but just to add that all the jewelers make a respectable show of mosaics manufactured in Venice. Any thing they make themselves, and which has a market value, is legitimate and useful trade. All beyond, in the nature of finery, betrays their poverty as well as folly. The display of useful fabrics, such as staple articles of cloth, cotton, silk, woolen, hardware, and crockery, is very small. Of manufactured silk goods, of laces, gloves, and Venetian glass, the show is respectable. In photography the Venetians have reached an excellence and an extent of manufacture not surpassed in any city in the world.

Venice is very far from being a decayed and dilapidated city. It looks well. The architecture of its magnificent palaces and public buildings, of its churches, residences, warehouses, and quays, possessed characteristics of permanence and durability. They still express in the clearest manner the past grandeur of Venice. What the stranger misses is that greatly distinguished class of commercial men who created Venice. They are not recognized in any of the faces or in the bearing and carriage of any of the men now met upon its streets.

In our engraving on page 483 the view is taken from the island of St. George, looking northwesterly across the harbor to the Molo, or esplanade, in front of the Doge's Palace. It shows the eastern portion of the city, the laguna beyond, and the north shore of the Adriatic. Quite near, on the left, but not seen, is the entrance to the Grand Canal, which commences at the west end of the

harbor. It is the finest section of Venice to be seen from the water. Immediately in front is the palace of the doges, with its first and second stories arcaded, and its third and fourth of white marble bricks, wrought in diamond patterns by the use of alternating bricks of red marble. On its right is the public prison, connected with the palace by the Bridge of Sighs—a gallery resting upon an arch constructed from the second stories of the two buildings. On its main front is the Piazzetta, a broad but short avenue leading from the quay to the Piazza San Marco (St. Mark's Square), and passing between the palace and the beautiful structure on the left known as the Library of St. Mark. The high tower of the Campanile is seen rising from the square. Upon the left of the library, and occupying the remainder of the engraving, as seen on the left, is the Palace of the Procurators (Procuratie Nuove), about five hundred feet of which fronts the square. The rear, with its garden, faces the water. This was formerly the official residence of the principal ministers of the doges of Venice, and is now the Venetian residence of Victor Emanuel. The Riva dei Schiavoni, or great quay, extends to the right, or eastward from the Doge's Palace, for about half a mile. It is constructed of granite on its harbor face, and extends back to the line of warehouses, a variable distance from seventy to eighty feet, where it is the widest, and diminishing to twenty feet at its upper end. This quay, which is paved with heavy flagstones, was the chief mart of Venice in its palmy days. From this harbor, where the ship channel leading out into the open Adriatic commenced, the merchant ships of Venice started upon their outward voyages, and in it cast their anchors upon their return. Merchant ships and Mediterranean steamers still come up to this quay, the only accessible part of the city to ocean vessels.* The channel from the harbor out into the Adriatic is narrow, shallow, and difficult. From the upper end of the great quay a short canal leads into three connected and inclosed harbors, with dock-yards attached, where the war vessels of the Venetians were housed and repaired. Like the Carthaginians, they moored their fleet, when not on duty, within the protecting walls of their own habitations.

The Grand Canal turns to the left at the point where the Rialto is constructed, and disappears from sight. This avenue, the pride of the Venetians, has no parallel in any city ever constructed. It still possesses a charm both of poetic and natural beauty which will remain as long as the city endures, and never fails to captivate the stranger. The grandeur of Venice is concentrated and expressed by the Grand Canal and the Piazza of San Marco.

Venice is longest from east to west. The Grand Canal runs through the main part of the city, from east to west, upon a curve line forming a letter S reversed, and dividing it into two nearly equal parts in superficial extent. It is two hundred feet wide, diminishing to less than a hundred at the Rialto, where it has its greatest contraction, but with an average width throughout its length of about one hundred and sixty feet. From its entrance at Punta della Salute to its termination in the open laguna on the west side of the city it is two miles long, lined on both sides with palaces and other stately edifices. In no sense a business avenue, for there are but a few rods of quay upon its line, it was devoted to the residences of the aristocracy and of the wealthy merchants of Venice. Most of the hundred palaces of this city of palaces were upon the Grand Canal, their front foundation walls rising from the water and forming the boundaries of the canal itself.

The gondola is as original as every thing else Venetian, and is precisely adapted to the structural features and wants of the city. It is the most Venetian thing in Venice—the flower of this lotus of the sea. More significantly than the lion of St. Mark it would have adorned its escutcheon. A single oarsman will go through the Grand Canal and return, a distance of four miles, in two hours, moving at the ordinary rate, and two in a little more than half the time. The gondolas are invariably painted black, inside and out, the trimmings being of the same color.* The wood-work is ornamented with carvings and tracery, and the boat is in all respects tidily kept.

"Didst ever see a gondola? For fear
You should not, I'll describe it you exactly:
'Tis a long covered boat that's common here,
Carved at the prow, built lightly, but compactly,
Rowed by two rowers, each called gondolier;
It glides along the water looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapped in a canoe,
Where none can make out what you say or do.

"And up and down the long canals they go,
And under the Rialto shoot along,
By night and day, all paces, swift or slow;
And round the theatres, a sable throng,
They wait in their dusk livery of woe;
But not to them do woful things belong,
For sometimes they contain a deal of fun,
Like mourning-coaches when the funeral's done."
—Byron.

At least four thousand gondolas are now in daily use in Venice. They are along all the quays, at all points in the Grand Canal, at all the principal bridges on the branch ca-

* The iron-clad ship *Dunderberg*, constructed for our government during the late war, and not accepted, which was sold to France, and by France transferred to the Italian government, is now anchored off this quay; but it is not the vessel shown in the engraving.

* A law of Venice prescribed this color to prevent extravagance of decoration, as well as to secure uniformity of style.

PANORAMA FROM DELLA SALUTE.

nals—in a word, wherever a stretch of the canal is in sight, gondolas are certain to be seen. The pedestrian is hailed at every bridge on the public thoroughfares, and not unfrequently by several gondoliers in chorus, reminding him of the persistent cabmen of other cities. No watermen have ever equaled the gondoliers in the dextrous management of a boat, or in the graceful use of the oar. When Venice was in its prime, with twice its present number of inhabitants within the same area, the moving throngs upon its water streets must have presented a spectacle singularly striking—almost a fairy scene.

Several of the most remarkable palaces of Venice are on the Grand Canal. The Palace Rezzonico, erected in the seventeenth century, from designs by Longhena, who commenced, and by Massari, who finished the structure, is about a hundred feet front on the canal, and extends back near five hundred feet, constructed on the sides of a quadrangle, with an open court in the centre. This is the usual plan of Venetian as well as Italian palaces. It has an arcade in the nature of a grand portico fronting each story, of which the first is in Doric, the second in Ionic, and the third in Corinthian style. The steps, which rise from the water, present three sides and a broad platform, from which the lower portico was entered. Its interior decorations, and the façades facing the court, are in keeping with the finished style of the exterior. The number of apartments *en suite* is very great. It possesses accommodations upon a scale nearly as ample as the palace of the doges.

Near this are the two palaces Giustiniani, united in one. They are in the Renaissance style, and were erected in the fifteenth century. Internally they are expensively finished and decorated, as well as roomy. In the erection of these palaces the Venetian aristocracy seem to have vied with each other in extravagance and expenditure. They far exceed in their accommodations the most liberal wants of the family of a private gentleman, several of them being large enough for the household of an emperor. At the same time they must have involved their proprietors in a ruinous expenditure for their maintenance, unless their incomes were very large. In many of these palaces there were formerly large collections of statuary, paintings, and other works of art, the choicest of which are now scattered and in other collections. Several of the finest statues in the Vatican—among the number those of Euripides and Domitian—formerly belonged to the Giustiniani gallery This family, which claims its descent from the Roman Emperor Justinian, gave one or more doges to Venice, the first of whom reigned as early as 828. It is one of the few ancient Venetian families still flourishing in Venice, the greater portion of them having become extinct.

The Palace Balbi, at the bend of the canal, was erected, from designs by Alessandro Vittoria, in 1582–1590. It is in Renaissance style, and one of the best seated palaces on the Grand Canal, commanding a

THE RIALTO.

long reach in both directions. When Napoleon the First sojourned in Venice this was his favorite palace.

Between the Palace Balbi and the Rialto, which is midway in the length of the Grand Canal, there are a large number of palaces on both sides of the canal, some of them of high grade in architecture. Among the number, on the right side, may be mentioned the Palace Mocenigo, where Byron resided in 1818, and where he wrote the first cantos of "Don Juan;" the Palace Loredan, in the Byzantine style of the twelfth century, which is richly decorated in the interior with Oriental marbles; and the palaces Contarini and Manin. On the left side are the palaces Grimani, Perseco, and Pisani.

PALACE PESARO.

The celebrated Rialto was the only bridge over the Grand Canal until 1854, when the first of two iron suspension-bridges was erected. The Rialto is one hundred and fifty-eight feet long and forty-eight feet wide, consisting of a single arch of marble, with a span of seventy-four feet. Its foundations rest upon twelve thousand piles. Commenced in 1588, and finished in 1591, it was, for the period, a remarkable structure. It connects the eastern and newer part of the city with the island of Rialto, on the west side of the Grand Canal, the oldest part of the city.* There seems to be a question whether Shakspeare, in the "Merchant of Venice," refers to the island or the bridge when he causes Shylock to say,

> "Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
> In the Rialto you have rated me
> About my moneys, and my usances."

Shakspeare, who was born in 1564, was twenty-seven years old when the bridge was completed, and doubtless its fame as a public work had reached him with his other information of this marvelous city. The later opinion that the reference was to the island and not to the bridge seems unfounded.

Some years after its construction a superstructure was added, which divided the roadway into three sections—two narrow walks along the sides, and a wide one in the centre. A series of arches, walled up on the outside, open on the inside, and separately roofed, furnished a number of stalls for the sale of merchandise, as well as afforded a shade for pedestrians in crossing the bridge. The stalls opened on the central passageway; but the two in the centre, which were the largest, were left open for a free transit from one sidewalk to the other, or into the middle passage. On either side above the bridge is a short quay for the delivery and shipment of merchandise by barges and gondolas. At the west end was the principal public market of the city. Fronting this market is the Church of San Giacomo di Rialto, founded A.D. 421, which is said to be the oldest church, and one of the oldest buildings, in Venice, dating at the period when Venice was a colony of Padua. Opposite the church is the broken column of Egyptian granite, with the kneeling figure of a man sculptured upon it, called the Hunchback of Rialto, from which the laws of the republic were anciently proclaimed. After St. Mark's Square became the business as well as social centre of Venice the Rialto must have lost any importance it previously possessed.

There are several fine palaces on the banks

* Venice seems to have been first known to the commercial world under the name of Rialto. "Merchants of Rialto" was the common term applied to Venetian traders. Rialto is from *rivo-alto*, signifying "high shore."

THE PALACE VENDRAMIN-CALERGI.

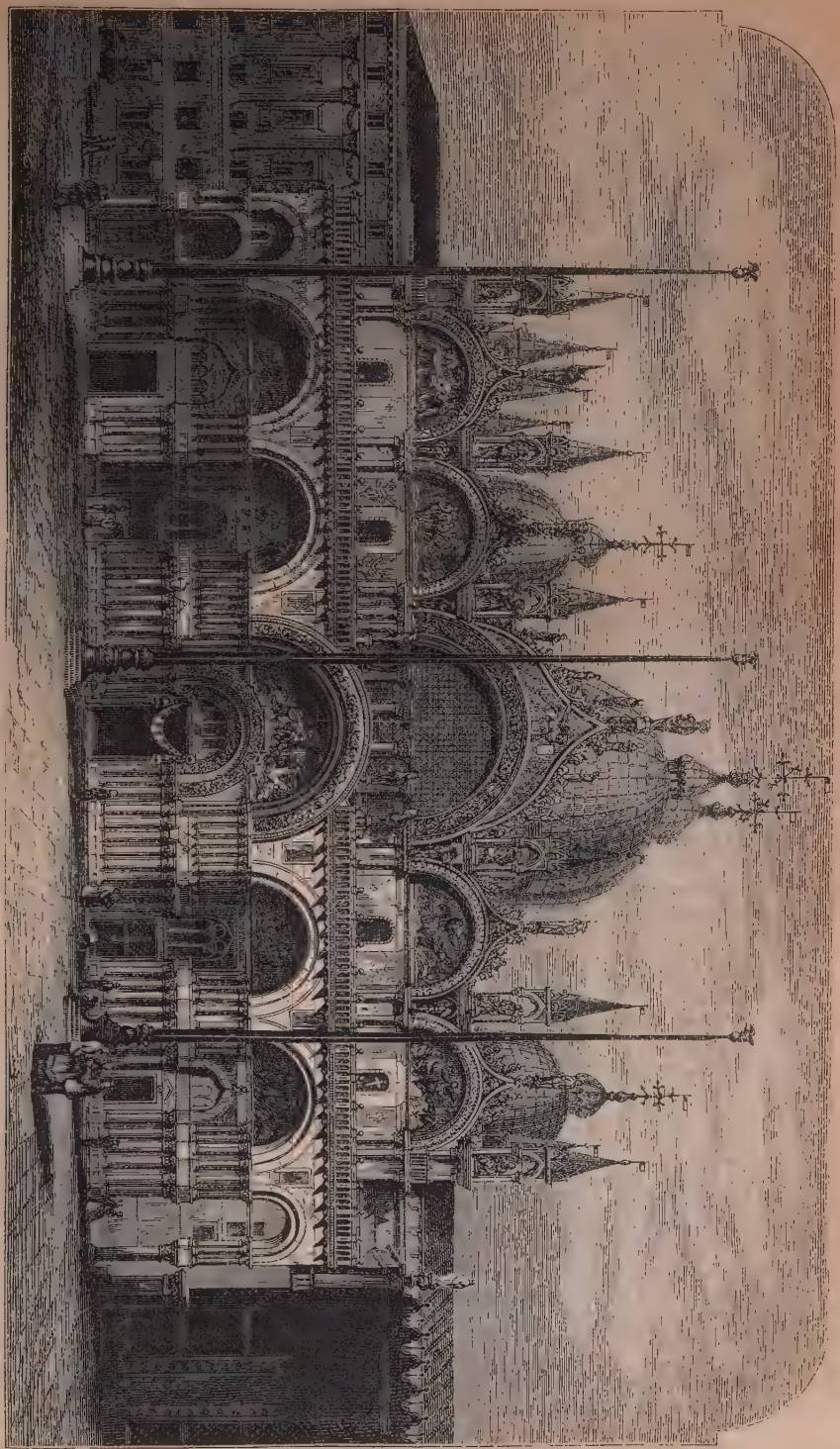
principal Venetian palaces great attention was bestowed upon the porticoes and balconies which opened upon the Grand Canal. They were in the nature of open-air apartments, designed for the enjoyment of spectacles upon the canal, as well as the evening air, in this sunny climate. At the same time they furnish evidence of the extent to which the Venetians were wedded to this avenue, and appreciated its rare attractions.

A short distance below, on the same side, is the Fondaco dei Turchi, in Oriental style, and one of the most striking edifices upon the Grand Canal. An enthusiastic writer speaks of it in the following language: "There are few buildings in the world more famous than this; few more beautiful, none with a more delightful and romantic position. It is one of the gems of the Grand Canal—that boulevard of the sea, every second house of which is a palace. It was admired by Tasso, Petrarch, and Ariosto, and eulogized by Byron. .....It is built in the Byzanto-Italian style of the eleventh century. On the ground-floor are columns of Oriental byssolite embroidered with gold and silver. The arches, capitals, and ornaments are of great antiquity, and no doubt belonged to some very ancient edifice.....In 1621 it became the head-quarters of the Turkish and other Eastern merchants established in Venice—their warehouse (fondaco) and their hotel—their Ghetto, out of which they were not allowed to dwell." It is constructed out of white marble striped with gray, with a frontage of near two hundred feet upon the Grand Canal, and arcaded in the central part of the first and second stories. From the novelty of its design it contributes to the diversity of architecture upon the avenue.

In the accompanying engraving a nearly front view is presented of the Palace Vendramin-Calergi, showing also a portion of the wing. It is situated upon the right side of the Grand Canal, half a mile beyond the Rialto. This palace, one of the finest in Venice, was erected in 1481 from designs by Lombardi. The main building is one hun-

of the canal immediately below the Rialto, among them the Morosini, Micheli, Cornaro della Regina, and La Casa d' Oro.

The Palace Pesaro is regarded as the finest in Venice, that of the doges excepted. It is in the Renaissance style, and was finished in the sixteenth century, requiring thirty years for its construction, and an expenditure of five hundred thousand ducats. The Pesaro family settled in Venice in 1235. They became distinguished in the military service, furnishing one doge and several generals to the republic. It is now extinct. This palace is on the left side of the Grand Canal, about a third of a mile beyond the Rialto, and extremely well situated, having a branch canal on either side, by means of which it is opened to light and air. It is about a hundred feet front on the canal, and extends back about five hundred feet, with an interior court. Each story has an arcade along its entire front of magnificent design, with an alternation of single and double marble columns in the second and third stories, surmounted with entablatures elaborately sculptured. The basement to the floor of the first story is of granite; the remainder of the structure is of marble. In interior finish and decoration, and in the number of suits of apartments, it is little inferior to royal residences. The steps project some distance into the water, terminating in a broad platform of unusual length, which, passing the two doorways, gives admission to the lower portico of the palace. In the

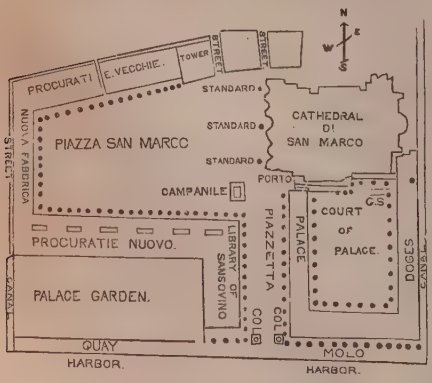


ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL.

dred feet front and a hundred and eighteen feet deep, constructed of Istrian marble, and without an interior court. The wing commences behind the main building. It is ninety-six feet wide by a hundred deep, projecting to the right far enough to show a front of sixty-five feet, overlooking a garden between it and the canal. The façade of the main building, although much plainer than some others shown in the engravings, is remarkably rich and elegant, displaying semi-Ionic columns, sculptured pilasters, handsome double windows, and bold entablatures. The apartments, by their numbers, ample size, and expensive decorations, indicate very plainly the luxury and profusion of the ancient Venetian aristocracy.

There are a few circumscribed areas which have elicited, from their concentrated attractions, the unqualified admiration of all beholders. One of these was the Acropolis at Athens, which presented, as Dr. Gillies remarked, "one continuous scene of elegance and beauty;" another was the Roman Forum, with its temples and ornamental structures, seated in the interval between the Capitoline, the Palatine, and Esquiline hills; a third is the Place de la Concorde at Paris, on which modern art has exhausted its capabilities; and a fourth is the Piazza San Marco at Venice. It is the least in area of the four, and displays little else than its encompassing structures; but these are of such singular excellence and of such striking composition that it is not, perhaps, too much to affirm that it surpasses them all in architectural magnificence.

Although consisting of two sections, a piazza and a piazzetta (the latter running out from the former to the quay upon the harbor), all of its buildings are visible from a single point, and constitute, in design, a



GROUND PLAN OF ST. MARK'S SQUARE.

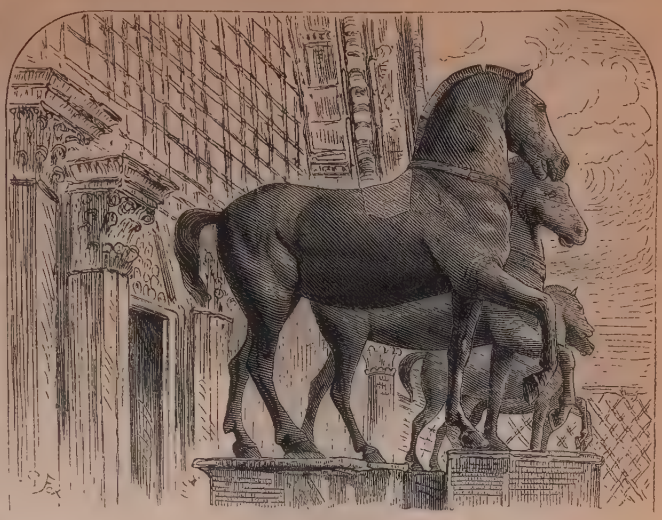
united whole. The accompanying diagram will illustrate the relation of its several parts.

Near the angle of the Library of St. Mark, and within the square, stands the Campanile. The Clock Tower is a handsome structure, erected in 1490, in the Renaissance style of the fifteenth century. Over the open passage-way through its centre, connecting with a street in the rear, is a clock whose dial-plate indicates the hours from one to twenty-four, together with the moon's phases and the signs of the zodiac. In the second story immediately above is a canopied niche, with a semicircular balcony in front, containing a bronze statue of the Virgin and Child, with a door upon either side. By a movement of clock machinery these doors are opened on certain holidays, and four figures, representing the Three Kings preceded by an angel blowing a trumpet, pass out of one door around the semicircular balcony and back through the other, each figure bowing to the Madonna in passing. This is repeated each hour in the day of the festival, to the never-ending delight of the juvenile Venetians. Above the Madonna is the winged lion of St. Mark, and upon the summit of the tower, rising above the main structure, are two bronze Vulcans, one on either side of an elevated bell. These Vulcans, which are colossal in size and skillfully modeled, strike the time upon the bell hourly with hammers. The movement of their arms and hands in raising each his own hammer and striking the successive blows is also by clock machinery. The act is separately performed by each in the most natural manner, and with striking effect, in the literal as well as the figurative sense.

The Library of St. Mark, although it has been standing more than three centuries, is one of the most beautiful structures in Europe. It is in mixed architecture, chiefly Ionic, from designs by Sansovino, and its construction was commenced in 1536. Consisting of two high stories surmounted with a high balustrade, it presents very little plain surface. The main arches of the first story rest on piers fronted with columns, back of which is an inner and parallel wall, with a vaulted and groined ceiling between. In addition to the columns, capitals, and ornamented arches, the façade is further enriched by two elaborately sculptured entablatures, that over the second story being remarkably elegant in design and details of execution. A row of statues, one for each column, embellishes the summit of the balustrade. This edifice is also of white marble, and is in excellent preservation. From the end of the colonnade on the quay to the Clock Tower on the opposite side of the square an uninterrupted promenade, more than fifteen hundred feet in length, is afforded within the colonnades of the Library of St. Mark and the three palaces upon the square. With the Cathedral of St. Mark and the palace of the doges, which occupy the whole east side of the piazza and piazzetta, the boast of the Venetians is not without a basis of truth:

"One Venice, one sun, and one Piazza San Marco."

It is difficult to describe the Cathedral of St. Mark, even with the aid of an engraving, as it is in a style peculiar to itself, and unlike any other existing church. It is a remarkable edifice for the period of its construction. It was commenced in 976, and finished in 1071. The former basilica upon the same site was erected in 828, and burned down in 976, and there was a still older church on the same spot dedicated to St. Theodore, the patron saint of the city until superseded by St. Mark. The present cathedral is in Romanesque-Byzantine style, in the form internally of a Greek cross with equal arms. It is covered with a central cupola, and there are separate cupolas over the arms. In ground dimensions it is two hundred and fifteen feet front on the square, and two hundred and sixty-five feet deep. Five portals, of which the central is the largest, give admission to a portico or vestibule, which traverses the entire front of the church and a part of its two sides. The ceiling is vaulted, and covered with mosaics, representing Scriptural events. From the vestibule, which is exterior to the main walls, the interior is entered both in front and upon the sides.



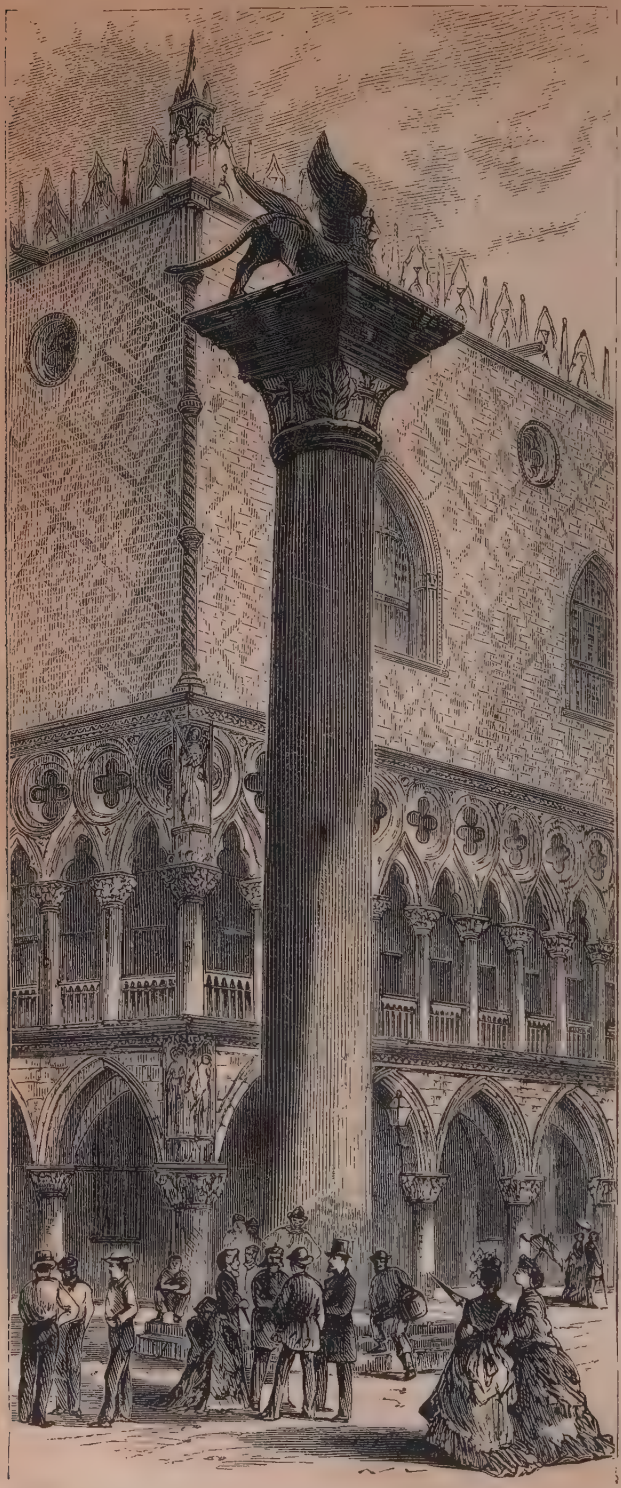
THE HORSES OF ST. MARK'S.

The first impression of the interior of St. Mark's is one of disappointment and of baffled understanding. Its marble columns, of which it contains five hundred in its external and internal construction, and its marble pilasters and wall facings, are dingy and soiled with time. Its mosaics, of which it contains a superabundance—no less than forty thousand superficial square feet—look faded and gaudy with tarnished gilding; and its floors, inlaid with marble and mosaics, are uneven and sunken, as well as broken in pieces. Besides this, it is badly lighted, which gives to its heavy architecture a gloomy aspect. Several successive visits are scarcely sufficient to overcome the impressions thus awakened; but familiarity with the interior is certain to work a change of impression, and in the end to arouse no slight degree of interest. It will gradually become possible to picture it as it appeared in the full lustre of its gilded mosaics and glistening marbles, and in the pristine splendor of its profuse decorations. With its Oriental characteristics and in its best estate, it must have been not only pleasing to the taste, but magnificent in expression. Structures of such magnitude and elaborate ornamentation require constant reparation, without which they rapidly deteriorate.

The façade of this cathedral is remarkably beautiful in design. Its architecture is original, its lines graceful, and the spires and cupolas which decorate the upper part of the structure are striking and highly ornamental. The deeply recessed portals are adorned with mosaics, all of which, except one, illustrate the removal and re-entombment of the remains of St. Mark within its walls. Over the central portal stand the four celebrated bronze horses which once adorned the Arch of Nero at Rome. Constantine removed them to his new capital, from which the Venetians removed them to Venice. At a later day Napoleon carried them to Paris, but they were afterward restored to the cathedral. These horses are of small size, but remarkably well modeled, as well as interesting remains of ancient art.

"Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
Their gilded collars glistening in the sun."

This cathedral presents a gorgeous front, and forms one of the chief architectural monuments of this unrivaled square. The treasury of this church is in the basement, and occupies two or three apartments. It contains, among a large number of relics, a crystal vase said to contain the blood of the Saviour; a silver column, with a fragment of the true cross; a cup of agate, with a portion of the skull of St. John; several glass vases containing hands and various bones of saints. Before these relics candles stand, and services are performed on the saints' days. There is also untold wealth in jewels, cut and uncut,



THE LION OF ST. MARK AND THE DOGE'S PALACE.

and numerous vessels of gold and silver arranged in glass cases; candelabra of the exquisite workmanship of Benvenuto Cellini, covered with minute niches and statuettes; a fine crucifix, adorned with jewels by the same master, with small statues inserted; also covers of the Gospels, of silver gilt, inlaid with precious stones.

The great ornament of the church, however, is the Palo d' Ore, which forms a part of the high altar, and which is only uncovered on high festivals. This was executed at Constantinople in 976. It is enameled work, with jewels wrought in plates of gold and silver, representing incidents in the life of the Saviour and of some of the saints.

The palace of the doges is on a line with the front of the cathedral, but set back a few feet. A part of its left front, as seen in the engraving, faces the square, and the remainder the piazzetta, the Library of St. Mark being on the opposite side; while the other, the right, as seen in the engraving, faces the harbor, with the Molo, or esplanade, between. In every sense a magnificent structure, its situation is not less remarkable than its architecture. It has the best position in this array of notable edifices. The front upon the piazzetta is two hundred and forty-five feet long, exclusive of the portal at the end next to the church, which is twenty-five feet wide, and set back a few feet. It is not seen in the engraving. The other front, facing the harbor, is two hundred and thirty-four feet in length. These are the

principal façades. A third structure, forming the third side of the inclosed court, and architecturally, perhaps, superior to the part shown in the engraving, fronts a branch canal parallel with the piazzetta, which passes between it and the public prison, seen on the extreme right. This last section of the edifice contains the celebrated historical apartments of the Doge's Palace. It is three hundred and thirty-seven feet long, extending nearly to the apsis of St. Mark's Church, and eighty-three feet wide. A fourth building completes the quadrangle. The late Mr. Charles Dickens, in his "Pictures from Italy," thus speaks of this famous palace: "Going down upon the margin of the green sea rolling on before the door, and filling all the streets, I came upon a place of such surpassing beauty and such grandeur that all the rest was poor and faded in comparison with its absorbing loveliness. It was a great piazza, as I thought, anchored, like all the rest, in the deep ocean. On its broad bosom was a palace, more majestic and magnificent in its old age than all the buildings of the earth, in the high prime and fullness of their youth. Cloisters and galleries, so light that they might have been the work of fairy hands, so strong that centuries had battered them in vain, wound round and round this palace, and infolded it with a cathedral gorgeous in the wild luxuriant fancies of the East."

So far as the arches may be said to characterize the architecture, it is in the arci-acuto style; but it is altogether peculiar and distinctive. It was erected in the fifteenth century, from designs by Bartolomeo and Bon. Both the first and second stories are arcaded on each front, the columns in the second story being two for one in the first. Those in the first story are short and thick, ornamented with rich capitals of original design, containing minute figures of fruits, flowers, and animals, and bound together by strong acute arches. Above the capital of the corner pillar near the portal, and occupying the segments of the spandrels of the corner arches, is a sculptured representation of the Judgment of Solomon.

There are two entrances to the palace. One is on the Molo front, about the centre, under the balcony, entering the court from the south side; and the other, the Porta della Carta, faces St. Mark's Square, and enters the court from the west side. This portal is set back of the colonnade, and is a distinct portion of the palace, constructed of the same materials, and finished in the same general style. It is a long, narrow building, its first story consisting of a grand hall, which passes the depth of the front of the palace, and extends into the court about ninety feet, forming to that extent one of its sides. Passing through a fine doorway into a hall twenty feet wide, with a vaulted

PORTA DELLA CARTA.

and groined ceiling supported by semi-columns facing the side walls, the court is entered near the foot of the "Giants' Staircase," which conducts to the second story of the third section of the palace on the rear of the court. The relation of this structure and the staircase will be seen by consulting the illustration of the court and staircase, which shows a part of the court looking toward the north. On the left is the court face of the palace fronting the square, and on the right the court face of that portion of the palace facing the branch canal. In front is the extension into the court of the building which contains the entrance hall, showing three arched passages into the court. The entrance hall passes the three openings into the court, and through the Clock Tower to the foot of the staircase, which is in line from the doorway fronting the square. This staircase is placed in the area formed by an extension of the court along the front of the Clock Tower to the building which forms the remainder of the fourth side of the court. The main part of the court is one hundred and seventy-five feet long, parallel with St. Mark's Square, and one hundred and twenty-nine feet wide, parallel with the piazzetta.

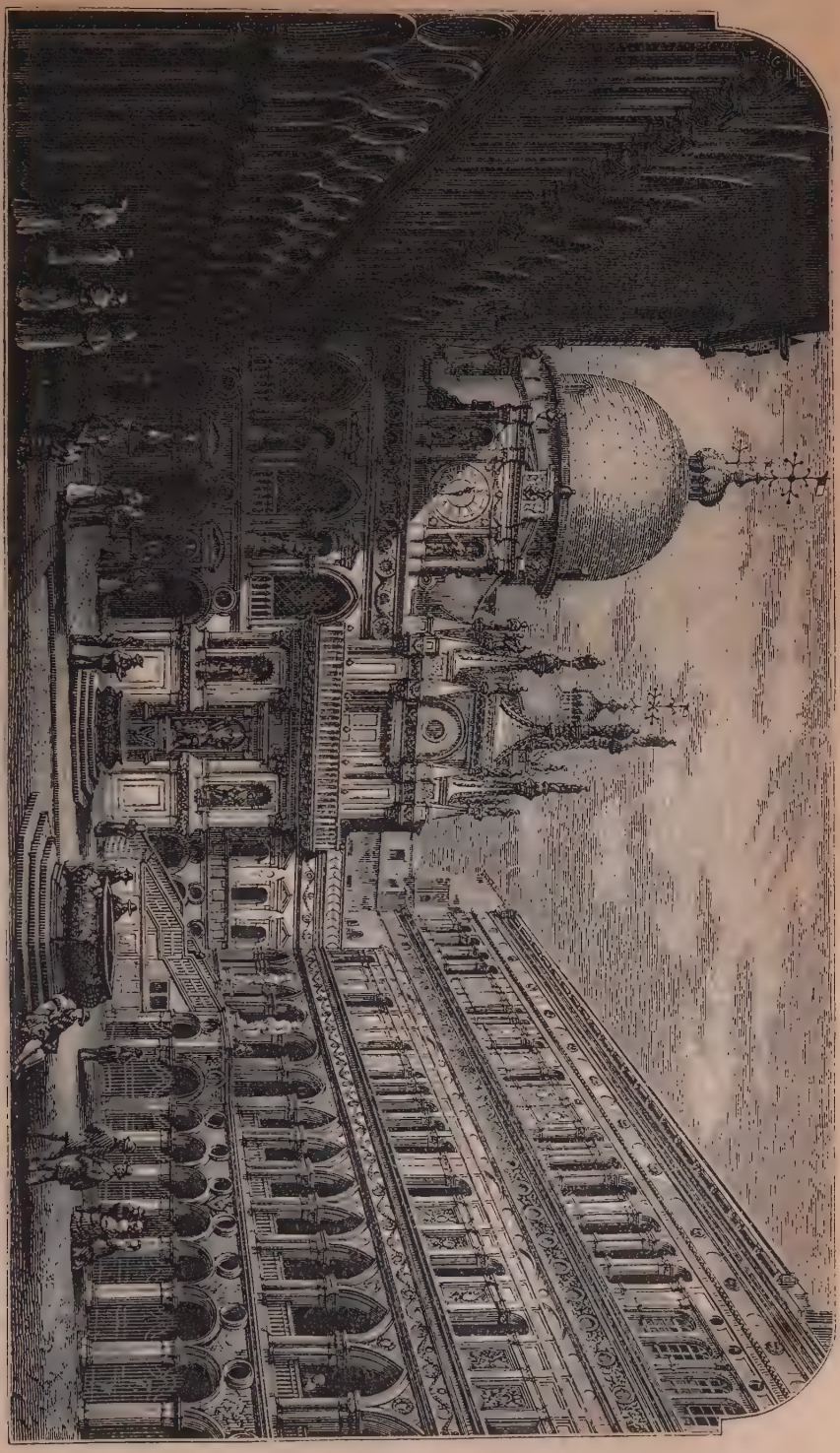
Not the least feature of the court is the "Giants' Staircase," which, from its name, must have been regarded at the time of its erection as a notable structure. A flight of thirty marble steps, interrupted by a landing midway the ascent, leads to the colonnade

in the second story. The steps are inlaid in front with different-colored marbles in vine tracery, and are sufficiently broad to appropriate three arches of the arcade. The balustrade of Carrara marble is inlaid with panels of variegated marble. Colossal statues of Neptune and Mars stand upon pedestals at its head, at which place the doges were crowned. Ascending to the upper landing, and passing along the colonnade to the right to the centre of the edifice, the Golden Staircase ("Scala d' Oro"), which conducts to the third story, is reached. This glittering name was bestowed because none save those enrolled in the Golden Book, and privileged persons, were allowed its use. It is a superb marble structure, with an arched ceiling decorated with sunk panels in gilt, stucco, and fresco, and traversing the palace from the court side to that on the branch canal. At half the ascent there is a landing and a short transept, with arched passages to the right and left, from one of which a second staircase ascends to the hall on the third floor upon the court side, as the continuous flight reaches a corresponding hall upon that opposite. The long vista of this staircase, some eighty feet in length, and its form and decorations, are in the highest style of art.

Near the end of the same colonnade, beyond the Scala d' Oro, is a second marble staircase for ordinary use, ascending by continuous flights to the fourth story of this gorgeous palace, which contained the historical apartments. The first room, which is entered from the hall on the canal side, is the Hall of the Bussola. It is small in size, but rendered famous by the lion's mouth, inserted in the wall of the exterior hall, its throat entering an iron chest concealed in the wall. Its open jaws invited and received secret accusations, and transmitted them into this hidden receptacle, the door of which opened in the Hall of the Bussola. This chamber was the anteroom of the Sala dei Capi, or Hall of the Council of Three, one of the infamous secret tribunals of the Venetian aristocracy. It was also the anteroom of the Hall of the Council of Ten (Sala del Consiglio dei Dieci), the two being contiguous. This council of ten inquisitors, in conjunction with that first named, did the bloody work of this aristocracy. In the Hall of the Council of Ten is the long oval table surrounded with the original chairs once occupied by the ten inquisitors. Passing through this room, the next entered is the Hall of the Four Doors (La Sala delle Quattro Porte). This handsome apartment crosses the palace from the court to the canal side. It is seventy-eight feet long and twenty-eight feet wide, and was so named because its four doors entered respectively the halls of the Council of the Three, of the Ten, of the Senate, and the Audience Hall of the doge. The walls of this elegant apartment are covered with rich and various frescoes. Between the two doors upon the wall of entrance is the large one by Titian, representing Doge Grimani at the feet of Christianity, holding aloft the cup, the emblem of Faith. Upon one of the panels is represented the arrival of the King of France at Venice, by Vincentino; on another, the doge receiving the embassadors of Persia; on another, the conquest of Verona; on another, the embassadors of Nuremberg before the doge; on still another, the Doge Grimani kneeling before the Madonna and several saints; while the ceiling is paneled by Tintoretto with the glories of Venice. Either of these frescoes would be esteemed a sufficient adornment of a room in any palace. The colors are still fresh and brilliant. This is characteristic of all the frescoes in the Doge's Palace in all the rooms which are exhibited to the public.

The Hall of the Senate surpasses all apartments in the palace, with perhaps one exception. It is one hundred feet long and forty-eight feet wide, with a ceiling about thirty-five feet high. Its walls and ceilings are also covered with frescoes of the highest grade. In this chamber the Venetian Senate, consisting of three hundred members, held its sessions. This room opens into the anteroom of the Chapel of the Doge, and the latter into the Audience Hall, in which the doge received foreign embassadors. The walls of this hall are covered with eleven frescoes, historical and religious, mostly by Tintoretto. The ceiling frescoes are in five compartments. These celebrated apartments concentrate the interest of the visitor, because they are identified with the growth and development of Venetian power and wealth, and were once the theatre of great transactions. Their splendor and elegance reflect the cultivated tastes and resources of the Venetian aristocracy. The impressions produced by this remarkable suit of rooms, adorned with the works of Titian, Tintoretto, Palma, and Paul Veronese, are not easily to be forgotten. The mind is bewildered by the unsparing profusion and fertility and brilliancy of imagination and skillful delineation displayed by these eminent artists of the Venetian school.

There are a number of other public rooms in different parts of the palace, such as the "Library," the "Archæological Museum," the "Hall of Scrutiny" (in which the successive doges were chosen by the forty-two electors), the rooms of the "Busts," of the "Bronzes," and of the "Scarlet Robes." Besides these, there is the "Hall of the Grand Council," said to be one of the finest rooms in Europe. It is in the first story, one hundred and fifty-four feet long, seventy-four feet wide, with its walls and ceilings richly decorated. In this chamber the entire body of the Venetian



THE COURT AND STAIRCASE OF THE DOGE'S PALACE.

aristocracy were wont to assemble, but rather for social than governmental objects. The private apartments of the doge are not exhibited.

This palace of palaces united in itself the two qualities of a parliament-house and a ducal residence, which explains at once its magnitude and its magnificence. As the Capitol of the Venetian state, it expresses the munificence and wealth of the aristocracy; and as a ducal residence, it indicates the elegant habits of the doges, the chiefs of the aristocracy.

The Bridge of Sighs connects the palace with the public prison. The latter was erected in 1589, and the bridge in 1591. A single arch supports the structure, which connects the second story of the palace with the second story of the prison. It is simply a corridor divided by a partition into two narrow halls, through one of which political prisoners were conducted to imprisonment, while the common criminals passed through the other. Externally the Bridge of Sighs has no particular architectural merit. It has acquired a gloomy notoriety from its name, and from the prevailing impression that the man who traversed it from the palace to the dungeon never returned. This is in part romance, but for the significant reason that this palace, unrivaled in its elegance, contained gloomier dungeons within its glittering walls than the other prison could parallel. The dungeons for political and criminal prisoners awaiting execution —for this distinction is represented in the very architecture of the palace—were quite near the entrance to the Bridge of Sighs. There are two tiers of these dungeons, one above the other, consisting of ten each, with a floor between, constructed of heavy stone masonry. Those for criminals were above, and those for political offenders were below. They are arranged in blocks of five, side and side, the blocks being end to end. A narrow unlighted hall passes around three sides, the dungeons being entered through a low arched opening from the two halls opposite each other. After passing through this opening with a torch to light the chamber, the visitor finds himself in a room inclosed by massive stone walls, twelve feet long, eight feet wide, and some eight or nine feet high, with an arched ceiling. The floors are of cement, hardened into stone, and bare of all furniture save a stone pillow set in the floor. Every dungeon repeats this cool inhuman mockery of a pretended regard for the necessities of the prisoner. A common paving-stone, two feet long, fifteen inches wide, and rising about four inches above the floor, was the pillow offered by the state, in the dark days of the Venetian aristocracy, to political as well as criminal offenders. Two doges, at least—Marino Falieri, in his eightieth year, and Antonio Foscari—were brought to the bitter experience both of the dungeon and of the stone pillow. At the side of each door there is a small round opening through the wall for the introduction of food. The only light was through this opening, and from a small exterior window at the end of another short and narrow hall, which intersected those around the dungeons at one angle. The darkness was substantially total. In this short hall the prisoners were executed at midnight—the political by beheading, and the criminal by strangulation.

On the left, and in front of the Bridge of Sighs, is the water portal of the palace. A double doorway, each barred with bronze doors, gives admission to a broad hall, which passes through to the palace court. It was at this gate that the doge embarked in the *Bucentaur*, when he went forth in state to the annual ceremony of wedding, with a ring, the Adriatic.*

There are several other ornaments of St. Mark's Square deserving of notice. Among them are the two columns of red granite standing in the piazzetta, near the quay. They were brought from Greece to Venice in 1120. One of them is surmounted with the statue of St. Theodore, and the other with the winged lion of St. Mark. One of the finest views in Venice is from the base of these columns, across the harbor to the island of St. George, and down to the entrance of the Grand Canal. Between the Campanile and the Clock Tower are the three standard poles which once bore the banners of the conquered kingdoms of Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea. Their pedestals are of bronze, of beautiful design, modeled in 1505, and covered with bass-reliefs of great merit. They are now decorated with the Italian colors on festive occasions. And lastly comes the Campanile, not the least conspicuous ornament of the square. It is about forty-five feet square, three hundred and four feet high, and was erected in the twelfth century. Within it is an inclosed square tower, leaving a space between the outer and inner walls about five feet wide. The ascent is made by inclined planes, constructed in this space along the four sides, which are continuous from the base to within a few feet of the summit platform. These planes make the ascent by going ten times around the tower. An ascending arch is constructed from the inner to the outer wall, which becomes first the ceiling under which the person walks, and at the end of the next circuit the inclined plane on which he passes. It is a singularly convenient method of mounting

* In the arsenal the remains of this barge are still preserved. Its sides are covered with carved and gilded figures.

to the summit of a tower, well understood by the ancient Romans, and requiring the minimum amount of muscular exertion. Napoleon, it is said, performed the feat of riding his horse from the base to the summit —a thing not difficult, provided the horse were tractable.

Some notice of the churches in Venice, of which there are ninety, is necessary even in a general presentation of the characteristics of the city. But since they have no direct connection with the subject of this article, a general reference to them is the most that can properly be admitted. In external architecture they are plain, with the exception of the Cathedral of St. Mark, but are constructed in a durable manner. A number of them are finished in the interior with great magnificence, and lavishly adorned with statuary. The two most prominent in this respect, strange to say, are S. Maria di Nazaret (church of the Barefooted Friars) and S. Maria del Rosario (church of the Jesuits). S. Giovanni e Paolo possesses the finest sepulchral monuments. It is called the Westminster Abbey of Venice. The distinguishing character of the principal Venetian churches is the richness of the marbles, and the profusion as well as excellence of the statuary. In general plan most of these churches agree. They consist of a nave, without aisles, and an apse, with two or more chapels on each side, in the nature of transepts. They are lighted with rectangular windows in the clear-story, and from domes over the chapels, and being generally surrounded with buildings, except in front, they are externally plain. The two churches first named are not large. They are smaller than a New York church of average size; but no New York congregation would feel able to finish a church in such a style of extravagance. The side walls of these churches, as well as those of the six side chapels in each, are faced, from the floor to the entablature, with polished marble of different colors in panels. They are resplendent. The entablature, elaborate in design, is of white marble. Besides this, the several altars, which stand between columns of verd-antique, or variegated marbles, the pulpits in the nave, the balustrades in front of the chapels, and the floors, are of the same material, in some cases inlaid to increase their splendor, while the several ceilings are covered with frescoes. It is impossible to form an impression, from any description, of the richness and magnificence of the two churches named. The striking effect of the combination of marbles of different colors, of the elaborate finish in minute details, of the delicacy of the minor sculptures, and of the use of statuary in church decoration, must be seen to be appreciated. In the Church of Nazaret seventy-six statues of white marble, and of great excellence in sculpture, of which thirty-seven are of life size, may be counted from one stand-point. The whole number, large and small, must be near a hundred.

San Giovanni e Paolo became, more than any other church, the favorite burial-place of the doges. Its monuments consequently surpass those in any of its fellow-churches.

It may be said that the ancient Venetians accomplished three things. In the first place, they created, in the course of centuries, a beautiful city, which deserves a high place among the finest cities on the earth. Secondly, if they failed to originate an independent order of architecture, they introduced improvements, combinations, and further developments of existing architectural forms which reflect the highest credit upon the national genius and taste. To the roll of distinguished architects they furnished such names as Pietro and Tullio Lombardo, Sammahani, Sansovino, Palladio, Scamozzi, and Longhena. In the last place, they originated a school of painting which still holds a high position in the public favor for characteristics of distinguishing excellence. Among the honored names claimed by Venice may be mentioned Bartolomeo, Pordenone, Palma, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, and Titian, together with Canova among sculptors.* Not all of them born in Venice, but identified with it by the labor of their lives, they are the recognized masters of the Venetian school. No other city, perhaps, can present an equal number of illustrious names in the rolls of Art.

EPITAPHS.

All reverence unto Epitaphs,
For high or for the lowly,
Whenever they on graves are writ
By Truth, and so made holy.
Such make, in their deep earnestness,
The living grander-hearted,
And keep the souls, though freed from Time,
Still from our souls unparted.

And many are the Epitaphs
In prose or in verse flowing,
A silent sacred music there
On board or marble glowing.
Oh, heavenly the influence,
Angels unseen around us,
While often white robes, like their own,
Seem to have softly wound us.

Some Epitaphs shrine in their hearts
Beauty divinely tender,
And some throne the sublime in all
Eternity's own splendor;
But one there is that marries both
Sublimity and Beauty;
Within one little line it lives—
He tried to do his duty!

* Titian and Canova are buried on opposite sides of the same church in Venice.

THE MOUNTAINS.—V.

ILLUSTRATED BY PORTE CRAYON.

SAFT SOAP.

DURING our whimsical tour I had derived no little amusement from noting the impressions made by the different members of our party on the various characters with whom they came in contact. Major Martial, as a soldier and cosmopolitan traveler, has dined with princes and Pottawatomies, and has the knack of making himself at home wherever he may chance to pitch his tent. A clever materialist and a man of recipes, he knows something of every thing, and can talk with every body, winning as well as commanding respect.

Dick Rattlebrain, on the other hand, who has been nowhere, knows nothing, jostles every body's prejudices, and violates all proprieties, lies oratorically, and blunders when he tries to tell the truth, who entertains every body with his reckless humor, and rebukes none with his virtue—Dick takes at once with old and young, and is decidedly the most popular man among us.

Mr. Cockney's agreeable accomplishments and conversation, however, are as much thrown away up here as if he spoke and acted Greek. The men stare in his face, and make no reply to his questions, while the women shy off and giggle, if they don't happen to get offended at his exotic politeness. His want of observation and adaptiveness continually makes him ridiculous, if not odious. With a dandy's horror of muddy boots, he can't make up his mind to accept rancid fat as a substitute for boot polish, and seems incapable of understanding how one towel, and that only a bob-tailed wiper, can be expected to serve a whole family, guests and all, from Sunday to Sunday. When in response to his demand for an alkali the complaisant hostess sets out her "saft soap," his philosophy can't comprehend the purifying properties of the disgusting mass. He continually asks embarrassing and absurd questions concerning the origin and preparation of various dishes set before us, and needlessly exposes his ignorance of forestry and the fauna of the mountains. When he mistook Hetterick's sorrel colt for a deer, the critter's life was saved only by his missing it, which was quite as discreditable as the mistake. In brief, our friend Cockney is rather underrated by the mountaineers.

It has been one of the supreme enjoyments of my life to wander among these wild communities, until I have become familiar with their occupations, instincts, and aspirations as one "to the manner born," learning thereby to respect their unsophisticated manhood and appreciate their simple virtues; and it has sometimes appeared to me there was a grace in the woodland blossoms and a flavor in the crabbed fruit not to be found in the cultivated gardens of civilization. Yet now, while I rarely irritate a susceptibility or shock a prejudice, my introspective and secluded habits have been, here as elsewhere, a bar to confidence and good understanding.

Nevertheless, I had of late been dreaming daily that I would endeavor to throw off these dreamy habits and lead a more practical and sympathetic life, and to this end had cultivated an intimacy with the gay and athletic widower Jesse. Observing that he had conceived an extravagant admiration for a neat little powder-flask I carried, I took occasion to present it to him. In the fullness of his gratitude he took me aside, and, in a whisper, informed me he was the best rifle-shot on the fork. I had heard as much.

"Well, now," said he, "wouldn't you like to learn the secret?"

"Then there is a secret?"

"Yes, and I can learn it to you in a day, so that you can beat any of these fellers."

Jesse's proposition accorded so exactly with my humor that I eagerly accepted it. We got our guns, and privately slipped off together to the woods, where, after exacting a promise not to reveal his trick, he proceeded to put me through a course of instruction.

Whether there was any virtue in his teaching, or whether the mountain air had cleared my eye and braced my nerves, it is true that from a very indifferent marksman I presently became very expert with my rifle, and after

THE HUNTER'S CABIN.

driving the centre three consecutive shots at sixty yards, I expressed myself satisfied, and my tutor slapped me on the shoulder, and said, emphatically, "You'll do."

My mysterious disappearance had begun to annoy my companions, who complained that they had already been detained at Hetterick's a day longer than was intended; they didn't see why I couldn't write my poetry nearer the trout pools they wished to try below. I had carefully concealed my private aims from them, but was now ready to start.

After a most friendly leave-taking all round, we mounted and rode down the valley toward Soldier White's. About two miles below we stopped at the cabin of Tom Mullinx (commonly known as Hunter Tom), hoping to have a chat with him on the subject of hunting in these mountains. He was barely civil, but not at all communicative. He told us very frankly that he never missed killing game when he went out alone, but he never had no luck when these gentlemen hunters went along. They had too many patent fixings, and talked too much. With his long flint-lock rifle, munitioned with an ounce of powder and from three to five bullets wrapped in greased buckskin patches, he could always kill more game than he could carry home. Some fellers packed so much ammunition and cold victuals that they broke down before they found any game, and couldn't hit any thing if they happened to see it. For his part, he didn't see any sense in all these percussion traps. As the hunter made these disparaging remarks he cast a contemptuous glance at my ornate German rifle, which, being observed by my companions, drew a laugh at my expense.

"Mr. Mullinx," said I, "what do you value that bear-skin at which I see hanging up in the porch?"

"That skin," replied Tom, "mought be worth about four dollars over at Franklin."

"Very well. Now I'll bet you five dollars in cash against that bear-skin that, with this percussion gimcrack of mine, I can beat you shooting, three best shots out of five, line measure, at any distance or in any way you may choose."

Tom eyed me for a moment as he probably would have stared at a rabbit suddenly turn-

ing and trying to bite him. His astonishment presently resolved into a fit of contemptuous laughter; but as I had already put up my money in the major's hands, and showed by my manner that I was in earnest, his cupidity got the better of his contempt.

"Well, mister," said he, taking down and proceeding to load his long gun, "hit's not becomin' of me to disapp'int a stranger in a little innocent sport, and if you kin beat me shootin', that bar-skin's your'n, hit is!" and the hunter's face warmed with a smile of sinister benevolence.

"Laureate," said the major, aside, "I wouldn't give the churlish dog a chance to make five dollars so easily."

I answered, carelessly, "There are always two sides to a question, and I've taken quite a fancy to that bear-skin."

"Laureate," whispered Dick, "try to make a good chance shot, and if you beat him I'll give you my horse."

Dick's horse was a borrowed one, but his good-will was none the less appreciated. Meanwhile the preliminaries had been arranged—two best shots out of three, at sixty yards.

The major stepped off the distance, and Dick placed the target against the tree. The mark was a circle of white paper about the size of an ancient half-dollar, tacked upon a blackened board. We were to shoot alternately, and tossed a copper for the first fire. The hunter won it, and took his position accordingly, observing as he did so, "I reckon I'll have to shoot a little wild to give ye an opening."

As Tom raised his piece and leveled it at the mark all the slouchiness of his manner disappeared, and he settled into a pose of iron firmness. As his rifle cracked the target fell forward on its face, and Dick ran at full speed, followed by the others at a more dignified pace, to verify the shot.

The ball had cut the left edge of the paper with half its diameter. Mullinx chuckled. "There's a leetle wind," said he, "and I forgot to allow for it; but there's the opening I promised ye."

It was a good shot, however, and my friends looked blank enough as I took my stand. Their evident anxiety annoyed me, and for a moment a sense of responsibility unnerved me. Then I shut my eyes, recalled my lessons, and concentrated my mind on the work in hand. My shot parted; the target rattled and fell. The next moment Rattlebrain waved it triumphantly over his head, shouting, "Centre!" It was impossible for Dick to be exact. It was not a centre shot, but the whole ball was in the paper, beating Mullinx by half a diameter.

"Can you do that again?" whispered the major.

"I think I can do better."

"Then we've got the rascal to a certainty," said he, rubbing his hands with hopeful satisfaction.

The gleam of benevolence had departed from Mullinx's face, and he proceeded to load his piece with a precision quite the reverse of his former half-insolent carelessness. He waited for a lull in the almost imperceptible breeze, and when he took aim the steadiness of his attitude was statuesque.

Dick Rattlebrain looked as if he would burst during the process; and the result of the hunter's second shot did not relieve his anxiety in the least. The paper was perforated just beneath the central tack—so close that we wondered it had not been knocked out.

Tom looked vengefully benevolent again. "I reckon, mister, I hain't left ye much of an opening this time." He said this with a wicked chuckle.

My friends looked grave again. Dick desired to give me some advice, but the major restrained his zeal, and persuaded him to keep quiet.

On coming up for my second trial I had a severer struggle with my nervousness than at the first. The opening was indeed a narrow one, and then my success had aroused hopes which must not be disappointed. I succeeded, however, in attaining the requisite coolness, and fired. The board fell forward as usual.

Dick Rattlebrain gave a convulsive start, and then, stepping up to me, said, "By thunder, Larry, I haven't the heart to look at it!"

But the major presently approached with the board in one hand and the paper in the other. The tack was gone, and there was a clean hole exactly through the centre of the mark. Dick uttered a triumphant yell, and nearly suffocated me in his rude embrace.

"Come, Dick; having won, we must triumph like gentlemen."

Tom Mullinx eyed me like a basilisk. "Well, mister, the bar-skin's your'n; you've won two, and hit's not worth while to waste the third shot. Powder and lead is too scarce up here to waste on nothing."

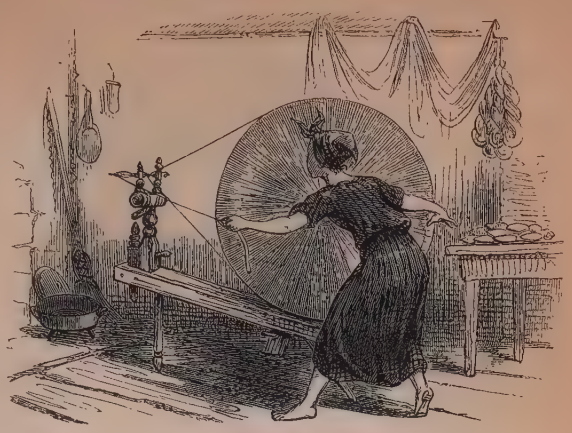
Then Tom approached with an air of savage respect, and asked permission to examine my piece, which he did very thoroughly. As he handed it back he observed there wasn't weight enough in it to steady his aim, and although he was sot against it, there might be something in percussion after all.

Now I had gone into this contest to vindicate the superiority of civilization and the arts with a zeal somewhat sharpened by my antagonist's overbearing and contemptuous manner. Having won, I was content with the honor, and sincerely sympathized with the mortified mountaineer; so that when he came formally to deliver the bear-skin I politely attempted to decline it. But the flash of his eye and sternness of his manner quickly showed that I had made a mistake.

"Mister," he said, "I don't like any man to fool with me. The skin is fa'rly your'n, and you must take it."

A rousing swig from the major's flask was more appreciated than my fanciful magnanimity, and we took leave with all due civility. Yet there was something sinister in Hunter Tom's countenance and manner, which left a disagreeable impression generally.

In complimenting me on my skill with the rifle the major expressed his especial gratification that I had taken down the boastful churl; and Dick, with his usual aptness at fixing a money value on moral and emotional delights, declared he wouldn't have missed it for a thousand dollars.



PRIMITIVE ART.

I defended the mountaineer by suggesting how very natural and excusable it was for men whose lives, fortunes, and sacred honors were concentred in a flint-lock rifle to feel jealous of interlopers whose material and mental arms were of improved mechanism and wider range

"I have just been reflecting," said Major Martial, "how absolutely what we call civilization is dependent on roads, and how justly the status of any people, historic or contemporaneous, may be estimated by a knowledge of its facilities for intercommunication. The classic ancients went as far as stone highways and oared galleys could carry them. The educated philosophy of China can not drag her above the level of carts, wheelbarrows, canals, and junks. Christendom of the nineteenth century blazes with the enlightenment of railroads, steamships, and magnetic telegraphs. The twentieth may possibly witness a still grander era of electric locomotion, with the air as a common highway, every man of substance owning a stable of flying horses or a family balloon. During the last two weeks we have had especial opportunities of observing the influence of these facilities on people of the same race, language, and traditions. From the luxury, splendor, and power of steam and electricity we have graduated, step by step, through railways, mud turnpikes, pack-horse trails, foot-paths, to where all traces of man are lost in the trackless wilderness. As we have progressed, the general appearance, manners, and character of the people have exhibited a remarkable conformity to the character of their roads. No roads, no civilization."

"Yet, major, you would not call the people around us savages?"

"By no means," said he, "for they are part and parcel of a great nation, inheriting by tradition and maintaining by occasional intercommunication, difficult and obstructed though it may be, some connection with its magnificent civilization. Yet imagine them cut off from Franklin or Adamson's store for a generation or two, and no aboriginal tribe on the continent would be more savagely destitute of the means of improvement or self-sustenance. At present they have neither schools, stores, churches, taverns, distilleries, nor newspapers. Wheeled vehicles are unknown, and all arts ignored, except the rudest agriculture and some primitive domestic manufactures. In brief, their only highways are sled tracks and cattle paths, and their civilization corresponds."

"Still," I persisted, "is it not doubtful whether all our material advantages, our wealth and science, have substantially increased the happiness or elevated the morals of the individual man? Do we not see here health and cheerfulness, plenty without overwork, social order maintained by patriarchal authority, neighborly kindness, freedom restrained from license by simplicity of manners and absence of temptation? How much more than this can our brilliant world promise? How much less does it not really give us?"

"My theory," replied the major, "does not apply to individual character, but to states and communities. Some of the grandest men on record have been barbarians. No barbaric people was ever great; and for the rest, the most enlightened and elevated society rarely exhibits an individual whose life can compare in purity and simple virtue with that of the ox."

The Dry Fork of Cheat River is one of four parallel streams which, after an average course of about forty miles, combine to form the main Cheat River—itself an important tributary of the Monongahela. It is named from the fact that its bed is habit-

SOLDIER WHITE.

ually dry except in seasons of high floods. Its sources are in Hay-stack Knob, a point on the dividing ridge of Alleghany, from whence the streams flow in radiating lines toward all points of the compass; for there, within a short distance of each other, are the springs whose waters mingle with those of the Potomac, the James, the Kanawha, and the Monongahela. The channel of this arid river lies just along the western base of the Alleghany Ridge, running northeast until it meets Red Creek, where, suddenly turning westward, it loses both name and character in mingling with superior streams. Its stony channel has a regular and rapid fall, widening as it progresses, and receiving numerous living tributaries, which quickly perish in its skeleton embrace.

The largest of these is the bright and blooming Gandy, which, after a parallel course of fifteen or twenty miles, intermarries with her grim and treacherous neighbor at Armantrout's—as we may have seen a trusting woman, whose youth was a poem of flowers and music, pour the full current of her fresh and smiling love into the home of some arid, unappreciative mate, to dry up and disappear, as Gandy does some half a mile below the junction.

Brawling brooks come tumbling down from the wooded hills, full of noisy confidence, like provincial capitalists rushing into Wall Street, to find themselves "sucked up" ere they can form a puddle deep enough to float a trout. Thoughtless little cascades, tripping and skipping through ferny bowers, jump down from moss-clad ledges, and are lost before they reach the channel. So they come, one after another, like joyous children with their dimpled faces and tinkling voices, sinking to death and silence in this cruel sepulchre. O remorseless grave, to whose dark prison the loveliness, the music, and the glories of earth are ever hastening, when shall thy ravening cease, or when thy mysteries be revealed!

At certain points, by placing the ear close to the loose stones which form the river's bed, we may hear, or imagine we hear, the whispering and moaning of the lost waters deep down below, as if the ogre stream was dragging its innocent captives through subterranean passages to some deeper, darker prison. Then, again, the Dry Fork is not always a valley of dry bones, for sometimes, during the season of melting snows, or after one of those diluvial thunder-showers common in this region, the silent, grinning skeleton awakes to life, and comes down roaring and foaming like a maniac broke loose. For a day or two the stream is dangerous and impassable, then sinks again into its death-like trance.

"The Dry Fork," observed the major, "is nothing more than an immense gully filled to the brim with loose angular rocks, discharging the waters of this valley precisely in the same manner that an artificial stone drain relieves our wet and swampy lands."

"Quite likely, major; but I wish you hadn't mentioned it, as the explanation dries up all my poetry."

At Soldier White's we found a regular two-storied log-house, containing half a dozen rooms, which serves as a place of entertainment to drovers who come up from below to summer their cattle on the fork, and to the occasional traveler who ventures to cross the wilderness by the pack-horse road from Seneca to Beverly, the county seat of Randolph. Here is also a tub-mill, driven

by a pretty stream of water, which has been caught and utilized before being swallowed by the dry river.

This combination of circumstances makes Soldier White's rather a notable place in the Dry Fork community, and as the proprietor himself observes, somewhat boastfully, there's not a month passes but he sees a stranger of one sort or another under his roof. The soldier is personally a man worthy of consideration. He is upward of sixty, and from his peculiar opportunities for seeing the world, is more cosmopolitan in his speech and views than most of his neighbors. He wears shoes habitually, and his residence exhibits the grade of civilization pertaining to a pack-horse road. His face, including his stack of hair, looks as if cast in bronze, while his square, sinewy hands are of the type most frequently carved and painted by Michael Angelo. His tall, athletic figure is a model of strength and endurance, its proportions slightly modified at present, owing to an accident. About six weeks ago, at the saw-mill, a log about three feet across the butt rolled over him, and flattened him out considerably; but he thinks he is drawing up to his natural shape again by degrees, and his ribs and back-bone getting set back in their places. To assist Nature in her praiseworthy efforts at reconstruction he distends himself as much as possible by eating heartily, and greases his exterior with bear's fat.

NOOSING TROUT.

Having never been in the military service, he can not explain how he got his sobriquet of "soldier," but thinks it was simply a tribute to his youthful strength and activity, which were extraordinary. Being a justice of the peace for Randolph, he is now sometimes more properly addressed as Squire White, which title of dignity he prefers.

The squire has a partner who is worthy of him, and a daughter "rising of sixteen," who assists in the housekeeping.

Martha White is entirely too pretty to be sketched as a type of the mountain maiden. A sparkling brunette, lithe and graceful as a fawn, she is also, from the habit of meeting strangers, more affable in her manners than most of her mountain cousins. On being asked if she understood cooking trout, she replied, smartly, "You'd better catch a mess first and try me," indicating at the same time that there was good fishing just below the mill.

The major and myself took the hint, and soon hooked a pretty string of small and medium-sized fish. There were, however, some magnates we saw moving about in the crystal water who could not be tempted by any bait we had to offer. They would glide out from beneath the cool shadows of the boulders, approach our traps with a certain majestic deliberation, sometimes even rubbing their noses against the hooks, then, as if satisfied that it wasn't worth the risk, would retire contemptuously, and let the minors take a bite, tickled, no doubt, at seeing how rapidly the youngsters snapped and went up. While we were worrying with these sly old rogues, Martha came down armed with a hickory

wand, with a running noose of horse-hair attached to the end. With an arch smile she requested us to hold off for a while, and let her try her hand. Creeping like a cat over the rocks, she marked a grand old voluptuary half dreaming among the shadows. Silently and gradually dropping her slender noose into the water, she drew it toward him. As the encircling hair touched his fin, it suggested a slight suspicion of mischief, and he slowly retreated to the distance of about half his length, then resuming his indifference again, lay balanced and immobile, very possibly felicitating himself on the superior wisdom which had enabled him to detect the gilt and feathered shams displayed to deceive the small fry of his race, and the lofty virtue which had taught him to resist the allurements of casual appetite. The next moment he was whipped from the water by an invisible noose of horse-hair, and wriggling in Martha's cat-like clutches. At this success the black eyes of the mountain nymph sparkled, and her plump cheeks pitted with rosy dimples. Quieting our applause with a gesture, she readjusted her trap, and presently lifted out another beauty, then another, and another, until she had captured four of the largest fish we had seen—one weighing two and a half pounds, and surpassing any we had taken with the hook. Having thus justified her own skill, she handed her angle to the major, at the same time instructing him how to use it. But neither he nor I had the dainty glibness of hand to execute the trick successfully, and after several awkward failures each, we gave up and returned to the house. The trout at dinner were brown as fritters, and verified another of the pretty maid's accomplishments.

The afternoon was whiled away with smoking, sleeping, and discoursing with Squire White and his sprightly daughter. We were given to understand that if we could content ourselves to remain a couple of days we might participate in some fun at the house, as there was to be a goose-plucking, at which all the gay society of the fork would be gathered. Mr. Rains, from Seneca, had sent word he would be over. Dilly Wyatt also would be there with her fiddle, and when she played it would set a cripple to dancing.

And who was Dilly Wyatt?

"Ye never heard of Dilly?" exclaimed the squire, with an expression of gratified surprise, as if he had discovered a defect in our education. "She's our brag gal over here, she is, and strangers like to hear about her."

"Then do tell us her story, to pass away the long evening."

The squire thrust his nervous, square-cut fingers into the shock of iron wire which stood for his hair, and after a preliminary rustling and scratching proceeded to deliver the following narrative, which we will endeavor to translate into smoother English, at the risk of losing something of its original naïveté and graphic point:

"Several years ago there was a young stranger from the lowlands who was in the habit of spending the greater part of the summer months roaming about these mountains. What brought him here was never clearly understood, nor could the limited fancies of the natives ever suggest a plausible motive for his frequent visits and long sojourning. Some supposed he might be a drover seeking a lost steer; others reckoned he was one of these 'inchimists' who could tell brass from gold, and was prospecting for minerals; a third resentfully suggested that he must be an engineer locating a railroad—a nefarious contrivance to increase taxes and the price of land, which would scare all the game out of the country. Shrewder gossips insinuated he was possibly a refugee from the oppressions of lowland law or society, whose vague terrors occasionally chilled the hearts of free-born mountaineers even in their most secluded retreats.

"But neither the stranger's appearance nor ways seemed to justify any of these surmises. He was a handsome youth, with a wild romantic eye, and a cataract of blonde hair falling over his shapely shoulders. Reticent of speech and shunning companionship, he seemed to take delight only in savage and solitary places. The hunters sometimes met him in the recesses of the forest, tearing through the laurel as if pursuing or pursued by some 'wild varmint.' Then he would lie for hours basking beside a sequestered brook, idly watching the gambols of the trout or the movements of the uncivilized creatures that came down to drink and prey upon each other. Again they would tell of his reckless activity in scaling frightful precipices, or how he stood upon the summit of inaccessible peaks looking down upon the eagles. Always carrying rifle and haversack, he was so heedless of sport that he never was seen to bring in any game. With pencils and tablets in his pockets, if he ever sketched or wrote, the world never heard of it. A worshiper of Nature, who sung no anthem to her praise, and laid no votive offering on her altars; an Alpine climber, who kept no record of the nameless heights he had scaled or the lonely dangers he had encountered; a romantic voluptuary, content to revel in beauty and sublimity without the courage or ambition to rehearse his emotions before a cynical and unappreciative world; a poet without verses, an artist without works, a dreamer, an idler, a genius, whose life was a bold defiance, or perhaps an unconscious protest against a society domineered by mercenary traders in stock, 'whose speech is of oxen,' or of meaner speculators in stocks, whose voices are modulated by the rise and fall of gold, or the su-

EXCELSIOR.

perlatively meanest traffickers in patriotism and politics, whose speeches fill the newspapers.

"But this worshiping of rocks, rivers, and trees is at best but a genteel phase of idolatry—a revival of paganism in the æsthetic world; and solitude without one or more choice spirits to share in the enjoyment of her charms is a bore of unlimited calibre.

"The traditional hermit is always painted with a bald head and a frosty beard, old, ugly, and dirty enough to justify his own disgust of society, and constrain the devil himself to respect his seclusion.

"As time wore on our Raphaelesque recluse with the golden locks and downy chin gradually relaxed in his social asceticism, and fell away from his inanimate and lonesome idols.

"He ceased to shun the friendly faces of the settlers, and was frequently seen warming himself at their hearths, sitting at their tables, and even sleeping in their beds. They were entertained with the novelty of his conversation, and amazed at the extent and variety of his information, while he found in their simple society gratification of his natural longing for human speech and presence without the risk of intrusion into the hallowed precincts of his ideal world.

"Dilly Wyatt was the only child of a widower, a stout herdsman and mighty hunter of this wild valley, whose cabin stood in one of its most savage and secluded passes. She was a tall, fine-looking girl after the mountain pattern, beaming with health and good humor, and uncommonly smart in all the learning pertaining to her people. She could cook and keep house equal to any maid or wife on the fork. She could shear a sheep, card and spin the wool, then knit a stocking or weave a gown with a promptness and skill that were beyond rivalry. Besides these feminine accomplishments, she could fish, shoot with a rifle, ride, swim, or skin a bear, in a manner to challenge the supremacy of the other sex.

"Our wandering artist had frequently stopped at old Wyatt's cabin, where, among other attractions, he found an ancient fiddle with which the proprietor had once amused his roistering youth. Being an expert on the instrument, he sometimes tuned it up and played for hours, to the great delight of father and daughter. When the men were gone Dilly took up the fiddle herself, and

THE YOUNG HERMIT.

being one of those who could turn a hand to any and every thing, she soon learned to play several airs upon it. Next time the visitor returned she surprised him with her new accomplishment, and he, perceiving that she had both taste for music and a will to learn, undertook to initiate her regularly into the mysteries of the art. His time and teachings were not wasted, for she learned with surprising rapidity, and soon developed very decided talent.

"Thenceforth it might have been observed that the erratic stranger was less frequently heard of in the wilderness, and oftener seen in the vicinity of old Wyatt's sociable dwelling, while Dilly's acquaintances were annoyed with her increasing absent-mindedness and continual humming of dancing tunes, both in and out of season. But it was natural enough (when wearied with his own lonesome ways) the teacher should find a solace in the company of so apt and willing a pupil, and that the mountain maiden, amidst her rude surroundings, should become enamored of her gentle and engaging art. Fortunately there were no meddlesome gossips at hand to suggest that it might be the artist instead of the art. The denizens of the dry valley are not much given to sentimentality, and we may proceed with our story without indulging in any needless or romantic surmises.

"One morning, after having given Dilly her musical instruction as usual, the artist stored his haversack with some cold victuals, and promising to return by evening, struck across the dry river and disappeared in the forest. The cottagers were so accustomed to his eccentric courses that his failure to appear at the appointed hour excited no surprise or uneasiness. Next day was stormy. A windy tempest swept the woods, and the rain came down like a water-spout. During the night that followed the storm swelled to a hurricane. Tree-tops were whirled through the murky air like thistle-down, and the forest shrieked and howled for the downfall of its tallest chieftains. The Wyatts sat beside their lowly hearth glaring with pine knots, and occasionally enveloped in clouds of smoke and ashes, to which the father responded defiantly with counter puffs from his root pipe, while Dilly concealed any vague uneasiness she might have felt behind her darling fiddle. Anon the old man removed his pipe, and pricking his ears as if to catch some especial note of the tumultuous charivari without, exclaimed,

"'D'ye hear that, Dilly?'

"She answered, with a nervous start, 'What is it, daddy? Did you hear any body?'

"He motioned silence, and her straining ear became presently aware of a low rushing sound distinguishable amidst the fitful voices of the tempest by its steadiness and continuity.

"As they listened there was a sudden swelling of the storm, followed by a crash so enormous and stunning that it seemed as if a whole magazine of thunder-bolts had blown up at once. Old Wyatt started to his feet staring wildly upward at the roof of his trembling cabin, while the daughter snatched a flaming brand and rushed out into the darkness. By the flash of her torch she saw near at hand a freshly upheaved wall of earth and roots higher than the chimney-top, and stretching away across fences and cabbage patches the prostrate body of a mighty tree which had long overshadowed their humble dwelling.

"'Come back, gal,' cried the father, resuming his pipe and his stolidity at once. 'The fork is up and the big hemlock is down, so we might as well go to bed.'

"The second morning dawned through clouds and mists, which hung on hill-sides and tree-tops like sloppy rags put out to dry. Æolus was quietly folding up his flaccid wind-bags, and Aquarius resting languidly on his empty watering-pot, but the dry river was full from bank to bank, and careering like a mad bull. After breakfast the old man mounted his nag and rode away toward Soldier White's to gossip anent the storm and look after a grist he had carried there some days before. Dilly was left alone to tend her household affairs and nurse a vague uneasiness about her absent friend. The day passed wearily enough between spinning, fiddling, and strolling up and down the stream, vainly listening for some signal call, and straining her eyes into the depths of the opposite forest. Late in the afternoon she was startled by hearing a distant rifle-shot, and hurrying up the stream for half a mile or more, she discerned through the mist the figure of a man emerging from the wood on the further shore. Flushed with the sight, she gave a ringing halloo which evidently struck the wanderer's ear, and was answered by a feebler

shout, like a cry for help. Then the figure tottered forward, sunk, and disappeared among boulders and thickets.

"Agitated with mingled hopes and fears, she repeated her calls again and again, awakening the echoes far up in the mountains, but no response from any living voice. Then, as if struck with a sudden thought, she hurried back to the house, and in a short time returned clad in a scanty linsey gown, bare-armed and barefooted, with a stout package tied firmly on the top of her head. Her eyes sparkled, her lips were compressed, and there was resolution expressed in every feature and movement. Scanning the savage torrent above and below, she hesitated for a few moments, as if instinctively calculating its force and speed, then nimbly descending to the edge, flung herself into the raging water. A few bold strokes brought her to the mid-current, which swept her away light as a feather in a whirlwind.

"The girl had evidently underrated the power of the stream, but she was a strong and confident swimmer, and in spite of the resistless downward sweep, continued to strike vigorously for the further shore, holding her head erect, as if intent on keeping her bundle dry at all hazards. Amidst the heaving and boiling of the mad current her downward course was so rapid that it was difficult to estimate her transverse progress; but as she approached a bend in the river, just at the head of a succession of falls, it might have been noted that the color forsook her cheek, and her efforts became more hurried and spasmodic. Suddenly, as if caught up in a water-spout, she was heaved over a submerged boulder and dashed headlong into the foaming eddy below. For a moment she was lost to sight, then her head popped up through a bed of yellow froth, blinded and gasping. Clearing her eyes with a quick movement of her hand, she saw that the bend and the current had helped her on her way, and she was almost within reach of the shore. Another desperate effort and she succeeded in grasping a trailing root, by which she drew herself to land. Once more on firm footing, she felt for the package on her head, and finding it still in place, hurried up the bank to search for the object of her solicitude.

"Nearly a quarter of a mile above her

THE MOUNTAIN HEROINE.

OVER THE WATER.

landing-place she stumbled upon the body of a man lying prostrate among the bushes. Beside him was a rifle, dropped from the nerveless grasp; his clothes were drenched and torn in shreds; his upturned face, half hidden by the tangled hair and battered hat, was white and motionless as death. On the brave girl's face the dawning smile of recognition was suddenly quenched. With trembling haste she loosed the bundle from her head, and laying it on a rock, dropped on her knees beside the body. A few moments after she started from the cold embrace with a countenance all radiant with joy, and quickly opening her precious package, displayed its contents on the sward—a cold corn pone partially soaked in muddy water, some greasy slices of fried venison, and a small flask of liquor.

"Dilly clapped her hands and laughed. 'Not dead yit, by a long sight, but only jist half starved. See what I've brung ye, my pretty boy!'

"But at the sight of the bread and meat the languid eyes closed again, as if in token of refusal. Then, tenderly encircling the youth's clammy head with her plump arm, she raised him to a half-sitting posture, and in coaxing tones half whispered, 'Now this ye won't refuse, I'm sure.'

"Then followed the resonance of an osculatory smack, as his pallid lips met those of the devoted girl's brandy-bottle. The timely stimulant assisted exhausted nature across the narrow bridge which led from death to life. The patient opened his eyes, sat up alone, and consented to nibble a little at the corn-bread and venison. In the mean time the indefatigable nurse had collected a heap of wood, and by means of the rifle kindled a blazing fire, and warmed a portion of the food to render it more savory and wholesome.

"Drink, food, and fire had so far restored the wanderer that he was enabled to give a brief account of his absence. He had strolled many miles away toward the summit of the Back-bone, where he was caught in the storm. Having eaten up his provisions, he undertook to return, fell from a ledge of rock and sprained his ankle, and thus, crippled and half starved, he had spent two terrible days in endeavoring to drag himself back to the cabin. Now he required only shelter and rest; but the stream was still impassable, and from his sprained ankle and general exhaustion he was incapable of locomotion. To a city belle the situation might have appeared hopeless; but Dilly 'was not born in the woods to be scared by an owl.' In a marvelously short time, with moss and hemlock twigs she had made a bed which, under the circumstances, might have been esteemed luxurious. A canopy of evergreen boughs sheltered it from the sky, while a blazing fire dispelled unwholesome damps and diffused an air of cheerfulness around. The remnants of the meat and drink were placed beside it, and the hollowed surface of a convenient rock contained several gallons of fresh rain-water to quench the invalid's thirst, if required. Regarding these arrangements with a smile of satisfaction, the mountain heroine cut short a grateful speech by ordering her patient to lie still and get a good night's sleep. 'By morning,' said she, 'the fork will be down, and dad 'll fetch ye over to the house on his horse.'

"The stars were shining when she took leave, and walking some distance up the stream to find a longer sweep of unbroken current, she boldly took the water again, and reached the cabin in safety.

"Next morning the river bed was nearly dry, and by sunrise the invalid had been transferred to old Wyatt's cabin. He had slept profoundly, and was refreshed; but his ankle was fearfully swelled, and it took a fortnight's nursing to set him fairly on his feet again. When the time came for the stranger to leave he pressed a pretty sum of money into old Wyatt's hand, and thanked the daughter with a warmth and fullness of speech which ought to have been satisfactory; but there was at the same time a reserve and even stateliness of manner which rather wounded the warm-hearted girl. He went, and returned no more."

"And did he go off, and forget such a girl as that?" exclaimed Dick, indignantly. "By thunder, I'd have married her!"

"Very chivalric," suggested the major;

GOOSE-PLUCKING.

DILLY WYATT.

"but in your case that might be thought a poor return for a heroic service."

"I reckon he hasn't quite forgot her," said White; "for hit's been the butt eend of four year sence he was up here, and every year reg'lar he sends some nice present to her or the old man. One thing was an elegant new fiddle, and the way she touches it it sounds like an angel's harp."

To-morrow she'll be at the goose-plucking, and we'll tarry to see the heroine, and dance to her music.

Next morning we were out early after the trout, trying to earn our breakfast before we ate. While thus engaged we saw a dozen or more girls crossing the ford below the mill. The scene was picturesque, reminding Cockney of "Humpty Dumpty," except that about New York the water is somewhat deeper. They were evidently *en route* for our anticipated frolic, and were chattering like a flight of crows, until they caught sight of the strangers. Then sudden silence fell upon them, and they huddled like frightened partridges, those who had shoes dodging into fence corners to put them on, and those who had none waiting with their fingers in their mouths.

People who have become wearied or disgusted with the overloaded fashions of the day would naturally be charmed with the simplicity of these mountain nymphs. There was not a hoop, chignon, bustle, panier, flounce, nor furbelow in the company, and such as wore two garments had precisely twice as many as some of their sisters. Some had shoes and some had none, and such as were not absolutely bare-headed shaded their complexions with sun-bonnets, straw flats, or the more common and graceful head handkerchief. Favored belles wore ornamental horn combs in their hair, and were rather profusely decorated with bright buttons, gilt spools, and the tinsel used in packing muslins and calicoes, which represented jewelry. The breast of one fair dam-

sel was at once adorned and protected by the paper effigy of a spread eagle grasping the national shield in his golden claws. Attracted by the red, white, and blue, the major complimented her patriotic taste, but she didn't understand the allusion, and simply replied that "Sylvester Rains had gi'n her that picter last time she bought a new dress over at Seneca." Indeed, betwixt diffidence on one side, and want of tact, perhaps, on the other, our efforts to engage the ladies in conversation totally failed, and all parties were relieved when the pretty hostess came running out to conduct her guests into the house.

Here they escaped further conversational embarrassment by entering at once into the occupations of the household. A detachment, conducted by Dame White, went off to the barn to pick the geese, while others volunteered to assist Martha in cooking and serving breakfast. In vain we invited and pressed our fair attendants to sit at table and partake with us, for all were too well bred to commit so gross a breach of patriarchal etiquette, which teaches that woman's mission is to cook and serve. When her natural lord and protector is done, she meekly takes her seat, and enjoys her victuals all the more for not being stared at. After breakfast, while the materials for the frolic continued to arrive, I received a private invitation from Squire White to look in at the goose-picking. As we slyly peeped between the logs of the barn the whole interior seemed a whirlwind of laughter, screeching, and flying feathers, so that it was hard to distinguish the pluckers from the plucked. Occasionally, as the downy clouds subsided, one might catch a momentary glimpse of groups worthy of the antique—scenes that may be carved and painted more elegantly and easily than described—and as such we commend them to the Praxitileses and Photogeneses of modern art; and for a more practical account of the subject we must refer our readers to those good old-fashioned folks who raise geese and sleep in featherbeds.

Dilly Wyatt at length arrived, carrying her fiddle in a muslin bag slung over her shoulders. She was a buxom lass, with grand black eyes and regular features; but we were disappointed in her appearance, as we usually are by the personal presence of famous people. There are no two animals so unlike as the stage hero and the reality Nevertheless, our mountain heroine showed, both in dress and manners, the ameliorating influence of her association with the Muses. No silly gewgaws marred the simplicity of her costume, while her deportment was frank and unaffected. Her musical repertory—viewed from a professional stand-point—was limited, and not of the loftiest character, being made up of jigs, reels, and dances, with several old hymn tunes for the adagios, and an occasional interlude of monotonous droning on the low, melancholy chords of the instrument, which

THE DANCE.

I guessed were her own "pensées musicales," composed perhaps during the long autumn twilights while she sat in the cabin alone.

The girl was robust in her cheerfulness, and took a leading part in organizing and directing the frolic, although I fancied, as is always the poet's privilege, that one might discover an underlying shadow in her cloudy eyes and a sadness in the cadences of her music—traces of a sorrow so true and brave that it scorned nursing and needed none.

After the mid-day dinner our party was swelled by a number of young bucks from the neighborhood, and the dancing commenced. The movements at first were rather shy and constrained, but a few rounds with the inspiriting strains of Dilly's music warmed their blood and started the wheels of gayety to buzzing. We had all done our best in playing the agreeable to the ladies to avoid offending the jealous susceptibilities of their native beaux, and as strong drink is not commonly introduced at the Dry Fork assemblies, we had nearly got through the afternoon without an accident.

With his usual luck, however, Cockney narrowly escaped getting us into a row. Delighted with the opportunity of showing off his strong points, he had been exceedingly gay and prominent in the dance, but becoming wearied and disgusted with the succession of jigs, reels, and square figures, he asked Miss Roy if she understood the round dances. That young lady signified her willingness to shake a foot to any tune that could be started, and promptly took her place on the floor beside the gallant. Encircling her waist with his arm, Augustus politely requested the fiddler to "please give us a polka." The mystified musician was silent; and the equally mystified partner, red as a trout about the gills, delicately attempted to elude the embarrassing embrace. He, entirely absorbed with the idea of electrifying the assembly with his graceful whirls, reiterated his call for a polka, mazourka, waltz, or any round dance, and persisted in holding on to his retreating companion.

At length a tall, iron-bound forester, who had been squirming with jealousy, forgot his hospitable politeness, and laying his heavy hand on Cockney's shoulder, exclaimed, "Lookee here, mister. Our gals won't stand huggin' on sich short acquaintance, they won't, ah."

Augustus was himself electrified, and the house buzzed with mingled laughter and indignation.

The major, prompt in all social emergencies, stepped forward and explained the situation. Cockney apologized to the lady and the company, and the big woodman made amends for his rudeness by a grasp of the hand so friendly and penitent that it brought tears to the recipient's eyes.

The menaced storm being thus dissipated, and it being near sunset, there was a general interchange of compliments and invitations, and the party broke up—those who lived near at hand returning to their respective homes, and others, including the musician, who lived at a distance, staying over until next day.

MOTHER MICHAUD.

It was early morn when Mother Michaud
  Passed by the guard at the city gate,
Drowsily measuring, to and fro,
  The narrow length of the iron grate.

Still, far and faint in the twilight swoon,
  Where dark and dawning at struggle meet,
Like her own pale shadow, the waning moon
  Hung lonely over the lonely street.

By winding stairway and gable quaint—
  Carved over again in shade below—
By arch and turret and pillared saint,
  With lightsome step walked Mother Michaud.

Pleasant it was in the smoky town
  The rosy old country face to see!
The high white cap and the peasant gown
  Brought up a vision of Normandie—

Normandie, with its fair green swells,
  The sweep of its orchards' flowery flood,
Ways that wind into woody dells,
  Corn fields red with the poppy's blood.

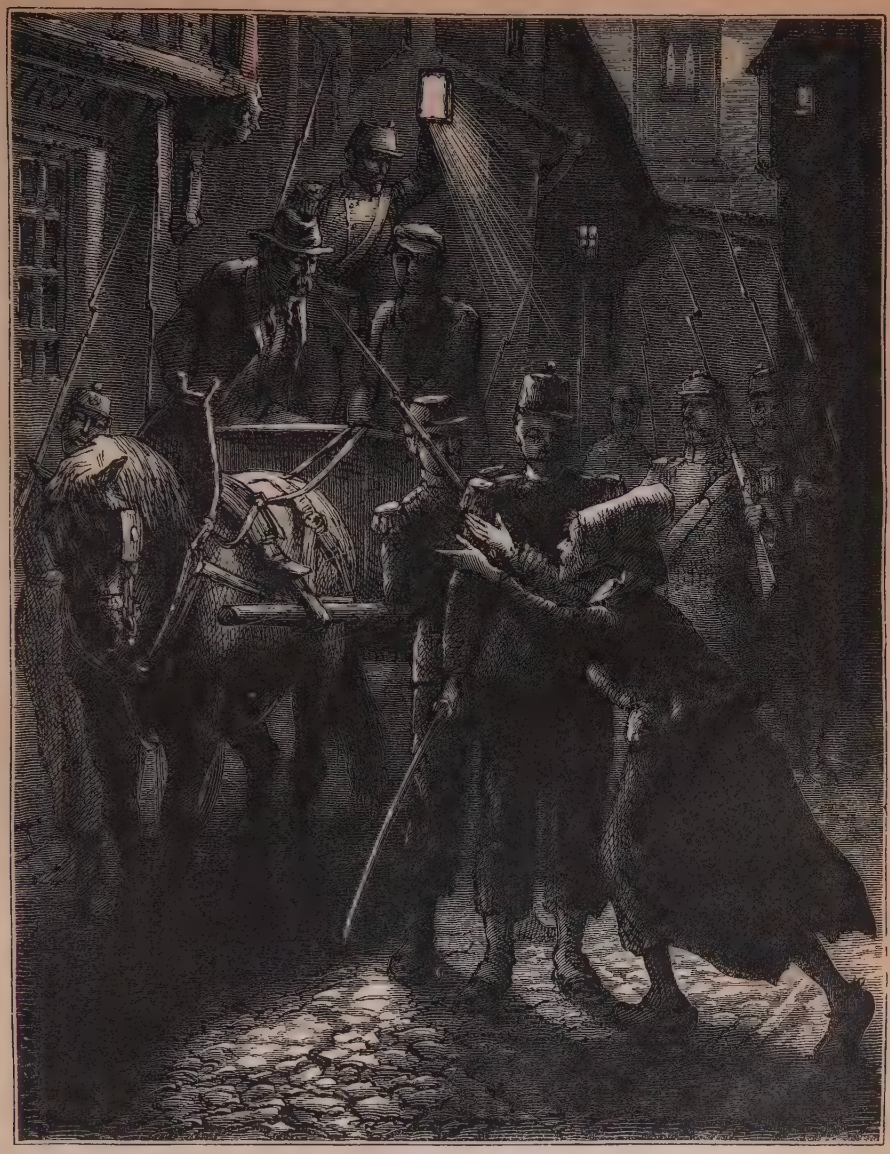
There, in the corner, the wheel stood still
  That used to whir like the bees on the thatch;
The cherries might tap on the window-sill,
  And the vine, unloosened, lift the latch;

But Mother Michaud had left behind
  The sun and scent of her native plain,
Far over the darkling hills to find
  The face of her youngest son again.

Nine long years had come and gone,
  Nine long years, since the April day
When into the mists of the early dawn
  He melted, a kindred mist, away.

And year after year the bright boy-face,
  That never came back from that cloud-land dim,
Beckoned her out of the empty space,
  Till it drew her at last to follow him.

Lonely and dark in the dawning spread
  The city's tangle of court and street;
But the stones that answered her hurrying tread
  Had echoed before to his passing feet!



"FORWARD SHE SPRANG—"

Lonely and dark?—But a sound, a glare,
  Strike on the sense like a sudden blow!
Press closer up to the shadowy stair,
  Out of the tumult, Mother Michaud!

Clatters the street to the soldiers' tramp,
  File on file, with a stately sheen,
Under the flare of the fitful lamp
  Held high in the cart that rolls between.

The heads carved over the doorway there
  Grin into view for a moment plain,
Mocking the mute, bewildered stare
  Of the mother who finds her son again.

Finds him, to lose him at last—like this!
  Chained like a wolf, with those wolfish eyes!
Dead, with never a mother's kiss,
  Ere yon low moon drops out of the skies!

Forward she sprang, in the torch-light blaze
  Full overhead as the cart went by—
All her soul in that straining gaze,
  All her strength in that maddened cry.

He turned, as it smote through his dulling ears:
  Their wild eyes met—and the cart drove on.
So Mother Michaud, after nine long years,
  Looked into the face of her youngest son.

ROUND BY PROPELLER.

THE "COLUMBIA."—SUNRISE.

WE reached Buffalo late on Thursday evening, and drove directly to the dock, with but faint hope of finding our boat, advertised to leave at five o'clock. "Let us give it up, Aunt Ruth, and go to the Tifft House for the night," said my school-girl niece, Persis Wayne, whose thoughts were in Niagara, where we had spent the previous week.

"Give it up, Sissy? Never! That's so like a girl," said her brother Morris, a salt-water Freshman.

"Well, at any rate, do not call me Sissy."

"What's in a name, little Persistent? A Wayne, by any other name—"

"Now, children," I began, "let us have peace."

"Plagiarism, Aunt Rue," interrupted Morris.

"Granted," I replied; "but the principle is the same; let there be a truce to disputes, and let us enjoy the lake trip as much as we can."

When we reached the dock we found the *Columbia* alongside, and a horde of wild men, half dressed and swarthy, carrying boxes, rolling barrels, pitching bales, and trundling barrows down the plank with grim ferocity The moon we had expected to find on Lake Erie was obscured by clouds, and a Buffalo breeze was blowing (at home I should have called it a gale); but Morris marshaled us on board in high spirits, and led the way up the ladder-like stairs out upon the narrow side deck. "The carriage has gone, our ships are burned behind us, and our faces turned toward the setting sun, Aunt Rue," he said, bringing some little stools from the cabin, and placing them in a row by the railing. Here we sat and watched the scene below—the dusky warehouse, the moving lanterns, and the medley of strange noises, the hurry and bustle of an inland port, one of the five large cities of the fresh water seas. For some time I enjoyed the novelty of the sight, but at length the confusion wearied both eyes and ears, and I proposed to Persis that we should go to our state-room.

"What, miss the start, Aunt Rue! I am sure the boat will leave in a few moments. See, there is the last barrel."

But after the barrel came staves, and after the staves bags, and after the bags bales At length I persuaded Persis to accompany me inside; the cabin was deserted, and we went to our state-room, where my niece accorded me full possession of the so-called double berth below, and climbing up on the upper shelf, soon fell asleep on her perch, with the happy facility of youth. But after the bales came bar-iron, each bar coming down with a clang that seemed to strike through my brain and set all the nerves dancing. Just when longer endurance became

impossible, that noise ceased, and shouting began; then came a quiver, a gentle rocking, a straining, a ting-ting-ting, ting, ting-ting of a bell, and we were off, the steady motion of the engine pulsating through the floor, and lulling me with a promise of sleep. Alas! when the *Columbia* was fairly outside, and had left the Queen City of the Lakes behind, the Buffalo breeze met her, and a contest began—steam against wind, man against nature. All night we were rolled, pitched, and tossed on the short waves of Lake Erie, and morning dawned over a turbid, roughened expanse, with one forlorn vessel in the distance, beating up under close-reefed canvas.

"WAITER, I THINK I COULD TASTE A PICKLE."

After a struggling toilet Persis and I went out into the cabin, our thoughts intent on hot coffee. A few pale women sat silently on the red velvet sofas, and watched the steward with hungry eyes as he sped up and down on either side of the long table, laying the plates with mathematical regularity, and bringing the goblets, five in each hand, like a magician. Few came to breakfast, and fewer still ate any thing. A group of schoolgirls from Utica, two gentlemen from Albany, the pale women, and our party formed four oases down the long table, while at the head the bluff captain presided, and did the honors with hearty politeness. A tall young man appeared toward the end of the meal, and carried off relays of tea and toast to a state-room, and an officer in undress uniform came in from the forward deck, and ate his breakfast with military dispatch.

"How do you like being rocked in the cradle of the deep, Aunt Rue? You look rather pale this morning," said Morris, mischievously.

"*You* had better not say any thing," said Persis, with a meaning glance.

"Bread that we've tasted may sometimes return," sang my incorrigible nephew, as he tied down his straw hat before venturing on deck.

Toward dinner-time the wind subsided, and the passengers began to show themselves. The tall young man appeared with a little blonde wife; more women, of various ages, sat on the sofas; children made themselves audible, and husbands and fathers stood about at the end of the cabin, all the little stools having been sternly carried off by the steward and his dark satellites. Roast beef, pork and beans, cabbage, potatoes, corn-bread, pie, and pudding formed the bill of fare, and the pale women added copious draughts of tea, and fed their babies with beans generously heaped upon their knife-blades. A delicate widow opposite attracted our attention by her somewhat passée beauty and aristocratic air; we fancied she was a Southerner from her accent; her companions addressed her as "Mrs. Peyton," and treated her with marked deference.

"How do you feel, dear?" said one.

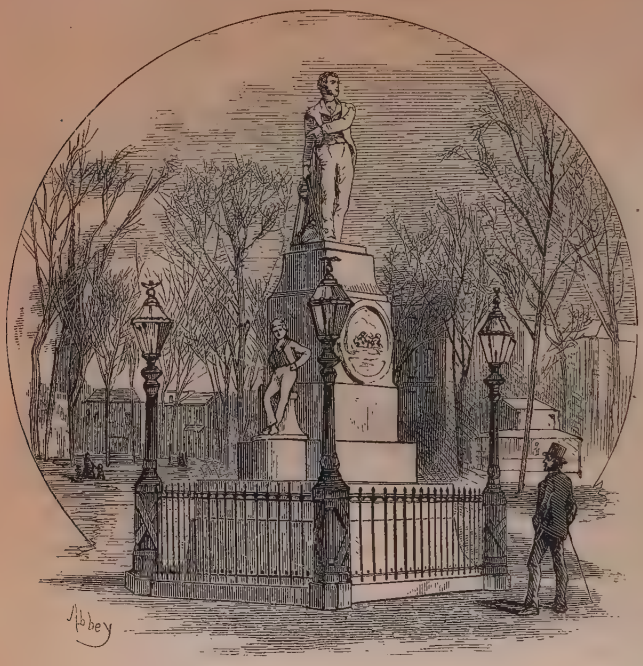
"Very weak," replied Mrs. Peyton, raising her large eyes languidly; "my nerves are quite shattered; I feel scarcely able to raise my head." Then to the waiter, "Roast beef, rare, and a spoonful of beans."

"I was afraid you would suffer; the boat rocked fearfully," said another, leaning forward with a sympathizing glance.

"Yes; I fainted several times, and Theresa was much alarmed. She was obliged to give me chloral," answered Mrs. Peyton, helping herself to cabbage and potatoes, appropriating the biscuit, and glancing languidly toward the butter. "Waiter, I think I could taste a pickle."

"I told Phœbe I knew you would be worn out this morning," said a large man whom they called "General."

"Worn out? Ah, yes. I have no stamina. I was always so fragile," sighed the widow, securing the butter, and covering the table with an exhaustive glance. "Waiter, I think I will try one of those chops," she murmured, motioning toward the captain's especial dish, and sinking back in her chair until the loaded plate returned.



PERRY MONUMENT, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

"Poor thing!" whispered a lady to the general; "she has never recovered from her affliction."

"Do try to taste something more, dear," urged a companion, as we were leaving the table.

"How can you ask me?" murmured the fair sufferer. But she did try, nevertheless—a third cup of tea and some more pudding.

Going out on the forward deck, we seated ourselves at the bows. The *Columbia* was a large propeller, high out of the water in front, and sloping gradually back, so that it was quite like walking up hill to come from the stern forward to the bows. Here a ladder led up to the wheel-house, where a keen-eyed man gazed so fixedly over the water that every time we noticed him we fancied he must see something there, and unconsciously found ourselves looking for a water-spout, or at least a mermaid, in the gray expanse ahead. The captain paced up and down enjoying an after-dinner cigar, some of the husbands and fathers sat disconsolately on the anchor, and a restless boy amused himself twirling the capstan round for the sake of hearing the steady clank, clank, which soon became a familiar sound, as, for some inscrutable cause, that capstan was never at rest, but continually being turned on its axis. Now a boy was at it, now a man, now a woman, but always somebody, clank, clank, all day long, until, as Morris said, it became a "demnition grind." The *Columbia* rode steadily onward, the southern shore in plain view, a monotonous coast, with nothing in its appearance to convey any intimation of the wealth and agricultural luxuriance of the great State of Ohio. Presently the spires of Cleveland came into sight, a cloud of smoke resting over the city coming from the iron-mills and oil-refineries crowded together on the marshy flat of the Cuyahoga Valley. The wind had gone down, the lake was calm, and the air much warmer than in breezy Buffalo; the passengers gathered on the forward deck, the school-girls responding shyly to the courtesies of the Albany gentlemen, the little blonde, carefully veiled, leaning on her husband's arm, and Mrs. Peyton, in a comfortable arm-chair, bestowing upon the Forest City the honor of a languid survey.

"What kind of a place is Cleveland, captain?" said an ancient clergyman from Massachusetts, with a patronizing air.

"Good enough place; 'ily, though," replied the captain.

"Ah—yes. Petroleum wells in operation here, I believe?"

The captain looked at the questioner a moment, as if to fathom such a depth of ignorance, but encountering the bland superior smile of the Eastern fossil, he gave it up, and merely said, "No wells in this part of the country, Sir."

"Ah—yes. I remember now. There is, I believe, a tunnel owned by the Free South Pipe Improvement Company, by means of which the crude petroleum is forced to Cleveland, there refined, and exported to Europe direct, by way of the St. Lawrence, in iron-clad tank ships built for the purpose."

"You might know that chap was a minister, now," muttered the mate. "He may have uncommon, but he certainly ain't got common sense."

Now the *Columbia* let loose her unearthly double whistle, a high shriek and a deep roar in one dissonant chord, three times repeated; then her head turned in toward shore, and a gang of wild men appeared from the lower regions, and ranged themselves around the capstan. Little tugs flew

UNCOMMON SENSE.

sputtering in and out of the river, ducking under the bridges, their pipes magically lowered for the purpose, and a vessel heavily loaded with blue barrels swayed slowly aside to let us pass.

"Captain, what are the contents of those barrels?" inquired the Utica school-mistress who presided over the band of school-girls.

"Ile, marm."

"Captain, pray what is this disagreeable odor?" said Mrs. Peyton, taking out a vinaigrette.

"Ile, marm."

"What makes the water look so funny?" said Curlylocks, one of the school-girls, gazing over the side.

"Ile, miss."

The river was narrow and crowded with craft: propellers, vessels, canal-boats, tugs, and one remnant of old times, a fine side-wheel steamer, looking dignified and powerful beside its companions.

"What a splendid boat!" cried Blackeyes, another school-girl.

"Them side-wheelers isn't good for much on these lakes," said the captain. "They make a big show, but they lop over easy in a gale. Give me a tight propeller, and I'll show 'em a clean pair of heels all the way from Buffalo to Chi-care-go."

At length the *Columbia* reached her dock, and was made fast by the wild men, who ran around the capstan at furious speed, while the mate, having cast ashore the coil of small rope, occupied himself in hanging head downward over the side, and bellowing orders to the unseen slaves below.

"How long do we remain here, captain?" asked one of the Albany gentlemen, whom Persis had already named "Mephisto," on account of a satirical something lurking in his calm, handsome face and polished manners, as well as his apparent influence over the fresh-faced youth who accompanied him.

"Until sunset," replied the captain.

And as the afternoon was delightful, parties were hastily formed to see the sights of the Forest City, Mephisto capturing the school-mistress by his studied politeness, thus giving Faust an opportunity to walk with Curlylocks, who seemed nowise opposed to the arrangement. Persis, Morris, and I took a carriage, and after climbing a steep hill, found ourselves in the main business street of the Forest City.

"Where are you going, driver?" asked Morris.

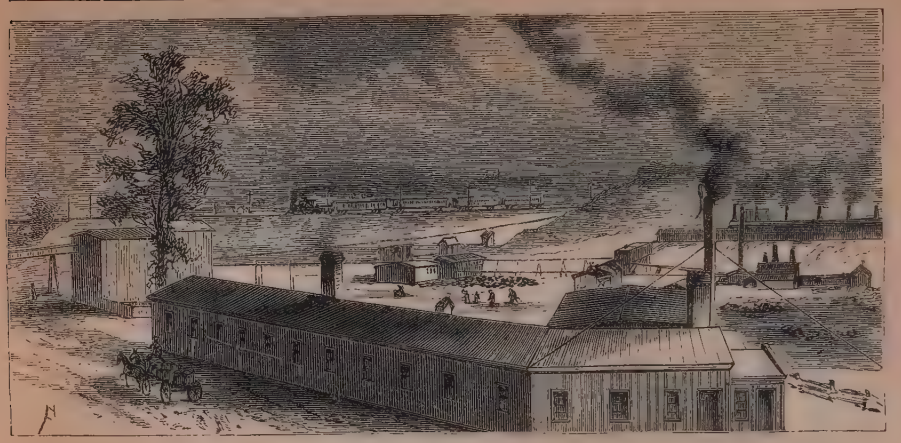
"Up Euclid Avenue, Sir. That's where the big houses are, Sir."

"But I want to see an oil-refinery," said Morris.

"Oh, Morris, don't go near that oil; it will give us all headaches; and besides, I want to see the residences," said Persis.

"That's just like a girl. You can see residences any where; but Cleveland is a great oil place: it may be called 'highly refined.' There comes Major Archer. I got acquainted with him this morning on deck. He's a first-rate fellow, and knows all about Cleveland. I am going to ask him." So saying, Morris jumped out and ran toward the

"ILE, MARM."



OIL-REFINERY, CLEVELAND.

officer, who was walking up the hill. After some conversation they approached the carriage door, and Morris introduced the stranger to us. "Major Archer knows all about the refineries, Aunt Rue; he has a friend in the business, and advises us to see the process by all means. I say, major, won't you come with us?"

At first the officer declined, but when, pleased with his manner, I added my request, he accepted the invitation, and directed the driver down to the flats by another road over the Cuyahoga River and the Ohio Canal. The flat was crowded, odoriferous, and smoky, with lumber, oil, and iron; but the oil predominated. Blue barrels met our eyes on every side, huge tanks rose from the ground like fortifications, and a network of pipes, elevated high in the air, ran hither and thither, while over, under, and throughout all the pungent petroleum made itself felt in every breath we drew. On we went, and the smoking chimneys grew into a forest, the railroad tracks on either side held long lines of singular boiler-shaped cars, and trestle-work and tram-ways ran in every direction like arteries from the central steam-engines.

"Here is my friend's refinery," said Major Archer. "Would you like to go through the works?"

Owing to Morris's eagerness I assented, and we soon forgot every thing but the interest of the scene.

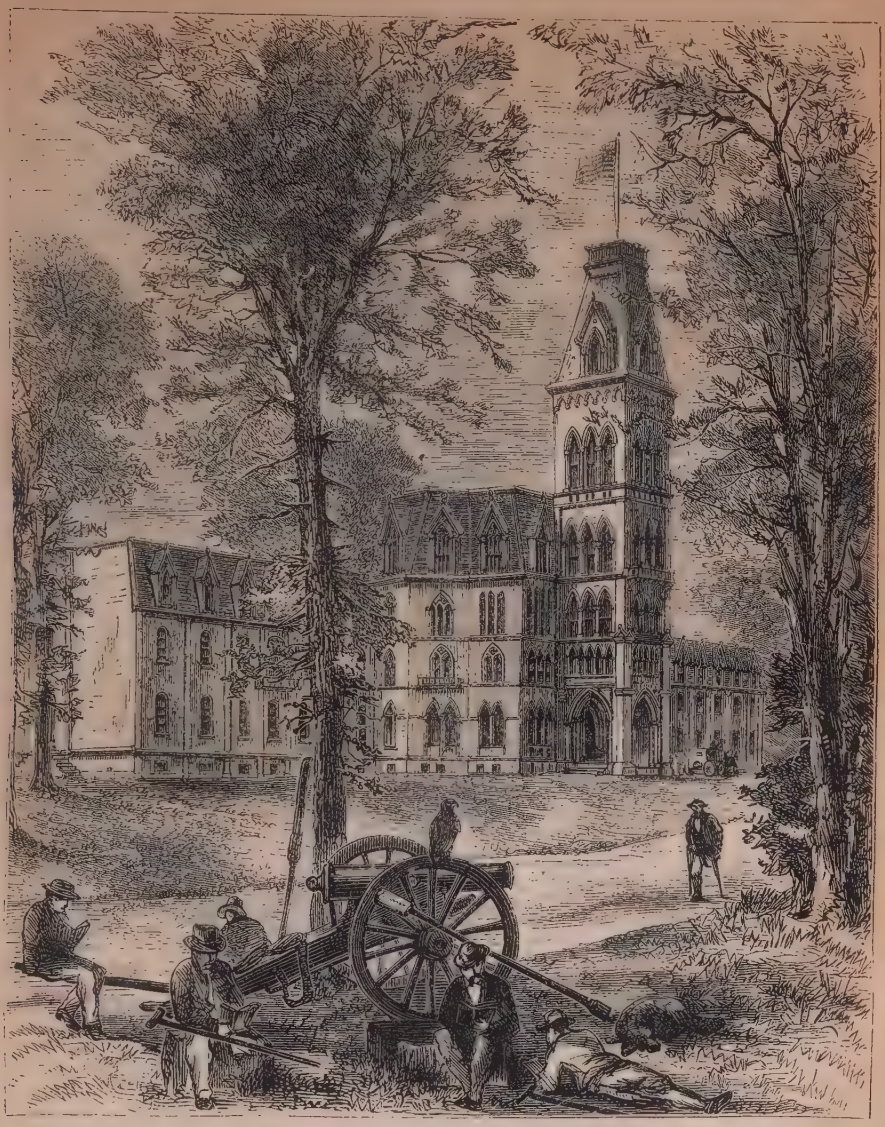
The crude green petroleum, brought from the oil regions in the boiler-like cars, was carried through a long range of pipes on trestle-work from the car to the huge tank on the hill, from whence it was drawn off as required for the stills. The row of stills, with the great fires under them, boiled the tar out of the oil, and then sent it through pipes coiled in water-boxes to the receiving-house. Here, running from many little mouths, the oil came into sight as it fell into the receivers below, the naphtha flowing off first, and the purified oil shimmering and shining in rare shades of color—blue, purple, and gold—as different from the turbid green of the crude petroleum as the golden butterfly from the caterpillar.

Into the pipes again went the rainbow water, flowing down to be "treated" and "agitated," like many a human patient. Rows of gigantic jugs appeared imbedded in wooden cases, with their mouths carefully secured. These were the medicines with which the oil was treated, chemicals with long names; and after being dosed with them it was turned into an immense iron caldron, and agitated until all the original sin of mother earth was driven out, exhaling in choking odors which almost converted us to the old farmer's belief in the sulphurous origin of this wonderful production of the nineteenth century. The subdued oil was then washed and rewashed in water, and issued forth odorless and clean to take its place in the round reservoirs, where, by mounting on a staging, we could still see the prismatic tints made in nature's laboratory, which no treatment or agitation could purloin from the imprisoned fluid. Beneath the reservoirs were rows of blue barrels. "Click!" went the automatic faucet, showing that a barrel was full. It was rolled away, a wooden cork dipped in glue driven into place, and behold! the refined oil ready for transportation.

When we had seen the last of the barrel we turned away to visit the tar stills, where the tar, boiled out of the oil, is transformed into translucent paraffine and dingy coke.

"What a parable this would make!" said Persis. "Coke is the body, and the beautiful paraffine is the soul, freed from its thralldom."

"Oh, come now, Persis," interrupted Morris, "don't you come down on the body in that rarefied style. Bodies are very good



NATIONAL ASYLUM, MILWAUKEE.—[SEE PAGE 532.]

things in their way, and I've always noticed that those soulist fellows take precious good care of theirs."

"Is this refining business profitable, Major Archer?" I asked, as we drove away.

"Fortunes are made in it yearly, but the risk from fire and explosion is great. Crude petroleum yields about seventy per cent. of refined oil, fifteen per cent. of naphtha and gasoline, and five per cent. of tar, which, in its turn, produces eighty-five per cent. of paraffine."

"I have heard that more oil is refined in Cleveland than any where else in the country. Is this so?" asked Morris.

"Yes. There is capacity here for stilling fifteen thousand barrels daily; and the daily shipments during the season of navigation, to New York alone, for exportation, amount to five thousand barrels. These figures are rather below than above the truth. It is only a few years since this flat was a prairie, and the Cuyahoga River a clear stream flowing through the long grass; but now, as you see, every foot of soil is occupied, and the river is more petroleum than water. A short time ago it took fire, and the water fairly blazed as it flowed down to the lake. A river on fire is something of a phenomenon."

"I should not like to live here," said Persis.

"Wait a few moments before you judge, Miss Wayne. Once on the plateau above and you will change your opinion. It would be difficult to find, outside of New York, a street so beautiful as Euclid Avenue."

Persis looked incredulous, but when we had crossed the park, which was adorned with a fine statue of Commodore Perry, the hero of Lake Erie, and entered the avenue, she was obliged to acknowledge the justice of Major Archer's praise. Large, costly houses of various styles of architecture succeeded each other for three miles, not in blocks, but each one by itself, in extensive grounds, thus combining the beauties of the city and country. The velvet lawns, conservatories, shrubbery, statues, and fountains of these fine residences, the noble trees and the smooth pavement, brought enthusiastic praise from all of us.

"It is indeed a beautiful street," said Persis, as we drove to another part of the city; "I had no idea there was any thing like it on the lakes."

"Westward the star," quoted Morris.

"However," added Persis, as the driver paused on the lake shore to give us a view of the sunset, "I have one fault to find with the avenue of the Forest City."

"What is that?" asked the major.

"It should be here, overlooking the lake."

As the sunset glow faded into twilight, the *Columbia* sailed out into the gray expanse of Lake Erie again; the major sat talking with Persis and myself, but as Morris had succeeded in obtaining an introduction to the school girls, we saw little of him during the remainder of the evening. Mephisto walked up and down with the schoolmistress, Miss Key, on his arm.

"Ah, it does my heart good to meet with such fresh enthusiasm as yours, Miss Key," said Mephisto, as they passed us.

"Ridiculous," murmured Persis under her breath.

"Pardon me, Miss Wayne; but let us analyze that adjective," said the major. "Who is ridiculous, the lady or the gentleman?"

"The lady, of course," answered Persis, with the vehement contempt of feminine sixteen for feminine thirty-six.

"Because you think she is too old to walk up and down the deck with a young gentleman? And if she was a married lady, Miss Wayne?"

"Oh, that makes a difference, of course. Married ladies of that age are often very agreeable. They do not show their years as single women do; they are not so prim, so cross—in short, so disagreeable."

"There it is again," said the major, with a smile, "that universal pitying dislike for old maids. I hope you do not think that all the single women you see have entered the sisterhood from necessity?"

"I'm sure this one did," said Persis.

"Oh, Miss Wayne, Miss Wayne! what can you know about it? Some of the noblest heart histories in the world are hidden under the prim exteriors which you ridicule. Years of patient endurance and lonely suffering without a murmur or a sign! We men have not half that fortitude. We can not sit patiently looking back over the ghost of a lost love; we put it away, and take something, any thing, in its place, with all the haste we can."

"And is not that the best way, Major Archer?" I said.

"I do not say no; but there is something very heroic in that eternal loyalty which continues faithful unto and beyond death."

A TINGE OF SADNESS.

A tinge of sadness had crept into our random talk. I leaned back and looked around the deck. Mephisto was still on duty, while Faust and Curlylocks sat on one side of the anchor, and Morris and Blackeyes on the other. "Ah, shepherdess," I thought, "look to your lambs!"

Presently the tall husband sauntered out from the cabin and began talking with the captain.

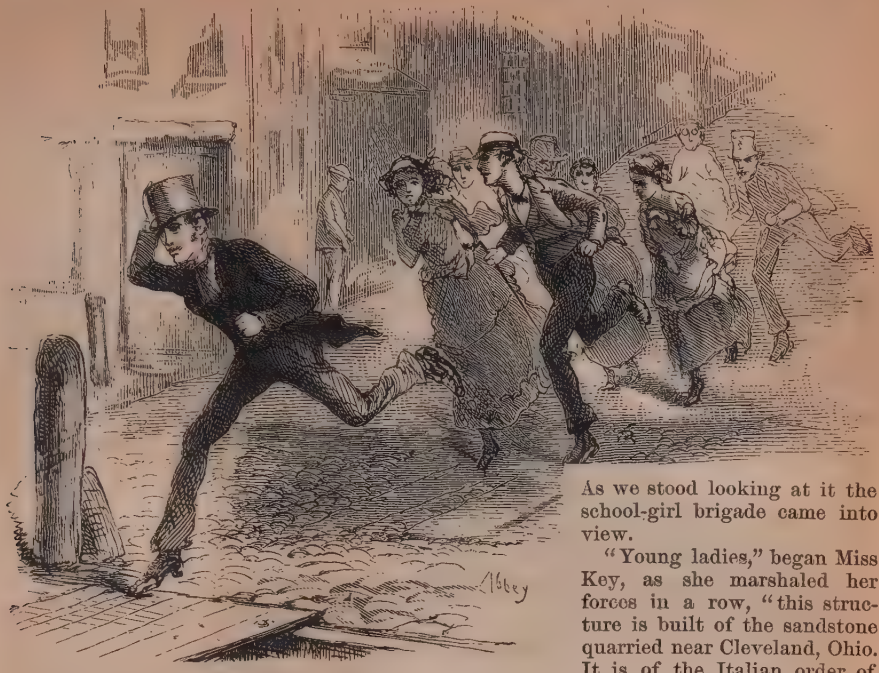
"There isn't much going on to-night," he said, with a half yawn.

"Well, no. Yer see, this is the first good night out, and I've always noticed that it takes about that to get used to the moon, and that sort of thing."

"People get tired of the moon in time, I suppose?"

"Mighty tired. The next night it ull be dancing, and the next playing games, and so on. After that you'll see 'em all with books, yawning, and asking me twenty times a day when we shall get to Chicare-go."

Early the next morning we stood at the bows, watching the entrance to the Detroit River. The beautiful shores and islands



RACE FOR THE BOAT.

charmed us, and the river looked so brimful that it seemed as if a pebble would cause it to flow over its low green banks. Soon after breakfast the *Columbia* reached Detroit, the City of the Straits, and the clear sunshine tempted every body to go ashore —all save the little blonde, who did not "care about these Western towns," and left her husband to wander away drearily by himself, until he fell in with the school-girls, and went off with them to see the old Cass place. The pale women invaded the fancy stores in search of new patterns for worsted-work. They regretted that they did not have time to cross the river and invest in the miraculously cheap goods of Canada. "One of my friends went over, and came back with two hoop-skirts, three shawls, and ever so many gloves, collars, and ribbons, besides a piece of linen, all on her, so as to save duty," related one, with conscious pride.

Mrs. Peyton languidly piloted the general as far as the first confectionery store. We did not see her come out.

We found Detroit a pleasant old town, some of the houses looking quite venerable for a fresh-water country. There was a military air about it also, the names of the streets bringing back memories of frontier life, and gay legends of the early French settlers. We passed a beautiful church, the Methodist Central; but our attention was soon concentrated upon the new City Hall, one of the finest buildings in the West. As we stood looking at it the school-girl brigade came into view.

"Young ladies," began Miss Key, as she marshaled her forces in a row, "this structure is built of the sandstone quarried near Cleveland, Ohio. It is of the Italian order of architecture, fire-proof, two hundred feet long, and one hundred and eighty feet from the ground to the top of the tower. It was built and completely finished, inside as well as outside, within three years, for the sum of six hundred thousand dollars, and is justly considered the pride of the city and State."

The escort, consisting of Mephisto, Faust, Morris, and the wandering husband, murmured their applause, the school-girls took notes in their diaries, and the brigade moved on.

"What a bundle of statistics!" said Persis, shrugging her pretty shoulders. "And do look, Aunt Rue! she positively has on rubbers this warm dry day!"

Major Archer glanced downward at a glove-fitting kid boot tilted forward on a high French heel, with a half smile. Persis colored, and drew back her foot with lightning rapidity.

"We old people are obliged to guard against rheumatism, Miss Wayne," he said, as we walked on.

"Old!" exclaimed my hasty niece. "Why, how old—" She stopped, abashed by her own audacity.

"Am I?" said Major Archer, finishing her question. "I am thirty-six, Miss Wayne, and I doubt if Miss Key is as old."

"Men are never old," said Persis, concisely

We reached the *Columbia* as the captain let loose the whistle, and crossed the plank with our hands on our ears. At the third note of warning the pale women returned,

CLIFFS OF MACKINAC, O TUSKENO POINT.

and the general hove into view loaded down with white paper parcels, suggestive of confectionery, and supporting Mrs. Peyton upon his free arm. But the school-girls were still absent, and the unearthly whistle sounded its summons two, three, four times in vain. At last they appeared, running down the street, curls flying and eyes dancing with merriment, as Miss Key skipped gracefully in the rear. Faust, Morris, and Mephisto joined in the race, and foremost came the tall husband, waving his hat and laughing like a school-boy. Poor man! it was his last. When he came on deck his wife received him with stony silence. As Morris said, "He never smiled again."

All day we sailed up the beautiful river. Inside the cabin sat the pale women, intent on worsted-work. What was the scenery to them? What cared they for the lovely shores and blossoming islands?

> "A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to *them*,
> And it was nothing more."

After stopping to take on wood the *Columbia* entered the enchanted region of the St. Clair Flats. As there was some obstruction in the canal, the captain, much to our delight, was obliged to take the old channel, and filled with surprise and pleasure, we sat at the bows, eagerly watching the strange scene. On all sides, as far as we could see, the low meadow extended, broken by innumerable channels, a net-work of silver upon green. The great reeds almost brushed the sides of the boat, and long-legged birds stood in the water and eyed us solemnly as we passed. Suddenly the passage would be barred by a green island, and we were to all appearances completely land-locked. Then the captain would give a rapid order to the men at the wheel above; whir, rattle, went the chains, and veering directly to the right, the *Columbia* would run her slender length in among the grasses of a hidden channel and pass into a new archipelago. On either side we saw vessels sailing mysteriously over the meadow; we met them, left them behind, and, presto! there they were again, apparently still in advance of us. Queer little light-houses, too, were there—solitary towers in the bewitched region; and strange signs, bits of cloth fastened on boughs in the water, or saplings curiously bent as if with a hidden purpose. On the shore, or what we supposed to be the shore—for we were never sure where the water ended and shore began—stood at intervals small huts without doors. Who they were for, unless mermaids and water-sprites, we could not imagine. Amphibious beings alone could inhabit them. Major Archer suggested that duck hunters were amphibious beings. But Persis rejected the earthly idea, and clung to her water-sprites.

It was a mystic region, and we sighed regretfully as we left it behind us. But reality soon came upon us in the person of Miss

Key, who detailed the history of Pontiac's conspiracy to her pupils, thus interrupting two poetical conversations in the following remorseless manner:

MORRIS. "I knew from your face that you must be fond of poetry. Who is your favorite?"

BLACKEYES (*dreamily*). "I think Tennyson gives me the most vivid happiness."

MORRIS. "Tennyson is beautiful; but, for real inspiration, give me Robert Browning. 'The Soul's Tragedy,' for instance; how it pierces—"

"Young ladies," interrupted Miss Key, "attention, if you please. The beautiful island, Ile la Pêche, attached to Canada, was the home of the celebrated Indian chieftain Pontiac;" and so on for fifteen minutes.

THE DEVIL'S KITCHEN, MACKINAC.—[SEE PAGE 530.]

FAUST (*cynically*). "Yes, I am weary of the world. Its low aims and petty cares offend me. I feel that each year I wander more and more isolated from my kind, more and more heart-sick. Have you not also felt this yearning for the infinite?"

CURLYLOCKS (*mournfully*). "Ah, yes; only too often."

FAUST. "If we could only break through the trammels of fate! If we could only pass our lives with soul-companions—"

"Young ladies," began Miss Key again, "attention, if you please. The grand council assembled on the banks of the river Ecorce, not far from Detroit; the pipe went round, and Pontiac stepped forth, plumed and painted in the full costume of war;" and here followed several pages of Parkman.

"I do believe Miss Key is an authoress," said Persis, in a low tone.

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh, because she is so out of style from head to foot."

"Is that a sufficient reason?" said the major.

"Yes," answered Persis, decidedly. "Women are either below, even with, or above the style. To the first class belong mothers of families, who have not time to attend to dress. To the second class—those even with the style—belong the vast majority, including myself. The third class—those above the style—includes the authoresses and 'clever women of the family,' whose souls soar above the petty rules of fashion and scorn the chains of style."

"I should like, of all things, to make the acquaintance of a real author," I said, after a pause.

"You have your wish, Mrs. Varick; I am an author," replied Major Archer, taking off his cap and bowing profoundly.

"An author!" exclaimed Persis; "how delightful! What have you written? Do tell us the names of your books."

"Unfortunately, Miss Wayne, my productions have not yet appeared in print. For some inscrutable reason they all come back to me. The editors, it appears, are all so overburdened with sublime MSS. that, though it be with tears, they must decline," replied the officer, with a serio-comic face, which set us all laughing.

Just at night the *Columbia* passed Fort Gratiot, and sailed out into broad Lake Huron. "It looks wild and weird," said Persis, as, wrapped in shawls, we watched the darkening water and fading shore. The shadow of a fear came over us as the men ran up the mast-head lights, and hurried hither and

thither, as though making preparations for a storm.

"Are the prospects favorable for a peaceable passage, mate?" asked the Massachusetts clergyman.

"Wa'al, we may have a shot or two from them clouds in the nor'west; but storm signal wasn't up at Port Huron, so I guess 'twon't be much."

The cold air drove us within, and we soon forgot our vague alarm in the merry scene. The tables had been rolled away, and the colored waiters, with their guitars and banjoes, formed a vocal and instrumental band.

"Old Huron's long, old Huron's wide,
De engine keep de time;
Leabe de ladies on de side,
And balance in a line"—

sang these lake minstrels in their melodious voices. The floor was crowded with dancers, all formality was laid aside, strangers danced with strangers, and even that relic of the past, the slow waltz, had its devotees. A Virginia reel brought us close upon Sunday morning, and we all retired. Before climbing to her perch, Persis opened the little window of our state-room. The moon was obscured by clouds, and the lake looked dark, shoreless, and infinite, while the wind rattled the rigging overhead, and the engine seemed to beat through the floor. In the distance we saw a row of lights with a star twinkling above.

"That must be a steamer," said my niece. "But oh, auntie, what is that?"

A huge object towered from the water near by, loomed a moment alongside, and then vanished again in the darkness.

"A vessel, I suppose, my dear."

"A phantom ship, I verily believe, Aunt Rue. What a grewsome night!"

In spite of the "shots from the nor'west," we slept soundly, and were out on deck before breakfast to breathe in the delicious air. The blue water looked deep, deep, fathomless deep, and curled up around the sharp bows in white spray, and on the left a faint shore line was fast disappearing into a watery horizon.

"Down there is where the fire swept last year," said the mate. "We was coming down then, and we couldn't see a thing for miles, the smoke was so thick. White ashes fell on deck all day, and we couldn't guess where they come from, we was so fur from shore. The hull country was afire. It began over on Lake Michigan, off Manistee, and we sailed in smoke all day. When we got to the Straits we couldn't even find Mackinac. They didn't have any mail there for weeks, and nothing come into port but wrecks. The islanders thought the rest of the world must be having a judgment-day."

When we went in to breakfast, glowing and braced by the exhilarating air and vivid sunshine, we found the pale women cowering over a fire, wrapped in shawls. "How are you this morning?" they said to one another, in funereal tones. "I'm almost frozen, I do declare." "Oh, there's that door open again!" "Just feel how much cold air that man brings in with him!" with a reproachful glance at Major Archer as he entered from the deck.

After breakfast we went back into the sunshine. There was a fresh breeze blowing over the pure water of the purest lake in the world, and we sat watching the little waves, or walking up and down the deck, all the morning. We were off Saginaw Bay, out of sight of land, and on all sides we could see the graceful lake craft sailing gayly before the wind with a cloud of canvas set, or beating up against it, close-reefed—schooners, brigs, and lines of lumber barges—while every now and then we passed a steamer, and once we met a propeller of the same line as the *Columbia*, and the unearthly double whistles saluted each other with cordial greeting.

DICK.

At ten o'clock Dick, the colored waiter, appeared on deck with the great dinner-bell in his hand. Stiff was his collar and flaming his tie as, with slow step, he began his promenade around the boat. "Ladies and gemmens, divine service all ready in the cabin."

Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong! "Ladies and gemmens, divine service all ready in the cabin."

"I suppose our clerical friend from Massachusetts is about to hold forth," said Major Archer. "Do you wish to join the congregation, Mrs. Varick?"

"No," I replied; "the sky and the lake are sermon enough for me this morning. Once in a while it does us all good to pass a Sunday out-of-doors. In our busy lives we seldom take the time to consider and admire the beauties of God's beautiful world."

But Miss Key marshaled her pupils inside, and Morris was seized with a strong desire to hear the sermon. It was somewhat singular, too, that when he came out, two hours afterward, he could not even tell me the text.

A few moments before dinner Dick appeared, to collect the stools. "I say, Dick, what are we going to have for dinner?" asked Morris. "This air makes me ravenous."

"Splendid dinner, Sah; ebery ting, Sah; peach s'wang, Sah," replied Dick, bringing out the last phrase with an air of great importance. And so it proved. Sunday was a gala day in the steward's estimation, and course after course appeared, concluding with the "s'wang," which proved to be peach meringue, made in a fashion peculiar to the lakes. Mrs. Peyton did full justice to every dish, and then sank back with a sigh.

"May I hope you will come out on deck for an hour or two this afternoon?" said the general, in a low tone.

Poor man! he did his duty at the candy store, and cherished a fond hope of reward.

"Ah, no!" murmured the fair sufferer; "my nerves are not sufficiently braced to endure the breeze. I shall be obliged to rest all the afternoon."

"She will be up without fail in time for a hearty tea," said Persis, scornfully, as the state-room door closed.

"Now, Sissy, let her alone," said Morris, laughing. "You don't like her just because she is pretty."

"Pretty! Why, she's at least forty."

"What of that? For my part, I rather prefer the mature style of beauty in a woman," said my Freshman nephew, with a complacent air.

Going back on deck, we resumed our seats at the bows. The captain was walking up and down, and joined occasionally in our conversation. "Yes, Saginaw Bay is a risky place," he said, in answer to my question. "This time of year it's all fair sailing enough, but later in the season it's full of danger. The water's icy cold and deep here, and if any thing happened to the boat, there ain't much chance. Last year, now, the *Coburn* went down not far from here; as good a boat as ever ran these lakes."

"I remember the loss of the *Coburn*," said Major Archer. "There were some army officers on board coming down from the Sault."

"There was a good many passengers lost. The women got kinder dazed like, and wouldn't even come out of their state-rooms. I remember their friends were up and down the coast on both sides for weeks, watching for their bodies; but what goes down in Saginaw Bay don't come up again. The water's too deep," concluded the captain, shaking his head.

"I suppose the accident happened on a dark, stormy night?" said Persis, with a little shiver.

"Yes, miss. But sometimes accidents happen in the best of weather. Some years ago two fine steamers ran right square into each other on this lake, although they saw each other coming miles back as plain as I see you now, and the sea as smooth as glass. To this day no mortal can tell how it happened. I remember the engineer of one of 'em. He was a fine young fellow, just married, and his wife was with him in the engine-room. He wouldn't leave his post, and she wouldn't leave him, so they went down together."

"After the collision, why didn't they go up and get into one of the boats?" asked Persis.

"Bless your heart, miss, it was all over before you could say Jack Robinson," said the captain, continuing his promenade.

Some time after, the Massachusetts clergyman appeared. "Ah, captain, there seems to be quite a fine breeze," he remarked, with a shivering assumption of enjoyment; "really, quite briny! Can you inform me, now, which side is America, and which British America?"

"Starboard, Canada; port side, Michigan," said the captain, laconically.

"Ah, yes; very true. I had become confused by the violence of the waves last night, but it is quite clear to me now. Ahem! I suppose if we should bear off well to the left we should soon be in the great Georgian Bay?"

"Very soon," replied the captain, with sarcastic emphasis, as he walked away.

A little later one of the pale women, shrouded in a hood, peeped out of the door. "Captain, captain, step here a moment, if you please. It's getting so dreadfully cold that most of the passengers is suffering from neuralgy. Couldn't you just as well take us to Chicago without going round by the Straits? We don't any of us care about seeing 'em."

"Not very well, marm," replied the captain. "There ain't no ship-canal through Michigan just at present, marm, and the boat ain't provided with balloons this trip, marm." Exit hood in high indignation.

A short dark man who had been sitting on

the anchor reading a paper got up after a while, and looking over the water, said, "Thunder Bay Islands?"

"Yes," answered the captain. "You know these regions, I see."

"I've traveled 'em pretty extensively for a year or two. I am a coal-porter, Sir."

"What does he mean?" asked Persis, in an under-tone.

"Colporteur, I presume," answered the major.

"A kind of a minister, ain't it?" said the captain.

"Not exactly. I distribute books and papers of the Baptist Society among the coast towns and lumber settlements of Michigan."

"And how does religion flourish among these heathen people?" inquired the Massachusetts clergyman, joining in the conversation with a patronizing air.

"Wa'al, not so bad. But they don't care much for sermons, they don't."

"Sad, very sad!" said the clergyman, shaking his head solemnly.

"The lumbermen say they get enough sawdust week-days, without taking it in on the Sabbath too," continued the colporteur, with a twinkle in his eye.

But the New England brother was not to be daunted. Clearing his throat in a dignified way, he began again, "You must have encountered many difficult subjects during your extensive journeyings. I should be pleased to hear the testimony of your experience."

"Wa'al," said the colporteur, slowly, "you're about right, Sir. I should say the most difficult subjects I've encountered have been gates. There's no two alike, and each latch opens a different way. Of course I'm expected to be perlite and shut them all after me, but more than once I've experienced dreadful temptations to kick 'em to flinders."

"That little man is the best fellow on board," muttered Morris, as the colporteur sent a twinkling glance after the retreating clergyman. "The rest are all puppies."

Surprised at this ebullition, we looked up, and caught sight of Mephisto seated by Miss Blackeyes on the lee side of the boat.

"Ah," said Persis, "there is that Albany gentleman. What a fine-looking man he is!"

"Fine-looking!" said Morris, wrathfully. "Why, he's forty-five at least!"

"What of that? For my part, I rather prefer the mature style of beauty in a man," quoted Persis, with emphasis. Morris disappeared.

Evening found us again on deck. The breeze had died away; there was not a cloud in the sky, and the full moon threw a glory over the still water. Gradually the passengers assembled on deck, all but the pale women, who still surrounded the stove. Mephisto made a brilliant move by introducing the Massachusetts clergyman to the schoolmistress; and the little blonde appeared, shivered, yawned, and disappeared, leaving her wandering sheep of a husband to drift inevitably into danger. He did the best he could, poor man; he examined every rope and chain three times over. But fate was too strong for him, and he was soon ingulfed in the circle around the school-girls. Music was proposed, and some one began a familiar tune. In a moment every voice joined in, and a full harmonious chorus floated over the water. Another and another followed—all kinds, from the Methodist hymn to the Episcopal "Jerusalem the golden." But the favorites were the Sunday-school hymns, those with a ringing chorus and marching time. Then Major Archer sang the solo to "Come, ye disconsolate," his rich voice giving full expression to the beautiful words; and the school-girls, in sweet accord, gave a mariner's hymn:

"Star of peace to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me,
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea!

"Star divine, O safely guide him;
Bring the wanderer home to thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea."

"Who shall say we have not remembered the Sabbath-day, Aunt Rue?" said Persis, as the choir finally broke up.

It was eleven o'clock as the *Columbia* passed Bois Blane light, and we all sat watching the approach to the beautiful island of Mackinac. It rose before us in the moonlight, its high cliffs and bold, dark outlines looking far more romantic and wild than any thing we had seen on the fresh-water seas. The little fort on the height and the little village on the beach seemed fast asleep; but the *Columbia's* whistle woke them, and a crowd stood on the dock as we came alongside.

"Oh, I must, I must go ashore!" said Persis. "It is a fairy island, I am sure."

"It is too late, child; it is almost midnight. You had better come in and go to bed."

"The captain tells me the boat will lie here two hours, Mrs. Varick," said Major Archer, coming toward us. "I know all about the island, as I was once stationed at the fort. I have a boat engaged, and I should like to row you around to the Fairy Spring."

Now I am a sensible, middle-aged woman, but something in the moonlight bewitched me, and I consented, much to the delight of my niece. In a few moments we were gliding over the silvery water, round the point, and under the dark cliffs crowned with evergreens.

"I do not wish to alarm you, Mrs. Varick, but this is the Devil's Kitchen," said Major

Archer, as we landed on the beach near a rocky cave.

"Never mind; it is after twelve now," said Morris, looking at his watch.

We reached the little spring gushing out just above the beach, and stood in a circle around it.

"Now you must each make an offering to the fairy, drink three times from the fountain, and wish," said the major, gravely.

Persis threw in some bluebells, I gave a knot of ribbon, and Morris pinned a ten-cent scrip to an overhanging branch.

"Well, major, what do you give?" he said, after we had performed the rites in silence.

"I made my wish some years ago; the fairy never listens twice," he answered, leading the way back to the boat.

"I vote we all tell our wishes; exact truth," said Morris, when we were once more on the silvery water.

After some banter Persis consented. She had wished for a trip to Europe, I had wished for health during the year, and Morris for a million dollars.

"Come, major, what did you wish for years ago?" asked Morris.

But the officer was silent. He would not disclose his wish. Just as we reached the dock, however, I overheard him speaking to Persis:

"If you wish so much to know, Miss Wayne, I will tell you. It was for a sudden death."

The next morning we found ourselves at a little wood station on the Michigan shore. Sternly sat the little blonde upon the deck, vigilantly guarding her husband: not again was he to wander from his duty! He wandered no more.

Within the cabin the worsted-work was in full play; wonders were accomplished in green roses and blue leaves that day. But the rest of us, idle triflers that we were, strolled up and down the beach, searching for agates, arranging fantastic bouquets of wild flowers, and making friends with the shy, sunburned children of the woodmen, who followed us with naïve curiosity. Then we sailed away down among the islands—the Garden, the Foxes, the Beavers, and the Manitous—and by the singular white sand-hills on the main land, passing last of all the Sleeping Bear, a bold headland, in whose shape the early voyageurs saw the outlines of old Bruin.

In the afternoon the air grew warmer, and the awning was raised over the forward deck; the breeze, too, was favorable, and the sail was put up, so that we sailed gayly over the green summer sea. Lake Erie was gray, Lake Huron blue, but Lake Michigan green as emerald. Suddenly the man at the wheel called out, "Vessel on fire ahead!" In an instant all was excitement; the passengers crowded on deck, the mate prepared a coil of small rope, and the captain gave orders to steer toward the wreck. It proved to be a schooner low down in the water, still burning, and the crew, in a small boat, were rowing toward us. The engine was stopped, the rope thrown, and the men soon on board, heroes of the hour. Their vessel had been burning for some hours, and they had labored hard to extinguish the fire; but she was loaded with wood, and they were forced to abandon her and take to the small boat, which leaked so badly that they were afraid every moment she would sink.

"Then there was enough danger to make it a real adventure, Aunt Rue," said Persis, exultingly.

"Do not exult, my dear. There is danger enough on the lakes without courting it," I said, quickly.

"Superstitious, Aunt Rue! Who would have suspected it?" cried Morris, gleefully. "You are as bad as the deck hands. Do you know, they won't put a foot on a boat if there is a white horse on board."

But the danger came soon enough in the shape of a fog, dense and continuous, as only a Lake Michigan fog can be. Day gave place to evening, but still the soft cloud filled the air, resting on the water, and making every thing as still and weird as dream-land. All night the whistle sounded at regular intervals a dreary, dirge-like note, that kept sleep from our eyes, and filled our minds with visions of possible ships sailing silently across our course in the mist, or unseen propellers bearing swiftly down upon us, with sharp prows pointed against the *Columbia's* sides. Toward morning we fell asleep, and awoke in Milwaukee. The Cream City seemed doubly attractive after our long night in the fog. With one accord the passengers sallied forth on *terra firma*, surprised and pleased with the beauty of the buildings (mostly of cream-colored brick) and the bright, clean appearance of the streets.

"Since the great Chicago fire Milwaukee has taken her rightful position," said Major Archer, as we paused to admire the Insurance Building, on Wisconsin Street. "She has, in reality, the best harbor on Lake Michigan, and she handles an enormous amount of grain, which increases rapidly with every year. The climate and natural advantages are wonderful, and people are beginning to find it out. The German element in Milwaukee, always slow and sure, may have tended to keep back showy manifestations of wealth, but the city's growth is built upon solid foundations. She is the outlet for all the produce of the great State of Wisconsin on its way eastward."

As we roamed through the city we passed over many bridges crossing the river, crowded with shipping; we saw the new Court-house, the Opera-house Block, the Plankinton Hotel, and some pleasant residences.

Then, after tasting Milwaukee's celebrated lager-beer, we took a carriage and drove out to the National Asylum for Disabled Soldiers, an imposing structure, where six hundred helpless men are provided with a home. And a home it is, in real earnest—not a hospital, a prison, or a reform institution presided over by stern and bigoted zealots, but a comfortable home, such as the nation intended. We were agreeably impressed with the cheerful look of the house, which was provided with bath-rooms, smoking-room, billiard-room, card-room, and ten-pin alley, in addition to a concert-hall and a library of over a thousand volumes. As we read on the walls: "Soldiers are especially informed that this asylum is neither a hospital nor an almshouse; it is not considered a charity. It is a tribute to the brave and deserving, and is their right."

"Of all the lake towns, I like Milwaukee the best," said Persis, looking back upon the high shores, dotted with picturesque residences, as the *Columbia* steamed out of the harbor. "I think I should like to live here. It is not windy like Buffalo, or smoky like Cleveland, or quiet like Detroit, or wicked like Chicago. On the whole, I give the palm to the Cream City."

"One would think you had property there, little sister."

"I wish I had," said Persis.

It was a beautiful warm day, and all the passengers assembled on deck under the awning, to see the last of the *Columbia* and each other. Even the pale women packed their worsted-work in sachels, and congratulated each other on the termination of the voyage. In an angle fenced off by the anchor, Faust was ensconced with Curlylocks, while Mephisto sat talking in a low tone to Blackeyes, who listened with downcast eyes and flushing cheeks. The two Albany gentlemen were to go directly from the boat to the cars, en route for San Francisco, and they were evidently trying to leave a deep impression on those two fresh little hearts before the final parting. Why? Pour passer le temps, I suppose. No doubt they expected to leave their track whitened with fair victims all the way across the continent. Miss Key was carrying on an æsthetic conversation with the Massachusetts clergyman, and no doubt its interest caused her to forget her lambs, so that when I happened to catch a glimpse of the sad eyes of Curlylocks and the bent head of Blackeyes, I really felt indignant with the careless shepherdess, and grieved for the little lambs. "Those gentlemen are only amusing themselves, and those poor children are in earnest," I thought, indignantly.

The *Columbia* neared the end of her journey. A few moments more, and her passengers would separate to the four corners of the globe, perhaps never to meet again this side of eternity. Major Archer was on his way to the Indian country, my party was en route for Southern Illinois, while Miss Key and her band were to return eastward by rail.

"I will bid you good-by now, captain," I said, as that officer passed us. "We have enjoyed the journey very much. How late do you run?"

"Wa'al, generally up into December, marm. Then we lays up at whichever end of the line we finds ourselves, and goes home for the winter."

"And you like the life?"

"Yes; there ain't any air like the lakes, marm."

"Have you ever been on the ocean, captain?"

"No; nor want to. The ocean's just one big pool, all the same, you know, marm. But here we have all kinds, big and little ponds, rivers, and straits—something new all the time. And as to danger, I should like to see a salt try to navigate this here boat from Buffalo to Chi-care-go! Good-by, marm, and good luck to you all!"

"You see, the fresh-water sailors have their esprit de corps," said Major Archer, smiling, as the captain passed on.

The Garden City received us with cordiality; but, in spite of her courage and industry, the track of the great fire was plainly visible. Major Archer spent his last hours with us, as we drove around the city to examine the new buildings, and watch the progress of reconstruction every where progressing. It was wonderful to see how much had been done, and we procured photographs to show our Eastern friends how the city was rising from its ashes.

"Now that the fire is a thing of the past, we can dare to bring up the funny side of it," said Persis. "I wonder who has got that striped shawl, Aunt Rue? It was a joyful moment of my life when the good, useful, but hideous thing was packed for Chicago. I had hated it for years, but never quite dared to give it away."

"I was staying with my brother in Boston at the time," said Major Archer. "John was a good fellow, but he had no taste in dress; and there was one light overcoat among his garments which was an eye-sore to his pretty daughter. When the message was brought from house to house, bundles of clothes were hastily prepared and placed in the hall. The wagon came, our contributions were sent out, and John and I went back to the parlor. Suddenly we heard a banging noise coming down the stairs; there was Katie dragging down that overcoat, giving it an especial jerk on every stair in token of her abhorrence. 'My child, you are not going to give that nice—' But she was gone before her father could stop her, and we saw her throw-

ing it into the wagon with eager generosity," concluded the major, with a laugh, in which we all joined.

When we got back to the hotel I went into the parlor. There I found Morris deep in conversation with Blackeyes, while Curlylocks was smiling over a bouquet presented by a newly arrived "Cousin Harry" by her side. Where was now that dejection? Where were now those sad eyes? *O tempora! O mores!* For the first time in my life I realized that I must be growing old. "'No hearts were broken by soft words spoken, only for something to say,' on this trip at least," I thought; and as I watched the innocent gambols of those two perfidious little lambkins in that parlor, I felt that I must have been a very aged and childish old sheep ever to have thought so.

Later in the evening Major Archer came to say good-by; with his departure our journey round by propeller was fairly ended, for the next morning we ourselves left the lake country behind us—it may be forever.

With one exception we have not since seen or heard any thing of our fellow-passengers on the *Columbia*. Held together for a few days, they have drifted apart again, lost in the infinite multitude of the world's shifting millions, and the one exception brought a pang which we shall not soon forget. It was but a few days ago. My little Persis saw it first, and read it with eyes brimming over with tears: "The Burnt River stage was attacked last week by Indians, and the passengers killed. Among them was Major Charles B. Archer, U.S.A., well known and respected in military life."

THE STORY OF A MINIATURE.

ABOUT thirty years ago, when I was quite a young man, I spent some time in Paris, and it chanced that one fine public holiday, the then national fête-day, "La St. Louis," I visited that noble institution in which France so munificently provides for the declining years of her wounded heroes, "Les Invalides." After admiring the splendid establishment and its famous chapel, I wandered out into the vast court-yard, where the aged veterans enjoy their hours of recreation. In the centre of this immense quadrangle, seated beneath the shade of a spreading tree, was a group which at once attracted my attention. It consisted of five old men, each of whom had lost both his legs, which limbs were replaced by two wooden stumps. He who sat in the centre struck me immediately as having almost the noblest countenance I had ever beheld. His features were of the bold and aquiline cast which one admires so much in the pictures of that great painter of soldier life, Horace Vernet. Although he must have been extremely aged, his bright brown eyes still retained much of the fire of youth. His beard, which was as white as snow, descended almost to his waist, and lent him an extremely picturesque appearance, while his two poor wooden legs, testifying to his past bravery, awakened my sympathy, admiration, and respect. In one hand he held a crutch, and in the other a small oval picture, which with outstretched heads and eager eyes his venerable companions were inspecting.

I approached so near that I could overhear their conversation.

"Ce n'est pas possible," said one old man. "It is impossible, Pierrot."

"Nevertheless, you know I am not generally given to lying; and I now seriously assure you, comrades, that this miniature was painted by madame la Princesse de Lamballe. It is the portrait of my poor wife."

I approached still nearer, for my curiosity was aroused.

"Your wife!" exclaimed several of the wooden-legged men.

"My wife," answered the fine old fellow, gravely.

"Tell us all about it, Pierrot. Pray how came that poor lady to paint it?"

"Willingly will I do so; for God knows if next year at the St. Louis I shall still be among you, or if I shall ever have another so good an opportunity. I will commence at once."

My curiosity now got the better of my discretion. I advanced, and, touching my hat, said, "Sir, I have overheard you promise to relate the story of the miniature you hold in your hand. May I beg of you to pardon my indiscretion, and permit me, though a stranger, to form one of your auditory?"

As civility is one of the great characteristics of the true French soldier, and, above all, of one who has served in the "grande armée," the old gentleman rose at once from his seat, and giving me a military salute, begged me take a place among his wooden-legged companions. After a kind of prefatory cough to clear his throat, he commenced the following narrative, which I shall do my best to render as nearly in the same words he used as memory, and the translation of his rustic way of speaking French, will permit:

"Sir, comrades," he began, "I was born, in the latter half of the last century, in a village called Montreuil, near Versailles. My dear parents died of the small-pox when I was quite a little child, and I should have been sent to the poor-house but for the charity of the good curé of our parish, who, in his exceeding compassion for my forlorn state, undertook to bring me up himself. I can well remember how this good man endeavored to cultivate my shrill treble pipe,

in order that I might sing in the church choir. I was really fond of music when I was a boy, and used to pass hours in strumming on M. le curé's harpsichord, which gave forth but very indifferent sounds, as half the notes were dumb; but then it had a pedal, which was my delight, for it produced a thumping noise like a drum. M. le curé taught me my *sol fa*, as also to read, which, together with a little arithmetic, formed the sum total of my education. When I sang for the first time at vespers the 'Tota pulchra est Maria' all by myself, M. le curé gave me, with his blessing, this watch, which, though it's only silver, and as thick as a turnip, nevertheless keeps more correct time than any clock in Paris. 'Son,' said he, on this occasion, 'mind, if you are a good boy, and practice your music, you'll become a celebrity one day, and make a fortune by teaching the court ladies at Paris: as Baptist Lulli did under the great Louis, of glorious memory; and he was only a beggar boy once.'

"But I liked to play at soldiers as well as on the harpsichord, and M. le curé hated the very sight of a soldier. 'They are,' he would say, 'a God-forgetting lot. Keep away from them, Pierrot; they'll do you no good.' But I loved to watch them at their manœuvres, and would steal away from the house to indulge myself with a view of their pigtails and heavy carbines. I used to pray God to grant me a long pigtail, and never went to sleep without begging of our Lady to obtain me a brevet in the army.

"I had plenty to do besides my *sol fa* and studies; for, as I was a fine strong lad, to my lot fell all the heavier work of the house, which I delighted in performing to the best of my ability, the better to please the dear old curé. When I had an hour to myself I would run down to an open spot in the park of Versailles, where the masons were erecting a concert-gallery by order of her majesty the queen, Marie Antoinette. Here I formed the acquaintance of one of the workmen, a certain Masnard, a queer sort of a fellow, with long, lank arms, and legs like a grasshopper's. Mon Dieu! how I used to laugh at his spindle shanks, they were so thin! And now look at my own, all wood and no bone! Poor friend Masnard, what would you say if you could see Maître Pierrot's timber toes? Masnard was not a very cheerful companion, but he could improvise songs in a remarkable manner. He had one all about 'seesaw' and 'lying in straw,' that was very original. He could weave into it a whole story about himself and family, often ending in the last verse by being a king. But latterly it was all about 'liberté, fraternité, et égalité,' the meaning of which words I did not much understand at that time. I did later, as not a few of us did to our cost, as you know, my friends—you who witnessed, as I have done, that carnival of blood, the 'Reign of Terror.'

"I must now tell you that I was frequently accompanied in my promenades into the wood by a very charming little person, one Mamzelle Mimi, M. le curé's niece, who was one year younger than I, and was the daughter of his reverence's widowed sister, a lady who, for her board and lodging and a little pocket-money, acted as his housekeeper. Mimi was a perfect flower—une fleur: as light of step and heart as a good little fairy in a fairy tale. Her cheeks were as blooming as blush-roses, her eyes as blue as forget-me-nots, and she had the slenderest waist ever lover's arm entwined. She was a sweet flower which God granted me the fortune, comrades, to cull; but, alas! it withered many a year before the snow lay so thick on my old head.

"Masnard was very fond of us both, and when he rested from work at mid-day would tell us tales, while we shared our chestnuts and cake with his brood of little ones, who always arrived at twelve o'clock with their mother and a can of hot broth. They always reminded me of unfledged pigeons, they were so thin and wretched-looking. Masnard considered them lovelier far than the Cupids M. De Fragonads was painting in the panels of that part of her majesty's concert-hall which was finished. When they were gone, the sight of them so much cheered his heart that he sang the seesaw song all the louder, and as I and Mimi sauntered home we could hear him singing from the top of his high perch on the scaffold:

"'L'évêque le plus austère,
S'il visitait mon réduit,
Cache toi ma ménagère,
Car il te prendrai pour lui!'*

"One fine fête-day afternoon, after vespers, M. le curé granted me permission, which, as I was now sixteen years old, he rarely did, to conduct mamzelle for a walk in the park, which on Sundays and holidays their majesties threw open to the public. Mimi wore on this memorable occasion her trimmest scarlet petticoat, a quilted apron, and a high cap all covered with fine old Normandy lace. In her dainty ears hung coral rings, and round her lily neck a golden chain and cross.

"We were very happy that afternoon, and wandered arm in arm through the wood paths, under the branches meeting overhead, and the birds singing cheerily. At last we reached a very secluded spot. I was sixteen, Sir, old friends, and—" Here the dear old fellow positively blushed as he thought of the little scene he was about to describe; a bright tear started to his eye, and before he began again rolled down on

* Voltaire. Ballet of "La Fête Bélébat."

his white beard. "Eh bien! have I not said it? She had the slenderest waist ever lover's arm longed to encircle, and mine entwined it then. I did not know much about love at sixteen (M. le curé kept me out of harm's way), but as this arm rested there—I know not how it came to pass—on a sudden I snatched a kiss from her lips, and then, confused, sank on both knees before her, as if she were a saint, and—

"'Ah! hah! ah! ah!' rang clear and loud the merriest laugh I ever heard. And peeping through the boughs of a wild vine, which fair hands supported so as to form a verdant frame, appeared to my bewildered gaze two of the loveliest faces I have ever seen. One, whose hair was powdered as white as snow, had a bright and beaming eye, an arched eyebrow, and a brilliant color, relieved by two small patches. The other wore powder also, but the expression of her countenance was softer; her eyes, which were fringed with long lashes, were melancholy and tender; her laughter more subdued, as though less provoked by the ludicrous scene which Mimi and I were enacting than by kindly sympathy for our happiness.

"'Voilà!' exclaimed she of the beaming eyes. 'There! did I ever see such a pair? Oh, my dear princess, I tell you love is the queerest passion with which the gods ever afflicted man. M. le Duc de Bouillon, who is eighty, makes love to Madame De Créguy, and she is seventy, every night, and kneels and kisses her hand just as those two babies are doing in the woods here all alone.'

"'But, madame,' cried the other lady, 'look what a lovely costume the girl has!'

"'True; charming! Oh, we must have it for our tableaux vivants to-night! Stay still, dear princess, while I, who am the strongest, break through the briers and make a passage for you.'

"At this proposition the other lady protested, but presently both got through and stood before us. I was still on my knees, mind you, for I had not the courage to rise.

"These ladies were splendidly dressed in rich robes of silk, made à la Watteau, of tender colors—pink and pale blue. In their hands they held crooks of ivory, tipped with gold, and on their heads broad straw hats and long sweeping white feathers.

"'Up, you little image! get up with you! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you naughty boy! Don't you know it is very wrong to kiss little girls?' cried the taller of the ladies—she who had the beaming eyes.

"I looked down, and did not dare even to breathe.

"'Now for the costume. My little girl, if you don't make up a bundle of those clothes, ear-rings, cross, and all, and that the very instant you get home, and give them to a man I will send for them, I'll—' And she shook her crook menacingly.

"The other lady, in the mean while, took Mimi by the hand, and with gentle ways soon obtained from her all about us—who we were, and where we lived.

"'Now, Sir,' said the other lady to me, 'get up!'

"And up I got, all of a piece. I put my finger in my mouth, and looked down at my new wooden shoes.

"'You'll make a fine soldier, I can see. Well, you shall be one, and I'll get you both married, if you are good. Little one, mind, do not alter a single thing in your dress, but give it to the man, as I have told you. Good-by, little man; don't look sheepish,' said the lady of the beaming eyes, tapping me gently on the cheek.

"She was a lovely woman, friends; and to think that only a few years later I saw that fair head, no longer white with powder, but bleached with grief, held up bleeding and disfigured to be mocked at by the scum of this city!

"She spoke so cheerfully, so kindly, poor soul, that day! and when presently she reminded the princess that it was growing late, she gathered up her skirts and away she ran, as gay as a fawn, through the woods, followed by the other lady, both singing with clear sweet voices,

> "'I love you, oft the youth did say;
> I love you, oft the maiden sighed:
> Thus echoed both, from day to day,
> Till one waxed cold and t'other died.'

"Alas! poor queen, poor princess!

"When the two ladies had disappeared among the trees, I gave my hand to Mimi, and we two also ran home. We did not say a word to any one of our adventure; but M. le curé, perceiving that we were rather confused, guessed that something had happened, and looked at me inquiringly. At last I said, 'I want to be a soldier, M. le curé.'

"'You'll be whipped if you do.'

"I scratched my head, and looked down at my shoes, and said, half under my breath, 'I will be one, though.'

"At that instant came a loud rap at the door. My heart beat violently, and so, I am sure, did Mimi's. Presently in came a tall lady-in-waiting, followed by two of the tallest men in livery I ever saw.

"'I am come, M. le curé,' said she to the father, 'to take back, by order of her majesty the queen, the clothes she asked your little niece to lend her.'

"M le curé trembled, Mimi's mother was bewildered, and I confused. Mimi, however, walked quietly up stairs, and a minute or two after returned with the clothes neatly done up in a parcel, which she presented to the lady, who in return ordered the men to bring in a large box full of uncut stuffs—enough to make clothes for a year for the whole family—and a fine new church vestment for M. le curé.

"When these three personages were gone, I was called upon to give an account of what had happened, which I did, taking good care, however, to omit the incident of the kiss.

"'Ah! it is the queen, then, who put the idea of your being a soldier into your head, my lad. You are a very good boy as you are, Pierrot, modest and simple. If you go to those soldiers they'll just ruin your morals, and you'll end by forgetting Providence and all the good I have taught you. See if you don't.'

"I looked at my wooden shoes, stuck my finger in my mouth, and muttered, 'I will be a soldier, all the same.'

"Some two years later I got so full of the thoughts of military glory that one day I made off, carrying with me a piece of silver which M. le curé had given me on my fête-day. I had not gone far out of the village when I fell in with a battalion of the Auvergne Guard. I was so fascinated with their fine uniforms, their jack-boots, and gay colors that I made straight up to their leader and said, boldly, 'I want to be a soldier.'

"'And so you shall, my man,' says he, after examining me from head to foot, 'and a fine fellow you are!' The soldiers then led me to a tavern, where I drank more than was good for me, and learned many surprising things respecting the military career. I was informed that perfect bliss existed nowhere else on earth but in the interior of a barrack, where money was only too plentiful, and Champagne was drank every day instead of 'petit vin ordinaire.'

"I have since found out how true all this was!

"Next day I *was* a soldier. I was very sorry to leave M. le curé, who would not even see me again, and Mimi and her mother. But when I looked at my jack-boots, and felt my powdered pigtail, I was as happy as a king, and forgot every thing in my day-dream of military glory.

"I was, however, soon recalled to more earthly matters, and found that money was by no means so plentiful in the corps; the bread we ate was black and hard, and the famous wine as sour as vinegar. As to the discipline, it was severe, for M. De St. Lys, our captain, delighted in inventing difficult punishments for the soldiers under his care. One day, for a trifling fault, I was condemned to kneel in an uncomfortable attitude: on one knee, with my other leg stretched out, and my carbine pointed forward. I had not been more than ten minutes in this pleasant attitude when I perceived my old friend Masnard crossing the court-yard. Looking round to see that no one was observing me, I called out to him to come and prop up my gun.

"'Now you've caught it, young man, for running away from home! I hope you enjoy being a soldier!'

"'I don't care,' answered I. 'Every one has an ideal in life, and so have I. I am a common soldier, but one day—'

"'You'll be shot.'

"'How is Mimi?' asked I, without heeding his sharp retort.

"'Very well. It will be some long time before you earn enough to marry her in the soldiery. You'd like to be out of it, wouldn't you now?'

"'No: her majesty put me here, and here I'll stay.'

"'And when will you marry Mimi?'

"'When either she or I have earned her wedding portion.'

"'Suppose the queen gave it to her?'

"'I would not accept it: either she or I must earn it.'

"'I'll tell the queen what you say.'

"'You tell the queen—you?'

"'Yes, I. I've invented a new game, which I am now teaching to—'

"What word more Masnard was going to add I know not; for the corporal, coming behind him and finding him speaking to a soldier under punishment, gave him several hard blows across his back with a cudgel, which sent him off out of the court-yard as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Mamzelle Mimi had never forgotten me for a single instant all the time, but often sent me both news and nice things from home.

"A few days after my interview with Masnard, as Mimi was standing at the door, there drove up to it a fine carriage, all gilding and painting, and drawn by four white horses. Three livery servants hung on behind, and the horses were caparisoned with scarlet and gold—in short, it was the queen's own coach, and might have been Cinderella's godmother's, it was so fine. A great tall footman, so stiff in brocade and velvet—with a great bouquet at his button-hole—that he could scarcely bend, came forward and asked her name.

"'Mimi Leroux, Sir,' says she, with a courtesy.

"'You are the young lady,' says he, gravely, 'whom her majesty the queen has ordered me to bring back to the palace.'

"'I'll be ready in a minute.' And off she ran, and soon returned wearing all her best things. She was not at all frightened, but got into the coach just as if she had been accustomed to ride about in one all her life. Only the trees scared her a bit; they seemed to run after each other, they drove along so fast.

"The grand coach put her down at the Trianon, where she found the queen and Madame De Lamballe making butter with ivory sticks in china churns painted by Watteau.

"'Ah, my little friend, how are you?' says the queen, dropping her stick into the churn, and coming forward to take her by the hand. 'I did not think you would come so soon. Now, madame la princesse, is she not a charming little model? Let us go to your painting-room until those persons arrive. I'm dying to see you commence her portrait.'

"The melancholy-looking but interesting princess gave her hand, and led Mimi to her studio, followed by the Queen of France—that lovely, charming Marie Antoinette—who herself placed her on a chair in a good light.

"'Now mind, do not move, little one—there's a dear!. See, dear princess, how nicely she sits!'

"When the princess had completed her sketch on a small oval piece of ivory, the queen looked up at the clock, as if suddenly recollecting that some one was expected, and then turning to Mimi, said:

"'You must now, my dear, do all that I tell you to do. Presently there will arrive two gentlemen; they will ask you to sing, and you, who can sing—I know that you can—must do your best to gratify them.'

"In a few minutes the two men came in. They were very common-looking persons, but the queen greeted them most civilly, and they bowed to the earth before her.

"'Monsieur Grétry, this is the little girl I told you of. Tell me, is she not wonderfully like Colombe Lavalle?'

"'The very living image, your majesty.'

"'And now, my dear,' said the queen—'courage; sing after me. *Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do.*'

"'*Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do,*' repeated Mimi after the queen.

"'Brava! but excellently well. Princess, she shall earn her dower, and take Colombe's place on her benefit night at Rouen; Grétry will manage the affair for us, and he and I and you shall teach her how to act. And then you shall see what we shall do for you, my dear, if you are a good child, and I know you will be.'

"Some days after Mimi's interview with the queen, of which great event I knew nothing, I was ordered to Rouen. I was very much surprised, as none of the rest of my corps were commanded to the same city. As I went up the Grande Rue I beheld on the corner of the street a great inscription, which ran thus:

"'THÉÂTRE DE ROUEN,
THURSDAY EVENING,
By order of their Majesties, for the BENEFIT *of the* CELEBRATED MLLE. COLOMBE, OF PARIS,
IRÈNE,
A TRAGEDY BY M. DE VOLTAIRE.
After which the splendid new and gorgeous Pastoral Ballet,
ROSE ET PIERROT.
ROSE BY MLLE. COLOMBE.
Their Majesties have declared their gracious intention of assisting at the performance.'

"To my surprise, the commandant of the division of the Auvergne Guard stationed at Rouen ordered me to mount guard at the theatre that very night.

"The memorable evening arrived, and behold me in my glory, powdered and befrizzled, with a stupendous pigtail, mounting guard under the floral decorations of the little theatre, which was brilliantly illuminated with colored lamps for the reception of their majesties. I had enough to do for a long time in observing the dresses of the company, which soon began to arrive. M. De Voltaire himself was there. I can see him now, the tiny, weazen-faced old man, with his chocolate suit and snuff-box, hiding from the royal party, with whom he was not on good terms, and adulating any of the great persons whom he knew. Snuffing, bowing, laughing, cracking jokes—and sometimes rather coarse ones—with old madame la Marquise de Créguy, who brought him in her chair, and out of whose box he leaned the whole evening, looking, as he was, the very incarnation of malice and wit.

"Madame la Duchesse de Montmorency, the loveliest woman of the court, the handsome De Lauzun, and the joyous Count de Lambsec, M. le Prince de Quéménée, gentleman-usher to her majesty, giving his arm to the Countess de Dampierre, and others who bore names famous in history passed by me as I stood mounting guard at the theatre door.

"Presently M. le directeur of the royal theatres, M. Grétry, came down in conversation with M. De Quéménée.

"'Express, M. le prince, my humble thanks to her majesty, who has been so good as to promise me half the receipts of this evening out of her own privy purse.'

"Here the proprietor of the Rouen theatre came up. 'Pray, M. Grétry, do you think that this young lady who is to replace Mlle. Colombe, who, you declare, is too ill to act herself, will be able to take her part so that the change will not be noticed by her majesty?'

"'I am persuaded she will.'

"'Vive la reine!' 'Vive le roi!' shouted the crowd. And soon their majesties mounted the staircase. The king, Louis XVI., looked care-worn and fatigued, but the queen gloriously—her splendid train of flowered satin sweeping behind her; her bright, happy face flushed with pleasure; her eyes sparkling; her penciled arching eyebrows; her hair perfectly white with powder, amidst which were roses and glittering diamonds. She reminded me of love in winter—snow upon her head, and roses on her cheeks.

"Behind the king and queen was the amiable Madame Elizabeth, who came only out of kindness; for it got noised about that the queen intended doing some kind action that night. By Madame De France walked ma-

dame la Princesse de Lamballe, who, as she passed me, gave me a smile of recognition, which set my heart beating. When the royal family were seated I was ordered to mount guard right in front of the box in the lobby, in such a position that I could see through the little glass pane in the door all that was taking place in the theatre. M. De Voltaire's heavy tragedy over, the ballet began. But who was this who enacted the principal part? Colombe? no, Mimi. I was sure it was her. Her very dress; nay, more, her own dear voice singing, 'Ah, vous direz-je, maman, peut on vivre sans amant?'

"Just then the door of the royal box opened. The queen was uncomfortably heated. I overheard her say to the Princess de Lamballe,

"'Dear princess, how happy I am! All these good people are nicely taken in, and have assisted in the doing of a good action without knowing it—for what better action is there than that of contributing to the happiness of others?'

"The king laughed, and said it was like her majesty to make all the world aid her in her good deeds.

"Madame la princesse was in great glee, and I heard her whisper to the queen to applaud.

"'Oh yes, yes, let us applaud!' cried this charming queen; and she beat her hands heartily together.

"'And her lover—where is he?' the queen asked presently of M. De Quéménée.

"'He is close at hand, your majesty.'

"'Now send for her, for her part in the ballet is over.'

"The queen then perceived me, and I nearly fell down, I was so much overcome; for now I understood all, and remembered what Masnard had said in the court-yard of the barracks about speaking to the queen. I heard some one say the receipts were over ten thousand francs.

"By-and-by M. Grétry appeared, leading—well, you all know whom: my Mimi. Then the queen stepped out of her box, and taking Mimi by the hand, led her to me.

"'Monsieur,' said her majesty, 'to-morrow I shall visit M. le curé de Montreuil, and beg of him to absolve us both. He will, I hope, pardon me the part I have taken in this little adventure. He will, I know—knowing, as he does, the purity of his niece's heart—pardon our dear Mimi for having acted on the stage. It is the only way in which an honest woman can earn her dower in a single night. But let her act but once. I hope, Sir, you will accept her dower, which she has earned in your service, and the brevet of captain, which you have won in mine.'

"Madame la princesse gave Mimi the little miniature on the day of our wedding, at which their majesties both assisted. After the death of my kind benefactors I became poor, and Mimi—" The old man paused. "Mimi is up there;" and he pointed to the clear vault of heaven above.

"Sir," he said, turning to me, "I lost my two legs at Austerlitz; but, thank God and my country, when I die I shall be buried near the Little Corporal!"

[NOTE.—The pretty anecdote on which this story is founded is, I believe, perfectly true. I heard it from my aunt, Miss Boyle, who received it from her friend Madame De Campan, the lady-in-waiting on Marie Antoinette.—AUTHOR.]

POLITICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MODERN GREEKS.

"HE is the only honest man in Athens," said an English friend to me soon after my arrival, referring to a Greek gentleman whom he met going out of my house as he himself was coming in. I was startled at the overwhelming denunciation implied by the remark. Much as I had heard, here and abroad, of the "degraded character" of the modern Greek, of his "utter disregard of moral obligations," of his "cunning, duplicity, knavery, vainglory," and other obliquity, I was not prepared to find that but a single example of righteousness existed in the capital of Greece. But if this knowledge was painful, there was something refreshingly original in the idea that out of a population of forty or fifty thousand souls, one human being stood pre-eminent as "the noblest work of God," an honest man. Seizing—mentally, of course—this rare specimen of pure humanity in a society of knaves, I placed him with tender care upon the foremost shelf of my cabinet of Greek curiosities. And a very fine specimen he was, inasmuch as he occupied officially the highest seat in the highest judicial tribunal in the kingdom—a position which at least indicated good judgment on the part of those who had placed him there, and which seemed to encourage the hope that so prominent and pure an example of the upright judge might permeate the dissolute mass around him, and in time regenerate the people at large. But scarcely had I deposited this *rara avis* in my museum when another English friend pointed out to me another Greek, whom he also designated as "the only honest man in Greece!" This time it was a politician, one who had occupied prominent positions in the state, and who was believed to be strongly impregnated with *les idées Anglaise*, which, while it might account for the partiality accorded to him by my friend, encouraged the belief that under such an honest guide even the crooked paths of politics might be made straight, and the desert of ambition blossom with the rose of patriotism. Do not accuse me of a tendency to embellish when I add that before long a third man—the king's gardener, a German—was named to me as "the

only honest man in Athens." This specimen, however, I rejected, not because he was "honest"—Heaven forbid!—but because he was not a Greek. Another honest man in the shape of a tailor soon after made his appearance. Him I accepted, because, although popularly entitled to only a fractional part of humanity, I was assured that his measures could be relied upon. In the course of time other "honest men," including merchants, professors, editors, and even lawyers, made themselves or were made known to me, until my museum of natural curiosities became so crowded that a question arose in my mind whether it would not be more curious to make a collection of the dishonest men of Athens. Toward such a work I should have wanted no end of coadjutors. There was my friend A, who seemed to take a dear delight in picking up every social, moral, and political delinquency as exclusive attributes of the Greek character. As to national virtue, he had lived here long enough not to discover any, or if by hazard some good trait did occasionally appear upon the surface, it was attributed to that under-current of *foreign* influence which alone is believed to freshen and redeem the turbid waters of effete Hellenism. Then there was my friend B, who had studied and pondered over and written and talked about Greek history from the Roman conquest to the reign of Otho, and ought certainly to know all about it from root to branch. He had found the root rotten and the branches sterile. His romantic ideas of Greece began to fade from the moment that he set foot on the "classic soil" in the days of the Greek revolution; and his experience of many years in the country had taught him, too late, the bitter truth that investments in real estate in Greece do not always yield the golden harvest that was expected, and that tireless reiterations of Greek national deficiencies in volumes, magazines, and London newspapers do not win that laurel wreath of renown with which incessant literary labor sometimes crowns the hoary head of intellectual age. Again, there was my friend C, who regarded it as his special duty to connect with diplomatic periods the scattered bones of Athenian politics, and present the abhorred spectacle of the fleshless skeleton to his master of the Foreign-office. Nobody ever could deny that the bones were real, and if he did not choose to admit that there were other bones where he found these, clothed in flesh and blood, and performing the healthful functions of humanity, it was not his business to publish the fact. There was also my friend D, as honest-hearted a man as one meets with in a lifetime, who took an early opportunity of assuring me that I would not be six months in Athens before all my enthusiastic ideas, if I had any, about the Greeks would be "washed out," and that I would find them, with scarce an exception, to be a "worthless, sententious, impracticable race." Finally, not to go any further down the alphabet of denunciators, there was E, who had passed years in the civil service abroad, and who is named in a certain publication of some merit as one "who knows more of the Ionian Islands than any other living Englishman." E still holds office in that quarter of the world which he knows so much about, and as his opinion of the people around him ought to be of weight, I give it. "The Greeks," said he to me one day, as I called upon him in his official "den"—"the Greeks are a nation of freebooters, and the Greek Church a religion of painted boards;" accompanying this sententious utterance with a wave of the hand which set at defiance further argument, and left upon my mind a distinct impression that, like Bunsby, he had given an opinion "as is an opinion." I have no doubt that my friend honestly believed what he said. Englishmen are not hypocrites. As I have intimated, I found abundant counselors ever ready to rise to the highest flights of Hellenic imagery to show me the emptiness of the bubble, or to dive down the deepest wells of sophistry to bring up the pearl of truth. "Will you just allow me to take you behind the scenes," said one of my Mentors, "by recounting to you an affair which I happen to know all about? You are a little skeptical, I think, and I would just like to give you an idea of the political corruption of this place." I had not the slightest objection whatever to be taken behind the scenes. It was not the first time I had been there, and I was not altogether unacquainted with the manner in which trap-doors are managed, spirits conjured, or political thunder manufactured. As to my skepticism on such subjects, my friend did me a grievous wrong. I was any thing but an unbeliever in the clap-trap of parties; and as to political dishonesty, how can a man pass years in various societies where the staple of conversation is partisan, not to say personal abuse, without believing somewhat in human depravity?

The manner in which my friend took me behind the scenes on the present occasion was to seat me in a comfortable corner of his sofa, and whisper in my ear the following tale of terror. But I will not weary the reader with details. Briefly, the case was this: A certain prominent member of the opposition had actually proposed to one of the ministry that if the latter would remove three officials, who for many years had held posts of trust under the government, and replace them with three of the personal friends of the politician, he would influence the election, then about to be held, in favor of the existing ministry. This was the revelation that was to open my eyes to the degradation of Greek politics and the obliquity

of Greek morals. It might have brought a smile to the countenance of a member of the New York "Ring," but that of my narrator was stern with a sense of genuine indignation. I knew all the circumstances of this case before he told me, and the facts were as stated; but my museum of Greek curiosities was at that time in an incomplete state, and I yielded to the temptation to bait my hook for more. "May it not be," said I, "that these three men now in office are untrustworthy, and might be replaced by better men?" "That's just the point," was the reply; "they hold places of great responsibility, and I never heard a word impugning their integrity or honor." Thus with one haul of the line I caught three more "honest men of Greece," which, by-the-way, was no mean catch, seeing that my informant was the same who, a few months previous, had designated one of the individuals before mentioned as the "only" specimen of the genus *honoris* in the kingdom of Greece. Before quitting the subject of our conversation I thought it only fair—considering that one good story deserves another—to remind my English friend that only a few weeks previous, at a certain election in England, one man confessed to having received two thousand guineas to influence votes in a single borough.

This case of attempted bribery in high quarters is not the worst, any more than it is the least, of many that came under my notice in that country, and yet it may be well doubted if political parties in Greece are as obnoxious to the charge of corruption, or men in office of peculation, as are those of older and richer communities, where, under far less temptation, open-handed bribery passes with comparative impunity.

I may be excused for bringing my own countrymen into the catalogue of political delinquents. The New York journals furnish enough information on this head, which is duly circulated in monarchical society in Europe as a warning to embryo republicanism. But nothing is more natural than to ask how far the example of the three "Protecting Powers" of Greece is calculated to give point to the sermons on political righteousness which are everlastingly being preached to the people of Greece. Are electioneering practices in England pure and undefiled?* Does ruffianism prevail in any part of the United Kingdom, or make her capitals a by-word? Are the masses of her population contented, educated, temperate, and virtuous? Has she ever indulged in foreign conquests, or kept millions of an alien people in subjection by immense armies? How stands France? and is it true that when Greece looked at that government during the empire as to a guide, counselor, and friend, she beheld "deputies sent up to her Assembly in the interest of corrupt administrations, bought by private gifts, or grants for unnecessary or extravagant public works?" How is it about the "jobbing and malversation of all kinds" practiced in Russia? Is it true that the last emperor, in his attempts to stop the corruption of officials, found the whole machinery of government at a stand-still for want of the accustomed oiling, and in desperation gave up the experiment? If these self-appointed guardians of the little kingdom often, or even sometimes, follow the Pharisaical method of taking tithes of mint and cummin while neglecting the weightier matters of the law, is it astonishing that the political child, born in a gypsy camp, does not spring more rapidly to the full proportions of statesman-like beauty—the realization of the sentiment with which it is endowed? Corruption in politics in Greece there most assuredly is. The vile lessons of barbaric centuries and the living lessons of civilization have not been lost upon the Greek mind. Money is employed to induce certain men in certain parts to give certain political bearing to the elections. Partisan principles are often advocated by bad men. Men in office, who have had their backs scratched, tickle their friends for doing it. Favorites get bones thrown to them under the table, and Lazarus without gets no crumbs. "A fat contract," if such a thing as fatness is to be found in Greece, gets reduced in its proportions before it reaches the rightful owner. "If one handles honey, some of it may stick to the fingers," is a Greek proverb of world-wide application. All these things, and more, occur in Greece, for the people do not claim to be "a society of angels," but only to be "like other people." But there is this difference. Greece, politically, is poor; not literally, but comparatively, clad in rags, and is easily pierced by the pigmy straws of her own and foreign manufacture. In the other nations the "gowns and furred robes hide all." I am persuaded that few acts of political iniquity lie concealed. If the office-holder, with a salary of a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars, thinks to double it by some hocus-pocus known to experts, or by actually slipping his hand into the public treasury, he thinks twice before attempting it, for the chances of exposure are a hundred to one. Every office is surrounded by hungry, eager eyes, watching for the stool that the first may fall from. Besides this, a public official in Athens, be he the humblest clerk, walks between batteries of political journals, any one of which will hit him if it can the instant he exposes his vulnerable point. I am persuaded that the Greeks themselves are accountable for much of the prejudice against them. The politicians fer-

* "Harm comes every day to the upright voter for an honest vote."—*Mr. Leatham, in the House of Commons, June* 22, 1871.

ret out every conceivable and many inconceivable crimes, and the twenty-five or thirty journals of Athens do not let it die for want of circulation. The great proportion of political sinning is fabricated by partisan scribblers, and it may be safely said that much of that which has foundation is exaggerated, and much of that which is not exaggerated has no foundation in fact. There is little peculation, and less venality. Favoritism and nepotism are frequent charges against the ministers. "To the victors belong the spoils," is a motto which originated out of Greece, however often it is adopted in the kingdom.

The pay of the Greek office-holder is so miserably small that a clerk in an ordinary commercial house in America would reject it. Neither do I believe that, as a rule, political men at Athens make a drachma out of their position. They are mostly poor men; and those who hold landed property have it mostly under a heavy mortgage, and are in debt. Of the four political leaders of today, two are in the receipt of comfortable incomes from family inheritance; the other two are notably poor. The pay of a Greek minister is a thousand drachmas a month—say 2000 dollars a year—and the pay of the member of Parliament is less than 350 dollars for the session. These salaries do not seem to offer much inducement to take office. It may be argued that, for this reason, no one would take office but for pecuniary advantages incident thereto. But if men feathered their nests in this way, the fact would certainly in some instances transpire. On the contrary, we find them going out of office as poor or poorer than when they went in; and I know of cases where men who have repeatedly filled high and responsible positions in the state have depended for their future support on private charity. I think, therefore, that the general charge of "peculation," or "misappropriation," or by whatever name pecuniary dishonesty is called, in Greece, may be allowed to fall to the ground. A recently published article asserts that "places are made subservient to party success as distinguished from the public advantage, and dishonest gains in office are winked at or shared on the plea of party necessity or interest." I should be sorry to have any Greek read this, because the author of the statement is an American, Jacob D. Cox, and the subject on which he writes is the civil service, not of Greece, but of the United States! The love of power is the secret loadstone which draws the Greek politician up, up, into the highest office he can reach, and which gives him contentment therein even when he feels that the prize may have to be relinquished within a brief period of months. When he gets into office he distributes his patronage to pay his followers for helping him to it, or keeping him in, and however objectionable this process is, and injurious in principle and practice to the cause of free institutions, it has to be endured, as we at home endure the spectacle of a new President, with fifty thousand offices in his gift—"the greatest patronage enjoyed by any ruler in the world—putting the whole machinery of this patronage into operation for political purposes."

Egoism, rather than depravity in morals, is the charge to be brought against Greek statesmen; and the reformer might as well attempt to rub out of the Englishman, Frenchman, or American his darling idea of self-superiority as to erase this idiosyncrasy from the mind of the Greek.

Greece is the freest of constitutional monarchies. Her sovereign was called to the throne by the voice of the people. His subjects are equal before the law, and there are no titles of nobility or distinction. The liberty of the individual and his house is inviolable. Trial by jury is maintained. The press is free, and is allowed to be the vehicle of any and every opinion not contrary to the religion of the state or against the person of the king. Suffrage is universal. Members of the Chamber of Deputies represent the nation as well as the province which elects them. Cabinet ministers take part in the deliberations of the Chamber, and under certain circumstances can be brought to trial by the Chamber before a special court convened for that purpose. The number of deputies from each district is fixed in proportion to its inhabitants, and the whole number can never be less than 150. Thus in Athens, with a population of 50,000, the number elected is six. The system of universal suffrage will become more and more successful as the people learn to be more self-reliant and independent of the arbitration of placemen. It is a safety-valve to the passions of the people, and is in harmony with the principles of liberal government. In Athens perfect tranquillity prevails at elections, but in some of the provinces the presence of troops is required to maintain order; and it not unfrequently occurs that affrays with loss of life take place in closely contested districts. The system employed at elections in Greece is that of "secret ballot;" and as the adoption of this system in England is a question before Parliament, it may not be uninteresting to dwell for a moment upon the peculiar mode in vogue in Greece. Each candidate has a separate ballot-box upon which his name is inscribed. These boxes are ranged in a line across the body of the communal *church*, where the elections take place, and are elevated to the height of the breast of the voter. Behind each box, on a raised bench, sits a friend of each candidate, to challenge, if necessary, the right of the voter. Registers are stationed near the

door of the church to check from the printed lists the name of each voter as he receives his ballot. Thus far the *modus operandi* does not materially differ from our own, except that a separate box is assigned to each candidate. But the boxes are peculiar, and may furnish a hint upon which a less objectionable plan than our own might be adopted. The glass box in vogue in the United States was formerly employed in Greece, but is now rejected. The receptacle for the ballot is a square tin box, with a ridged roof, in shape not unlike that of a small dog kennel, from which projects longitudinally about a foot of pipe of the diameter of a stove funnel. Into this funnel the voter inserts his arm, having first received from the attendant a small lead or iron bullet. The ballot-box is divided interiorly into two partitions, and the box is painted externally white and black to correspond with these divisions—white signifying *yea*, and black *nay*. The name of the candidate inscribed upon the ballot-box is distinctly announced, and the voter, whose hand is concealed, drops his bullet by a simple movement of the wrist into the *yea* or *nay* partition as he elects. The ball falls noiselessly, and the voter withdraws his hand without the possibility of his vote being known to the observers. This process he repeats until he has voted for *each* candidate. The process is lengthy, but the time allowed for elections, extending over several days, prevents undue excitement or eager haste. It is difficult to conceive of a mode in principle better calculated to protect the independent action of the voter and to secure immunity from fraud.

Unlike our own elections, where the announcement of the elected candidate is like oil on the waters of clamor and the effervescence of parties, the defeated candidates in Greece retire from the open field only to unite to get their opponents ousted on the first convenient opportunity.

When a new cabinet is called into power by the sovereign, criticism sharpens its pen almost before the Prime Minister can take his oath of office. Every act, and many acts not even contemplated, are animadverted upon by a merciless press, while charges of "favoritism," or "nepotism," or what not, are hurled at the ministry after each displacement in office, and a tiresome repetition of stale political eggs breaks upon the official linen, however immaculate it may be. There is little respect to persons in these attacks, but absolute scurrility is rare. The press of Athens is much given to rodomontade, but not to vulgarity. When the Prime Minister of England is spoken of at a public dinner presided over by an English earl as a "mean and despicable toad," and as "the greatest knave and Jesuitical political scoundrel the country had seen," it must be regarded as a very exceptional case, but it does not the less make it not surprising that in inferior organized communities occasional blackguardism should be resorted to by the popgun portion of the Athens press.

When a Greek minister is well seated on the box of the governmental coach, he is not unapt to hold the reins with an arbitrary grasp, and usurp rather than exercise power, which is itself a recompense for the struggles and heart-burnings which it has cost him to obtain it. He is then comparatively indifferent to the criticisms of the by-standers, and if any impetuous opponent gets in his way, will perhaps run over him with a *nonchalance* strikingly in contrast with the deference with which he formerly hung upon popular favor. He sweeps away many offices held by political opponents on the plea of "public economy," and he creates posts on the plea of "public necessity." He makes honest professions of reform in administration, which he finds it impossible to carry out, chiefly from the short term during which he holds office, and he makes promises of political preferment to his friends which are not always fulfilled. He soon finds his seat of office slipping from under him and his popularity oozing away, and when he falls, it is to give place to an opponent who will pursue pretty much the same political course and meet with the same political fortune. To retain popularity in office for any length of time is an impossibility with a Greek statesman, for no matter how pure his motives, how earnest his endeavors to steer the ship of state past the breakers and into a safe haven, he will find public sentiment pressing for his removal or for a change of ministry, if for no other reason, because he has been too long in office. It is only when the minister returns to private life that his accusers cease accusing, because they are then busy with the new incumbent; or, what is not unlikely, the ex-minister will for the first time read flattering encomiums upon his late honorable and successful administration, and learn that a man must first be politically dead if he wishes to read his own epitaph. Thus, almost by rotation, the three or four parties, or, more properly speaking, cliques, rise and fall in Athens on the ever-restless surges of an apparently idle but active population, a great proportion of whom are office-holders or office-seekers. I say political cliques rather than parties, because there are no important principles or distinctions to mark these separate organizations. Each political leader is surrounded by a greater or less number of followers, flatterers, or champions, as the case may be, whose chief inducement to political devotion is political reward. This condition finds a parallel in all countries, but the distinction there is that the majority instead of the minority in the capital are political game-

sters. They play the same cards and win the same honors; but if they lose, they are themselves lost until the next change of fortune, and wander about with empty pockets, not knowing where to replenish them, excepting by a recourse to the same exhaustive passion. But disappointment rarely reduces the energies of the political aspirant. By dint of much floundering in that uncertain sea he sometimes makes a great wave, and rises on it, and when the spectator supposes that he is on the point of being overwhelmed, he is on the point of being saved. The Greek is an excellent swimmer, whether buffeting the brine at the sea-baths of Phalerum, or sporting in the more shallow waters of politics within the capital.

By instinct, the people of Greece are democratic; by circumstance, they are royalists. Theoretically considered, they would appear to be peculiarly adapted for a republican form of government; but the failure of the experiment under Capodistria (who was assassinated for his supposed intrigues with Russia), and the exceptional condition which Greece holds toward the rest of Europe, and especially toward the three Protecting Powers, make her existing form of government such as commends itself to the majority of the governed. There are times when the low murmurs of discontent suggest the possibility of an attempt at republicanism, and the shade of Washington is invoked to clear the political atmosphere. But neither shade nor substance of that august personage rises over modern Hellas. If the practical education of the Greeks were equal to their book learning, they would be fit for institutions approximating to our own. They, like the rest of Europe, have to learn that republics are valuable only so far as they are guided by the intelligent direction of the educated mind. Any premature attempt of this kind among an ambitious and power-grasping people would result in disaster. The Greeks are, therefore, loyal to the throne, they respect the person of the king, and are faithful to the constitution and the laws.

While local politics are the never-ceasing topic of discussion throughout the kingdom, national politics are the active and vital topic of discussion in the capital. There every shade of opinion prevails, and every idea short of revolution and anarchy is propagated, and finds supporters. There are those who would maintain the present constitution as a faultless instrument, those who would amend it, and those who would do away with it altogether. There are those who, believing in the fiction that the sovereign can do no wrong, would give the king more political power; and there are those who, believing that the sovereign can do wrong, would reduce him to a puppet. Some would take away all responsibility from the sovereign and place it in the hands of the ministry, and some would absolve the ministry from all responsibility and fix it upon the sovereign. Some would increase the royal prerogatives, add another million to the king's civil list, surround him with the pageantry of a mounted guard, and further restrict accessibility to the royal presence. The openly avowed democrat, on the other hand, would cut down the present income of the king, abolish the court, have his majesty live as the "first gentleman of Athens" in a private dwelling, and reduce the number of horses in the royal stables from forty to four. It may be thought that in the midst of such conflicting opinions, and the never-ceasing antagonisms of political parties and political complaints, the throne of Greece is a bed of thorns. But King George is self-reliant, independent in views and action, and without that personal ambition which is regardless of the steps it takes to its accomplishment. He feels the popular pulse, and keeps time with it, not more as a matter of policy than from national sympathy. But the position of a sovereign of Greece is not an enviable position, because from the peculiar character and condition of the people a sovereign who would be thoroughly satisfactory to the nation must possess a combination of impossible qualities. The king the Greeks would have should be a Greek king—an impossibility in itself, since there is no royal stock in the nation, and to place a man of the people on the throne would be an anomaly insufferable to Europe, and fraught with imminent personal danger to his democratic majesty. Since, then, the sovereign can not have Greek blood in his veins, the nearest condition to it is that he shall become Greek by sympathy of language and ideas. This presupposes youth, since no transplanted stock can denationalize itself excepting through the slow processes of time and growth. But the sovereign should possess the qualifications of a ruler. He should be a man of capacity, administrative talents, of political wisdom, resulting from his experience in affairs of state. This condition is inconsistent with the period of youth. The only road out of these difficulties is the one taken by the Greeks. King George came to the throne at the age of eighteen, which was about the age of his predecessor, Otho, when he accepted the perils of the same position; but the present king had the advantage of the experience of the former, and avoided the rocks on which the Bavarian prince went to pieces. King George brought no foreign retinue to disgust the national sentiment, and absorb interests which should belong to the people themselves. He possesses mental capacity, which was not a distinguishing characteristic of Otho, and he is without that perverseness of disposition which, when united to a weak mind, is sure to work mischief to the state. Better than

all, King George has surrounded the barren throne from which Otho was driven with flowers of royalty, who, born in the kingdom, and embracing the religion of the orthodox Oriental Church, can supply the throne with a sovereign as Hellenic as the Greeks can ever hope to obtain. King George has as good an opportunity as any prince ever had to gain the love of his people, and win for himself a name, by uniting with them heart and hand in ameliorating the condition of the kingdom. Unlike his predecessor, his hands are comparatively free of the impediment of foreign ministerial counselors, who, struggling each for supremacy, united only in checking the political advancement of the kingdom. The present king is in large measure his own adviser; he comprehends the chief wish of his subjects, which is that Greece shall govern Greece, and it is especially to his credit that he has not chosen as a political confidant the representative of any European power, or thrown himself into the arms of any European government. The avoidance of political love-making has brought many suitors to the throne whom he neither accepts nor offends. Eight years' experience with this positive and individual people have, or should have, given his majesty a pretty clear insight into their character; the necessity for that frank and entire confidence which opens the way to just appreciations between the ruler and the ruled invites confidence in return, and insures the safety of the state. The maxim that "the people are always right" is a safer maxim for kings to assume than the reverse proposition, and the only difficulty in the way of its application is how to test public opinion. Sovereigns may be deceived by those whom they consult, for advisers are not always disinterested. The old system of spies and intriguers is happily going out of practice, as a system of political machinery which can not be depended on, and which embarrasses instead of facilitates the working of government. But there are ways always open to the sagacious mind whereby the true may be detected from the false, and the current sentiment of communities be made familiar to the political student. One of the greatest monarchs in history owed his greatness to the fact that he understood and sympathized with his people, and the only way he understood them was by mingling with them in the garb of a workman. King George has no need to resort to this expedient: he has but to encourage the freest interchange of opinions with his subjects without respect to classes or conditions; to go over his kingdom, not in equipages of state, but as a private citizen, and examine for himself the deficiencies and requirements of every branch of the public service; to give as much time and attention to conversation with a peasant as he would give to an interview with a foreign minister—in a word, to inform himself, not be informed, of the needs of his people, and with all the power of his royal prerogative insist on those reforms being made. King George is full of good intentions, and is not the political sluggard which those who look only at externals in Greece might possibly be led to suppose. But misapprehensions sometimes prevail concerning the king's position toward his people, and the personal influence which is supposed to be brought to bear upon his political actions. Men who do not know King George, and who obtain most of their ideas from the small political cliques in which they move, do injustice to their sovereign. Anti-royalists are apt to invest the sovereign with a personal character which is entirely foreign to that which he possesses. If the king was this, or if the king was that, a very different state of things would exist in Greece, think many wise and good subjects. These lament the days of Otho, or even hint that a second Capodistria is the one thing needful for Greece. I have seen some of these very men come out of the royal presence thoroughly transformed from political haters to royal lovers, simply from having come in contact with the frank and honest character of their sovereign.

When the petulant school-boy can not solve his mathematical problem he sometimes in his impatience lays the fault of his want of success upon the problem itself, or, when convinced that others before him have mastered the difficulty, he perhaps accuses his teacher of ignorance or willful intention to mislead him in his explanations. So when the problem of self-government, from its own inherent difficulties or from the inexperience of those who attempt to administer it, works badly, the discontented citizen abuses the constitution, or, if that presents no salient point of attack, puts all the responsibility of the failure upon the governing power. Neither the constitution nor the administrative power in Greece is free from defects. Perhaps to modify the former would be to create greater obstacles to the free and potent influence of the principle it embraces. The evils apparent to the most casual eye in the system of organization may well attract and fasten the attention of the governed classes. These defects are prominent or concealed according to the peculiar condition of the kingdom from time to time. With a popular leader at the head of the ministry, and no external question to aggravate the public mind, the voice of complaint is hushed, and but little is heard of constitutional amendments or of the incapacity or improper exercise of power on the part of the ministry or the sovereign. Indeed, the sovereign is rarely attacked in an open manner. Innuendoes and charges against the

"camarilla" or the "court" are frequent, and in the majority of cases this means the sovereign. But the king is often as innocent of the charges thus carelessly made as are the men who make them. There is no point in the royal target too small to attract the attention of newspaper marksmen, who, although they rarely aim at the bull's-eye, love dearly to hit its nearest rings, commonly designated as the camarilla. A majority of Ionians in the *personnel* of the court, the proposed engagement of a Russian instead of a Greek chaplain for the queen, the suggestion of a mounted guard of honor for his majesty, too many *petite soirées* or too few "grande" balls at the palace, too rapid an increase of the royal family, too long a sojourn of their majesties at their favorite summer residence at Corfu, etc., etc., up to the graver sins of keeping an unpopular ministry too long in power, the dissolution of the national Parliament to avoid a political crisis, etc., etc., pique the appetite of the ever-hungry journalist, and supply the staple of conversation to the idlers and political grumblers of the streets and cafés. This irritability of the public mind, especially at the capital, indicates the impoverishment of resources, the want of wholesome occupation, which in large commercial cities gives employment to classes which in Athens are reduced to petty journalism or to place-hunting.

The real evils of Greek government are evils of administration, and the stifling system of centralization is its chief evil. Power should be diffused in Greece until each individual of each commune and village feels that the authoritative and executive power is responsible to him as one of the people for the proper discharge of the functions of his office. Greece is a nation of politicians without a party—of opinions without a public opinion. Not that party spirit and individual opinions do not largely prevail, and too often to the detriment of practical reforms, but that there is no concentration of grand principles, no unity of popular force, no promulgation of public will. Men at Athens who should shape the country are too much engrossed in shaping their own fortunes, and the people of the country, by which I mean especially the country people, are indifferent to politics so long as they are allowed peaceably to pursue their own livelihood. Such a thing as a public meeting in village, town, or city, composed of the working or industrious classes, for the purpose of discussing or enforcing a public measure, is a spectacle never witnessed in Greece. Ideas are as thick as blackberries, but they are unwholesome, because never allowed to ripen to practical results. The people are the servants of the politicians, and do all the log-bearing, instead of the politicians being the devoted servants of the people. To the ignorance of the latter as to their own rights and own interests is to be ascribed this apathy or indifference. Men look every where but to themselves to discover the majesty of the state. When the maladministration of affairs or the pressure of untoward circumstances brings on one of those periodical crises so common at Athens, there is an immediate hunt for the scape-goat. Who is to blame? And as there is generally some difficulty in finding the right individual, or party, or minister, each by turn is assailed with all the venom of the press. Too often the fault is laid, and not always incorrectly, upon foreign interference; but it generally ends in a lamentation at the impotence of poor truncated Greece *(La Grèce limitrophe)*, which has been deprived of her natural heritage, and confined to a limitation where political wisdom and material progress can not find their natural expansion. The Greeks should take a lesson out of Shakspeare:

> "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in *ourselves*, that we are underlings."

I would not advise the Greeks to do as Brutus did, lest they meet with Brutus's fate. It is not political revolution they require, but that silent, all-powerful, and all-pervading moral revolution which shall propel the vessel of state by the breath of public opinion out of the shallow waters in which she now flounders, like a ship of war in a mill-pond, to the broad sea of national prosperity. The people of Greece need to be brought together by the influence of the press, the pulpit, and public debate into one homogeneous society, whose end and aim should be the purification of the ballot-box, and the elevation and strengthening of an independent judiciary. When men are elected for their capacity and honesty, and not because of their local influence, and when the tribunal of justice is free from the faintest suspicion of political or personal taint, we shall hear less of the inability of the Greeks to govern themselves. With the press lies chiefly the power to create a public opinion, and make that public opinion effective for good.

The Greeks must learn to make character the qualification for office—must learn to regard the privilege of suffrage as a holy and inestimable privilege, not to subserve personal, but the general welfare. They must insist upon economy in every branch of the public service, and cheerfully bear sacrifices until the national credit is established; they must insist upon a greater exercise of courage in those who administer public affairs—courage to say "No" to partisan demands at home and to unjust demands from abroad. I mean demands which would not be made by foreign powers to other powers of equal political strength to their

own. By such a course Greece will gain respect where now she suffers humiliation. But if Greece requires to be counseled, so do her counselors. "All the evils which have afflicted Greece," says an intelligent British writer who has dwelt among the Greeks for years, "may be attributed to the mistakes of British diplomacy." It is certainly true, as Count Nesselrode told England in 1850 in respect to the English blockade of Athens, that the policy of that government toward Greece has too often been to "recognize toward the weak no other rule than her own will—no other right than her own physical strength." Greece has many and just grounds of complaint on this score of arbitrary treatment from a power which should have respected her rights as much as if she were in a position to enforce them with armies and fleets. The words of King George on one occasion to a certain foreign embassador contain the pith of the Greek demand of to-day: "Do you recognize Greece as a kingdom? Well, then, treat her as such."

In her relations with the three Protecting Powers Greece occupies an anomalous position. In the temperament of her people she sympathizes with France—the nation least in a condition to be of service to her. She fears England, and suspects Russia. If she had the same faith in the honesty of the Muscovite, who is ever professing friendship for her, as she has in the Anglo-Saxon, who is ever abusing her, she might accept Russia as the most convenient ally in the hour of need. As it is, she fears to play into the hands of either, while most anxious for the support of all, knowing that the antagonistic attitude of the European states to each other might, on occasion, lead to the punishment of her partiality, to the imminent danger of her national existence. Thus, while the political interests of each power has nothing in common with Hellenic aspirations, each strives for supremacy in the kingdom, to further its own schemes in the East of Europe. Greece understands this, and by her effort to maintain an independent attitude and push her own fortunes, excites the detestation of all the powers.

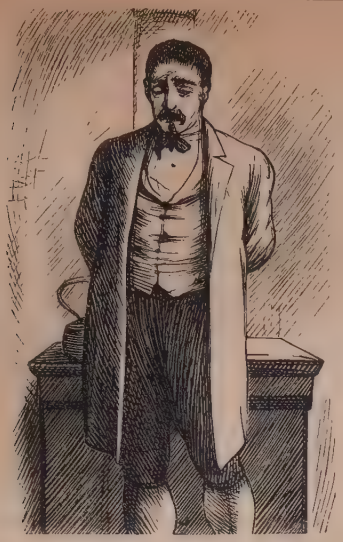
Greece has been brought into prominent position by the very abuse heaped upon her. The preposterous demands of foreign critics should flatter her self-esteem. Youngest of all the nations, she is upbraided for not possessing those qualities which in other nations are the growth of centuries. The broad sun of Greece falling on her exposed soil reveals every defect of nature, and the peculiar transparency of the atmosphere, which causes her far-off mountains to be seemingly near, magnifies political misfortunes to political iniquities. Greece has to bear this in addition to the evils for which she herself is plainly responsible. This makes her task of self-government a hard one; but the more honorable, the more distinguished among nations will she be, if she accomplishes her task.

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XIX.

MICHEL VOSS at this time was a very unhappy man. He had taught himself to believe that it would be a good thing that his niece should marry Adrian Urmand, and that it was his duty to achieve this good thing in her behalf. He had had it on his mind for the last year, and had nearly brought it to pass. There was, moreover, now, at this present moment, a clear duty on him to be true to the young man who with his consent, and indeed very much at his instance, had become betrothed to Marie Bromar. The reader will understand how ideas of duty, not very clearly looked into or analyzed, acted upon his mind. And then there was always present to him a recurrence of that early caution which had made him lay a parental embargo upon any thing like love between his son and his wife's niece. Without much thinking about it—for he probably never thought very much about any thing—he had deemed it prudent to separate two young people brought up together, when they began, as he fancied, to be foolish. An elderly man is so apt to look upon his own son as a boy, and on a girl who has grown up under his nose as little more than a child! And then George in those days had had no business of his own, and should not have thought of such a thing! In this way the mind of Michel Voss had been forced into strong hostility against the idea of a marriage between Marie and his son, and had filled itself with the spirit of a partisan on the side of Adrian Urmand. But now, as things had gone, he had been made very unhappy by the state of his own mind, and consequently was beginning to feel a great dislike for the merchant from Basle. The stupid, mean little fellow, with his white pocket-handkerchief, and his scent, and his black greasy hair, had made his way into the house and had destroyed all comfort and pleasure! That was the light in which Michel was now disposed to regard his previously honored guest. When he made a comparison between Adrian and George, he could not but acknowledge that any girl of spirit



and sense would prefer his son. He was very proud of his son—proud even of the lad's disobedience to himself on such a subject; and this feeling added to his discomfort.

He had twice seen Marie in her bed during that day spoken of in the last chapter. On both occasions he had meant to be very firm; but it was not easy for such a one as Michel Voss to be firm to a young woman in her night-cap, rather pale, whose eyes were red with weeping. A woman in bed was to him always an object of tenderness, and a woman in tears, as his wife well knew, could on most occasions get the better of him. When he first saw Marie he merely told her to lie still and take a little broth. He kissed her, however, and patted her cheek, and then got out of the room as quickly as he could. He knew his own weakness, and was afraid to trust himself to her prayers while she lay before him in that guise. When he went again he had been unable not to listen to a word or two which she had prepared, and had ready for instant speech. "Uncle Michel," she said, "I will never marry any one without your leave, if you will let M. Urmand go away." He had almost come to wish by this time that M. Urmand would go away and never come back again. "How am I to send him away?" he had said, crossly. "If you tell him, I know he will go—at once," said Marie. Michel had muttered something about Marie's illness, and the impossibility of doing any thing at present, and again had left the room. Then Marie began to take heart of grace, and to think that victory might yet be on her side. But how was George to know that she was firmly determined to throw those odious betrothals to the wind? Feeling it to be absolutely incumbent on her to convey to him this knowledge, she wrote the few words which the servant conveyed to her lover—making no promise in regard to him, but simply assuring him that she would never, never, never become the wife of that other man.

Early on the following morning Michel Voss went off by himself. He could not stay in bed, and he could not hang about the house. He did not know how to demean himself to either of the young men when he met them. He could not be cordial as he ought to be with Urmand; nor could he be austere to George with that austerity which he felt would have been proper on his part. He was becoming very tired of his dignity and authority. Hitherto the exercise of power in his household had generally been easy enough; his wife and Marie had always been loving and pleasant in their obedience. Till within these last weeks there had even been the most perfect accordance between him and his niece. "Send him away; that's very easily said," he muttered to himself, as he went up toward the mountains; "but he has got my engagement, and of course he'll hold me to it." He trudged on he hardly knew whither. He was so unhappy that the mills and the timber-cutting were nothing to him. When he had walked himself into a heat he sat down and took out his pipe, but he smoked more by habit than for enjoyment. Supposing that he did bring himself to change his mind—which he did not think he ever would—how could he break the matter to Urmand? He told himself that he was sure he would not change his mind, because of his solemn engagement to the young man; but he did acknowledge that the young man was not what he had taken him to be. He was effeminate, and wanted spirit, and smelled of hair grease. Michel had discovered none of these defects—had perhaps regarded the characteristics as meritorious rather than otherwise—while he had been hotly in favor of the marriage. Then the hair grease and the rest of it had, in his eyes, simply been signs of the civilization of the town as contrasted with the rusticity of the country. It was then a great thing in his eyes that Marie should marry a man so polished, though much of the polish may have come from pomade. Now his ideas were altered, and, as he sat alone upon the log, he continued to turn up his nose at poor M. Urmand. But how was he to be rid of him—and, if not of him, what was he to do then? Was he to let all authority go by the board, and allow the two young people to marry, although the whole village heard how he had pledged himself in this matter?

As he was sitting there, suddenly his son came upon him. He frowned and went on smoking, though at heart he felt grateful to George for having found him out and fol-

lowed him. He was altogether tired of being alone, or, worse than that, of being left together with Adrian Urmand. But the overtures for a general reconciliation could not come first from him, nor could any be entertained without at least some show of obedience. "I thought I should find you up here," said George.

"And now you have found me, what of that?"

"I fancy we can talk better, father, up among the woods, than we can down there when that young man is hanging about. We always used to have a chat up here, you know."

"It was different then," said Michel. "That was before you had learned to think it a fine thing to be your own master and to oppose me in every thing."

"I have never opposed you but in one thing, father."

"Ah, yes; in one thing. But that one thing is every thing. Here I've been doing the best I could for both of you, striving to put you upon your legs, and make you a man and her a woman, and this is the return I get!"

"But what would you have had me do?"

"What would I have had you do? Not come here and oppose me in every thing."

"But when this Adrian Urmand—"

"I am sick of Adrian Urmand," said Michel Voss. George raised his eyebrows and stared. "I don't mean that," said he; "but I am beginning to hate the very sight of the man. If he'd had the pluck of a wren, he would have carried her off long ago."

"I don't know how that may be, but he hasn't done it yet. Come, father; you don't like the man any more than she does. If you get tired of him in three days, what would she do in her whole life?"

"Why did she accept him, then?"

"Perhaps, father, we were all to blame a little in that."

"I was not to blame—not in the least. I won't admit it. I did the best I could for her. She accepted him, and they are betrothed. The curé down there says it's nearly as good as being married."

"Who cares what Father Gondin says?" asked George.

"I'm sure I don't," said Michel Voss.

"The betrothal means nothing, father, if either of them choose to change their minds. There was that girl over at Saint Die."

"Don't tell me of the girl at Saint Die. I'm sick of hearing of the girl at Saint Die. What the mischief is the girl at Saint Die to us? We've got to do our duty if we can, like honest men and women, and not follow vagaries learned from Saint Die."

The two men walked down the hill together, reaching the hotel about noon. Long before that time the innkeeper had fallen into a way of acknowledging that Adrian Urmand was an incubus; but he had not as yet quite admitted that there was any way of getting rid of the incubus. The idea of having the marriage on the 1st of the present month was altogether abandoned, and Michel had already asked how they might manage among them to send Adrian Urmand back to Basle. "He must come again, if he chooses," he had said; "but I suppose he had better go now. Marie is ill, and she mustn't be worried." George proposed that his father should tell this to Urmand himself; but it seemed that Michel, who had never yet been known to be afraid of any man, was in some degree afraid of the little Swiss merchant.

"Suppose my mother says a word to him," suggested George.

"She wouldn't dare for her life," answered the father.

"I would do it."

"No indeed, George; you shall do no such thing."

Then George suggested the priest; but nothing had been settled when they reached the inn door. There he was, swinging a cane at the foot of the billiard-room stairs—the little bugaboo, who was now so much in the way of all of them! The innkeeper muttered some salutation, and George just touched his hat. Then they both passed on, and went into the house.

Unfortunately the plea of Marie's illness was in part cut from under their feet by the appearance of Marie herself. George, who had not as yet seen her, went up quickly to her, and, without saying a word, took her by the hand and held it. Marie murmured some pretense at a salutation, but what she said was heard by no one. When her uncle came to her and kissed her, her hand was still grasped in that of George. All this had taken place in the passage; and before Michel's embrace was over, Adrian Urmand was standing in the doorway looking on. George, when he saw him, held tighter by the hand, and Marie made no attempt to draw it away.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Urmand, coming up.

"Meaning of what?" asked Michel.

"I don't understand it—I don't understand it at all," said Urmand.

"Don't understand what?" said Michel. The two lovers were still holding each other's hands; but Michel had not seen it; or, seeing it, had not observed it.

"Am I to understand that Marie Bromar is betrothed to me or not?" demanded Adrian. "When I get an answer either way, I shall know what to do." There was in this an assumption of more spirit than had been expected on his part by his enemies at the Lion d'Or.

"Why shouldn't you be betrothed to her?"

said Michel. "Of course you are betrothed to her; but I don't see what is the use of your talking so much about it."

"It is the first time I have said a word on the subject since I've been here," said Urmand. Which was true; but as Michel was continually thinking of the betrothal, he imagined that every body was always talking to him of the matter.

Marie had now managed to get her hand free, and had retired into the kitchen. Michel followed her, and stood meditative, with his back to the large stove. As it happened, there was no one else present there at the moment.

"Tell him to go back to Basle," whispered Marie to her uncle. Michel only shook his head and groaned.

"I don't think I am at all well treated here among you," said Adrian Urmand to George, as soon as they were alone.

"Any special friendship from me you can hardly expect," said George. "As to my father and the rest of them, if they ill treat you, I suppose you had better leave them."

"I won't put up with ill treatment from any body. It's not what I'm used to."

"Look here, M. Urmand," said George. "I quite admit you have been badly used; and, on the part of the family, I am ready to apologize."

"I don't want any apology."

"What do you want, M. Urmand?"

"I want—I want— Never mind what I want. It is from your father that I shall demand it, not from you. I shall take care to see myself righted. I know the French law as well as the Swiss."

"If you're talking of law, you had better go back to Basle and get a lawyer," said George.

There had been no word spoken of George returning to Colmar on that morning. He had told his father that he had brought nothing with him but what he had on; and in truth when he left Colmar he had not looked forward to any welcome which would induce him to remain at Granpere. But the course of things had been different from that which he had expected. He was much too good a general to think of returning now, and he had friends in the house who knew how to supply him with what was most necessary to him. Nobody had asked him to stay. His father had not uttered a word of welcome. But he did stay, and Michel would have been very much surprised indeed if he had heard that he had gone. The man in the stable had ventured to suggest that the old mare would not be wanted to go over the mountain that day. To this George assented, and made special request that the old mare might receive gentle treatment.

And so the day passed away. Marie, who had recovered her health, was busy as usual about the house. George and Urmand, though they did not associate, were rarely long out of each other's sight; and neither the one nor the other found much opportunity for pressing his suit. George probably felt that there was not much need to do so, and Urmand must have known that any pressing of his suit in the ordinary way would be of no avail. The innkeeper tried to make work for himself about the place, had the carriages out and washed, inspected the horses, and gave orders as to the future slaughter of certain pigs. Every body about the house, nevertheless, down to the smallest boy attached to the inn, knew that the landlord's mind was preoccupied with the love affairs of those two men. There was hardly an inhabitant of Granpere who did not understand what was going on; and, had it been the custom of the place to make bets on such matters, very long odds would have been wanted before any one would have backed Adrian Urmand. And yet two days ago he was considered to be sure of the prize. M. le Curé Gondin was a good deal at the hotel during the day, and perhaps he was the stanchest supporter of the Swiss aspirant. He endeavored to support Madame Voss, having that strong dislike to yield an inch in practice or in doctrine which is indicative of his order. He strove hard to make Madame Voss understand that if only she would be firm, and cause her husband to be firm also, Marie would of course yield at last. "I have ever so many young women just in the same way," said the curé, "and you would have thought they were going to break their hearts; but as soon as ever they have been married, they have forgotten all that." Madame Voss would have been quite contented to comply with the priest's counsel, could she have seen the way with her husband. But it had become almost manifest even to her, with the curé to support her, that the star of Adrian Urmand was on the wane. She felt from every word that Marie spoke to her, that Marie herself was confident of success. And it may be said of Madame Voss, that although she had been forced by Michel into a kind of enthusiasm on behalf of the Swiss marriage, she had no very eager wishes of her own on the subject. Marie was her own niece, and was dear to her; but the girl was sure of a well-to-do husband whichever way the war went; and what aunt need desire more for her most favorite niece than a well-to-do husband?

The day went by, and the supper was eaten, and the cigars were smoked, and then they all went to bed. But nothing more had been settled. That obstinate young man, M. Adrian Urmand, though he had talked of his lawyer, had said not a word of going back to Basle.

CHAPTER XX.

It is probable that all those concerned in the matter who slept at the Lion d'Or that night made up their minds that on the following day the powers of the establishment must come to some decision. It was not right that a young woman should have to live in the house with two favored lovers; nor, as regarded the young men, was it right that they should be allowed to go on glaring at each other. Both Michel and Madame Voss feared that they would do more than glare, seeing that they were so like two dogs with one bone between them, who in such an emergency will generally fight. Urmand himself was quite alive to the necessity of putting an end to his present exceptionally disagreeable position. He was very angry; very angry naturally with Marie, who had, he thought, treated him villainously. Why had she made that little soft, languid promise to him when he was last at Granpere if she had not then loved him? And of course he was angry with George Voss. What unsuccessful lover fails of being angry with his happy rival? And then George had behaved with outrageous impropriety. Urmand was beginning now to have a clear insight of the circumstances. George and Marie had been lovers, and then George, having been sent away, had forgotten his love for a year or more. But when the girl had been accommodated with another lover, then he thrust himself forward and disturbed every body's arrangements! No conduct could have been worse than this. But, nevertheless, Urmand's anger was the hottest against Michel Voss himself. Had he been left alone at Basle, had he been allowed to receive Marie's letter and act upon it in accordance with his own judgment, he would never have made himself ridiculous by appearing at Granpere as a discomfited lover. But the innkeeper had come and dragged him away from home, had misrepresented every thing, had carried him away, as it were, by force to the scene of his disgrace, and now—threw him over! He, at any rate, he, Michel Voss, should, as Adrian Urmand felt very bitterly, have been true and constant; but Michel, whose face could not lie, whatever his words might do, was clearly as anxious to be rid of his young friend as were any of the others in the hotel. Urmand himself would have been very glad to be back at Basle. He had come to regard any further connection with the inn at Granpere as extremely undesirable. The Voss family was low. He had found that out during his present visit. But how was he to get away, and not look, as he was going, like a dog with his tail between his legs? He had so clear a right to demand Marie's hand that he could not bring himself to bear to be robbed of his claim. And yet he had come to perceive how very foolish such a marriage would be. He had been told that he could do better. Of course he could do better. But how could he be rid of his bargain without submitting to ill treatment? If Michel had not come and fetched him away from his home, the ill treatment would have been by comparison slight, and of that normal kind to which young men are accustomed. But to be brought over to the house, and then to be deserted by every body in the house! How, oh, how, was he to get out of the house? Such were his reflections as he sat solitary in the long public room drinking his coffee, and eating an omelet with which Peter Veque had supplied him, but which had in truth been cooked for him very carefully by Marie Bromar herself. In her present frame of mind Marie would have cooked ortolans for him had he wished for them.

And while Urmand was eating his omelet and thinking of his wrongs, Michel Voss and his son were standing together at the stable door. Michel had been there some time before his son had joined him, and when George came up to him he put out his hand almost furtively. George grasped it instantly, and then there came a tear into the innkeeper's eye. "I have brought you a little of that tobacco we were talking of," said George, taking a small packet out of his pocket.

"Thank ye, George, thank ye; but it does not much matter now what I smoke. Things are going wrong, and I don't get satisfaction out of any thing."

"Don't say that, father."

"How can I help saying it? Look at that fellow up there. What am I to do with him? What am I to say to him? He means to stay there till he gets his wife."

"He'll never get a wife here, if he stays till the house falls on him."

"I can see that now. But what am I to say to him? How am I to get rid of him? There is no denying, you know, that he has been treated badly among us."

"Would he take a little money, father?"

"No. He's not so bad as that."

"I should not have thought so only he talked to me about his lawyer."

"Ah—he did that in his anger. By George, if I was in his position I should try and raise the very devil. But don't talk of giving him money, George. He's not bad in that way."

"He shouldn't have said any thing about his lawyer."

"You wait till you're placed as he is, and you'll find that you'll say any thing that comes uppermost. But what are we to do with him, George?"

Then the matter was discussed in the utmost confidence, and in all its bearings. George offered to have a carriage and pair of horses got ready for Remiremont, and then to tell the young man that he was expected

to get into it and go away; but Michel felt that there must be some more ceremonious treatment than that. George then suggested that the curé should give the message, but Michel again objected. The message, he felt, must be given by himself. The doing this would be very bitter to him, because it would be necessary that he should humble himself before the scented shiny head of the little man; but Michel knew that it must be so. Urmand had been undoubtedly ill-treated among them, and the apology for that ill treatment must be made by the chief of the family himself. "I suppose I might as well go to him alone," said Michel, groaning.

"Well, yes; I should say so," replied his son. "Soonest begun, soonest over; and I suppose I might as well order the horses."

To this latter suggestion the father made no reply, but went slowly into the house. He turned for a moment into Marie's little office, and stood there hesitating whether he would tell her his mission. As she was to be made happy, why should she not know it?

"You two have got the better of me among you," he said.

"Which two, Uncle Michel?"

"Which two? Why, you and George. And what I'm to do with the gentleman up stairs it passes me to think. Thank Heaven, it will be a great many years before Flos wants a husband."

Flos was the little daughter up stairs, who was as yet no more than five years old.

"I hope, Uncle Michel, you'll never have any body else as naughty and troublesome as I have been," said Marie, pressing close to him. She was indescribably happy. She was to be saved from the lover whom she did not want. She was to have the lover whom she did want. And, over and above all this, a spirit of kind feeling and full sympathy existed once more between her and her dear friend. As she offered no advice in regard to the disposal of the gentleman up stairs, Michel was obliged to go upon his painful duty trusting to his own wit.

In the long room up stairs he found Adrian Urmand sitting at the closed window, looking out at the ducks who were paddling in a temporary pool made by the late rains. He had been painfully in want of something to do—so much so that he had more than once almost resolved to put his things into his bag and leave the house without saying a word of farewell to any one. Had there been any means for him to escape from Granpere without saying a word, he would have done so. But at Granpere there was no railway, and the only public conveyance in and out of the place started from the door of the Lion d'Or—started every morning, with much ceremony—so that it was impossible for him to fly unobserved. There he was, watching the ducks, when Michel entered the room, and very much disposed t quarrel with any one who approached him

"I'm afraid you find it rather dull here said Michel, beginning the conversation.

"It is dull; very dull indeed."

"That is the worst of it. We are du people here in the country. We have n the distractions which you town folk can a ways find. There's not much to do, an nothing to look at."

"Very little to look at that's worth th trouble of looking," said Urmand.

There was a malignity of satire intende in this; for the young man in his wrath, an with a full conviction of what was comin upon him, had intended to include his b trothed in the catalogue of things of Gran pere not worthy of inspection. But Mich Voss did not at all follow him so far as tha

"I never saw such a place," continued U mand. "There isn't a soul even to play game of billiards with."

Now Michel Voss, although for a purpos he had been willing to make little of his ow village, did in truth consider that Granpe was, at any rate, as good a place to live in a Basle. And he felt that though he migh abuse Granpere, it was very uncourteous i Adrian Urmand to do so. "I don't thin much of playing billiards in the morning, must own," said he.

"I dare say not," said Urmand, still look ing at the ducks.

Michel had made no progress as yet, so h sat down and scratched his head. The mor he thought of it, the larger the difficult seemed to be. He was quite aware no that it was his own unfortunate journey t Basle which had brought so heavy a burde on him. It was as yet no more than thre or four days since he had taken upon himsel to assure the young man that he, by his ow authority, would make every thing right and now he was forced to acknowledge tha every thing was wrong. "M. Urmand," h said at last, "it has been a very great grie to me, a very great grief indeed, that yo should have found things so uncomfortable.

"What things do you mean?" said Ur mand.

"Well—every thing—about Marie, yo know. When I went over to Basle the oth er day, I didn't think how it was going t turn out. I didn't indeed."

"And how is it going to turn out?"

"I can't make the young woman consen you know," said the innkeeper.

"Let me tell you, M. Voss, that I wouldn' have the young woman, as you call her, i she consented ever so much. She has dis graced me."

To this Michel listened with perfect equa nimity.

"She has disgraced you."

At hearing this Michel bit his lips, tellin himself, however, that there had been mis

"'IF THERE IS ANY THING I CAN DO, I WILL DO IT,' SAID MICHEL, PITEOUSLY."

takes made, and that he was bound to bear a good deal.

"And she has disgraced herself," said Adrian Urmand, with all the emphasis that he had at command.

"I deny it," said Marie's uncle, coming close up to his opponent and standing before him. "I deny it. It is not true. That shall not be said in my hearing, even by you."

"But I do say it. She has disgraced herself. Did she not give me her troth, when all the time she intended to marry another man?"

"No! She did nothing of the kind. And look here, my friend, if you wish to be treated like a man in this house, you had better not say any thing against any of the women who live in it. You may abuse me as much as you please—and George too, if it will do you any good. There have been mistakes made, and we owe you something."

"By Heavens! yes; you do."

"But you sha'n't take it out in saying any thing against Marie Bromar—not in my hearing."

"Why—what will you do?"

"Don't drive me to do any thing, M. Urmand. If there is any compensation possible—"

"Of course there must be compensation."

"What is it you will take? Is it money?"

"Money—no. As for money, I'm better off than any of you."

"What is it, then? You don't want the girl herself?"

"No—certainly not. I would not take her if she came and knelt to me."

"What can we do, then? If you will only say."

"I want—I want—I don't know what I want. I have been cruelly ill-used, and made a fool of before every body. I never heard of such a case before—never. And I have been so generous and honest to you! I did not ask for a franc of *dot;* and now you come and offer me money. I don't think any man was ever so badly used any where." And on saying this Adrian Urmand in very truth burst into tears.

The innkeeper's heart was melted at once. It was all so true! Between them they had treated him very badly. But then there had been so many unfortunate and unavoidable mistakes! When the young man talked of compensation, what was Michel Voss to think? His son had been led into exactly the same error. Nevertheless, he repented

himself bitterly in that he had said any thing about money, and was prepared to make the most abject apologies. Adrian Urmand had fallen into a chair, and Michel Voss came and seated himself close beside him.

"I beg your pardon, Urmand; I do indeed. I ought not to have mentioned money. But when you spoke of compensation—"

"It wasn't that; it wasn't that. It's my feelings!"

Then the white cambric handkerchief was taken out and used with considerable vehemence.

From that moment the innkeeper's goodwill toward Urmand returned, though, of course, he was quite aware that there was no place for him in that family.

"If there is any thing I can do, I will do it," said Michel, piteously. "It has been unfortunate. I know it has been very unfortunate. But we didn't mean to be untrue."

"If you had only left me alone when I was at home!" said the unfortunate young man, who was still sobbing bitterly.

They two remained in the long room together for a considerable time, during all of which Michel Voss was as gentle as though Urmand had been a child. Nor did the poor rejected lover again have recourse to any violence of abuse, though he would over and over again repeat his opinion that surely, since lovers were first known in the world, and betrothals of marriage first made, no one had ever been so ill-used as was he. It soon became clear to Michel that his great grief did not come from the loss of his wife, but from the feeling that every body would know that he had been ill-used. There wasn't a shop-keeper in his own town, he said, who hadn't heard of his approaching marriage. And what was he to say when he went back?

"Just say that you found us so rough and rustic," said Michel Voss.

But Urmand knew well that no such saying on his part would be believed.

"I think I shall go to Lyons," said he, "and stay there for six months. What's the business to me? I don't care for the business."

There they sat all the morning. Two or three times Peter Veque opened the door, peeped in at them, and then brought down word that the conference was still going on.

"The master is sitting just over him like," said Peter, "and they're as close and loving as birds."

Marie listened, and said not a word to any one. George had made two or three little attempts during the morning to entice her into some lover-like privacy. But Marie would not be enticed. The man to whom she was betrothed was still in the house; and though she was quite secure that the betrothals would now be absolutely annulled, still she would not actually entertain another lover till this was done.

At length the door of the long room was opened, and the two men came out. Adrian Urmand, who was the first to be seen in the passage, went at once to his bedroom, and then Michel descended to the little parlor. Marie was at the moment sitting on her stool of authority in the office, from whence she could hear what was said in the parlor. Satisfied with this, she did not come down from her seat. In the parlor was Madame Voss and the curé, and George, who had seen his father from the front-door, at once joined them.

"Well," said Madame Voss, "how is it to be?"

"I've arranged that we're to have a little picnic up to the ravine to-morrow," said Michel.

"A picnic!" said the curé.

"I'm all for a picnic," said George.

"A picnic!" said Madame Voss, "and the ground as wet as a sop, and the wind from the mountains enough to cut one in two."

"Never mind about the wind. We'll take coats and umbrellas. It's better to have some kind of an outing, and then he'll recover himself."

Marie, as she heard all this, made up her mind that if any possible store of provisions packed in hampers could bring her late lover round to equanimity, no efforts on her part should be wanting. She would pack up cold chickens and Champagne bottles with the greatest pleasure, and would eat her dinner sitting on a rock, even though the wind from the mountains should cut her in two.

"And so it's all to end in a picnic," said M. le Curé, with evident disgust.

It appeared from Michel's description of what had taken place during that very long interview that Adrian Urmand had at last become quite gentle and confidential. In what way could he be let down the most easily? That was the question for the answering which these two heads were kept together in conference so long. How could it be made to appear that the betrothal had been annulled by mutual consent? At last the happy idea of a picnic occurred to Michel himself. "I never thought about the time of the year," he said; "but when friends are here, and we want to do our best for them, we always take them to the ravine, and have dinners on the rocks." It had seemed to him, and, as he declared, to Urmand also, that if something like a jubilee could be got up before the young man's departure, it would appear as though there could not have been much disappointment.

"We shall all catch our death of cold," said Madame Voss.

"We needn't stay long, you know," said Michel. "And, Marie," said he, going into

the little office in which his niece was still seated, "Marie, mind you behave yourself."

"Oh, I will, Uncle Michel," she said. "You shall see."

CHAPTER XXI.

THEY all sat down together at supper that evening, Marie dispensing her soup as usual before she went to the table. She sat next to her uncle on one side, and below her there were vacant seats. Urmand took a chair on the left hand of Madame Voss, next to him was the curé, and below the curé the happy rival. It had all been arranged by Marie herself with the greatest care. Urmand seemed to have got over the worst of his trouble, and when Marie came to the table bowed to her graciously. She bowed in return, and then ate her soup in silence. Michel Voss overdid his part a little by too much talking, but his wife restored the balance by her prudence. George told them how strong the French party was at Colmar, and explained that the Germans had not a leg to stand upon as far as general opinion went. Before the supper was over Adrian Urmand was talking glibly enough; and it really seemed as though the terrible misfortunes of the Lion d'Or would arrange themselves comfortably after all. When supper was done the father, son, and the discarded lover smoked their pipes together amicably in the billiard-room. There was not a word said then by either of them in connection with Marie Bromar.

On the next morning the sun was bright and the air was as warm as it ever is in October. The day perhaps might not have been selected for an out-of-doors party had there been no special reason for such an arrangement; but seeing how strong a reason existed, even Madame Voss acknowledged that the morning was favorable. While those pipes of peace were being smoked overnight, Marie had been preparing the hampers. On the next morning nobody except Marie herself was very early. It was intended that the day should be got through at any rate with a pretense of pleasure, and they were all to be as idle and genteel and agreeable as possible. It had been settled that they should start at twelve. The drive unfortunately would not consume much more than half an hour. Then what with unpacking, climbing about the rocks, and throwing stones down into the river, they would get through the time till two. At two they would eat their dinner — with all their shawls and great-coats around them—then smoke their cigars, and come back when they found it impossible to drag out the day any longer. Marie was not to talk to George, and was to be specially courteous to M. Urmand. The two old ladies accompanied them, as did also M. le Curé Gondin. The programme for the day did not seem to be very delightful; but it appeared to Michel Voss that in this way better than in any other could some little halo be thrown over the parting hours of poor Adrian Urmand.

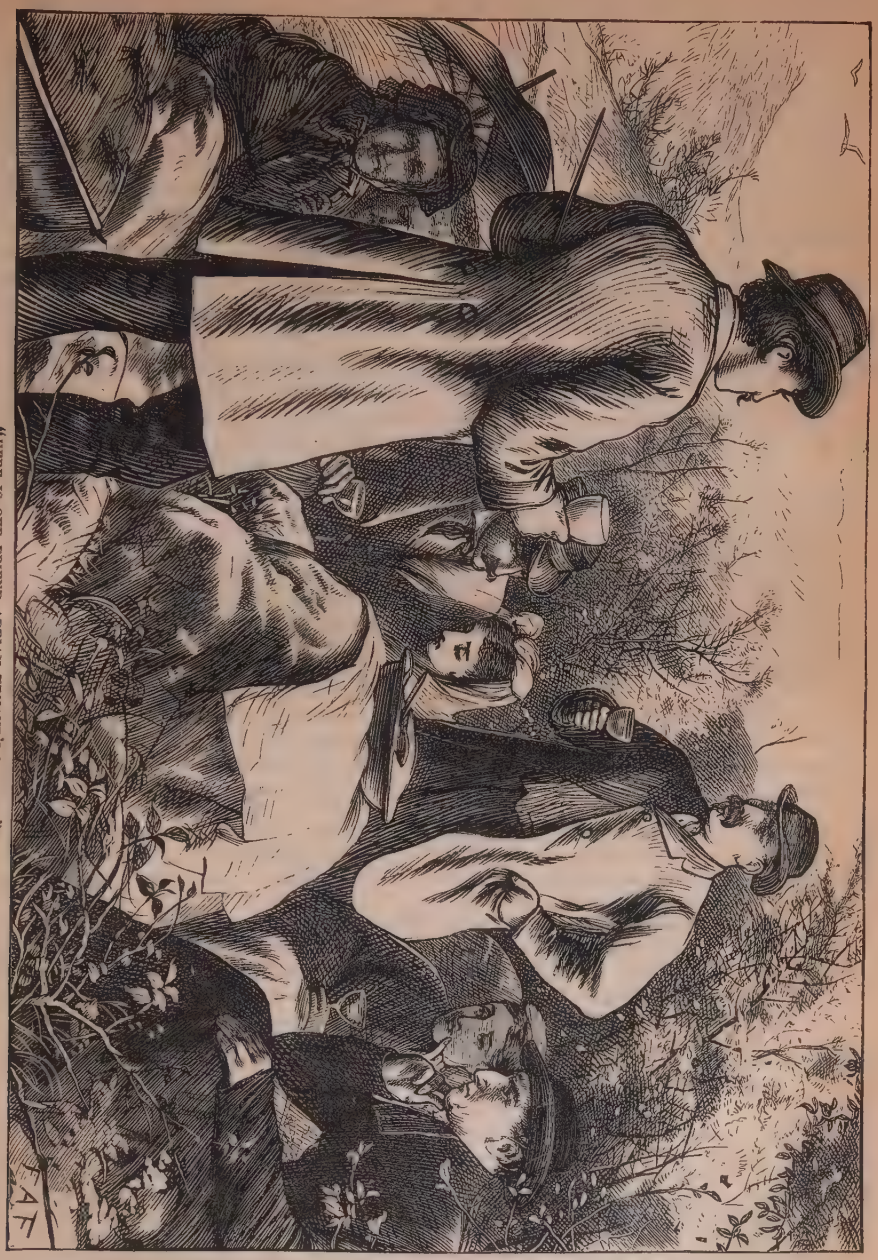
Every thing went as well as could have been anticipated. They managed to delay their departure till nearly half past twelve, and were so lost in wonder at the quantity of water running down the fall in the ravine that there had hardly been any heaviness of time when they seated themselves on the rocks at half past two.

"Now for the business of the day," said Michel, as, standing up, he plunged a knife and fork into a large pie which he had placed on a boulder before him. "Marie has got no soup for us here, so we must begin with the solids at once." Soon after that one cork might have been heard to fly, and then another, and no stranger looking on would have believed how dreadful had been the enmity existing on the previous day—or, indeed, how great a cause for enmity there had been. Michel himself was very hilarious. If he could only obliterate in any way the evil which he had certainly inflicted on that unfortunate young man! "Urmand, my friend, another glass of wine. George, fill our friend Urmand's glass; not so quickly, George, not so quickly; you give him nothing but the froth. Adrian Urmand, your very good health. May you always be a happy and successful man!" So saying Michel Voss drained his own tumbler.

Urmand at the moment was seated in a niche among the rocks, in which a cushion out of the carriage had been placed for his special accommodation. Indeed, every comfort and luxury had been showered upon his head to compensate him for his lost bride. This was the third time that he had been by name invited to drink his wine, and three times he had obeyed. Now feeling himself to be summoned in a very peculiar way—feeling also, perhaps, that that which might have made others drunk had made him bold, he extricated himself from his niche, and stood upon his legs among the rocks. He stood upon his legs among the rocks, and with a graceful movement of his arm waved the glass above his head.

"We are delighted to have you here among us, my friend," said Michel Voss, who also, perhaps, had been made bold. Madame Voss, who was close to her husband, pulled him by the sleeve. Then he seated himself, but Adrian Urmand was left standing among them.

"My friend," said he, "and you, Madame Voss, particularly, I feel particularly obliged to you for this charming entertainment." Then the innkeeper cheered his guest, whereupon Madame Voss pulled her husband's sleeve harder than before. "I am indeed," continued Urmand. "The best thing will



"HERE IS OUR FRIEND ADRIAN URMAND'S HEALTH."

be," said he, "to make a clean breast of it at once. You all know why I came here, and you all know how I'm going back." At this moment his voice faltered a little, and he almost sobbed. Both the old ladies immediately put their handkerchiefs to their eyes. Marie blushed and turned away her face on to her uncle's shoulder. Madame Voss remained immovable. She dreaded greatly any symptoms of that courage which follows the flying of corks. In truth, however, she had nothing now to fear. "Of course I feel it a little," continued Adrian Urmand. "That is only natural. I suppose it was a mistake; but it has been rather trying to me. But I am ready to forget and forgive, and that is all I've got to say." This speech, which astonished them all exceedingly, remained unanswered for some few moments, during which Urmand had

sunk back into his niche. Michel Voss was not ready-witted enough to reply to his guest at the moment, and George was aware that it would not be fitting for him, the triumphant lover, to make any reply. He could hardly have spoken without showing his triumph. During this short interval no one said a word, and Urmand endeavored to assume a look of gloomy dignity.

But at last Michel Voss got upon his legs, his wife giving him various twitches on the sleeve as he did so. "I never was so much affected in my life," said he, "and upon my word I think that our excellent friend Adrian Urmand has behaved as well in a trying difficulty as—as—as any man ever did. I needn't say much about it, for we all know what it was. And we all know that young women will be young women, and that they are very hard to manage." "Don't, Uncle Michel," said Marie, in a whisper. But Michel was too bold to attend either to whisperings or pullings of the sleeve, and went on with his speech. "There has been a slight mistake, but I hope sincerely that every thing has now been made right. Here is our friend Adrian Urmand's health, and I am quite sure that we all hope that he may get an excellent, beautiful young wife, with a good dowry, and that before long." Then he too sat down, and all the ladies drank to the health and future fortunes of M. Adrian Urmand.

Upon the whole the rejected lover liked it. At any rate it was better so than being alone and moody and despised of all people. He would know now how to get away from Granpere without having to plan a surreptitious escape. Of course he had come out intending to be miserable, to be known as an ill-used man who had been treated with an amount of cruelty surpassing all that had ever been told of in love histories. To be depressed by the weight of the ill usage which he had borne was a part of the play which he had to act. But the play when acted after this fashion had in it something of pleasing excitement, and he felt assured that he was exhibiting dignity in very adverse circumstances. George Voss was probably thinking ill of the young man all the while; but every one else there conceived that M. Urmand bore himself well under most trying circumstances. After the banquet was over Marie expressed herself so much touched as almost to incur the jealousy of her more fortunate lover. When the speeches were finished the men made themselves happy with their cigars and wine till Madame Voss declared that she was already half dead with the cold and damp, and then they all returned to the inn in excellent spirits. That which had made so bold both Michel and his guest had not been allowed to have any more extended or more deleterious effect.

On the next morning M. Urmand returned home to Basle, taking the public conveyance as far as Remiremont. Every body was up to see him off, and Marie herself gave him his cup of coffee at parting. It was pretty to see the mingled grace and shame with which the little ceremony was performed. She hardly said a word; indeed, what word she did say was heard by no one; but she crossed her hands on her breast, and the gravest smile came over her face, and she turned her eyes down to the ground, and if any one ever begged pardon without a word spoken, Marie Bromar then asked Adrian Urmand to pardon her the evil she had wrought upon him. "Oh yes, of course," he said. "It's all right. It's all right." Then she gave him her hand, and said good-by, and ran away up into her room. Though she had got rid of one lover, not a word had yet been said as to her uncle's acceptance of that other lover on her behalf; nor had any words more tender been spoken between her and George than those with which the reader has been made acquainted.

"And now," said George, as soon as the diligence had started out of the yard.

"Well, and what now?" asked the father.

"I must be off to Colmar next."

"Not to-day, George."

"Yes, to-day; or this evening at least. But I must settle something first. What do you say, father?" Michel Voss stood for a while with his hands in his pockets and his head turned away. "You know what I mean, father."

"Oh yes; I know what you mean."

"I don't suppose you'll say any thing against it now."

"It wouldn't be any good, I suppose, if I did," said Michel, crossing over the court-yard to the other part of the establishment. He gave no further permission than this, but George thought that so much was sufficient.

George did return to Colmar that evening, being in all matters of business a man accurate and resolute; but he did not go till he had been thoroughly scolded for his misconduct by Marie Bromar. "It was your fault," said Marie. "Your fault from beginning to end."

"It shall be if you say so," answered George; "but I can't say that I see it."

"If a person goes away for more than twelve months, and never sends a word or a message or a sign, what is a person to think, George?" He could only promise her that he would never leave her again even for a month.

How they were married in November, and how Madame Faragon was brought over to Granpere with infinite trouble, and how the household linen got itself marked at last with a V instead of a U, the reader can understand without the narration of further details.

THE END.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

EDGAR ALLAN POE was well-born. The original name of his family, which was an old Norman one, was Le Poer, and it figures prominently in the annals of Ireland. The family was founded in that country by Sir Roger Le Poer, a marshal of Prince John, in the reign of Henry II.; and the pages of Giraldus Cambrensis bear witness to the courage of one of its members, Sir Arnold Le Poer, seneschal of Kilkenny Castle, who withstood the power of the Church as embodied in the person and pretensions of the Bishop of Ossory, from whose holy clutches he rescued the Lady Alice Kyteler, who was accused of and persecuted for the heinous sin of witchcraft.*

Poe's great-grandfather, John Poe, emigrated to America from Ireland about the middle of the last century, bringing with him his wife, Jane—a daughter of Admiral James M'Bride—and his son, David, who was then in his second or third year. David Poe grew up to manhood, and served during the Revolution as a quartermaster-general in the Maryland line. General Poe must have been a man of some note, for Dr. Griswold states that he was the intimate friend of Lafayette, who called personally on his widow during his last visit to this country, and tendered her acknowledgments for the service rendered him by her husband. The maiden name of this lady was Cairns. She was a native of Pennsylvania, and is said to have been singularly beautiful. To her were born five children, the names of two of whom have reached us, one being David, the father of our Poe, the other Maria, Poe's aunt, and the mother of his wife, Virginia. Of David Poe, Jun., little is known, except that at the age of eighteen, while a law student in the office of William Gynne, of Baltimore, he became enamored of Elizabeth Arnold, an English actress, whom he first saw in Norfolk, whither he had been sent on professional business, and whom he soon married. His parents refused to countenance the marriage, but relented after the birth of his first child. As regards Miss Arnold, I find that she was a member of a company of comedians engaged by a Mr. Solee for the City Theatre, Charleston, South Carolina, and that on the 18th of August, 1797, she played the part of Maria, in the farce of "The Spoiled Child," at the old John Street Theatre in New York.* She reappeared here, as Mrs. Poe, on the 16th of July, 1806, in the part of Priscilla Tomboy, at the new Vauxhall Garden.† Two nights after, Mr. Poe himself appeared as Frank, in "Fortune's Frolic." "The lady was young and pretty, and evinced talent both as singer and actress; the gentleman was literally nothing." The last theatrical trace of the Poes is at the Park Theatre, in 1809.

Mrs. Poe is repeatedly described as young

* The incident may be found in Wright's "Narratives of Sorcery and Magic," and in Ennemoser's "History of Magic," London, 1854, vol. ii. page 464 *et supra.*

* "In the summer of 1767 a new theatre was built on the northerly side of John Street, near Broadway. It stood much longer than any of its predecessors, and was used for the purpose for which it was erected for more than thirty years. Long after, its site, and perhaps the original building, was occupied by a carriage factory, and is now covered with store-houses, adjoining Thorburn's seed and agricultural establishment, and in the rear of lots Nos. 17, 19, and 21. By a renumbering of the street, the entrance lot, which is but a wide alley-way leading to the rear, is now known as 17; but half a century ago it was No. 15."—*Ireland's Records of the New York Stage*, New York, 1866, vol. i. page 42.

† Vauxhall Garden, mentioned as being *new* in 1806, was on what is now Fourth Avenue, between Astor Place and Fourth Street. I remember visiting it in my early years, and witnessing a very miscellaneous performance. There was a sort of garden attached to the theatre; and it was a joke of the period that the Bowery "bhoy" was in the habit of eloping over the fence of this garden, forgetting to pay for the ice-creams he had eaten, but remembering to pocket the spoons!

and beautiful. Beautiful she may have been, but she could not have been young at the time of her marriage. She was on the New York stage in 1797, as we have seen, and although we are not told in what year she was married, it could not have been much earlier than 1804 or 1805. Now, as her husband had then reached the venerable age of eighteen, he must have been born in 1786 or 1787. As she could not well have taken the part of Maria when she was only ten or eleven, it follows that she was at least six or seven years the senior of her husband; probably more. Paucity of dates and facts concerning this imprudent couple does not enable me to state any details in regard to their theatrical and domestic career.* They lived precariously, playing where they could get engagements. Mrs. Poe was a favorite in Richmond, but more, it is said, on account of her beauty than her acting. Both died in Richmond, in 1815, of consumption, and within a few weeks of each other. They left three children—Henry, Edgar, and Rosalie—in utter destitution.

Edgar, who was then four years old—if he was born at Baltimore in 1811, as is generally believed—was adopted by Mr. John Allan, a wealthy and kind-hearted merchant of Richmond, who had been intimate with his parents, and had no children of his own. It was generally understood among Mr. Allan's acquaintances, Dr. Griswold says, that he intended to make the boy his heir. The same writer relates an anecdote of the child which he professed to have derived from "an eminent and most estimable gentleman of Richmond." It is to the effect that when Poe was only six or seven he went to a school kept by a widow of excellent character, who instructed the children of some of the first families in the city. "A portion of the grounds was used for the cultivation of vegetables, and its invasion by her pupils strictly forbidden. A trespasser, if discovered, was commonly made to wear, during school-hours, a turnip or carrot, or something of the sort, attached to his neck, as a sign of disgrace. On one occasion Poe, having violated the rules, was decorated with the promised badge, which he wore in sullenness until the dismissal of the boys, when, that the full extent of his wrong might be understood by his patron, of whose sympathy he was confident, he eluded the notice of the school-mistress, who would have relieved him of his esculent, and made the best of his way home with it dangling at his neck. Mr. Allan's anger was aroused, and he proceeded instantly to the school-room, and after lecturing the astonished dame upon the enormity of such an insult to his son and himself, demanded his account, determined that the child should not again be subjected to such tyranny. Who can estimate the effect of this puerile triumph upon the growth of that morbid self-esteem which characterized the author in after-life?"

Who, indeed? The story is not a remarkable one. Children have always disobeyed teachers, teachers have always punished children, and parents and guardians have always made a fuss about it. What is remarkable, however, is that Dr. Griswold should not have seen that it could not have happened as he relates. He was misled by his "eminent and most estimable gentleman of Richmond," or he misled himself. His own pages prove that Poe could not have been in school in that city when he was six or seven years old, for he says distinctly that Mr. and Mrs. Allan took him with them to England when he was only five, viz., in 1816! That somebody was wrong is evident. Who was it? Did Dr. Griswold place the date of Poe's birth too late? I am inclined to think so. Yet he had Poe's authority, he writes, for so placing it, as he had Poe's authority for placing it two years later! Both dates can not be right; probably neither is.*

Of Poe at this time (whatever may have been his age) we are told that he was remarkable for a tenacious memory and a musical ear, and that he was accustomed to declaim the finest passages of English poetry to the evening visitors at Mr. Allan's house with great effect. The most insensible of his audience could not fail to be struck with the justness of his emphasis, and his evident appreciation of the poems he recited, while every heart was won by the ingenious simplicity and agreeable manners of the pretty little elocutionist.

The Allans made a tour with Master Edgar in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and then placed him at school in Stoke Newington, near London, where he remained five years. There is a description of this school and its master, Dr. Bransby, in Poe's story of "William Wilson"—a story which he declared was autobiographic, at least in these particulars. It was a large, rambling, irregular old Elizabethan building, in a misty-looking village, where there were a vast number of gigantic and gnarled trees, and where all the houses were excessively an-

* Since the above was in type I have learned that Poe was really born in 1809. The place of his birth is uncertain. It was *not* Baltimore, however, but some city or town in which his mother was playing a theatrical engagement. (Could it have been New York?) The full name of Poe's brother (I may as well mention here) was William Henry Leonard. He grew up to manhood, and was possessed of singular beauty. He is said to have been remarkable for cleverness, and to have left in the hands of some one unpublished effusions which indicated a genius equal to that of his famous brother. He died about ten years before Edgar. The portrait of Poe engraved for this paper is from a daguerreotype taken in Richmond about ten days before his death. It is considered by those who knew him an excellent "counterfeit presentment" of his nervous, handsome features.

cient. The grounds were extensive, and a high and solid brick wall, topped with a bed of mortar and broken glass, encompassed the whole. This prison-like rampart formed the limit of the domain; the scholars saw beyond it but thrice a week—once every Saturday afternoon, when, attended by two ushers, they were permitted to take brief walks in a body through some of the neighboring fields, and twice during Sunday, when they were paraded in the same formal manner to the morning and evening service in the one church of the village. Of this church Dr. Bransby was pastor, and his pupils were wont to regard him with wonder and perplexity from their remote pew in the gallery, as, with step solemn and slow, he ascended the pulpit. That reverend man, with countenance so demurely benign, with robes so glossy and so clerically flowing, with wig so minutely powdered, so rigid and so vast—could that be he who of late, with sour visage and in snuffy habiliments, administered, ferule in hand, the Draconian laws of the academy?

If we may credit Mr. William Wilson, such was the school-master and school of Stoke Newington. That both are described with tolerable accuracy I have no doubt, and that they left a vivid impression in Poe's mind is not to be wondered at. Children with his temperament feel rather than see what surrounds them, and what they have once felt is long remembered. Coleridge never forgot his master, Bowyer, and it was with a painful recollection of his own school-days that he hoped the old man might go, after his death, where there were only cherubs! Poe is said to have received a classical education at this period, but his writings show little traces of it. This fact, to be sure, proves nothing, for he was versed in many pursuits of which he made no literary use, as he knew many persons of whom he seldom or never spoke. For my own part, I believe that his acquirements were rather in the direction of mathematical than of classical learning, and were not remarkable in either. I have no faith in the learning of a boy in his second lustrum, or his third—which, by-the-way, is the one described by the shadowy William Wilson, who adds five years to the age of his *alter ego*, Edgar Allan Poe.

But whatever his age—ten or fifteen—Poe turned his back on Stoke Newington and its duplicate pedagogue and parson, and returned to the United States, in 1822. He took up his abode with the Allans in Richmond, where he continued his studies under the best masters for two or three years. He was a handsome lad, with bright eyes, soft, clustering hair, and a face alive with expression. Apt and clever, but of a wayward temper, he was noted for his power of extemporaneous story-telling, and for his feats of activity and strength. Like Byron, he was an expert and strong swimmer, and it is related of him that he once, for a wager, on a hot day in June, swam from Richmond to Warwick, a distance of seven miles and a half, against a tide running from two to three miles an hour. The feat fatigued him so little that he walked back to Richmond after having accomplished it. He had the art of making friends, and was profoundly touched by kindness. The extreme tenderness of his feelings was shown one day when he visited the house of one of his school-mates, whose mother, on entering the room where he was, took his hand and spoke some words of welcome, which penetrated his heart so deeply that he lost the power of speech, if not of consciousness itself. To the friend thus formed he was wont to impart all his youthful sorrows. She had a happy influence over him in his darker moods, and after her death it was his habit for months to pay a nightly visit to the cemetery in which she was buried. The drearier the nights, the longer he lingered and the more regretfully he came away. The memory of this lady is said to have suggested the most beautiful of his minor poems, the lines beginning,

"Helen, thy beauty is to me,"

and may have done so, though I am not aware that Poe himself ever countenanced the idea. It is far more likely that she remotely suggested "The Sleeper," the concluding lines of which reflect what we may suppose to have been his feelings in his long night watches by her grave:

"My love, she sleeps! O, may her sleep,
As it is lasting, so be deep!
Soft may the worms about her creep!
Far in the forest, dim and old,
For her may some tall vault unfold—
Some vault that oft hath flung its black
And wingéd panels fluttering back,
Triumphant, o'er the crested palls
Of her grand family funerals—
Some sepulchre, remote, alone,
Against whose portal she hath thrown,
In childhood, many an idle stone—
Some tomb from out whose sounding door
She ne'er shall force an echo more,
Thrilling to think, poor child of sin!
It was the dead who groaned within."

Poe entered, in 1825, the University of Virginia. "The university was then a most dissolute place, and Mr. Edgar A. Poe was remarked as the most dissolute and dissipated youth in the university." So writes one of the most friendly of his biographers, and I suppose we must accept his testimony. We should remember, however (if the learned will pardon me the observation), that universities have never been considered safe institutions in which to place young gentlemen. What Hamlet said to his fellow-student, Horatio, has been, if not the motto, at least the practice of thousands of students since:

"We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart."

POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM.

Not to have drunk deeply, in the situation in which Poe found himself, would have required a stronger will and a less excitable temperament than he possessed. He drank, therefore, and gambled, and was at last expelled from the university.

It should be said, in justice to Poe, that whatever his habits may have been, he was in the first rank for scholarship; and it should be said, in justice to Mr. Allan, that his allowance to Poe had been liberal. He refused, however, to honor some of the drafts with which the reckless youth had paid his gambling debts, and the consequence was an abusive letter from him. There was a rupture between them. Poe quitted his house in a rage.

The period was a turbulent one, and he was a young man of the period. The Greeks were fighting against the Turks; he would go and fight against them too. Byron had done so, and had died at Missolonghi two or three years before, and public honors had been decreed to his memory. Campbell was shouting,

"Again to the battle, Achaians!"

and Halleck, nearer home, was raising a monument to Marco Bozzaris in his martial verse:

"Strike! till the last armed foe expires,
Strike! for your altars and your fires,
Strike! for the green graves of your sires,
God and your native land!"

That is, the native land of the Greeks.

"When a man has no freedom to fight for at home,
Let him combat for that of his neighbors;
Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome,
And get knocked on the head for his labors."

There was a comical side to all this enthusiasm, and Byron had been sharp-sighted enough to see it; but Poe was not. He believed in

"The glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome;"

but he was not destined to see either. There is an old proverb which says, "The farthest way round is the nearest way home," and experience occasionally proves its truth. At any rate, Poe found it true; for instead of proceeding post-haste to Greece, where he might have added to the number of the slain, he turned up in some unaccountable way at St. Petersburg. He got into difficulties with the authorities there, and, it is hinted, came near adding to his acquirements a knowledge of the knout and Siberia; but Mr. Henry Middleton, of South Carolina, United States minister to Russia, interfered in his behalf, and sent him back to America, after an absence of about a year. Mr. Allan received him again, but it could not have been with much cordiality. Nevertheless, he was willing to serve him, and on Poe's expressing a desire to enter West Point, he induced General Scott, Chief Justice Marshall, and others to sign an application, which secured his admission.

The story of Poe's life at West Point has

never been clearly told. Dr. Griswold says that for a few weeks the cadet applied himself with much assiduity to his studies, and became at once a favorite with his mess and with the officers and professors of the Academy; but his habits of dissipation were renewed; he neglected his duties and disobeyed orders; and in ten months from his matriculation he was cashiered. According to Dr. Griswold, this episode in the life of Poe occurred in 1829. I find it difficult to accept this date — first, because Poe published in that year, at Baltimore, a collection of his verses ("Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems"); and second, because he afterward issued an enlarged edition of this little volume in New York, which was dedicated "To the U. S. Corps of Cadets," and to which he prefixed a prose letter, addressed to a "Dear B——," and dated "West Point, ——, 1831." Did Dr. Griswold blunder, or did Poe purposely misdate?*

Back again to Richmond went the cashiered cadet. Mr. Allan received him again into his house, but it was not what it had been of old. Mrs. Allan was dead, and there was a new wife in her place. It is likely that there was a young Allan also. Mr. Lowell intimates as much in a paper contributed by him to *Graham's Magazine*; but as this paper was written at the request of Poe, and evidently from data furnished by him, I can not vouch for its accuracy. It was not long before there was a second breach between Poe and his benefactor. Poe declared it was because he ridiculed the marriage as being an unsuitable one, and had a quarrel with Mrs. Allan. The friends of the family declared it was for other reasons. But whatever the cause, they parted in anger, and Mr. Allan would never again see nor assist him. He died in a few years afterward, leaving a large fortune, and three children to share it: to Poe he left nothing.

Of the career of Poe at this period we have only the most vague accounts. It could not, I think, have been a literary one. It is true that he had published a volume of poetry, or rather two volumes, for his second edition contained enough fresh matter to be considered a new work; but his poetry could not have brought him reputation or profit. It is the fashion with biographers of a certain sort to maintain that the contributions of the young geniuses whom they celebrate were eagerly sought for by publishers; but if these biographers know any thing of literature, they must know better. Genius has always had to struggle, and has often starved—sometimes died—in the struggle. Poe had as much genius, in his way, as any American author of whom I have heard, and he was always poor. I question whether at this time even the newspapers wanted, or paid for, any articles that he may have written. Dr. Griswold relates of Poe that, after he had failed to earn his bread by (supposititious) journalism, he enlisted in the army as a private soldier; that he was recognized by officers who had known him at West Point, and who made efforts privately, but with prospects of success, to obtain a commission for him, and that he absconded before it could be obtained: in short, that he was a deserter. No authority is given for this story, which I, for one, do not credit. It is too much like an adventure of Coleridge's, which will at once recur to the recollection of his admirers.

The obscurities and discrepancies of Poe's early life begin now to disappear, and his biographer finds for the first time something like solid ground before him. It is in Baltimore, whither Poe has drifted, and where he is living from hand to mouth—with very little in his hand to put into his mouth. It is the summer or early autumn of 1833, and the proprietors of the *Saturday Visitor* have offered two prizes to the aspiring literati of America—one for the best tale that may be sent them, the other for the best poem. Among those who competed was Poe, who submitted a poem and six prose sketches. The elegance of his penmanship tempted one of the committee who was to make the award to read several pages of the MS. volume in which these sketches were written. He was interested by them, as were also the others—so much so that they decided to read

* Poe entered West Point in June, 1830, and left some time in 1831. My authority for this statement is General George W. Cullum, who adds, in answer to some inquiries with which I troubled him: "As Poe was of the succeeding class to mine at West Point, I remember him very well as a cadet. He was a slovenly, heedless boy, very eccentric, inclined to dissipation, and, of course, preferred making verses to solving equations. While at the Academy he published a small volume of poems, dedicated to Bulwer in a long, rambling letter. These verses were the source of great merriment with us boys, who considered the author cracked, and the verses ridiculous doggerel. Even after the lapse of forty years I can now recall these absurd lines from 'Isabel:'

> "'Was not that a fairy ray, Isabel?
> How fantastically it fell,
> With a spiral twist and a swell,
> And over the wet grass rippled away
> Like the tinkling of a bell!'"

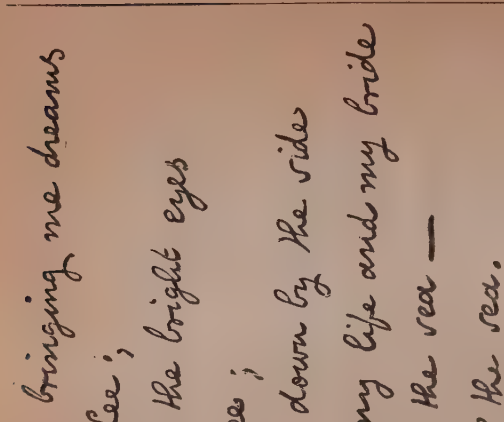
Whether Poe resigned from West Point, as he claimed, or whether he was expelled, as Dr. Griswold declared, I am enabled to settle at the last moment by the following note from Brevet Major and Adjutant Edward C. Boynton, dated West Point, May 15, 1871:

"The records of the Military Academy show that Edgar A. Poe was brought before a general court-martial at West Point on the 7th of January, 1831, under the following charges:

"'Charge I. Gross neglect of all duty.

"'Charge II. Disobedience of orders.'

"The specifications set forth time, place, etc., etc. To both charges the accused pleaded '*guilty*' and so the court found, and sentenced him '*to be dismissed the service of the United States*,' which sentence was afterward approved at the War Department, and carried into effect March 6, 1831."


For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I see the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride
In her sepulchre there by the sea —
In her tomb by the side of the sea.

FAC-SIMILE OF HANDWRITING OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

no more of the MSS., but to give the prizes to "the first of geniuses who had written legibly." When the "confidential envelope" was opened, it was found that the writer's name was Poe, and Mr. Poe was accordingly notified by advertisement of his success. He waited at once upon the publisher, who was moved by his appearance — a virtue with which the race of publishers is not popularly credited. This gentleman described Poe to one of the committee, Mr. John P. Kennedy, the well-known author of "Horseshoe Robinson," whose sympathies were excited in his behalf, and who desired that he should call upon him. He came just as he was (the prize-money not having been paid him), thin, pale, with the marks of sickness and destitution in his face. His seedy coat, buttoned up tight to the chin, concealed the absence of a shirt. Less successful were his boots, through whose crevices his lack of hose was seen. Out at elbows as he was, the gentleman was apparent in his bearing, and the man of genius in his conversation. He related his history (though hardly, I imagine, as I have related it), and Mr. Kennedy resolved to befriend him. The pair went to a clothing store, and Poe was rigged out in a respectable suit, with changes of linen and the like. He was on his feet once more, "clothed and in his right mind."

Of the next year and a half of Poe's life we know little, except that he was very industrious with his pen. He wrote several stories besides those in the MS. volume we have mentioned, and a few poems of no great account. He preserved the respect of his new friends, who were anxious to be of service to him—none more so than Mr. Kennedy, who indorsed him, in a letter to Mr. T. W. White, editor and proprietor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, as being clever, classical, and scholar-like. "He has a volume of very bizarre tales in the hands of ——, in Philadelphia, who for a year past has been promising to publish them. This young fellow is highly imaginative, and a little given to the *terrific*. He is at work upon a tragedy now, but I have turned him to drudging upon whatever may make money, and I have no doubt you and he will find your account in each other." This was written in April, 1835, and it resulted in the engagement of Poe, who remained in Baltimore six or seven months longer before he removed to Richmond. There were many reasons why Richmond should have been agreeable to him, and there were many reasons why it should have been disagreeable. The latter outweighed the former, as might have been expected, somewhat to the surprise of his Baltimore friends, who could not understand why he should be invaded by the blue-devils when every body was praising him, and fortune was beginning to smile upon him. He knew, however, as did also Mr. White, who was soon compelled to dismiss him. Poe and his acquaintances made overtures toward reconciliation and reinstatement in his position, and they were kindly received. "If you would make yourself contented with quarters in my house," wrote Mr. White, "or with any other private family where liquor is not used, I should

think there was some hope for you. But if you go to a tavern, or to any place where it is used at table, you are not safe. You have fine talents, Edgar, and you ought to have them respected, as well as yourself. Learn to respect yourself, and you will soon find that you are respected. Separate yourself from the bottle and from bottle companions forever." Poe promised to do this, and no doubt struggled to keep his word. But he failed, as did finally the patience of Mr. White. They separated after a year and a half, which was a season of trial to both, and Poe took leave of the *Messenger* in the number for January, 1837: "With the best wishes to the magazine, and to its few foes as well as many friends, he is now desirous of bidding all parties a peaceful farewell."

Not to be behind his father in imprudence, Poe married, during his residence in Richmond, his cousin, Virginia Clemm, who was as poor as himself, and whose chief qualifications for being his wife consisted in a sweet face, a gentle temper, and—in loving him!

The young couple flitted from Richmond to Baltimore, and soon after to Philadelphia and New York. Their visit to the latter city seems to have been occasioned by Poe's desire to publish there "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym, of Nantucket," the opening chapters of which had already appeared in the *Messenger*. This, the longest of Poe's fictions, was published by Harper and Brothers in the summer of 1838. It received but little attention in this country, but was more successful in England. Such, at least, is the belief of Mr. G. P. Putnam, to whom, in London, the volume was sent.

"Here is an American contribution to geographical science," he remarked to the late Daniel Appleton, who was sitting in his office. "This man has reached a higher latitude than any European navigator. Let us reprint this for the benefit of Mr. Bull." Mr. Appleton assented, and took a half share in the venture. The grave particularity of the title and of the narrative misled many of the critics as well as the unsuspicious publishers, and whole columns of these new "discoveries," including the hieroglyphics (!) found on the rocks, were copied by many of the English country papers as sober historical truth.

Not long after the publication of the veracious "Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym," Poe and his young wife flitted back to Philadelphia. His only dependence was literature—a delusive profession, which usually leaves its followers just where it found them. In Poe's case it meant hard writing for any body that would pay. He became a contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which Burton, the comedian, had recently established, and in May of the following year its chief editor. His services were slight, since they occupied only two hours a day; but his salary was still slighter, since it amounted to only ten dollars a week! He devoted himself industriously to fiction, and produced some of his most remarkable stories. A collection of these was published in Philadelphia in 1839, under the title of "Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque." They were not successful, except in escaping attention—a fate they shared in common with Hawthorne's "Twice-told Tales." It was this, let us charitably suppose, which sent Poe again to his cups, and caused him to neglect his editorial duties. There was trouble between him and Burton, as there had been trouble between him and Mr. White; but Burton, like Mr. White, treated him with kindness and consideration. "You must rouse your energies," wrote the sensible actor, "and if care assail you, conquer it. I will gladly overlook the past. I hope you will as easily fulfill your pledges for the future. We shall agree very well, though I can not permit the magazine to be made a vehicle for that sort of severity which you think is so 'successful with the mob.' I am truly much less anxious about making a monthly 'sensation' than I am upon the point of fairness. You must, my dear Sir, get rid of your avowed ill feelings toward your brother authors. You see I speak plainly: I can not do otherwise upon such a subject. You say the people love havoc; I think they love justice." This was sensible advice, but Poe was not the man to take it. He could not understand, for example, how literary justice could exist without havoc. Nor can I, either, when mediocrity is so pretentious as it was then. It was not the bad author that he hated; it was the bad book, which, in his eyes, was a flagrant misdemeanor, to punish which he elected himself chief justice of the court of criticism, and head hangman of dunces. This, however, was not the cause which led to his separation from Burton. It was the old failing, aggravated by an attempt on his part to start surreptitiously a magazine of his own.

There were two periodicals in Philadelphia—the *Gentleman's Magazine* and the *Casket*. These were now merged into one, which took the name of *Graham's Magazine*. Poe was engaged to edit it, and did so for about a year and a half. The old failing continued to overcome him, but it did not prevent his writing many fine tales and many biting criticisms. He was a politic critic, however, when it suited his interest to be so, as it did in the case of Dr. Griswold, who was about to publish a bulky volume on "The Poets and Poetry of America," in which Poe desired to appear to advantage. He sent Dr. Griswold a number of his poems, and wrote to him, "I should be proud to see one or two of them in your book." When the book appeared he wrote further, "It is

of immense importance as a guide to what we have done, but you have permitted your good nature to influence you to a degree." The last half of this sentence was as true as the first half was false. Nobody knew this so well as Poe; but he continued, "It is a better book than any other man in the United States could have made out of the materials: this I will say." It was a pity that he *would* say this, for it was not long before he unsaid it in a public lecture, wherein Dr. Griswold was sharply reviewed.

It would have been better for the reputation of both if the critical poet and the uncritical compiler had never met. We should not have known so much of Poe, perhaps, but we should certainly have known less of Dr. Griswold. At any rate, we should have been spared the knowledge that Poe was in such straits, after quitting the editorial chair of *Graham's Magazine*, as to be obliged to borrow a small sum of money from Dr. Griswold, which would be remembered to his disadvantage years after. "Can you not send me five dollars?—I am sick, and Virginia is almost gone," were not words to be printed when Poe was in his grave.

How Poe appeared at this time is best stated in the words of his merciless biographer, who seemed, for once, on the point of relenting. "It was while he resided in Philadelphia that I became acquainted with him. His manner, except during his fits of intoxication, was very quiet and gentlemanly. He was usually dressed with simplicity and elegance, and when once he sent for me to visit him, during a period of illness caused by protracted and anxious watching at the side of his sick wife, I was impressed by the singular neatness and the air of refinement in his home. It was in a small house in one of the pleasant and silent neighborhoods far from the centre of the town, and though slightly and cheaply furnished, every thing in it was so tasteful and so fitly disposed that it seemed altogether suitable for a man of genius. For this, and for most of the comforts he enjoyed in his brightest as in his darkest years, he was chiefly indebted to his mother-in-law, who loved him with more than maternal devotion and constancy."

In the autumn of 1844 Poe flitted back to New York. His reputation had largely increased since his previous residence here six years before, and he was in a fair way of becoming a popular author. His stories had been translated in France, where they were much admired for their singular analytical power. One of them—"The Murders of the Rue Morgue"—was served up as a *feuilleton* in two French journals, and occasioned a lawsuit, in the course of which it came out that, so far from being the property of either, the tale was a direct theft from "un romancier Americain" named Poe. The publicity of this fact, and the appearance shortly afterward of a paper on Poe's writings in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, resulted in the translation of quite a number of his best stories. He was a notability, as what American author was not twenty-five or thirty years ago if he was fortunate enough to obtain recognition abroad?

Poe's first literary work in New York, so far as I can discover, was on the *Mirror*, an evening paper conducted by Mr. N. P. Willis and General George P. Morris. He was subeditor in general and critic in particular, and was much liked by his fellow-poets, as I suppose I should call them. They had been led by common report to expect a very capricious attention to his duties, and were very agreeably disappointed in this respect; for there could have been no more punctual editor in New York than Poe. He was at his desk in the editorial room from nine in the morning till the *Mirror* went to press, an industrious, affable gentleman. "With his pale, beautiful, and intellectual face as a reminder of what genius was in him, it was impossible, of course, not to treat him always with deferential courtesy; and to our occasional request that he would not probe too deep in a criticism, or that he would erase a passage colored too highly with his resentments against society and mankind, he readily and courteously assented, far more yielding than most men, we thought, on points so excusably sensitive. With a prospect of taking the lead in another periodical, he at last voluntarily gave up his employment with us."

The periodical to which Mr. Willis referred was probably the *Broadway Journal*, which was started in January, 1845, and edited by Mr. H. C. Watson and Mr. C. F. Briggs. The *Broadway Journal* lived a year, which was rather a long time for a paper of the kind twenty-five years ago. It was clever, and, like Iago, "nothing if not critical." Poe made it the medium for reintroducing his old productions to the public—a habit of his in periodicals over which he had control. It was an easy way of supplying "copy," and it kept him before his countrymen.

It was while he was one of the editors of the *Broadway Journal* that I became acquainted with Poe, and my reminiscences of him, slight as they are, must be the excuse, if any is needed, for the apparent egotism of what follows. I was then, if not a boy, a very young man, and I had a weakness not wholly confined to very young men—I wrote verse, and thought it poetry. Something that I had written assumed that pleasing form to my deluded imagination. It was an "Ode on a Grecian Flute." I have a strong suspicion now that I was fresh from the reading of Keats, and that I particularly admired his "Ode on a Grecian

Urn." Be this as it may, I sent my ode to the *Broadway Journal*, I presume, with a letter addressed to Edgar A. Poe, Esq., and waited with fear and trembling. One week, two weeks passed, and it did not appear. Evidently the demand for odes was slack. When I could bear my disappointment no longer I made time to take a long walk to the office of the *Broadway Journal*, in Clinton Hall, and asked for Mr. Poe. He was not in. Might I inquire where he lived? I was directed to a street and a number that I have forgotten, but it was in the eastern part of the city, I think in East Broadway, near Clinton Street—a neighborhood now given up to sundry of the tribes of Israel. I knocked at the street-door, and was presently shown up to Poe's apartments on the second or third floor. He received me kindly. I told my errand, and he promised that my ode should be printed next week. I was struck with his polite manner toward me, and with the elegance of his appearance. He was slight and pale, I saw, with large, luminous eyes, and was dressed in black. When I quitted the room I could not but see Mrs. Poe, who was lying on a bed, apparently asleep. She too was dressed in black, and was pale and wasted. "Poor lady," I thought; "she is dying of consumption." I was sad on her account, but glad on my own; for had I not seen a real live author, the great Edgar Allan Poe, and was not my ode to be published at once in his paper?

I bought the next issue of the *Broadway Journal*, but the ode was not in it. It was mentioned, however, somewhat in this style: "We decline to publish the 'Ode on a Grecian Flute' unless we can be assured of its authenticity." I was astounded, as almost any young gentleman in his teens would have been. I was indignant also. I made time to take another long walk to the office of the *Broadway Journal*, and asked again for Mr. Poe. I was told that he was out, but would probably be in in half an hour. I sauntered about the Park, heating myself in the hot sun, and went back at the end of an hour. Poe had returned, and was in the inner office. He was sitting in a chair asleep, but the publisher awoke him. He was in a morose mood. "Mr. Poe," I said, "I have called to assure you of the authenticity of the 'Ode on a Grecian Flute.'" He gave me the lie direct, declared that I never wrote it, and threatened to chastise me unless I left him at once. I was more indignant and astounded than before; but I left him, as he desired, and walked slowly home, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies." I could not understand then why I had been subjected to such an indignity. I think I can now. When I came to think the matter over I was rather flattered than otherwise; for had not the great Poe declared that I did not write the poem, when I knew that I did? What a genius I must be!

I had glimpses of Poe afterward in the streets, but we never spoke. The last time that I remember to have seen him was in the afternoon of a dreary autumn day. A heavy shower had come up suddenly, and he was standing under an awning. I had an umbrella, and my impulse was to share it with him on his way home, but something —certainly not unkindness—withheld me. I went on and left him there in the rain, pale, shivering, miserable, the embodiment of his own

> "unhappy master,
> Whom unmerciful disaster
> Followed fast, and followed faster."

New York has never been remarkable, I believe, for its love of literary men—remarkable, that is, as Weimar was in Goethe's day, and as Boston is supposed to be in our own; but when Poe resided in New York there was a perceptible flavor of literature in its society. Its Mrs. Leo Hunters were at home on stated evenings during the winter months, and among the celebrities whom they enticed to their parlors came Poe and his wife. These evenings are said to have been delightful, but, like many other delightful things, they have left very shadowy recollections in the minds of those who shared them. What is chiefly remembered about Poe is that his manners were refined and pleasing, and his style and scope of conversation that of a gentleman and a scholar. His conversational powers are much dwelt upon by his admirers. Mrs. Poe played the part of a silent and admiring listener on these occasions, winning all hearts with her sweet, pale, girlish face. It was evident to those whose perceptions were sharpened by experience in sick-rooms that she had not long to live, and it was equally evident that her husband was deeply attached to her. Friends and foes alike bore testimony to this bright spot in his character. The natural refinement of his nature drew him toward women, of whom he was a gentle student, and in whose society he delighted. He was lenient to literary women; more lenient in some cases than strict justice demanded; so lenient, indeed, in general, that his criticisms upon them had but little critical value. He especially admired the graceful genius of Mrs. Osgood, who recorded her recollections of him in a tender, womanly fashion. "It was in his own simple yet poetical home that to me the character of Edgar Poe appeared in its most beautiful light. Playful, affectionate, witty—alternately docile and wayward as a petted child—for his young, gentle, idolized wife, and for all who came, he had, even in the midst of his most harassing literary duties, a kind word, a pleasant smile, a graceful and courteous attention. At his desk, beneath the romantic picture of his

loved and lost Lenore, he would sit hour after hour, patient, assiduous, and uncomplaining, tracing in an exquisitely clear chirography, and with almost superhuman swiftness, the lightning thoughts, the 'rare and radiant' fancies, as they flashed through his wonderful and ever-wakeful brain. I recollect one morning toward the close of his residence in this city, when he seemed unusually gay and light-hearted. Virginia, his sweet wife, had written me a pressing invitation to come to them; and I, who could never resist her affectionate summons, and who enjoyed his society far more in his own home than elsewhere, hastened to Amity Street. I found him just completing his series of papers entitled 'The Literati of New York.' 'See,' said he, displaying in laughing triumph several little rolls of narrow paper (he always wrote thus for the press), 'I'm going to show you, by the difference of length in these, the different degrees of estimation in which I hold all you literary people. In each of these one of you is rolled up and fully discussed. Come, Virginia, help me!' And one by one they unfolded them. At last they came to one which seemed interminable. Virginia laughingly ran to one corner of the room with one end, and her husband to the opposite with the other. 'And whose lengthened sweetness long drawn out is that?' said I. 'Hear her,' he cried, 'just as if her vain little heart didn't tell her it's herself!'"

"The Literati of New York" would not have struck an ordinary writer as a promising subject for a series of papers. But Poe was not an ordinary writer. "The Dean," said Stella, "could write beautifully about a broomstick." So could Poe when he chose, although few of the literati saw any beauty in his writing as far as they were concerned personally. A could relish Poe's smartness at the expense of B, and B could relish it at the expense of A; but each was indignant with him for what he wrote about *him*. It may have been fun to Poe, this stoning of frogs in the literary pond, but it was death to many of the poor little froglings. Not being among the number of these, I enjoyed his critical dissections, in which it was difficult to say what element predominated, they were at once so urbane and so brutal. Whether they expressed Poe's "honest opinions," as he professed, may be doubted: there can be no doubt that they contained "occasional words of personality."

In the summer or autumn of 1846 Poe removed to Fordham. The cottage he occupied was buried in fruit trees. There was a flower garden on the premises, and near the door an old cherry-tree, in which birds used to build their nests and rear their young. Poe was fond of birds, flowers, and the "little people of nature" generally, and among his pets was a cat, which loved to seat itself on his shoulder and pur to him as he wrote. A walk from his residence to High Bridge was one of his recreations, and in the last years of his life he might often have been seen sauntering there at all hours of the day and night. A favorite haunt was a ledge of rocky ground crowned with pines and cedars, under which he delighted to sit, feasting his eyes on the quiet beauty of the landscape around him, and dreaming dreams which were soon to put on the imperishable form of verse. He was alone on these occasions, as poets love to be, though in his case he was alone of necessity, for his wife was failing, and the services of Mrs. Clemm were needed at her bedside, as were frequently his own, in the long, still watches of the night. Dr. Griswold says that his old failing increased, and that it was this which reduced him to the destitution in which he soon found himself. But as Dr. Griswold does not substantiate his assertion, I prefer to think it was the gloom which rested over Poe's spirit and palsied his hand—the shadow of the approaching death of his wife. It was not long before he was ill himself, and then the family were in want. Mrs. Clemm proved herself their good angel, as she had always done. "It was a hard fate she was watching over," Mr. Willis wrote, when the tragedy of Poe's life was ended. "Mr. Poe wrote with fastidious difficulty, and in a style too much above the popular level to be well paid.* He was always in pecuniary difficulty, and, with his sick wife, frequently in want of the merest necessaries of life. Winter after winter, for years, the most touching sight to us in this whole city has been that tireless minister to genius, thinly and insufficiently clad, going from office to office with a poem or an article on some literary subject to sell, sometimes simply pleading in a broken voice that he was ill, and begging for him—mentioning nothing but that 'he was ill,' whatever might be the reason for his writing nothing—and never, amidst all her tears and recitals of distress, suffering one syllable to escape her lips that could convey a doubt of him, or a lessening of pride in his genius and good intentions."

Attention was drawn to the illness and poverty of Poe and his wife in one of the

* To give an idea of the *honorarium*, as our English cousins call it, received by Poe for his literary work, I state here that it is the impression of my friend Mr. John Priestley, the whilom proprietor of the *Whig Review*, in which periodical "The Raven" was originally published, that Poe received for this, his most celebrated poem, the munificent sum of ten dollars! Three or four years later, viz., in 1848, he was desirous of contributing to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and was content with two dollars per page! What Dr. Johnson says of Butler has occurred to me more than once while writing this paper, viz., "The date of his birth is doubtful, the mode and place of his education are unknown, the events of his life are variously related, and all that can be told with certainty is that he was poor."

New York journals, and by the manly comments made upon the circumstance by Mr. Willis in the *Home Journal*. Poe's friends and admirers came promptly forward with their contributions, which relieved him from his immediate embarrassments. This was in December, 1846. A few weeks later his wife was no longer with him.

She died in January, 1847; and all that was mortal of her was buried one cold winter day in a cemetery at Fordham.

> "What parting words were said,
> What burning tears were shed,
> The angels know, not I:
> Enough that she was flown,
> And he was left alone,
> To live, to strive, to die."

We are left to conjecture the life of the bereaved husband and his "more than mother" in their lonesome little cottage. Whatever he may have planned, he published but little during the next twelve months. We know, however, that he busied himself with the grandest problem that the intellect of man has ever set itself to solve—the Problem of the Universe. This he solved to his own satisfaction, not like a man of science, which he was not, though he claimed to be, but like the imaginative poet that he was. His work "haunted him like a passion." He was incessantly dwelling upon it to Mrs. Clemm, who told me, after his death, how he often used to talk with her about it while it was in progress, and how one winter night in particular they passed hours together under the glittering starlight, walking up and down the little piazza of their cottage, he explaining the "Cosmos" to her, and she, I gathered, shivering with cold, though she would not for worlds have owned the fact. She also told me that she had frequently heard her "dear Eddie" speak of me, which I fancied was a slip of memory on her part; and further, as if there was ever present in her mind the necessity of saying something kind and motherly about him, that a single cup of coffee would intoxicate him, so sensitive was his nervous organization.

Early in 1848 Poe announced his intention to lecture, for the purpose of obtaining means to start a periodical of his own, a scheme which was always in his mind. His first lecture was delivered in New York in February, at the Society Library, and was attended by a scanty audience, who were probably weary before it was over, since it occupied more than two hours in the delivery. It was what was published, not long afterward, under the title of "Eureka: a Prose Poem." Its publication was brought about rather oddly, as Mr. Putnam, the original publisher, has lately stated in print. He was in his office in Broadway, when a gentleman entered, and with a somewhat nervous and excited manner claimed attention on a subject which he said was of the highest importance. "Seated at my desk, and looking at me a full minute with his 'glittering eye,' he at length said, 'I am Mr. Poe.' I was 'all ear,' of course, and sincerely interested. It was the author of 'The Raven,' and of 'The Gold Bug!' 'I hardly know,' said the poet, after a pause, 'how to begin what I have to say. It is a matter of profound importance.' After another pause, the poet seeming to be in a tremor of excitement, he at length went on to say that the publication he had to propose was of momentous interest. Newton's discovery of gravitation was a mere incident compared with the discoveries revealed in this book. It would at once command such universal and intense interest that the publisher might give up all other enterprises, and make this one book the business of his lifetime. An edition of fifty thousand copies might be sufficient to begin with; but it would be but a small beginning. No other scientific event in the history of the world approached in importance the original developments of this book. All this and more, not in irony or in jest, but in *intense* earnest—for he held me with his eye like the Ancient Mariner. I was really impressed, but not overcome. Promising a decision on Monday (it was late Saturday P.M.), the poet had to rest so long in uncertainty upon the *extent* of the edition—partly reconciled, by a small loan, meanwhile. We *did* venture, not upon fifty thousand, but five hundred. Even after this small edition was in type," Mr. Putnam adds, in a note, "the poet proposed to punish us by giving a duplicate of the MS. to another publisher because a third little advance was deemed inexpedient."

Poe's own copy of "Eureka" is before me as I write—a shabby little duodecimo from the library of Dr. Griswold, whose autograph it contains, as well as many corrections in the handwriting of Poe himself, made with a view to a second edition, which was never called for. They are curious as showing the extreme fastidiousness of his taste as regards style, and one is especially interesting as embodying what was probably the *summum bonum* of Poe's theology. It is written in pencil on the last page of the volume, to the last paragraph of which it is appended. Here it is: "Note.—The pain of the consideration that we shall lose our individual identity ceases at once when we further reflect that the process, as above described, is neither more nor less than that of the absorption, by each individual intelligence, of all other intelligences (that is, of the Universe) into its own. That God may be all in all, *each* must become God."

In the latter part of the summer of 1849 Poe left Fordham for Virginia. When he got as far as Philadelphia he fell in with some of his old boon companions, and was overcome by his old temptation. It was "hail-fellow well met" with him while his

money lasted. When it was all gone he was obliged to solicit charity for the means of reaching Richmond. So Dr. Griswold says, and, from what occurred after Poe's arrival in Richmond, I feel sure that he was not misinformed. When Poe was first heard of by his Richmond friends he had been for several days at a sort of common tavern in a part of the city known as Rockets. One of these friends—a man of letters—took a carriage and drove thither with the intention of fetching him away, but he had disappeared. The tavern-keeper, a man named Jacob Mull, knew nothing of his whereabouts or who he was, except that he said his name was Poe, and that he had slept for a number of nights on the sanded floor of the bar-room. At the end of a week or ten days Poe appeared one morning at the office of his literary friend, whom he knew only by correspondence, and introduced himself. His garments were old and seedy, but brushed with scrupulous care, and there were no signs of dissipation in his clean and fresh-shaved face. He asked permission to have his letters directed to his friend's box, and room enough in his office to write in, both of which requests were, of course, cordially granted. A desk was given him, and he was soon at his literary work, a portion of which consisted of the sharp paragraphs entitled "Marginalia," which were published from time to time in the first magazine that he had ever edited—the *Southern Literary Messenger*. What Mr. Kennedy had done for him about fifteen years before was done now—he was rejuvenated as regards his clothing, and made presentable in society by the tailor of his friend. For a time all went well with him, but at last he disappeared. At the end of several days he returned with a damaged eye. He had been mistaken for some one else by a ruffian in a bar-room, and knocked down without a word. He returned to his work, to disappear again. He was next heard of at a fashionable drinking saloon called "The Alhambra," where he was found explaining "Eureka" to a motley crowd of bar-room loungers. He returned to his work again, and seemed in a fair way to reform. He joined a temperance society, and gave a lecture, which was attended by the best people in Richmond. He renewed acquaintance with a lady whom he had loved in youth, and who was now a widow, and became engaged to her. He had but two things to do before they were married—one was to go to Philadelphia and write a preface for a volume of poems by a lady, the other was to go to Fordham and fetch Mrs. Clemm to the wedding.

He started from Richmond on the 2d or 3d of October. What happened during the next four or five days is involved in considerable obscurity, but the facts, as far as they can be ascertained, appear to be these: He arrived at Baltimore safely, but between trains unfortunately took a drink with a friend, the consequence of which was that he was brought back from Havre de Grace, by the conductor of the Philadelphia train, in a state of delirium. It was the eve of an exciting municipal election, and as he wandered up and down the streets of Baltimore he was seized by the lawless agents of some political club, and shut up all night in a cellar. The next morning he was taken out in a state of frenzy, drugged, and made to vote in eleven different wards. The following day he was found in the back-room of a "headquarters," and removed to a hospital on Broadway, north of Baltimore Street. He was insensible when found, and remained so until Sunday morning, October 7. A doctor and nurse were with him when he first showed consciousness. "Where am I?" he asked. The doctor answered, "You are cared for by your best friends." After a pause, in which he appeared to recall what had occurred, and to realize his situation, Poe replied, "My best friend would be the man who would blow out my brains." Within ten minutes he was dead!

> "O let him pass! he hates him
> That would upon the rack of this rough world
> Stretch him out longer."

He was buried on the 8th of October in the burial-ground of the Westminster Church, at the corner of Fayette and Greene streets. The funeral was attended by a cousin, a member of the Baltimore bar, a class-mate, who was afterward Judge of the Baltimore Superior Court, and a Methodist minister, a relative by his marriage. The spot selected for his grave was near the grave of his grandfather, General David Poe.* There was a vacant place left, but it was filled several months since by the body of Mrs. Clemm, who died, upward of eighty years old, in the same hospital where her "dear Eddie" expired some twenty-two years before, and was buried, at her own request by his side.

> "Out are the lights—out all!
> And over each quivering form
> The curtain—a funeral pall—
> Comes down with the rush of a storm.
> And the angels, all pallid and wan,
> Uprising, unveiling, affirm
> That the play is the tragedy 'Man,'
> And its hero the conqueror Worm."

* Wesley's epigrammatic summing up of the fate of Butler, "He asked for bread, and he received a stone," does not apply to Poe; for however he may have asked for bread, he certainly received no stone. There was some talk a few years since of raising a monument to him, and a stone with a suitable inscription was prepared, but the day before it was to have been placed over his grave it was destroyed in a singular manner. A train on the city entrance of the Northern Central Railroad ran off the track, and crashing into the marble-yard of Hugh Lisson, where it was, ground it to fragments. The grave of General Poe is now the only landmark by which the last resting-place of his famous grandson can be determined.

OLD KENSINGTON.

By MISS THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XV.

GEORGE'S TUNES.

THERE is George sitting at the old piano in the drawing-room. The window is wide open. The Venetian glass is dazzling over his head, of which the cauliflower shadow is thrown upon the wall. By daylight the old damask paper looks all stained and discolored, and the draperies hang fainting and turning gray and brown and to all sorts of strange autumnal hues in this bright spring sunshine.

The keys answer to George's vigorous fingers, while the shadow bobs in time from side to side. A pretty little pair of slim gloves and a prayer-book are lying on a chair by the piano; they are certainly not George's, nor Eliza Twells's, who is ostensibly dusting the room, but who has stopped short to listen to the music. It has wandered from the "Freischütz" overture to "Kennst du das Land," which, for the moment, George imagines to be his own composition. How easily the chords fall into their places! how the melody flows loud and clear from his fingers! (It's not only on the piano that people play tunes which they imagine to be their own.) As for Eliza, she had never heard any thing so beautiful in all her life.

"Can it play hymn toones, Sir?" says she, in a hoarse voice.

Hymn tunes! George goes off into the Hundredth Psalm. The old piano shakes its cranky sides, the pedals groan and creak, the music echoes all round; then another shadow comes floating along the faded wall, two fair arms are round his neck, the music stops for an instant, and Eliza begins to rub up the leg of a table.

"How glad I am you have come! but *why* have you come, George—oughtn't you to be reading?"

"Oh," says George, airily, "I've only come for the day. Look here: have you ever heard this Russian tune? I've been playing it to Miss Parnell; I met her coming from church."

"Miss Parnell? Do you mean Rhoda?" said Dolly, as she sits down in the big chair and takes up the gloves and the prayer-book, which opens wide, and a little bit of fresh-gathered ivy falls out. It is Rhoda's prayer-book, as Dolly knows. She puts back the ivy, while George goes on playing.

"How pretty!" says she, looking at him with her two admiring eyes, and raising her thick brows.

George, much pleased with the compliment, goes on strumming louder than ever.

"Robert is here," says Dolly, still listening. "He is in the garden with Rhoda."

"Oh, is he?" says George, not overpleased.

It was at this moment that Lady Sarah came to the garden window, still in her district equipments. Eliza Twells, much confused by her mistress's appearance, begins to dust wildly; at last, finding that nobody pays any attention to her, she walks out of the room on tiptoe. Outside the door comes a sound of falling broomsticks.

"How d'ye do, George?" said his aunt, coming up to him. "We didn't expect you so soon again."

George offered his cheek to be kissed, and played a few chords with his left hand.

"I hadn't meant to come," he said; "but I was up at the station this morning, seeing a friend off, and as the train was starting I got in. I've got a return ticket."

"Of course you have," said Lady Sarah; "but where will you get a return ticket for the time you are wasting? It is no use attempting to speak to you. Some day you will be sorry;" and then she turned away, and walked off in her gleaming goloshes, and went out at the window again. She did not join Robert and Rhoda, who were pacing round and round the garden walk, but wandered off her own way alone.

"There!" says George, looking up at Dolly for sympathy.

Dolly doesn't answer, but turns very pale, and her heart begins to beat.

"It is one persecution," cries George, speaking for himself, since Dolly won't speak for him. "She seems to think she

has a right to insult me—that she has bought it with her hateful money."

He began to crash out some defiant chords upon the piano.

"Don't, dear," said Dolly, putting her hand on his. "You don't know," she said, hesitating, "how bitterly disappointed Aunt Sarah has been when—when you have not passed. She is so clever herself. She is so proud of you. She hopes so much."

"Nonsense," said George, hunching up sulkily. "Dolly, you are forever humbugging. You love me, and perhaps others appreciate me a little; but not Aunt Sarah. She don't care that" (a crash) "for me. She thinks that I can bear insult like Robert, or all the rest of them who are after her money-bags." He was working himself up more and more, as people do who are not sure they are right. He spoke so angrily that Dolly was frightened.

"Oh, George," she said, "how can you say such things! you mustn't, do you hear? not to me—not to yourself. Of course Robert scorns any thing mean as much as you do. Her savings! they all went in that horrid bank. She does not know where to go for money sometimes, and we ought to spare her, and never to forget what we do owe her. She denies herself every day for us. She will scarcely see a doctor when she is ill, or take a carriage when she is tired."

Dolly's heart was beating very quick; she was determined that, come what might, George should hear the truth from her.

"If you are going to lecture me too, I shall go," said George; and he got up and walked away to the open window, and stood grimly looking out. He did not believe Dolly; he could not afford to believe her. He was in trouble; he wanted money himself. He had meant to confide in Dolly; that was one of the reasons why he had come up to town. He should say nothing to her now. She did not deserve his confidence; she did not understand him, and always sided with her aunt. "Look here, I had better give the whole thing up at once," he said, sulkily; "I don't care to be the object of so many sacrifices." As he stood there glowering, he was unconsciously watching the two figures crossing the garden and going toward the pond; one of them, the lady, turned, and seeing him at the window, waved a distant hand in greeting. George's face cleared. He would join Rhoda; it was no use staying here.

As he was leaving the room poor Dolly looked up from the arm-chair in which she had been sitting despondently: she had tears in her heart, though her eyes were dry: she wanted to make friends. "You know, George," she said, "I *must* say what I think true to you. Aunt Sarah grudges nothing—"

"She makes the very most," says George, stopping short, "of what she does, and so do you;" and he looked away from Dolly's entreating face.

Again poor Dolly's indignation masters her prudence. "How can you be so mean and ungrateful?" she says.

"Ungrateful!" cries George, in a passion. "You get all you like out of Aunt Sarah; to me she doles out hard words and a miserable pittance, and you expect me to be grateful. I can see what Robert and Frank Raban think as well as if they said it."

Dolly sprang past him, and rushed out of the room in tears.

"Dolly! Dolly! forgive me, do forgive me! I'm a brute," says George, running after her: he had really talked on without knowing what he said. "Please stop!"

"Dolly!" cries Lady Sarah, from the breakfast-room.

Dolly went flying along the oak hall and up the old staircase and across the ivy window. She could not speak. She ran up to her room and slammed the door, and burst out sobbing. She did not heed the voices calling then, but in after-days, long, long after, she used to hear them at times, and how plainly they sounded when all was silent—"Dolly! Dolly!" they called. People say that voices travel on through space—they travel on through life and across time: is it not so? Years have passed since they may have been uttered, but do we not hear them again and again, and answer back longing into the past?

Meanwhile poor Dolly banged the door in indignation. She was glad George was sorry, but how dared he suspect her? How dared Mr. Raban—Mr. Raban, who did not pay his debts? What did she care? What did they know? *They* did not understand how she loved her brother in her own way, her very own; loving him and taking care for him and fighting his battles.....

"Oh, George, how cruel you are!" sobbed poor Dolly, sitting on her window-sill. The warm sun was pouring through the open casement, spreading the shadow of the panes and the frame-work upon the carpetless floor; in a corner of the window a little pot of mignonette stood ready to start to life; a bird came with the shadow of its little breast upon the bars, and chirruped a cheerful chirp. Dolly looked up, breathed in the sun and the bird-chirp—how could she help it?—then her wooden clock struck; it distracted her somehow, and her indignation abated: the girl got up, bathed her red eyes, and went to the glass to straighten her crisp locks and limp tucker. "Who is knocking?—come in," said Dolly. She did not look round, she was too busy struggling with her laces. Presently she saw a face reflected in the glass beside her own—a pale brown face with black hair and slow, dark eyes and close little red lips.

"Why, Rhoda, have you come for me?" said Dolly, looking round, sighing and soothed.

At the same time a voice from the garden below cried out, "Dolly, come down. Have you forgiven me?"

"Yes, George," said Dolly, looking out from her window.

"Here, let me help you," cried Rhoda. "Dolly, Mr. Robert and your brother sent me to find you."

CHAPTER XVI.

A WALKING PARTY.

THE young people were starting for another walk that afternoon. Rhoda and Dolly were holding up their parasols and their white dresses out of the dust. They were half-way down the sunshiny lane when they met Frank Raban (of whom they had been speaking) coming to call at Church House.

"You had much better come along with us, Frank," said George, who was always delighted to welcome his friends, however soon he might quarrel with them afterward.

"I have an appointment at five o'clock," said Raban, hesitating, and with a glance at Miss Vanborough, who was standing a little apart and watching the people passing up and down the road.

"Five o'clock!" said George; "five o'clock is ever so far away—on board a steamer, somewhere in the Indian Ocean; the passengers are looking over the ship's side at the porpoises. Where is your appointment?"

"Do you know a place called Nightingale Lane?" said Frank.

"I know Nightingale Lane: it is as good a place as any other. Come, we will show you the way;" and, putting his arm through Frank's, George dragged him along.

"I wish George had not asked him," said Robert, in a low voice. "There were several things I wanted to consult you about, Dolly, but I must get a quiet half hour. Not now; at some better opportunity."

"Why, Robert!" said Dolly; "what can you have to say that will take half an hour?" She was, however, much flattered that Robert should wish to consult her, and she walked along brightly.

It was a lovely spring afternoon: people were all out in the open air, dogs were barking, doors closing; the little Quaker children who lived in the house at the corner of the terrace were looking out of window with their prim little bonnets, and Dolly, who knew them, nodded gayly as she passed. She was quite happy again. Robert had looked at her so kindly! She was in charity with the whole world. She had scarcely had a word of explanation with George, but she had made it up with him in her heart. When he asked her for a second help of cold pie at luncheon, she took it as a sign of forgiveness. They went on now by the brown houses of Phillimore Terrace, until they reached a place where the bricks turn into green leaves, and branches arch overhead, and two long avenues lead from the ancient high-road of the Trinobants all the way to the palatine heights of Campden Hill.

When they were in the avenue the young people went and stood under the shade of a tree. George was leaning against the iron rail that separates the public walk from the park beyond. They were standing with their feet on the turf in a criss-cross of shadow, of twigs, and green blades sprouting between. Beyond the rail the lawns and fields sloped to where the old arcades and the many roofs and turrets of Holland House rose, with their weather-cocks veering upon the sky. Great trees were spreading their shadows upon the grass. Some cows were trailing across the meadow, and from beyond the high walls came the echo of the streets without—a surging sound of voices and wheels, a rising tide of life, of countless feet beating upon the stones. Here, behind the walls, all was sweet and peaceful afternoon, and high overhead hung a pale daylight moon.

"Are not you glad to have seen this pretty view of the old house, Mr. Raban?" said Dolly to Frank, who happened to be standing next to her. "Don't you like old houses?" she added, graciously, in her newfound amenity.

"I don't know," said Frank. "They are too much like coffins, and full of dead men's bones. Modern lath and plaster has the great advantage of being easily swept away with its own generation. These poor old places seem to me all out of place among omnibuses and railway whistles."

"The associations of Holland House must be very interesting," said Robert.

"I hate associations," said Frank, looking hard at Dolly. "To-day is just as good as yesterday."

Dolly looked surprised, then blushed up, when she noticed his earnest gaze.

It is strange enough, after one revelation of a man or woman, to meet with another of the same person at some different time. The same person and not the same. The same voice and face, looking and saying such other things, to which we ourselves respond how differently. Here were Raban and Dolly, who had first met by a grave, now coming together in another world and state, with people laughing and talking; with motion, with festivity: walking side by side through the early summer streets, where all seemed life, not death; hope and progress, not sorrow and retrospect—for Dolly's heart was full of the wonder of life

and of the dazzling present. After that first meeting she had begun to look upon the Raban of to-day as a new person altogether—a person who interested her, though she did not like him. Even Dorothea in her softest moods seemed scarcely to thaw poor Frank. When he met her, his old, sad, desperate self used to rise like a phantom between them—no wonder he was cold and silent and abrupt. He could talk to others—to Rhoda, who wore his poor wife's shining cross, and had stood by her coffin, as he thought, and who now met him with looks of sympathy, and who seemed to have forgotten the past. To Miss Vanborough he rarely spoke; he barely answered her if she spoke to him; and yet I don't think there was a word or look of Dolly's that Raban ever forgot. All her poor little faults he remembered afterward; her impatient ways and imperious gestures, her hasty impulse and her innocent severity. What strange debtor-and-creditor account was this between them?

There are some people we only seem to love all the more because they belong to past sorrow. Perhaps it is that they are of the guild of those who are initiated into the sad secrets of life. Others bring back the pain without its consolation; and so Dolly, who was connected with the tragedy of poor Frank Raban's life, frightened him. When, as now, he thought he had seen a remembering look in her eyes, the whole unforgettable past would come before him with cruel vividness. She seemed to him like one of the avenging angels with the flaming swords, ready to strike. Little he knew her! The poor angel might lift the heavy sword, but it would be with a trembling hand. She might remember, but it was as a child remembers—with awe, but without judgment. The little girl he had known had pinned up her locks in great brown loops; her short skirts now fell in voluminous folds; she was a whole head taller, and nearly seventeen: but, if the truth were told, I do not think that any other particular change had come to her, so peaceful had been her experience. Frank was far more changed. He had fought a hard fight with himself since that terrible day he had sat under the arch in the twilight. He had conquered Peace in some degree, and now already he felt it was no longer peace that he wanted, but more trouble. Already, in his heart, he rebelled at the semi-claustration of the tranquil refuge he had found, where the ivy buttresses and scrolled iron gateways seemed to shut out wider horizons. But hitherto work was what he wanted, not liberty. He had made debts and difficulties for himself during that wild, foolish time at Paris! These very debts and difficulties were his best friends now, and kept him steady to his task. He accepted the yoke, thankful for an honest means of livelihood. He took the first chance that offered, and he put a shoulder to the old pulley at which he had tugged as a boy with a dream of something beyond, and at which he labored as a man with some sense of duty done. He went on in a dogged, hopeless way from day to day. He is a man of little faith, and yet of tender heart.

Some one says that the world is a mirror that reflects the faces that we bring to its surface. Frank's skepticisms met him at every turn. He even judged his own ideal; and as he could not but think of Dolly every hour of the day, he doubted her unceasingly. There seemed scarcely a responsive chord left to him with which to vibrate to the song of those about him. Until he believed in himself again he could not heartily believe in others.

Others, meanwhile, were happily not silent because of his reserve, and were chattering and laughing gayly. Rhoda was sitting on the shady corner of a bench, George was swinging his legs on the railing. Dolly did not sit down. She was not tired; she was in high spirits. By degrees she seemed to absorb all her companions' life and brightness. So Raban thought as he glanced from Rhoda's pale face to Miss Vanborough's beaming countenance. Dolly's brown hair was waving in a pretty drift, her violet ribbons seeming to make her gray eyes look violet. She had a long neck, a long chin; her white ample skirt almost hid Rhoda as she sat in her corner. The girl shifted gently from her seat, and slid away when Dolly—Dolly sobering down—began to tell some of Lady Sarah's stories of Holland House and its inmates.

"There was beautiful Lady Diana Rich," said Dorothea, pointing with her gloved hand.

"Don't say Diana," cries George; "say Diāna."

"She was walking in the Park," continues his sister, unheeding the interruption, "when she met a lady coming from behind a tree dressed, as she was herself, in a habit. Then she recognized herself," Dolly said, slowly, opening her gray eyes; "and she went home, and she died within a—"

Dolly, hearing a rustle, looked over her shoulder, and her sentence broke down. A white figure was coming from behind the great stem of the elm-tree near which they were standing. In a moment Dolly recovered herself and began to laugh.

"Rhoda!" she said. "I did not know you had moved. I thought you were my fetch."

"No; I'm myself, and I don't like ghost stories," said Rhoda, in her shrill voice. "They frighten me so, though I don't believe a word of them. Do you, Mr. Raban?"

"Not believe!" cries George, putting him-

self in between Frank and Rhoda. "Don't you believe in the White Lady of Holland House? She flits through the rooms once a year all in white satin, on the day of her husband's execution. They cut off his head in a silver night-cap, and she can't rest in her grave when she thinks of it."

"Poor ghost!" said Dolly. "I'm so sorry for ghosts! I sometimes think I know some live ones," the girl added, looking at Frank unconsciously, and with more softness than he had believed her capable of. "So she thinks me a ghost," thought Frank, not overpleased.

"The first Lord Holland was a Rich," said Henley, tapping with his cane upon the iron bars. "He must have been the father of Lady Diana. He married a Cope. The Copes built the house, you know. I believe Aubrey de Vere was the original possessor of the property. It then passed to the monks of Abingdon."

"What a fund of information!" said George, laughing. "Raban is immensely impressed."

Raban could not help smiling; but Dolly interposed. She saw that her cousin was only half pleased by the levity with which his remarks were received. "What had Lord Holland done?" she asked.

"He betrayed every body," said Robert; "first one side, then another. He earned his fate—he was utterly unreliable and inconsistent."

"How can an honest man be any thing else?" cried George, with his usual snort, rushing to battle. "No honest men are consistent. Take Sir Robert Peel, take Oliver Cromwell. Lord Holland joined the Commonwealth, and then gave his head to save the king's. It was gloriously inconsistent."

"For my part," Robert answered, with some asperity, "I must confess that I greatly dislike such impulsive characters. They are utterly unscrupulous—"

"Some consciences might have been more scrupulously consistent than Lord Holland's, and kept their heads upon their shoulders," said Raban, dryly.

Dolly wondered what he meant, and whether he was serious. He spoke so shortly that she did not always understand him.

"I am sure I shall often change my mind," she said, to her cousin.

"You are a woman, you know," answered Henley, mollified by her sweet looks.

"And women need not trouble themselves about their motives?" said Frank, speaking in his most sententious way, and ignoring Henley altogether.

"Their motives don't concern any body but themselves," cried Dolly, rather offended by Frank's manner. He seemed to look upon her as some naughty child, to be constantly reproved and put down. He was not half so kind to her as he was to Rhoda, whom he was now helping on with a shawl. Why did he dislike her? Dolly wondered. She couldn't understand any body disliking her. Perhaps it says well for human nature, on the whole, that people are so surprised to find themselves odious to others.

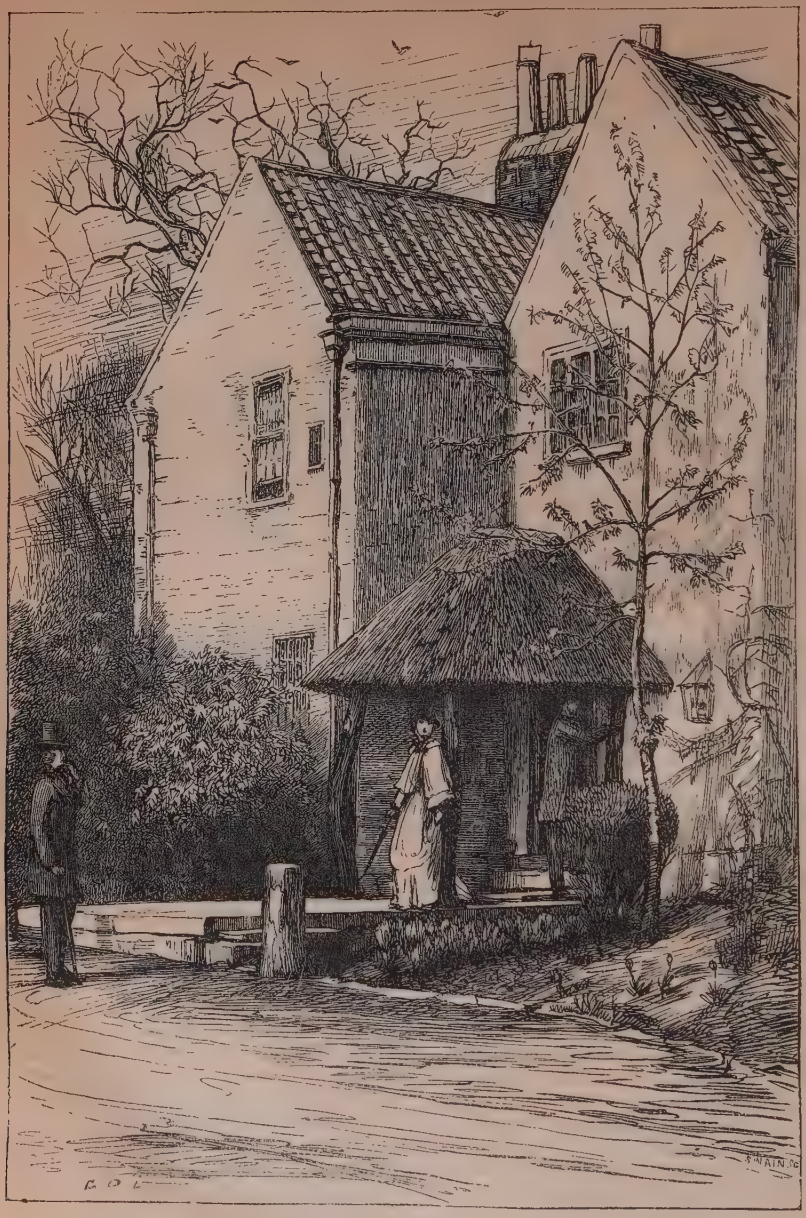
Just then some church-bell began to ring for evening service. Five o'clock had come to Kensington, and George proposed that they should walk on with Raban to the house in Nightingale Lane.

"This way, Rhoda," he said; "are you tired? Take my arm."

Rhoda, however, preferred tripping by Dolly's side.

A painter lived in the house to which Raban was going. It stood, as he said, in Nightingale Lane, within garden walls. It looked like a farm-house, with its many tiles and chimneys, standing in the sweet old garden fringed with rose-bushes. There were poplar-trees and snow-ball-trees, and May-flowers in their season, and lilies of the valley growing in the shade. The lawn was dappled with many shadows of sweet things. From the thatched porch you could hear the rural clucking of poultry and the lowing of cattle, and see the sloping roof of a farm-house beyond the elms. Henley did not want to come in; but Dolly and Rhoda had cried out that it was a dear old garden, and had come up to the very door, smiling and willfully advancing as they looked about them.

The old house—we all know our way thither—has stood for many a year, and seen many a change, and sheltered many an honored head. One can fancy Addison wandering in the lanes round about, and listening to the nightingale "with a much better voice than Mrs. Tofts, and something of Italian manners in her diversions;" or Newton, an old man with faded blue eyes, passing by on his way from Pitt House, hard by. Gentle Mrs. Opie used to stay here, and ugly Wilkes to come striding up the lane in the days of Fox and Pitt and fiery periwigs. Into one of the old raftered rooms poor Lord Camelford was carried to die, when he fell in his fatal duel with Mr. Best in the meadows hard by. Perhaps Sir Joshua may have sometimes walked across from Holland House, five minutes off, where he was a hundred years ago painting two beautiful young ladies. Only yesterday I saw them; one leaned from a window in the wall, the other stood without, holding a dove in her extended hand; a boy was by her side. Those ladies have left the window long since; but others not less beautiful still come up Nightingale Lane to visit the Sir Joshua of our own time in his studios built against the hospitable house. My heroine comes perforce, and looks at the old gables and elm-trees, and stands under the rustic porch. Robert was seriously distressed.



UNDER THE RUSTIC PORCH.

"Do come away," said he; "suppose some one were to see us."

Rhoda, with a little laugh, ran down one of the garden walks, and George went after her. Dolly stood leaning up against the doorway. She paid no attention to Robert's remonstrance, and was listening, with upraised eyes, to the bird up in the tree. Frank's hand was on the bell, when, as Robert predicted, the door suddenly opened wide. A servant carrying papers and parcels came out, followed by a lady in a flowing silk dress, with a lace hood upon her head, and by a stately-looking gentleman in a long gray coat; erect, and with silver hair and a noble and benevolent head.

"Why is not the carriage come up?" said the lady to the servant, who set off immediately running with his parcels in his arms; then seeing Dolly, who was standing blushing and confused by the open door, she said, kindly, "Have you come to see the studios?"

"No," said Dolly, turning pinker still; "it was only the garden; it looked so pretty we came to the door with Mr. Raban."

"I had an appointment with Mr. Royal," said Raban, also shyly, "and my friends kindly showed me the way."

"Why don't you take your friends up to see the pictures?" said the gentleman. "Go up all of you, now that you are here."

"My servant shall show you the way," said the lady, with a smile; and as the servant came back, followed by a carriage, she gave him a few parting directions. Then the Councilor and the lady drove off to the India Office as hard as the horses could go.

It was a white-letter day with Dolly. She followed the servant up an oak passage, and by a long wall, where flying figures were painted. The servant opened a side-door into a room with a great window, and my heroine found herself in better company than she had ever been in in all her life before. Two visitors were already in the studio. One was a lady with a pale and gentle face—Dolly remembered it long afterward when they met again; but just then she only thought of the pictures that were crowding upon the walls sumptuous and silent—the men and women of our time, who seem already to belong to the future, as one looks at the solemn eyes watching from the canvas. Sweet women's faces lighted with some spiritual grace, poets, soldiers, rulers, and wind-bags, side by side, each telling their story in a well-known name. There were children too, smiling, and sketches half done growing from the canvas, and here and there a dream made into a vision, of Justice or of Oblivion. Of silence, and lo! Titans from their everlasting hills lie watching the mists of life; or infinite peace? Behold, an Angel of Death is waiting against a solemn disk. Dolly felt as though she had come with Christian to some mystical house along the way. For some minutes past she had been gazing at the solemn Angel—she was absorbed, she could not take her eyes away. She did not know that the painter had come in and was standing near her.

"Do you know what that is?" said he, coming up to her.

"Yes," answered Dolly, in a low voice; "I have only once seen death. I think this must be it; only it is not terrible, as I thought."

"I did not mean to make it terrible," the painter said, struck by her passing likeness to the face at which she was gazing so steadfastly.

Raban also noticed the gentle and powerful look, and in that moment he understood her better than he had ever done before; his mistrust was stilled, his load was lightened, and he felt as if a sudden ray of faith and love had fallen into his dark heart.

Before they left Mr. Royal introduced Dolly to the two ladies who were in the studio. She met them again long afterward, and remembered the pale, eager face of one of them.

All the way home Dolly was talking of the pictures.

"I saw a great many likenesses which were really admirable," said Robert. "I have met several of the people out at dinner."

Rhoda could not say a single word about the pictures.

"Why, what were you about?" said Dolly, after she had mentioned two or three one after another. "You don't seem to have looked at any thing."

"You didn't come into the back-room, Dolly. I had an excellent cup of tea there," said George; "that kind lady had it sent up for us."

CHAPTER XVII.

"INNER LIFE."

THE next time Raban came to town he called again at Church House. Then he began to go to John Morgan's, whom he had known and neglected for years. He was specially kind to Rhoda, and gentle in his manner when he spoke to her. Cassie, who had experience, used to joke her about her admirer. Not unfrequently Dolly would be in Old Street during that summer, and the deeply interested recipient of the girls' confidences.

"Cassie, do you really mean that he has fallen in love with Rhoda?" said Dolly. "Indeed, he is not half good enough for her." But all the same, the thought of his admiration for her friend somewhat softened Dolly's feelings toward Raban.

Rhoda herself was mysterious. One day she gave up wearing her diamond cross, and appeared instead with a pretty pearl locket. She would not say where she had got it. Zoe said it was like Cassie's. "Had John given it to her?" Rhoda shook her head.

Dolly did not like it, and took Rhoda seriously to task. "Rhoda, how silly to make a mystery about nothing!" Rhoda laughed.

Except for occasional troubles about George, things were going well at Church House that autumn. Raban sent a warning letter once, which made Dolly very angry. The Admiral talked of coming home in the following spring. Dolly's heart beat at the thought of her mother's return. But meanwhile she was very happy. Robert used to come not unfrequently. Rhoda liked coming when he was there. They would all go out, when dinner was over, and sit upon the terrace and watch the sun setting calmly behind the medlar-tree and the old beech walk. Kensington has special tranquil hours of its own, happy jumbles of old bricks and sunset. The pigeons would come from next door with a whir, and with round breasts

shining in the light; the ivy leaves stood out green and crisp; the birds went flying overhead and circling in their evening dance. Three together, then two, then a lonely one in pursuit.

Dolly stood watching them one evening in the autumn of that year, while her aunt and Henley were talking. John Morgan, who had come to fetch Rhoda home, was discoursing too, in cheerful tones, about the voice of nature, I think it was. "You do not make enough allowance for the voice of nature," the curate was saying. "You can not blame a man because he is natural, because his impulse cries out against rules and restrictions." As he spoke a bell in the ivy wall began to jangle from outside, and Dolly and Rhoda both looked up curiously, wondering who it could be.

"Rules are absolutely necessary restrictions," said Henley, stirring his coffee: "we are lost if we trust to our impulses. What are our bodies but concrete rules?"

"I wonder if it could be George?" interrupted Dolly.

"Oh no," said Rhoda, quickly, "because—" Then she stopped short.

"Because what, Rhoda?" said Lady Sarah, looking at her curiously. The girl blushed up, and seemed embarrassed, and began pulling the ribbon and the cross round her neck. It had come out again the last few days.

"Have you heard any thing of George?" Lady Sarah went on.

"How should I?" said Rhoda, looking up; then she turned a little pale, then she blushed again. "Dolly, look," she said, "who is it?"

It was Mr. Raban, the giver of the diamond cross, who came walking up along the side-path, following old Sam. There was a little scrunching of chair-legs to welcome him. John Morgan shook him by the hand. Lady Sarah looked pleased.

"This was kind of you," she said.

Raban looked shy. "I am afraid you won't think so," he said. "I wanted a few minutes' conversation with you."

Rhoda opened her wide brown eyes. Henley, who had said a stiff "How-dy-do?" and wished to go on with the conversation, now addressed himself to Dolly:

"I always doubt the fact when people say that impulse is the voice of one's inner life. I consider that principle should be its real interpretation."

Nobody exactly understood what he meant, nor did he himself, if the truth were to be told; but the sentence had occurred to him.

"An inner life," said Dolly, presently, looking at the birds. "I wonder what it means? I don't think I have got one."

"No, Dolly," said Lady Sarah, kindly; "it is very often only another name for remorse. Not yet, my dear—that has not reached you yet."

"An inner life," repeated Rhoda, standing by. "Doesn't it mean all those things you don't talk about—religion and principles?" she said, faltering a little, with a shy glance at Frank Raban. Henley had just finished his coffee, and heard her approvingly. He was going again to enforce the remark, when Dolly, as usual, interrupted him.

"But there is *nothing* one doesn't talk about," said the Dolly of those days, standing on the garden step, with all her pretty loops of brown hair against the sun.

"I wish you would preach a sermon, Mr. Morgan, and tell people to take care of their outer lives," said Lady Sarah, over her coffee-pot, "and keep *them* in order while they have them, and leave their souls to take care of themselves. We have all read of the figs and the thistles. Let us cultivate figs; that is the best thing we can do."

"Dear Aunt Sarah," said Dolly, prettily, and looking up suddenly and blushing, "here we all are sitting under your fig-tree."

Dolly having given vent to her feelings suddenly blushed up. All their eyes seemed to be fixed upon her. What business had Mr. Raban to look at her so gravely?

"I wonder if the cocks and hens are gone to roost?" said my heroine, confused; and, jumping down from the step, she left the coffee-drinkers to finish their coffee.

Lady Sarah had no great taste for art or for *bric-à-brac*. Mr. Francis had been a collector, and from him she had inherited her blue china, but she did not care at all for it. She had one fancy, however—a poultry fancy—which harmlessly distracted many of her spare hours. With a cheerful cluck, a pluming, a spreading out of glistening feathers, a strutting and champing, Lady Sarah's cocks and hens used to awake betimes in the early morning. The cocks would chant matutinal hymns, to the annoyance of the neighborhood, while the hens clucked a cheerful accompaniment to the strains. The silver trumpets themselves would not have sounded pleasanter to Lady Sarah's ears than this crowing noise of her favorites. She had a little temple erected for this choir. It was a sort of pantheon, where all parts of the world were represented, divided off by various latitudinal wires. There were crève-cœurs from the Pyrenees, with their crimson crests and robes of black satin; there were magii from Persia, puffy, wind-blown, silent, and somewhat melancholy; there were Polish warriors, gallant and splendid, with an air of misfortune so courageously surmounted that fortune itself would have looked small beside it. Then came the Dorkings, feathery and speckly, with ample wings outstretched, clucking commonplace English to one another.

To-night, however, the clarions were silent, the warriors were sleepy, the cocks and hens were settling themselves comfortably in quaint fluffy heaps upon their roosts,

with their portable feather-beds shaken out, and their bills snugly tucked into the down.

Dolly was standing admiring their strength of mind in retiring by broad daylight from the nice cheerful world into the dismal darkened bed-chamber they occupied. As Dolly stood outside in the sunset, peeping into the dark roosting-place, she heard voices coming along the path, and Lady Sarah speaking in a very agitated voice.

"Cruel boy," she said, "what have I done, what have I left undone, that he should treat me so ill?"

They were close to Dolly, who started away from the hen-house, and ran up to meet her aunt with a sudden movement.

"What is it? Why is he? *Who* is cruel?" said Dolly, and she turned a quick, reproachful look upon Raban. What had he been saying?

"I meant to spare you, my dear," said Lady Sarah, trembling very much, and putting her hand upon Dolly's shoulder. "I have no good news for you; but sooner or later you must know it. Your brother has been behaving as badly as possible. He has put his name to some bills. Mr. Raban heard of it by chance. Wretched boy! he might be arrested. It is hard upon me, and cruel of George."

They were standing near the hen-house still, and a hen woke up from her dreams with a sleepy cluck. Lady Sarah was speaking passionately and vehemently, as she did when she was excited; Raban was standing a little apart in the shadow.

Dolly listened with a hanging head. She could say nothing. It all seemed to choke her; she let her aunt Sarah walk on—she stood quite still, thinking it over. Then came a gleam of hope. She felt as if Frank Raban must be answerable somehow for George's misdemeanors. Was it all true? she began to wonder. Mr. Raban, dismal man that he was, delighted in warnings and croakings. Then Dolly raised her head, and found that the dismal man had come back, and was standing beside her. He looked so humble and sorry that she felt he must be to blame.

"What have you been telling Aunt Sarah?" said Dolly, quite fiercely. "Why have you made her so angry with my brother?"

"I am afraid it is your brother himself who has made her angry," said Raban. "I needn't tell you that I am very sorry," he added, looking very pale; "I would do any thing I could to help him. I came back to talk to you about it now."

"I don't want to hear any more," cried Dolly, with great emotion. "Why do you come at all? What can I say to you to ask you to spare my poor George? It only vexes *her*. You don't understand him—how should you?" Then melting, "If you knew all his tenderness and cleverness?"—she looked up wistfully; for once she did not seem stern, but entreating; her eyes were full of tears as she gazed into his face. There was something of the expression that he had seen in the studio.

"It is because I do your brother full justice," said Raban, gravely, looking at her fixedly, "that I have cared to interfere."

Dolly's eyes dilated, her mouth quivered. Why did she look at him like that? He could not bear it. With a sudden impulse—one of those which come to slow natures, one such as that which had wrecked his life before—he said, in a low voice, "Do you know that I would do any thing in the world for you and yours?"

"No, I don't know it," said Dolly. "I know that you seem to disapprove of every thing I say, and that you think the worst of my poor George—that you don't care for him a bit."

"The worst!" Raban said. "Ah! Miss Vanborough, do you think it so impossible to love those people whose conduct you think the worst?"

She was beginning to speak. He would not let her go on. "Won't you give me a right to interfere?" he said, and he took a step forward and stood close up to her, with a pale, determined face. "There are some past things which can never be forgotten, but a whole life may atone for them. Don't you think so?" and he put out his hand. Dolly did not in the least understand him, or what was in his mind.

"Nobody ever did any good by preaching and interfering," cried the angry sister, ignoring the outstretched hand. "How can *you*, of all people—" She stopped short; she felt that it was ungenerous to call up the past; but in George's behalf she could be mean, spiteful, unjust, if need be, to deliver him from this persecution—so Dolly chose to call it.

She was almost startled by the deep, cold tone of Frank's voice as he answered, "It is because I know what I am speaking of, Miss Vanborough, "that I have an excuse for interfering before it is too late. You, at all events, who remember my past troubles, need not have reminded me of them."

Heartless, cruel girl, she had not understood him. It was as well that she could not read his heart or guess how cruelly she had wounded him. He would keep his secret henceforth. Who was he to love a beautiful, peerless woman, in her pride and the triumph of her unsullied youth? He looked once more at the sweet, angry face. No, she had not understood him; so much he could see in her clear eyes. A minute ago they had been full of tears. The tears were all dry now: the angel was gone!

So an event had occurred to Dolly of which she knew nothing. She was utterly uncon-

scious as she came sadly back to the house in the twilight. The pigeons were gone to roost. Lady Sarah was sitting alone in the darkling room.

"What a strange man Mr. Raban is, and how oddly and unkindly he talks!" said Dolly, going to the chimney and striking a light.

"What did he say?" said Lady Sarah.

"I don't quite remember," said Dolly, "it was all so incoherent and angry. He said he would do any thing for us, and that he could never forgive George."

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN AUTUMN MORNING.

THE palace clock takes up the echo of the old church steeple; the sun-dial is pointing with its hooked nose to the Roman figures on its copper face—eleven o'clock, says the palace clock. People go crossing and recrossing the distant vistas of Kensington Gardens; the children are fluttering and scampering all over the brown turf, with its autumnal crop of sandwich papers and orange peel; governesses and their pupils are walking briskly up and down the flower walk that skirts Hyde Park. There is a tempting glitter of horsemanship in the distance, and the little girls glance wistfully toward it, but the governesses for the most part keep their young charges to the iron railings and the varied selection of little wooden boards, with Latin names, that are sprouting all along the tangled flower beds; the gravel-paths are shaken over with fallen leaves, old, brown, purple—so they lie twinkling as the sun shines upon them.

One or two people are drinking at the little well among the trees where the children are at play.

"Hoy! hugh! houp!" cries little Betty, jumping high into the air, and setting off, followed by a crew of small fluttering rags. What a crisp noise the dead leaves make as the children wade and splash and tumble through the heaps that the gardeners have swept together! The old place echoes with their jolly little voices. The children come, like the leaves themselves, and disport year after year in the sunshine, and the ducks in the round pond feed upon the crumbs which succeeding generations bring from their tables. There are some of us who still know the ducks of twenty years apart. Where is the gallant gray (goose) that once used to chase unhappy children flying agonized before him? Where is the little duck with the bright sparkling yellow eyes and the orange beak? Quick-witted, eager, unabashed, it used to carry off the spoils of the great gray goose itself, too busy careering upon the green and driving all before it to notice the disappearance of its crusts, although the foolish floundering white ducks, placidly impatient in the pond, would lift up their canary noses and quack notes of warning. One would still be glad to know where human nature finishes and where ducks begin.

Overhead the sky lies in faint blue vaults crossed by misty autumnal streamers; the rooks sweep cawing and circling among the tree-tops; a bell is going quick and tinkling: it comes from the little chapel of the palace hard by. The old royal bricks and windows look red and purple in the autumn sunlight, against gold and blue vapors, and with canopies of azure and gray.

All the people are coming and going their different ways this October morning. A slim girl in black silk is hurrying along from the wide door leading from the Palace Green. She stops for an instant to look at the shadow on the old sun-dial, and then hurries on again, and as she goes the brazen hour comes striking and sounding from across the house roofs of the old suburb. A little boy, playing under a tree, throws a chestnut at the girl as she hurries by. It falls to the ground, slipping along the folds of her black silk dress. At the same moment two young men, who have met by chance, are parting at the end of one of the long avenues. The girl, seeing them, stops short, and turns back deliberately and walks as far as the old sun-dial before she retraces her steps.

How oddly all our comings and goings and purposes and cross-purposes combine, fulfill, frustrate each other! It is like a wonderful symphony, of which every note is a human life. The chapel bell had just finished ringing as Rhoda (for it is Rhoda) turned in through the narrow door leading to the garden, and John Morgan, with Dolly beside him, came quickly across the worn green space in front of the barracks.

"I'm glad I caught you up," panted good old John, tumbling and flying after Dolly. "So this is your birthday, and you are coming to church! I promised to take the duty for Mr. Thompson this morning. I have had two funerals on, and I couldn't get home before. We shall just do it. I'm afraid I'm going too quick for you?"

"Not at all," said Dolly. "I always go quick. I was running after Rhoda. She started to go, and then Aunt Sarah sent me after her. Do you know," Dolly said, "George, too, has become so very—I don't know what to call it— He asked me to go to church more often that day he came up."

"Well," said John, looking at her kindly, and yet a little troubled, "for myself, I find there's nothing like it; but then I'm paid for it, you know: it is in my day's work. I hope George is keeping to his?"

"Oh, I hope so," said Dolly, looking a little wistful.

"H'm," says John, doubtfully; "here we

are. Go round to the left, where you see those people." And he darts away and leaves her.

The clock began striking eleven slowly from an archway of the old palace; some dozen people are assembled together in the little palace chapel, and begin repeating the responses in measured tones. It is a quiet little place. The world rolls beyond it on its many chariot wheels to busier haunts along the great high-roads. As for the flesh and the devil, can they be those who are assembled here? They assemble to the sound of the bell, advancing feebly, for the most part skirting the sunny wall, past the sentry at his post, and along the outer court-yard of the palace, where the windows are green and red with geranium pots, where there is a tranquil glimmer of autumnal sunshine and a crowing of cocks. Then the little congregation turns in at a side-door of the palace, and so, through a vestibule, comes into the chapel, of which the bell has been tinkling for some week-day service: it stops short, and the service begins quite suddenly as a door opens in the wall and a preacher, in a white surplice, comes out and begins in a deep voice almost before the last vibration of the bell has died away. As for the congregation, there is not much to note. There are some bent white heads, there is some placid middle-age, a little youth to brighten to the sunshine. The great square window admits a silenced light; there are high old-fashioned pews on either side of the place, and opposite the communion-table, high up over the heads of the congregation, a great square curtained pew with the royal arms, and a curtained gallery. It was like Dugald Dalgetty's hiding-place, one member of the congregation thought. She used to wonder if he was not concealed behind the heavy curtains. This reader of the "Legend of Montrose" is standing alone in a big pew, with one elbow on the cushioned ledge, and her head resting on her hand. She has a soft brown scroll of hair, with a gleam of sunlight in it. She has soft oval cheeks that flush up easily, gray eyes and black knotted eyebrows, and a curious soft mouth, close fixed now, but it trembles at a word or a breath. She had come to meet her friend. But Rhoda, who is not very far off, goes flitting down the broad walk leading to the great summer-house. It used to stand there until a year or two ago, when the present generation carried it bodily away—a melancholy, stately, grandiose old pile, filling one with no little respect for the people who raised so stately a mausoleum to rest in for a moment. There was some one who had been resting there many moments on this particular morning: a sturdy young man, leaning back against the wall and smoking a cigar. He jumped up eagerly when he saw the girl at last, and, flinging his cigar away, came forward to meet her as she hurried from under the shade of the trees in which she had been keeping.

"At last, you unpunctual girl!" he cried, meeting her and pulling her hand through his arm. "Do you know how many cigars I have smoked while you have been keeping me waiting?"

She did not answer, but looked up at him with a long, slow look.

"Dear George, I couldn't get away before; and when I came just now there was some one talking to you. Your aunt came, and Dolly, and they staid, oh, such a time! I was so cross, and I kept thinking of my poor George waiting for me here."

She could see George smiling and mollified as she spoke, and went on more gayly:

"At last I slipped away; but I am afraid Dolly must have thought it so strange."

"Dolly!" said George Vanborough, impatiently (for of course it was George, who had come up to town again with another return-ticket); "she had better take care and not keep you from me again! Come and sit down," said he. "I have a thousand things to say to you."

"Oh, George! it must only be for a moment," said Rhoda, hesitating; "if any body were to—"

"Nonsense!" cried George, already agitated by the meeting, and exasperated by his long waiting. "You are always thinking of what people will say; you have no feeling for a poor wretch who has been counting the minutes till he could see you again—who is going to the devil without you. Rhoda! I can not stand this much longer—this waiting and starving on the crumbs that you vouchsafe to scatter from your table. What the deuce does it matter if they *don't* approve? Why won't you marry me this minute, and have done with it? There goes a parson with an umbrella. Shall I run after him and get him to splice us off-hand?"

Rhoda looked seriously alarmed. "George, don't talk like this," she said, putting her slim hand on his. "You would never speak to me again if I consented to any thing so dishonorable; Lady Sarah would never give you her living; she would never forg—"

"My aunt be hanged!" cried George, more and more excited. "If she were ever so angry, she could not divide us if we were married. I am not at all sure that I shall take her living. I only want to earn enough bread-and-butter for you, Rhoda. *Now* I believe she might starve you into surrender. Rhoda, take me or leave me, but don't let us go on like this. A woman's idea of honor, I confess, passes my comprehension," said he, somewhat bitterly.

"Can't you understand my not wanting to deceive them all?" Rhoda said.

"Deceive them all?" said George. "What

are we doing now? I don't like it. I don't understand it. I am ashamed to look Dolly in the face when she talks to me about you. Rhoda, be a reasonable, good, kind little Rhoda." And the young fellow wrung the little hand he held in his, and thumped the two hands both down together upon the seat.

He hurt her, but the girl did not wince. She again raised her dark eyes and looked fixedly into his face. When she looked like that she knew very well that George, for one—poor tamed monster that he was—could never defy her.

"Dearest George, you know that if I could, I would marry you this moment," she said. "But how can I ruin your whole future—you, who are so sensitive and ill able to bear things? How could we tell Lady Sarah just now, when—when you have been so incautious and unfortunate—"

"When I owe three hundred pounds!" cried George, at the pitch of his voice: "and I must get it from my aunt one way or another—that is the plain English, Rhoda. Don't be afraid: nothing you say will hurt my feelings. If only," he added, in a sweet, changing voice—"if only you love me a little, and will help a poor prodigal out of the mire— But no: you virtuous people pass on with your high-minded scruples, and leave us to our deserts," he cried, with a sudden change of manner; and he started up and began walking up and down hastily in front of the summer-house.

The girl watched him for an instant—a hasty, stumpy figure going up and down, and up and down again.

"George! George!" faltered Rhoda, frightened—and her tears brimmed over unaffectedly—"haven't you any trust in my love? won't you believe me when I tell you I—I—you *know* I would give my life for you if I could!"

George Vanborough's own blue eyes were twinkling. "Forgive me, darling," he said, utterly melting in one instant, and speaking in that sweet voice peculiar to him. It seemed to come from his very heart. He sank down by her again. "You are an angel—there, Rhoda—a thousand thousand miles away from me, though we are sitting side by side; but when you are unhappy, then I am punished for all my transgressions," said George, in his gentle voice. "Now I will tell you what we will do: we will tell Dolly all about it, and she will help us."

"Oh! not Dolly," said Rhoda, imploring; "George! every body loves her, and she doesn't know what it means to be unhappy and anxious. Let us wait a little longer, George: we are happy now together, are we not? You must pass your examination and take your degree, and it will be easier to tell them then. Come."

"Come where?" said George.

"There are so many people here," said Rhoda, "you mustn't write to me again to meet you. You had much better come and see me at the house."

"I will come and see you there too," said George. "I met Raban just now. He will be telling them I am in town; he says my aunt wants to see me on business. Confound him!"

"Was that Mr. Raban?" said Rhoda, opening her eyes. "Oh! I hope he will not tell them." She led him across the grass into a quiet place, deep among the trees, where they were safe enough; for where so many come and go, two figures, sitting on a felled trunk on the slope of a leafy hollow, are scarcely noticed. The chestnuts fell now and then plash into the leaves and grasses, the breezes stirred the crisp leaves, the brown sunset of autumn glow tinted and swept to gold the changing world: there were still birds and blue overhead, a sea of gold all round them. George was happy. He forgot his debts, his dreams, the deaths and doubts and failures of life—every thing except two dark eyes, a soft harmony of voice and look beside him.

"You are like Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words,' Rhoda," said George.

Rhoda didn't answer.

"George, what o'clock is it?" she said.

LOVERS.

Midnight and June:
The yellow phantom of a moon
Far out at sea,
Dark branches arching overhead,
The river flowing in the gloom,
And heavy scents of leaf and bloom
Making it just a joy to be!

And in the dew,
Beneath the branches bending too,
Two faces bent—
Bent in a swift and daring dream,
An ecstasy of trembling bliss,
And sealed together in a kiss—
And the night waiting passion-spent.

For this the day
Swooned from its fiery skies away;
For this the night
Built up its stars and silences;
For this the royal summer came
Wrapped in her robes of fragrant flame—
This moment pausing on its flight!

Midnight and June:
A dreaming bird repeats his tune;
The sea replies—
Perfume and hush and darkness still,
But nothing as it was before,
Subtly and sweetly all made o'er
With love's unsealing of the eyes!

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Fourth Paper.]

THE SCLAVIC PEOPLES.

IN our former articles we spoke of the republican movement among the Latin nations; in this we have to consider the republican movement among the Sclavonic peoples. As the globe moves around its two poles, so does Central Europe move around these two races; the Latins, in the West, representing society as it was in historic times; the Sclavonians, in the East, holding somewhat the position held by the Germanic races grouped about the ancient Romano-Hellenic civilization whose imperial capitals were Byzantium and Rome. For this reason I have turned directly from the study of the Latin race, encircled by the aureole of tradition, to the study of the Sclavonic race, as yet wrapped in the mysteries of the future. After these two extremes we shall consider the Germano-Saxon nations. The abundance of materials, of documents and books, overburdens us when we study the Latin nations; the failure of these sources of knowledge disheartens us when we come to treat of the Sclavonic peoples. Many of them, fast locked in Asiatic despotism, give scarcely any outward sign of the secret workings of their conscience or of their daily life. Our knowledge of these tribes is confined to the fevered works of foreign writers, wherein two sentiments are always exaggerated as the natural fruit of their exile—an exalted passion for their own absent land, and a holy horror of strange life and ways. I have endeavored, as far as lay in my power, to seek the truth amidst darkness, even though the darkness be palpable.

The Russian empire to-day represents the Sclavonic race, and to an understanding of the state of ideas among the Russian people our efforts should be mainly addressed. In every race some one nation takes the lead, and becomes its representative for a time. In the earlier stage of ancient history the Greeks typified our Helleno-Latin race, and in its second stage the Romans. In modern history, from the end of the fifteenth to the end of the sixteenth century, the Spanish nation becomes the representative of the Latin race; and in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the sceptre passes into the hands of the French, who have continued to bear it until their recent calamities befell them; and now, perhaps, it is about to return anew to the nation that wielded it and led the van in ancient history—to the Italian people, one and independent, allied with Prussia, masters of the great city called Rome, and holding a monarchical fiefdom in the very capital of that vast Spanish empire which wrought the sun itself among the emblems in its crown.

The same thing has occurred with other nations. From its foundation to the Peace of Westphalia the Austrian empire represented in the world the Germanic race. But since the Peace of Westphalia until our own time the representative place has belonged to Prussia. And in the Anglo-Saxon race the representation pertained to England for three centuries, until, toward the end of the last century, the divine right passed to the young nation which dominates the New World, and by its example summons it to independence, while with the light of its institutions it dazzles the Old World, and calls it to be free.

And so, to-day, the nation which harasses the tribes scattered on the banks of the Danube; which thrusts itself between the Greeks and their ancient conquerors, the Turks; which absorbs Poland by force; which sustains Bohemia in the steady recovery of its old autonomy; which is at once a standing menace to Scandinavia and to Germany, to the empire of Austria and the empire of Constantinople; which in its onward march disputes the palm of Asiatic domination with all-powerful England; and which glories in disciplining under the glaive of its emperors fourteen distinct nationalities, whereby it may carry civilization to the Orient and infuse new life into the West—the nation which is animated by all these diverse ideals, and bears all these vague hopes in its heart, is Russia, which believes itself called to be the sole exponent of all the Sclavonic peoples of the world.

A most clouded problem is this of Russia. The general judgment of Europe regards this vast domain, touching on the one hand Germany, the land of modern ideas, and on the other China, the land of antiquity—regards this confused agglomeration of races almost as unknown to them in reality as were the Germanic tribes to the ancient Romans, as the key-stone of unchangeableness, even while a few Muscovite writers have already undertaken, with strong and dauntless purpose, a task which will be, as it were, a nursery of the most difficult phases of social progress.

I know of no question in which the salient facts are, not merely opposed, but so radically contradictory, and in which the contradiction lacks even terms and means whereby it may be synthetized. According to some, the modern world is even more hapless than the ancient. To the Germanic tribes, scattered along the Rhenish and Danubian

shores, the ancients looked for an influx of newer blood and freer institutions, as is shown by the "Apologies" of Tacitus, wherein the course of individual independence is traced side by side with the morbid orgies of the empire, and in the verses of Lucan, when he says that beyond the Rhine the principles overthrown by Cæsarism on the day of Pharsalia and on the night of Philippi arose again with renewed force. The advent of the Goths might have been and should have been a healthful renovation for Rome. But these Tartars, whose nature is as arid as their own Asiatic steppes, these Mongols, habituated to obey empires as rotten as that of Byzantium in its decadence, and these Cossacks, savage in their utter inculture, and vitiated by the corroding virus of immorality, hoard in their veins naught but cankering blood, and in their national life naught but a giant despotism, like those which have wasted the ancient Orient by cruel wars, and paralyzed it by rock-rooted theocracies.

But the gloomy pictures wrought by the enemies of Russia are equaled, on the other side, by the apocalyptic hopes of the defenders and friends of Russia. According to these, it is reserved for the Russians to fulfill the mission forecast in the Hebraic and Christian prophecies, and to be the exterminating angels of arrogant Rome and unclean Babylon. Although our age is not an age of mystic visions; although none of these contemporaneous reformers have cried to us from Patmos; nor seen the seven golden candlesticks; nor beheld the semblance of the Son of Man clothed in a white garment, with head and hairs white as snow, with eyes as a flame of fire, and whose hand held garlands of stars; nor the throne before whose feet glowed a sea of glass, and around which shone a rainbow of a thousand hues; nor the angels holding the four winds of the earth; nor heard the curses which fell, mingled with the sound of the judgment trump and the roar of the universal storm, like a fiery rain upon impure Babylon—upon that great city which, corrupted and corrupting, made the world drunken with the cup of her fornication and maddened it with the old venom of her iniquities: although this mighty religious apocalypse has not been revealed to them, they have, indeed, received a true social revelation. And to those who discovered no means of overcoming such powerful interests, such political hierarchies, the industrial aristocracy and bureaucracy brought in by the French revolution, the Muscovite writers showed, beneath the layers of mud imposed on the soil of Russia by a despotism of German origin, the Cossack—nomad like all races called to progressive ends, free as the wind on his steppes, individualist like the ancient Germans to such a point that he could not comprehend either the monarchy or the state itself in any of its forms, and socialist to the point of ignoring individual property, and living among his tribes on the meagre product of the common labor of all united in interests and in spirit.

Some writer has called the Sclaves, who form the soul of the Russian population, blonde Arabs; and, in fact, behind that white and rosy complexion, under that head of golden hair, in the depths of those blue eyes, is hidden a soul as poetic as the soul of the Semites, endowed with the same gift for the expression of poetic ideas in melancholy cadences. And if they resemble the Arab through their poetry and their music, they differ from the Arab in their gracious and sociable character, their universal and cosmopolitan spirit. They have a marvelous aptitude for all social studies, and for the acquisition of all human languages. They pass readily from one state to another, and still more readily forget the former one, just as the Goths of the fourth century exchanged with singular ease the religion of nature for the religion of the Arian sect, and that in turn for the religion of the Catholic Church. Perhaps from this reckless mobility comes the reputation for fickleness which the Sclaves have acquired, but which they deny, calling this fickleness a salutary flexibility. Their various aptitudes for social life arise also from the dissemination of this race over the planet. The Greeks and Latins have lived settled upon the three Mediterranean peninsulas, and on the southern coast of France. The Germans lived between the Vistula and the Baltic, the Rhine and the Danube, in regions of uniform character. But the Sclaves inhabit the countries from the borders of the Adriatic, eternally Greek, to the borders of the Gulf of Finland, eternally Scandinavian; from the regions of classic light, of the arts—regions essentially pictorial and sculpturesque, where the artists of plastic form are inspired—to the interpolar regions, where to half a year of Boreal nights reflected on the silvery deserts of ice succeeds half a year of grayish days illuminated by a pallid sun—nights and days which invite the concentration of the spirit in thought.

But from this dissemination the Sclaves derive continual arguments in support of the cosmopolitan character of their race, and the synthetic character of their spirit. According to them the Sclavic race is not like the Latin race, more social than individual, founder of strong states and of universal religions, but always approximating Cæsarism. Nor is it like the German race, which, through its individualist tendencies, its spirit of isolation, its denial of natural equality among men, is continually approximating aristocracy. The Sclaves have within themselves the marvelous equation of liberty and equality, of society and the individual, of

the humanitarian spirit and the personal spirit, which reconciles all that is efficacious in socialism for the redemption of the people with all that is salutary in individualism for the complete realization of human rights. The Sclaves claim the title of the most truly synthetic race in modern history. The apologists of this claim rely upon the following considerations:

The Sclaves are the most legitimate children of nature, the purest custodians of the Aryan blood. The Sclaves called husbandmen by the Zend name of *aratai*, which means venerable. In their mythology, especially in the Polish, there has never existed the barbarous god of war. The poor cultivator of the field is called to be chief of the tribe and of the race; and even up to times near our own, at the close of the Middle Ages, the king could not put on the purple of monarchy without first assuming the smock of the farmer. Their cities were called *vile*, which means the common property of the citizens. The jury existed among the Serbs before it did among the English. The ideal of the Sclavic society is the republican ideal of the Indo-European families, which engendered the states of Greece and of Italy, but heightened by an invincible love of aggregation without any loss of personal independence. The Sclaves are, therefore, the people destined to realize the great revolution of our times. As the religious gospel, which was the prologue of our civilization, required the presence of the Germans in the West, the social gospel requires in the West the presence of the Sclaves. They are not, they could not be, the militia of despots; they are, and they must be, by their temperament and their history, the soldiers of revolution.

These were, in truth, novel theories, which changed completely the common idea of European policy. The dreamers, the friends of reactionary restorations, have always counted upon the help of Russia. They hoped that the Cossacks were to eradicate revolution, and bring in the armed reign of immovable authority and hierarchical order. The ideal of the partisans of reaction was found in that Russian empire of which they had but confused and imperfect knowledge, but in which they saw the czar surrounded by a luxurious clergy, a strong army; and at the feet of the czar hordes of people drowsy with the stupid indifference of slavery, ready only to move when the clarion of war should call them, like the angel of the last judgment waking the dead, to hurl them upon the people of the West, to bind them with their own chains, under the lash of an authority semi-Asiatic through its power and through its origin. What a terrible disillusion to find that these soldiers of authority were the most radical among revolutionists, the best fitted to renew the blood and the life of this society which the absolutists wished to bewitch with ancient superstitions, and sustain upon traditional bases!

One of the writers who have contributed most in Europe to the diffusion of the original thesis of which I speak is Hertzen, who is now dead, after having been for a long time the victim and the terror of the Emperor Nicholas and his race. First from London, then from Geneva, the Russian writer, in a most vivid style, warm with faith and brilliant with poetry, issued his bold appeals to the Sclavic race to fulfill their providential destinies. It seems to me that I can still hear him repeating, a little before his death, his revolutionary struggles, his audacious conspiracies. He was short in stature, with a large head, long fair hair like a Goth's, clear complexion, light beard, small luminous eyes like those of the Huns, which, according to Fernandez, so terrified the degenerate Romans—all the traits of the Northern races; but he had at the same time, in the vividness of his speech, in the warmth which animated it, in the strong emotion by which he was agitated, in the sudden transitions from the sublime to the grotesque, in the marvelous variety and the inimitable grace, all the warmth and verve of the men of the South. To write the story of Russian revolution he had written his own memoirs, and had done well, because his memoirs summed up all the revolutionary events which took place in reality, and all the ideas which came to light in the conscience of Russian thinkers. Hertzen was a democrat, a republican, a federalist; and, in addition, devoted himself with a special energy to the diffusion of the social ideas which are destined to accomplish the economic emancipation of the people.

With such merits, it is scarcely necessary to say that he very soon was sent into exile in Siberia. Although it was the month of April when the paternal Russian government forced him to undertake his journey, the roads were covered with a thick coating of ice, over which the horses of his carriage stumbled. Among the numberless privations and dangers of this journey it is curious to observe the barbarity of the employés, the foulness of the official taverns, the brutality of the gens-d'armes, the lamentations of the sub-prefects, who complained of any abstinence in the use of brandy—a government monopoly through which they were interested in encouraging the vice of drunkenness, which brought them annually many millions of rubles.

A people corrupted in heart by despotism, and poisoned in stomach by brandy, would naturally give rise to official administrative corruption. There in Perm, on the frontiers of Siberia, in view of the Ural Mountains, lived a multitude of exiled Poles, under the yoke of the infamous Russian bureaucracy.

Hertzen received from the governor strict orders to have no communication with them, at the same time that the governor associated him with them every Sunday by means of official tours of inspection. Among the exiles he knew one as miserable in fortune as he was noble in soul. He had gone from France to Poland to assist in the insurrection of his fellow-citizens, and was sent from Poland to Siberia to expiate his crime of patriotism. The wife of this martyr came in the winter season, alone and on foot, without knowing even the route, guided by a blind instinct, like a bird, sustained by love in that terrible journey from Poland to Siberia, to join her husband in the solitude and the sorrow of exile. The Russian employés ravaged the unhappy territories which they governed with depredations more characteristic of conquerors than of governors. Among the brutalities then common is related that incredible one of robbing the Jews of their little children, dressing them as soldiers, and, at the age when they needed most the affection and protection of their homes, giving them up to the club of the drill-sergeant and the cold of the camps. Hertzen saw many from eight to twelve years of age, recently recruited, led through deserts of ice, chilled by the frozen winds of the White Sea, their bodies full of wounds and their souls full of sadness, falling dead by hundreds on those desolate steppes.

From the frontiers of Siberia Hertzen was transferred to Viatka, where there was a governor who had formerly been a traveling mountebank, a condemned criminal and jailbird, whose good chirography and industry in writing day and night had gained the affection of a powerful Russian functionary, who raised him to the dignity of governor—a dignity exercised with the savage and licentious cruelty of an Eastern satrap. While this governor was at Perm a noble was sent there, who arrived accompanied by his dog and his parrots. Being compromised by an eccentric and scandalous intrigue, he was condemned to be interned in Siberia, and on the eve of his departure invited the principal persons of the city to dine. The banquet was a splendid one, and in the course of it a large and savory pasty was served. When they had eaten and praised it, he said, "It doesn't surprise me that you like it, because it was made of the flesh of my dog." And with that he threw the still bloody hide upon the table.

Reading the annals of peoples subjected to despotism, the mind is easily persuaded that it engenders among the highest, as among the lowest, a sort of madness. The Emperor Alexander died of melancholy; Nicholas, it is intimated, of virtual suicide; the reigning czar has painted in every trait of his countenance a profound sadness. General Suwarrow waked up his soldiers by crowing like a cock through the camp: singular moral and physical infirmities, like those which are found in the books of Tacitus and Suetonius.

Therefore I am not surprised that in Russia the democratic Hertzen was compelled by force to be the servant of the same governor who tortured him, and in the same district which was his prison. This able writer, with his restless character, his haughty spirit, his innovating and audacious talent, had to submit to bureau routine; drawing up tables of statistics, his only companions the machines of the service, brought up to discipline, slavish in soul, spies by education; with no moral sentiment, with no elevated ideas; wearing their duties like a chain, regarding their enforced service as a regular profession, and oppressing the peasants who fell under their administration, robbing and plundering them in a thousand ways, as if they were cattle given into the hands of the public officers for service or slaughter. As an instance of the unnatural obedience of a people directed and ordered not merely by arbitrary power, but by caprice, one day the Winter Palace was burned. The Emperor Nicholas commanded that it be reconstructed within a year. The work was impossible in the time, but it was commanded, and there was nothing to do but to obey. Innumerable workmen died of fatigue. This barbarity was criticised in the School of Engineers by one of the students. The government wished to know who was the audacious critic. His companions refused to denounce him, and they were all publicly whipped. One of them, to escape from such degradation, threw himself from the window, and was dashed to pieces against the flags of the court. It is thus that autocrats govern.

And this government was still more cruel and arbitrary in the persons of its agents and governors in Siberia. The governor-general, Petel, in every way oppressed the unhappy peasants, and forbade that their complaints should go to the emperor, opening their letters on the frontier, and chastising their lamentations as crimes. One of his own sons conspired for liberty, and was hanged. When he was in the chapel his inhuman father entered, and instead of sympathizing with him, angrily abused him. Such is the death of conscience and the suffocation of nature among those destined to be the tools of despotism. The son answered in these words,

"I die for an idea, father—for the hope of relieving my country in future of governors like you."

Such an enterprise was impossible. One of the successors of Petel built the roads of his province by the same proceedings which Nicholas adopted to rebuild his palace. Another, without being in holy orders, said mass

with all pomp and all solemnity on Sundays in his chapel, and in the presence of his archbishop. Another, whenever he got drunk, had volleys of cannon fired in the fortress to salute as a great event his divine inebriety. And these men believed themselves infallible. There was an agent of the administration who reported among the dead of a certain charitable establishment an officer who was dangerously ill, but by some happy chance the patient did not die. His death was nevertheless announced, his subordinates were promoted, and his relatives inherited his lands. When he got well, and asked for the restoration of his rank and of his estate, the government refused, because the official report established at the proper time irrevocably the situation and the state of this officer. He lived a good while afterward, although for the government he was always dead.

So it is that the Russian peasants count as days of misfortune those when they see the engineer officers coming to mark out roads, the surveyor to measure lands, the priest to inquire as to the sacraments received by their children; and they know but one way to avoid these calamities—to give them a few paper rubles, the dry fruit of their privations. And there is no fear of this corruption being discovered, because the law punishes equally the briber and the bribed, the functionary who plunders with threats and the poor man who is plundered, him who is forced to give and him who receives the money. Impunity is therefore universal.

From Viatka Hertzen was transferred to Vladimir, a city nearer Moscow, this commutation of exile having been granted on the occasion of the journey of the present emperor, who was at that time hereditary prince. The first two periods of his exile had lasted from April, 1835, to January, 1838. Having arrived at Vladimir, the awakened recollections of his past life, the sentiments of his ardent heart, led him to unite his destiny with a beautiful and intelligent young lady, for whom he had long cherished a deep affection. She was of his own family, orphaned of father and mother, poor; living under the protection of an aunt to both the lovers, rich, aristocratic, reactionary, and selfish, who lived shut up in an old palace, where the ancient furniture, the smoky family pictures hanging on the tapestried walls, the armorial bearings embroidered on the curtains, the crystal chandeliers obscured by time and smoke, the ornaments of ancient porcelain, the old clocks with their mournful music, the servants stiff in embroidered liveries, the old attendants dressed in the coat and cape of immemorial usage, the monkeys asthmatic with old age, and the parrots which from old age were losing their feathers—all bore testimony of eternal repulsion to the modern spirit, and of inaccessible isolation from all the ideas of our age. There, in that feudal house, the lovely Natalie, deprived of all affection, imagined through her servitude another life, other sentiments, and other ideas. Just before the departure of her cousin for Siberia she went to his prison, and in one look revealed to him her love, and in letters clandestinely written she expressed it. Her aunt discovered the relation, and was bitterly opposed to the idea that Natalie, educated by her, should marry a convict, a madman, an exile, a democrat, a youth fallen into the disfavor of the clergy, of the nobility, and of the czar. Hertzen quietly left his exile at Vladimir, went to Moscow, persuaded Natalie to meet him in a place designated beforehand, and took her off to his place of exile, where they were united in marriage before God and man. This love was soon blessed by the birth of a son, who came to complete the joy of these two ardent and enthusiastic souls.

In 1839 his exile ended, and he was allowed to go to Moscow, where he found his old friends devoted to the work of philosophic thought and hopes of reform. It was a singular case, and one which is difficult to comprehend among Western peoples. This revolutionist, always persecuted, was always an employé. In Viatka he had been attached to the government of the province in the section of statistics; in Vladimir, in the office of the official journal. The Russian newspapers of that time merit especial notice. Under that strong censorship, and the necessity of concealing every liberal thought, the nation was silent and gagged; but, in compensation, the government wrote without restraint, and poured torrents of ink over the people, as if to obscure their conscience. Nearly every minister had a newspaper, and every governor of a province also. To edit them they made levies of writers, retaining those who showed, if not a good style, at least a good orthography; and their whole editing consisted in following blindly the official countersign.

Scarcely returned from exile, Hertzen's father obliged him to go to St. Petersburg, where the Minister of the Interior reserved for him another position, in the bureau of heraldry. Moscow is the capital of Russian tradition, the capital of Russian thought; St. Petersburg is the capital of the Russian bureaucracy, the capital of the German empire placed above the Muscovite spirit, which never has ceased to revindicate its ancient predominance. In consequence St. Petersburg is a city of spies, of secret police. There the waiter at a café who lights your fire is a spy, the barber who induces you to talk while he is shaving you and dressing your hair, the washer-woman, the merchant. The banker upon whom you have a letter of credit watches your correspondence

like a spy. Spies follow you, fasten themselves upon your acquaintance, invisibly watch your sleep. They are like the air which surrounds you perpetually. Hertzen happened to speak one day of the statue of Peter the Great, which rose darkly defined against the snow before the door of the hotel, and called to mind the first cry of liberty uttered at the foot of the statue. An expressive sign imposed silence upon him, recalling to him the danger of such conversations in the residence of the omnipotent emperor. A few days afterward, when he had forgotten the matter, a gendarme came to his house, and commanded him to follow. Taking him in a sledge, he conducted him to the presence of the Director-General of Police, who brusquely threatened him with a new exile to Siberia. "But why?" asked the astonished employé, who could not imagine the cause of this new punishment, horrible for a married man with children.

"For having credited and divulged the news that a gendarme, an employé of the imperial police, robbed and killed an inoffensive passer-by in the streets of the capital three nights ago."

"But if all the world is talking about it?" replied Hertzen.

"Such intelligence is offensive to the majesty of the emperor and the credit of the government," answered the general.

The worst was that Hertzen had not spoken of the matter to any one in St. Petersburg, but had written it in a letter to his father, and this letter cost him deep humiliations, family troubles, and long banishment, and the miscarriage of his wife, who had been startled by the visit of the gendarme, and the delay of her husband to return, whom she imagined already condemned to the mines of Siberia—a punishment worse than death. These persecutions, after all, showed the remorse of the emperor; and what punishment could there be for despots if it were not for the remorse that torments their consciences and the danger that threatens their lives? They smother the spirit of man; they silence the voice of thought; they extend solitude over conscience; they quench the light of ideas. There are no parties in their empire; there are no controversies in their academies: all believe what one believes; all pray publicly to God for the very person who oppresses and degrades them. The empire is in peace because it is in silence. But suddenly a conspiracy of the palace, of the barracks, or of the seraglio bursts forth. The courtier who on his knees kissed tremblingly the feet of the oppressor draws a dagger and strikes him; the wife who abandoned herself to his caprices pours a few drops of poison in the cup of his debauch; the pretorian who brandished a lance at the doors of his palace to ward off the wrath of the people turns this lance against his lord and dethrones him. As the tyrant has oppressed human nature, nature takes upon him tumultuous vengeance. As he has corrupted all consciences, he does not find in adversity a conscience pure. The most universal and most human sentiments flee from the bosom of his family. His wife despises him, his son abhors him, his father curses him. In his own bed lies conspiracy. His life may have been one of omnipotence and of pleasure, but his death, that beginning of immortality to great souls, is misery and pain. Studying the end of despots, I have been sure of the immortality of man, the eternity of human life, because it is in their agony that justice begins for them. Roman history is the experimental physiology of despotism. Augustus, who dies in his bed, dies with a sardonic smile on his lips, with cold skepticism in his heart, believing his empire a farce, his life a comedy, his end the exit of an actor. Tiberius expires, fleeing from the Senate and from his conscience, in the house of Lucullus, smothered under the pillows of his bed, without knowing to whom will descend the crown which was like the bridal ring with which he had wedded the earth—already hearing the noisy delight occasioned by the news of his death in the court and in the streets. Caligula is wounded among Asiatic comedians, and expires begging in vain for mercy from his executioners. Claudius is poisoned by his own wife. Nero wished to save his life to change from a Cæsar to a singer, to pass from the throne to the theatre. He digs his own grave to occupy a little time, begs of his companions that they shall kill some one else to show him how to die; he weeps and supplicates until, after a great effort, he passes a sword through his throat and dies in desperation and shame. Galba falls assassinated in the streets, and his head, separated from the trunk, rolls through the mire like a stone in a sewer. Otho commits suicide. The glutton Vitellius flies with his butcher and his cook; he takes refuge in a porter's lodge; he falls into the hands of his enemies; denies his name and his person; is dragged by the neck with a long rope; is conducted in the midst of the insults of the people, who rain stones and filth upon him, to the banks of the Tiber, where they trample him to death with their feet. If Vespasian died drunk, Titus, his eldest son, died of melancholy, in his litter, weeping like a woman, imagining he heard the threatening of thunder in the clear heavens, assailed by visitations of infernal terror. And Domitian, the second son, died wounded in the stomach by his domestics, struggling with a crowd of freedmen, pretorians, and gladiators, who insult him, spit in his face, strike him, torture him, and kill him with howls of rage and derisive laughter. And thus

have died for more than a century the despots of Russia, for humanity lives under inevitable laws. Peter III. is persecuted by Catherine his wife, the Pasiphae of the North, the coarse fury of crowned sensuality. When he was in prison the very men who promised him liberty poisoned him in secret in a night of debauch, in an orgie of mingled blasphemy and brutality. When Peter felt the first effects of the poison he turned furiously upon the assassins. They knew that there was no time to be lost, and assailed him like a mad bull, overcame him in spite of his Herculean efforts, threw him to the ground, falling all about him in his death-struggle, until they killed him with a thousand wounds, mashing his head against the floor. The next day the afflicted empress deposited in a magnificent catafalque the body of her husband, dressed in the uniform of a Russian general. The Russians have a custom of kissing the lips of the corpses of their friends. The masses kissed the corpses of the czars. When they kissed the lips of Peter III. they drank the poison, and sudden swellings appeared on their mouths, so corrosive was the liquid and so implacable was the loving spouse of the czar. Paul I. died in the same manner. His servants, his domestics, his courtesans pulled at the strings by which this savage was strangled. Alexander, after having been the friend and the enemy of Napoleon; after having attempted to divide with him the quarry of Europe; after having witnessed the burning of Moscow and the victory of Paris; worn out in body by indulgence, and in spirit by mystic visions; calling himself now a Messiah, now a minister of the vengeance of God, and now a criminal lashed by the torments of conscience; seeing that the greatest empire of the world, which carried in its diadem the diamonds of the poles and in its sandals the sapphires of the Mediterranean, the most numerous horde of serfs known to modern history, still were not enough to satisfy his ambition nor to mitigate the thirst of his desires—shut himself up like a hermit in the country, and died there, in the manner of Titus, among possessions and terrors, half mad, furious against himself, jealous of himself, without belief in humanity or hope in God. Nicholas, in our own recollection, when he received the news of his reverses, and recognized the weakness of his empire, when his physician hung to the bridle of his horse to keep him from going to a review on a terribly cold day, and told him that in his condition the ride would be suicide, went out desperately in search of death. What wonder, then, if those who died in this way lived in fear of the words and the letters of their vassals? Is not each vassal a victim, and is not each victim a walking corpse, without conscience and without soul, because these die exhausted where there is no liberty? And these victims inspire in his conscience, whether they will or no, a crowd of remorseful terrors.

The circumstances which we have recounted prove how full of apprehensions is the life of a tyrant. Alexander Hertzen had written to his father that one of the representatives of the despot assassinated people in the streets at night. By this Hertzen rendered himself liable to the implacable punishments of despotism, because in this way he disclosed his incorrigible tendencies to criticism, which is revolution in the conscience and the spirit. But his exiles were singular ones. He was treated like a prodigal son of a monarchical and aristocratic family. He passed from one employment to another in his long and involuntary journeys through all the territory of Russia. From the Ministry of the Interior in St. Petersburg he went to the Council of Regency at Novgorod. In vain did one of the most estimable princesses of Russia interest herself for him. Nicholas was inflexible, and he was compelled to abandon the capital and start for the provinces.

The Counselor of Regency was a sort of minister of the governors of provinces. Every morning the counselors had to put on their uniforms and their swords and go to the reception of the chief, who came in, dragging his sabre and making reverences, to sign the different documents drawn up the day before, without ever taking the trouble to read them, and without permitting any commentary upon them, although they imagined themselves the members of a deliberative assembly. Hertzen, who filled various positions, performed the duty of the inspection of police; and as he himself was under the surveillance of the police, he was submitted to his own inspection. Every week the report came to him, which his subordinates left blank through respect for him, and he wrote himself always these words, "Employed in the service of the emperor."

In this position he was enabled to do important service to two classes of beings equally unfortunate—the serfs and the sectaries. These latter are peasants who, dissenting from the official religion, betake themselves to the deserts throughout Russia to save the faith of their souls, the treasure of their beliefs. The sectaries of Novgorod believed in direct revelation, and in the assistance of a pure spirit which communicated immediately with them. Paul I. wished to know the old chief who in his time presided over this tribe. The old man presented himself, and as it is a mark of respect among his people to remain covered, he did not take off his fur cap. The barbarous czar took it as a mark of disrespect, and commanded that they should send him to Siberia and burn the village where he harbored. One of his

ministers, several days after, threw himself at the feet of the emperor and told him that they had not complied with either order, awaiting the calmer confirmation of the czar. He did not confirm them, and the sectary was shut up in a convent, where the purity and abnegation of his life were a source of great edification to the gluttonous and drunken Muscovite monks. Persecutions increased the number of the sectaries. The young republican was able frequently to show favor to these innocent people, and to relieve them from great annoyances.

It was more difficult to afford any protection to the field laborers, because in effecting this it was impossible to avoid quarreling with the nobles. Nevertheless he afforded such protection as was in his power; but what could he do against the fatal pressure of institutions? A female serf entered the dining-room with a tea-pot of boiling water, and the governor's child, in going out, stumbled against her and burned his hand. What punishment could the master invent for this involuntary fault? That of retaliation. He commanded her child to be brought, a boy of twelve years, and plunged his hand into boiling water.

The military colonies were a creation worthy of the sinister fancies of the Middle Ages—all the delirium of despotism above, and the horrors of servitude below. At their head was one of those generals who in themselves contained all the vices of the Muscovite empire—the ferocity of the Tartar, the pride of the Mongol, and the indifference of the German drill-sergeant reduced to a machine by the discipline of the great Frederick. He was called Araktcheief. He had an insolent and vulgar mistress, who beat her serfs, and they assassinated her. The despot wet his handkerchief in the blood of the woman, placed it near his heart, and swore to take a terrible vengeance. Although the assassin was his own cook, it was long before the latter was discovered. In the mean while the prisons were filled with guiltless people, and their bones were broken continually upon the rack. Even passers-by were seized and tortured with the rack and the knout. The tyrant, in his savage wrath, indulged in horrible cruelties. He suspected a poor innocent woman, and subjected her to torture in the very palace where he lived. The unhappy creature was pregnant, and begged for pity, not for herself, but for her unborn child. There was no pity. Under the torture of the rack she died giving birth to a child—murdered before its life began.

The spirit of the young democrat burned in the presence of these sad examples of despotism. One day when he was in the palace of the governor a peasant woman presented herself to beg for mercy from a sentence which had been passed upon her to leave her only son and be banished for life to Siberia. But as Hertzen could do nothing for her, he presented his resignation of an office which could only be exercised by the cruel, and could only bring profit to extortioners; and he went back to Moscow under the surveillance of the police.

His life in Novgorod was a sad one. Frequently he was attacked by hypochondria, which saddened all those who surrounded him. Natalie naturally suffered most. A woman essentially affectionate in nature wishes to reduce the entire life of her lover or of her husband to sentiment, to shut him up in her inmost heart, and to make of love the only earth, the only heaven of the loved object. As all her felicity consists in the domestic circle, she imagines it possible to abridge in this way the widest, the most expansive and multiform life of man. One who has her existence outside of herself, in the shelter of another heart, in the warmth of a sentiment, needing the light of cherished eyes more than the light of day, and the breath of love more than the air of heaven, does not comprehend that there should be for a man any other world than the world of home, any other care than the care of the family, any other life than that of the affections, the recollections, and the hopes which are for her essential to existence. She is a creature of love, and therefore a creature of jealousy. She desires that her ecstasies should be shared by the man whom she loves with that sublime egotism without which she considers love a vanity and falsehood. Therefore, when she sees that politics or science absorbs much of the life of man, politics and science take plastic forms in her imagination, and become lovely rivals that snatch away from her the affection which she jealously demands, like an intolerant worship offered to the divinity of her love. Natalie was a woman of extraordinary merit. She had exchanged a palace for exile, a rich inheritance for an exalted passion. Her affection toward Alexander was so great that she lost in his arms, and in the continual communication of his ideas, the religion learned in the cradle and practiced at home. She took down the little Byzantine altar full of Greek saints, she extinguished the lamps which burned before the altar, she silenced the prayers upon her lips, the ancient faith in her heart, and embracing the philosophic ideas of her husband, changed all that poetry and those legends perfumed with incense, embellished by history, accompanied by the solemn music of the Greek liturgy, and adored through ages and ages—she exchanged all these for the rude formulas of the Hegelian science of her husband. Such is woman. She surrenders to her lover heart and conscience, faith and hope; and without him she does

not wish for heaven, and with him she believes she can find happiness even in hell. In this state of exaltation Natalie complained that Alexander should be sad in Novgorod when she was in Novgorod, who only lived for him, and in whose love had vanished even her religion and her faith.

It is true that the morals of the schismatic Greek clergy were little fitted to maintain faith in pure hearts. Hertzen narrates in his memoirs the death of a servant of his, accidentally drowned. Father Ivan was the name of the priest of that locality. When the corpse was lying cold in his presence, in the midst of the religious ceremonies for the repose of his soul, Father Ivan asked for something to eat, and especially for something to drink. At the moment when he left the house with the corpse, intoning the verses of the ritual, he interrupted his song to ask if the funeral supper would be a good one. He had the custom of drinking at all religious festivities until he fell dead drunk on the floor. The peasants would then pick him up like a sack, throw him in his cart, and leave the reins on the neck of the mule; and this animal, more intelligent and less vicious than the Lord's anointed, took him instinctively, without need of a driver, to his house. As a general rule, his spouse welcomed him in a similar state of alcoholic beatitude. The only strong head in the family was the daughter of the holy pair, who would toss off enormous glasses of brandy or rum, and never lose her grave and serene stolidity of deportment any more than if her head had been made of stone. Drunkenness was not the only vice of the holy father; he was also accused of an inordinate fondness for the property of others. Hertzen says he carried this eccentricity to the point of robbing his own sacristan. The immorality of his life was not compensated by any brightness of intelligence. He knew no Greek, no Latin, and could with difficulty mutter between his teeth some unintelligible prayers. He frequently shocked the credulous peasants by assuring them that the prayers which he uttered and the masses which he said were not worth a glass of brandy. We can not but admire the Russian clergy.

After 1840 Alexander Hertzen went to Moscow, where, through the death of his father, he received a rich inheritance, and from Moscow to St. Petersburg in 1845, where he was compelled to have recourse to all his social influence to obtain a passport to go abroad. When he left Russia, with her absolute emperor at the summit and her hordes of serfs at the base, with her demoralized and intolerant clergy, with her army at the service of any despotism, with her police who filled with espionage every retreat from the domestic hearth to the shop of the barber, with universities governed by soldiers like barracks, with her nationalities bound and tortured, with her different races bowed under the lash, Hertzen breathed freely, and felt the revolutionary sentiment reviving and growing when he saw the uneclipsed shining of thought in conscience, and the serene flow of speech from lips without gags; saw the press bloom like a tree diurnally renewed, scattering leaves freighted with ideas, universities discussing all the various systems which form the world of science, and from the tribune, that high moral mountain, heard the noble aspirations of peoples embodied in admirable discourses, the masses gathering at the polls to lend greater force and impulse to the movement of civilization toward its natural end—the realization of justice. He never wearied in the enjoyment of this marvelous spectacle, until to his eyes his former life, passed in servitude, in silence, in misery, in the persecutions of the police, in the slavery of life and of thought, seemed like a dream of death in the shade of a rotting sepulchre.

Then Hertzen felt a great passion for the revolutionary propaganda in his country, and believed that, in spite of the severe orthodoxy of the Russian Church, and the semi-Mongol, semi-German despotism of the court, in the Cossack race there were still traits of independence—individualist qualities, an intensely personal spirit, brilliant faculties—which rendered it capable of a rule as liberal as that of the American people. Hertzen considered the Cossacks a species of Continental Saxons, restless, warlike, nomad; hearing always a voice which whispered liberty to them, and which impelled them forward as if to the destruction of some old empire and the construction of some new society. And if the Cossacks appeared to him in this light, the Sclaves were something more—through their municipal genius, their community of property and of instruments of labor; through their mixture of the most individual independence with the most social spirit (qualities derived from their privileged nature)—the people best fitted to found upon new bases of solidarity and of harmony the economic life of modern democracy.

In his opinion, what these people wanted was a voice to awaken them—a clarion which, resounding in their ears, would call them to life and to the struggle for justice in society. After having assisted at the beginning and the end of the revolution of February in Paris, Alexander Hertzen retired to London, and there began the publication of a newspaper in Russian and in French, called the *Tocsin*. At this great distance a Russian newspaper seems a matter of little interest to an emperor sitting on a throne so lofty; but it was not so. The cursed sheet fell into his hands as if it rained from heaven. He found it in his garden, in

his palace, in his bed-chamber. It seemed as if every gust of wind blew it to him. Nicholas felt keenly the publication of this sheet, which denounced all the brutalities of his government. He felt it through foreign kings and peoples, through the Russian emigration wandering through Europe, through his own people, to whose ears he feared that the word might arrive, creative of new thoughts. When Hertzen asked for the first time his passport of the Emperor Nicholas, the emperor with his own hand wrote in pencil on the margin, "Too soon." The powerful influence of the Princess Olga Alexandrovna, the sister-in-law of Orloff, at one time the mistress of George IV. of England, and directress of the conspiracy which assassinated the Emperor Paul I., gained the passport for him. How Nicholas must have regretted having allowed the escape of a man who bore to the knowledge of foreign nations the revolutionary germs deposited by nature and by history in the bosom of Russia! He ordered him to return, and naturally Hertzen refused. He then confiscated all the property which he had in Russia. The blows of Hertzen redoubled as the wrath of Nicholas increased. The emperor must have believed, as Philip II. believed, in his right of eminent domain over the life and the soul of his vassals as czar and as pope. It is related of Philip II. that, having some scruples in ordering an assassination, he put them to rest with the thought that the life of his vassals belonged to their king. It is certain that in virtue of an analogous train of reasoning Nicholas sent certain detectives to London against the revolutionary writer, with more of the air of assassins than of judges. The new ideas, in spite of the iron hand which weighed upon the consciences of the Russians, had extended so far as to create another secret police face to face with the secret police of the emperor. Hertzen knew the imperial detectives, who, with pretenses of friendship, surrounded him in London. He once invited one of them to drink with him at a tavern, and when the rascal was indulging in the highest flight of revolutionary eloquence, Hertzen drew out a photographic portrait made in St. Petersburg, at the foot of which were written these words, "A spy of Nicholas." It is easy to imagine the surprise of the poor wretch. At the death of Nicholas and the accession of the new czar the persecutions became less, and the opposition of Hertzen was also moderated. The law of the emancipation of the serfs captivated him, and gave rise in his mind to new hopes of the grand ministry of the Sclavic race in the modern world. From London he next transferred his journal to Geneva.

In his Swiss retirement he diffused revolutionary ideas, and with them the hope of a true renovation of his race, and, with this example, of all Europe. While he was engaged in these earnest occupations the political congress of Geneva took place, which was called a peace congress, and became a republican congress. Revolutionary representatives from all the peoples united in this assembly. One of the first invited to the council of the new dogmas was the Russian writer who had so labored for the diffusion of these dogmas in desert steppes and among primitive races. Notwithstanding his revolutionary character, Hertzen declined to assist at the revolutionary congress, and excused himself with reference to the Russian question, thinking that the democrats of the West could never be just toward his nation, and toward the hopes which his nation, unknown to the world, retained in its heart. He was not deceived. The novel pretensions of renovation from Sclavic municipalities and the Cossack blood seemed too ambitious. They excited great opposition, or at least great surprise, among the revolutionary men of the West. A German exile uttered in the Congress a vehement discourse against the Sclaves in general and against Russia in particular. He bitterly criticised their Cossack pope, mitred and on horseback, with a sabre at his belt and the cross in his hands; his religion, with its contempt of any other faith, based on a haughty orthodoxy; his hordes of people, hungry and cold, cherishing the hope of continual feasting in lands of beneficent warmth; their historic pretensions to represent in the bosom of a savage barbarism the ancient and pure Greek spirit; their hordes of Scythians, half beast, half human, commanded by renegade Germans, a continual menace to the Western civilization; their ogre-generals, archi-Asiatic, reared in the desert to prepare new Mongolian, Tartar, and Calmuck invasions; their Messianic pamphleteers, brought up under the lash of the police, servile imitators of Western culture in form, and enemies of that culture in substance, who put forward as the hope of the world the barbarous Russo-Sclavic institutions, stained with the corrosive gangrene of primitive and brutal communism.

It is evident that Hertzen had justly feared the Western democrats. This discourse did not succeed in being read, because such an attack upon a people roused all the peoples and produced universal protests; but being afterward printed in Brussels and scattered profusely, written in a style full of dazzling imagery, and with those salient tones natural to the German humor, the discourse of Borkheim attained great success through its presentation of the folly of a people in the torments of slavery, and under the sceptre of autocrats, not only refusing redemption, but even pretending to be itself Messiah and Redeemer.

Hertzen spoke with a certain contempt

of the men of the West. He found among all of them traces of the precarious position which the majority of writers hold in our countries. He considered them gifted with brilliant but eccentric faculties, lacking the universal aptitudes which he discovered in his Sclavic race. Nevertheless this ardent enthusiasm for his race never induced him to share in the ideas of the Pan-Sclavists. These involved the necessity of combating the German culture brought in by the reigning family, of closing the period initiated in St. Petersburg contrary to the ancient Russian spirit, of reviving the national life with its pure democracy and its Byzantine Church, freeing it from the Germanism unfortunately imported by Peter I. into the midst of a people whole in their originality and pure in their manners. Hertzen believed also that Russia possessed general elements of civilization and progress. The individual and social nature of the Cossacks; their sense of personality; their passionate love of society; the patriarchal farm life; the workshop, an association of laborers where each worked for all and all for each; the common life of the farm; the reunion of the peasantry in assemblies; the reunion of the assemblies in self-governing cantons—all these characteristics, improved by the modern spirit of liberty and equality, the product of so many ages of spiritual elaboration, might serve as the revelation of a new era in history. In Hertzen's opinion the Sclaves, with their restless and eager disposition, their enterprising and audacious will, as sensitive and fantastic as they were strong and brave, lacking in spontaneity, and having a surplus of the spirit of assimilation, communicative without ever losing their own character, and original without losing the universal human spirit, are of all the peoples of Europe the best adapted to pass from the ancient autocratic regimen to the new federal rule, and to solve, without sacrificing the individual to society, or society to the individual, all social problems.

These aspirations are not without illusion. The Russian publicist traced this idea in the times of the French empire. That eclipse of the human conscience appeared to him eternal night. The revolutionary peoples, after all their marvelous crusades for liberty, were wrapped in a brutal sleep at the feet of despotism. Like spectres came back those last days of the ancient society, in which the citizens raised altars and rendered vows and offerings to the Cæsars who freed them from the oppressing weight of their liberties. In such degradation the people, brutalized and vicious, asked each other, whenever a fresh effort was made to wake them to liberty, "What is liberty?" We have seen something analogous in the Western civilization in those days in which Hertzen wrote his books. And as the monarchy of the Ptolemys and the Augustuses inspired the Eclogue, the true voice of nature in the midst of arbitrary combinations of despotism, and the tyranny of the Cæsars drove the historian Tacitus to draw the picture of the Germans independent in their woods, and emancipated from society for the better preservation of their individual liberties—a blessing stolen from Rome by an eternal dictatorship, and lost through an incurable weakness—so when we were all complaining of the military despotism triumphant in the heart of Europe, it was a consolation and hope to refresh and elevate the spirit, faint and thirsting for faith, in the pure life of the fields, with their patriarchal nomad race, enjoying in the midst of privations the inestimable treasure of liberty.

But we must admit that these patriarchal customs, this life in common, this community of labor, this absence of all individual autonomy, is not only the property of the Cossacks disseminated in the Russian empire; it belongs as well to all primitive races, to all societies in the innocence of infancy, to all nomad peoples, to all those ancient and distant epochs of complete fusion between man and nature in which the soul is fastened to the earth as an embryo to the womb. We must fall very low before peoples like the Helleno-Latin, who have given taste to humanity, who have produced civil law, who have rendered the human spirit divine with their idea of the Word, who have educated nomad races in social religion and discipline, who have brought to the modern world the great cultivation of the spirit contained in the Renaissance, and to modern society the principles of justice contained in the French revolution—before they can stoop to take as their ideal those social states through which the aboriginal tribes passed during the distant ages of their long history.

And what I say of the Helleno-Latin race, I repeat of those Germanic races who have founded individual liberty in their municipalities; who have brought forth the modern conscience in the Reformation; who have educated the Puritans, the apostles and the martyrs of democracy; who have given to the world the jury and the Parliament of England, the federation and the republic of America; who have illuminated the modern conscience with philosophic ideas—labors which would be called sterile, and faith which would be called barren, if within this large series of ideas there did not exist the social idea called to redeem the fourth estate from its economic servitude, without any encroachment upon the fundamental human rights to which we owe the full possession of our being and plenitude of our life.

In philosophy Hertzen belongs to the extreme left of the followers of Hegel: nature for the only existence, the present life for all

life, the movement of ideas for the only ideal. This is his science. You will not seek in it for any absolute principle; it is a continual procession of shadows which go and come like the *danse macabre* of our medieval cathedrals. When I contemplate these scientific systems, life in them appears to me a river without source and without issue, rolling its waves eternally through a purposeless channel. The world of the future needs an ideal. An ideal can not be without ideas, and ideas can only be found in the unconditional, the absolute. I have never believed that to dethrone the kings of the earth it was necessary to destroy the idea of God in the conscience, nor the hope of immortality in the soul. I have always believed the contrary—that souls, deprived of these great principles, fall collapsed in the mire of the earth to be trodden by the beasts that perish. Give to man a great idea of himself, tell him that he bears God in his conscience and immortality in his life, and you will see him rise by this fortified sentiment of his dignity to reclaim those rights which assure him the noblest independence of his being in society and in nature.

Alexander Hertzen had proposed to himself to move the Russian world with the most extreme ideas of the West, and to move the Western world with ingenious paradoxes in regard to the Russian. To his naturalism in philosophy, to his socialism in politics, he united a clear understanding of the physical sciences and a brilliant study of modern literature. He shines as a writer by his variety of tone, by his neatness of diction, by his apt antitheses, by the marvelous flexibility of his speech, and his aptitude for joining without discord the grotesque to the sublime through his knowledge of the delicate shades of ideas and gradations of style. If he frequently pushes his principles to extremes, it is not to be wondered at. The Englishman, the American, the Swiss, who have lived always amidst the realities of politics, understand the obstacles, and do not propose to destroy them with legends and dreams, but with practical and positive reforms. The people in prison fill their jails with fancies. Hertzen himself says that the Sclave resembles the Arab in cradling himself often on the wings of his songs. He shows the qualities of his race also, cradling himself in illusions and dreams. He was a poet, naturalist, philosopher; and although he sacrificed every thing for politics, he was never a politician in the true sense of the word. But at all events he has revealed the unity of the modern spirit in showing that even in the heart of that Russia which appears an immense desert of ideas, under the Byzantine Church and the German autocracy, the Muscovite noblesse, the army of Cossacks and of Tartars, and the bureaucracy of machines, there still flourished irrepressible aspirations toward universal liberty.

MY LADY LEOPARD.

IT was growing every moment more evident that a storm was coming on. Thick, ragged clouds hid the sun, the air had fallen suddenly from sultriness to a damp chill, and a wind was beginning to moan over the water and shriek up among the hollows of the shore rocks. It occurred to Raynor Dare, who for the last half hour had been lying on his back watching the clouds change from white to gray, from gray to lurid and dun, that if he wanted to escape a drenching he would do well to turn his steps toward shelter. Just as he lazily raised himself the sun for an instant broke out in full splendor through a torn cloud, and on the once again lighted beach the young man saw another shadow thrown beside his—a shadow that moved and lessened. He turned hastily in the direction whence it came, and saw at a little distance a woman slowly walking away. No very uncommon or surprising apparition, certainly, on the beach of a crowded watering-place; but Dare gazed eagerly after her, nor ever moved his eyes until she was entirely out of sight. Her face, of course, had been hidden from his view, but the charm lay in her movements, whose slow grace seemed as much an outgrowth of nature as the sway of the leaves or the dip of the waves. She did not walk like a human being, he said to himself, but like an animal—a wild creature of the woods that had never had its motions curbed or trained. Doubtless this fancy was somewhat aided by a leopard-skin, which had probably served her for a seat, and which she now carried half wound around her, half trailing behind. But Dare's quick artistic imagination needed little suggestion to help him build up a whole picture where many had seen but the faintest outline.

He began to wonder who she was, where she had been, whither she was going. The last question was easily answered: to the hotel, to be sure. He should see her, then, at dinner; and with that he became conscious that the dinner hour must be close at hand. Looking at his watch, he found it even so; whereupon he leisurely rose from the ground, picked up his hat, cleared it of a small but varied insect colony which had effected an entrance in the course of the morning, and walked off without wasting more minutes in speculations on his unknown neighbor.

But the minutes already wasted had just lost him. Before he could quite reach the hotel the rain came down in torrents that soon made of him, in a double sense, a running fountain, shaking plenteous showers on all sides. In all the worse humor that there was

no one to blame but himself, he rushed to his room to get himself into dry clothes, and presently came down to dinner, late, hungry, a little cross, and completely oblivious of what had filled his thoughts half an hour before.

But not for long. As he raised his eyes to survey the table extending down the room they were caught half-way by a face nearly opposite him—the face of my Lady Leopard, as he said to himself on the first instant, acknowledging on the second that he had seldom seen so beautiful a woman, never one as striking. And yet striking and beautiful women were by no means rare in Raynor Dare's experience.

It was certainly a remarkable face. Yellow was every where the prevailing tint: on the round, smooth cheeks; in the hair, which had no shade of auburn, still less of flaxen, but was purely a rich, dark yellow; in the eyes, which opened with a gleam of hot sunlight from under the full, heavy lids.

"If mankind is made of the dust of the earth, here is surely a specimen of the gold-dust variety," thought Dare, smiling to himself, his eyes drawn almost unconsciously again and again toward his beautiful neighbor. "I wonder who she is? How odd I don't hear her speak!"

The oddity, if such it was, continued. Not once during dinner did he hear her voice. He was coming to the conclusion that she must be dumb, when the gentleman beside her addressed her, and Dare saw her lips move in reply, but even then he caught no sound of words.

When she went away he discovered that he was no longer hungry, and soon left the table too. He sauntered through the parlors, and wandered up and down the piazzas and driveway, with the half-acknowledged purpose of getting another glimpse of her; but she was nowhere visible. "Haven't the leopard family a habit of taking a siesta after dinner?" said Dare to himself, with a laugh. "Behind which of those awnings does she make her den, I wonder?" But he soon tired of regarding the long rows of windows, and went off on a ramble that lasted the whole afternoon.

It was quite dusk when he returned. The great saloon was full of people, and Dare did not tarry over his supper, but speedily made one of the crowd. Here he found an acquaintance, or, to speak more accurately, an acquaintance found him. Mrs. Leighton was a showy brunette, rather thin and not too young, but handsome still. She had known Dare's elder sister rather intimately years before, and seemed to consider herself as thereby possessing a sort of claim on the brother. Dare responded to her *empressement* with some polite commonplace about his familiarity with her name.

"Oh, indeed! I am so well known to you? Are you quite sure you know, for instance, whether Mr. Leighton is alive or dead?" said the lady, giving him a rather coquettish side look out of her handsome eyes.

Dare cast one rapid glance at her before answering, readily enough,

"I am quite sure, if it were a possibility, Mr. Leighton would be here — with Mrs. Leighton."

"Very politely turned," she said, with a laugh; adding, coolly, "That possibility has been over these five years."

From such a beginning conversation progressed with little difficulty.

"Why did I not see you at dinner?" asked Dare, presently.

"Probably because I was nearly ten miles away. Who has just come in, Mr. Dare?" for Dare's eyes, fixed on the door, had given a sudden flicker. "Ah!"—leaning forward to look—"Miss Leroy. You saw *her* at dinner?"

"Yes, I *saw* her."

"What does that mean, I wonder?"

"That I did not hear her. Has she no voice?"

"None to speak of."

"With, you mean?"

"So I do; for it's only a whisper at the best. Conversation is not considered Miss Leroy's forte; in fact, she never speaks except when she is spoken to."

"Good child! Who is she?"

"She is—Miss Leroy, a creole from somewhere, and that is really all I can tell you," said Mrs. Leighton, with a little Frenchy shrug. "Shall I qualify you to ask for information direct?"

"If you will be so kind," answered Dare.

Mrs. Leighton had not expected to meet with so ready an assent to her mocking proposal. But after one blank moment she accepted the situation, and presented the young man to Miss Leroy.

Miss Leroy made the centre of a group, yet a little apart. People were standing and sitting about, talking with each other and looking at her. Into this circle Raynor Dare penetrated, and straightway bore out from it the silent divinity, to the evident consternation of the adorers, who, in their astonishment, stopped short in what they were saying.

"*By* Jove!" young Fallon broke the pause. "You know it's the first time she's danced since she came. *By* Jove!" And, having rounded the circle of his reflections, he retreated within himself.

"Who is the fellah?" demanded Captain Davis, with a certain lofty contempt sometimes noticeable among "the Regulars."

No one could answer. Alas for fame! Not one of the half dozen knew the artist Raynor Dare.

Meanwhile, however, the poor artist, quite unaware that he was at once ignored and

contemned, was whirling most deliciously about the room with a partner whose equal he had never had in all his life before.

"Ah, this *is* waltzing!" he exclaimed, impulsively. "I think I never knew what it really was till now."

She did not answer. Then, with an amused recollection of Mrs. Leighton's words, he addressed her more directly.

"I shall claim you just as often as you will let me, Miss Leroy," he said. "I suppose you dance a great deal here," with a sort of jealousy of her previous partners.

"The others do. I've not danced before since I came."

"And that was—may I ask when?"

"I hardly remember—weeks ago."

"But," said the artist, really puzzled, "I should have thought you one to be passionately fond of dancing. We are generally in love with our own perfection, you know. *You*, of all others, to be so indifferent!"

"It was not worth the trouble."

"Ah, you are too cruel," said Dare, naturally flattered by what her words implied. "If you are going to be so in future, I shall beg you to make an exception—in my favor."

She lifted her eyes and looked at him very deliberately before answering, simply, "Yes."

"Well, that is frank enough," thought the young man. Ordinarily, in such a speech he would have detected only the *ruse* of a finished flirt, or a school-girlish artlessness little enough to his taste; but here was something so distinct from either, so peculiar to herself, that while forbidding him to presume upon it, it piqued him more than the most studied coquetry could have done. He had pleased her fancy, evidently, but perhaps this careless admission of her preference was only another phase of the same feeling that had prompted her words a minute before. Perhaps concealment was not "worth while." It was likely enough. If ever a woman was a law unto herself, that woman was Leonie Leroy. She lived her own life after her own fashion, making no effort of any kind, and ignoring those myriad small bonds by which most people have agreed to fetter themselves, with an indifference that seemed almost like unconsciousness.

All this had the greatest charm for Raynor Dare. He found a wholly new and fascinating study in this strange beauty, this strange character — absence of character, many would have said, but not so he. That conversational lack on which Mrs. Leighton had animadverted did not appear to him a defect. Her quiet he was sure was positive, not negative; it did not merely rest, it absolutely refreshed and quickened his perceptions. He told himself that she was as perfect as a full-blown lotus flower, a completed chord of music, a still, gorgeous, tropical sunset. And secretly he resented that her voice should have been called a whisper—her voice, which was too much in harmony with herself to have any thing of hissing or harshness, which, singularly low-pitched, was perfectly clear and sweet, the one tone which could fitly come from such lips.

Something of this was in his mind as he talked with Mrs. Leighton one day about a certain lady whose speech was rather strong than sweet.

"Who wants a woman to have a voice like a stump orator's?" said he. "If she speaks loud enough for *one* to hear, that is sufficient."

Mrs. Leighton detected the unconscious emphasis, and divined its cause. "Paradise Regained!" she said, with a little sneer. There had come to be a kind of fencing-match between the two, and sometimes they played without foils. "Adam and Eve in undisturbed spooneyness! By-the-way, Mr. Dare, why will artists paint a fair Eve? I always fancy her a sort of yellow-brown; don't you?"

"It is not improbable," answered Dare, gravely. The point had drawn blood this time; he was not a little stung by her penetration, but he was skilled in concealing his wounds. "We are not told," he continued, "of so much as a summer-house in Eden, and the sun does play the deuce—saving your presence—with the complexion. Witness my hands, which have lost that lily whiteness in which my sister used to take pride."

"They are not bad hands, for all that," said Mrs. Leighton, critically surveying the hands which Dare had stretched out with a mock sigh. "Take care they get nothing worse than sunburn on them."

"Oh!" said Dare, "then you *did* see the paint yesterday, after all, and are taking this opportunity to administer a delicate rebuke. I'll revenge myself by not sending you an exhibition-card when the summer's over."

Mrs. Leighton looked at him meaningly, but said nothing. She had meant a good deal more than paint, as Mr. Dare very well knew. Metaphorically speaking, Miss Leroy was on his hands. By this time their intimacy had become at all tea-table gossip a standing dish, whose smack of uncertainty never lost its zest. Was it friendship, or flirtation, or something deeper yet? Which was playing with the other? or was it both, or neither? The collective wisdom could not say; it was difficult to understand two such peculiar people; but one thing at least was evident, that they were always together. Miss Leroy no longer made the mute centre of a worshiping circle; a daring invader had carried off the idol, and, most wonderful of all, had taught it speech. Raynor Dare had found the soul in the statue, as a friend told him one day.

"And some of us would give a good deal

for your secret," he added. "How have you managed it?"

"What?" said Dare. "I don't understand you."

"To evolve mind from matter, to put it metaphysically. People *have* been heard to say that, with all her beauty, Miss Leroy was—was—"

"Was what?"

"Don't look like that at me: it wasn't I. Well, was—forgive the profanation—stupid."

Dare gave a short laugh. "Did you ever know an uncommonly beautiful woman who hadn't plenty of that kind of compliment? Miss Leroy, on the contrary, has one of the most appreciative natures I ever met."

"Appreciative? Of what, for instance?"

"Well—of art."

"Of art or—the artist?"

"Nonsense, Graham," said Dare, for a wonder betraying that he was nettled. "I did not expect that sort of thing from you."

"My dear fellow, we breathe out what we breathe in, and that is what I have been breathing in for a long while; at least drinking in every evening with my tea."

"The tea and the tea-drinkers be—hanged!" politely said Dare, pausing before a stronger word, and crushing his hat rather savagely over his eyes, as he went to join the subject of the conversation.

Fortunately for his temper, he was unconscious of further comment pursuing his retreating form.

"Do you see that?" said one of a group of men lounging on the piazza that overlooked the grove road.

"Am I blind, do you think?" was the amiable reply.

"I say, that Dare's what I call going the pace. Give you two to one it's a match, Norris," put in a horsey youth, who, since his arrival, a few days before, had scarcely opened his mouth save for such mystic utterances as "odds" and "running."

"I never bet except on a certainty," gravely replied the young Bostonian he had addressed.

The other stared with an uneasy sense of being "chaffed," but not quite making it out, held his tongue.

"You might find this a pretty safe thing, though," remarked Lockwood Van Ruyn, "if what somebody was saying to-day about Dare is true."

"What was that?"

"That there's a pretty little *fiancée* somewhere in your Boston backwoods," responded Van Ruyn, who was a New Yorker.

Mr. Norris raised his eyebrows very high indeed.

"You call *that* a safe thing, do you, Mr. Van Ruyn? All I can say is, *I* wouldn't give much for the pretty little *fiancée's* chances."

Yet Mr. Norris's inferences were not necessarily correct. He did not sufficiently consider that Raynor Dare was an artist, and, as such, not to be judged in some things by the ordinary standard. Beauty is, as a rule, all-powerful over the artistic temperament, for the time at least. "She is a pretty woman," says man in general, lights his cigar, and passes on. "She is a goddess!" cries the artist, and throws himself down before the shrine to burn incense; which, however, equally with the cigar, is apt to end in smoke.

Had Dare ever tried to explain to himself the precise nature of the attraction that drew him to Miss Leroy? That some very strong attraction existed was evident enough. He was with her constantly; in all the pleasures that fill morning, noon, and night in a summer resort, in a crowd or alone together, his acknowledged place was beside her. He had danced with her when she would dance with no one else; he had explored with her woods and rocks and valleys innumerable; he had made a dozen different studies of her, from the merest scrawled sketch to an elaborate life-sized head, still in progress. What did all this mean? Where did the mischief lie, in art or—nature?

Some people can scarcely perform the simplest action without instinctively trying to trace it back through all its windings to the farthest source of thought and motive; others never attempt an analysis, but take unquestioningly what the gods provide them, and are always equally astonished when, for the thousandth time, the inevitable result comes. Such people have an existence made up of surprises, some of them agreeable and some quite the reverse. Raynor Dare was eminently a person of this sort. None lived a fuller life in the present than he, but he looked very little forward or back.

Dare's ill humor had been left behind with those who had caused it, and he had spent a very pleasant afternoon. They had set out with the intention of having a long ramble, but it was rather hot, and they got no farther than a great tree at the end of the grove, where Miss Leroy, nothing loath to spend the hours, sat down, Dare lying still at her feet, too deliciously idle to look at the book open before him, moving only as the shadows moved, and gazing up at the flicker of blue and green above his head, gazing oftener still at the face that came between. Dare had a magnificent capacity for laziness when he chose to indulge it, and this afternoon his mood was so exactly suited that he almost audibly execrated a drive and supper-party to which they were under bonds. But as they had positively promised to join it, they had no choice but to go back. They had not gone far when Miss Leroy remembered that she had left her fan on a stone under the elm-tree. The fan was rather a curiosity in its way—too much so to lose—and Dare went back for it. He was not away five minutes, but when he rejoined Miss Leroy

he found her reclining in a glorious ease that looked as if it could not have been stirred for a century past. She had thrown down her leopard-skin rug on the spot where he had left her, and was half sitting, half leaning forward on one arm. The thick branches made a background and framework of black shadow every where except where one gap let the sun stream fully down on her uncovered head, striking out the rich gold of her hair and the tawny yellow of the leopard-skin that covered the stump behind her.

"Don't move! don't move, Miss Leroy!" implored Dare, as he caught sight of her. "That *pose* is magnificent;" and seizing his pencil and note-book, he began dashing off a kind of artistic short-hand.

"They will be gone," said she, but without stirring.

"So much the better," laughed Dare. "We can follow them. I must and will have this."

But his hieroglyphics were soon finished; so the minute of grace the party had seen fit to accord did not need to be a very long one.

It was now the height of the season at Beachview, and the season was a gay one. The event of the moment was a theatrical representation, preparing under an amount of mystery that added very much to the general curiosity. The performers seemed to have been sworn to secrecy; an outsider could not get so much as a word about the nature of the affair or the cast of the company. But it was whispered about that Miss Leroy was to take a part of some sort, and this put the finishing touch to expectation. On the great evening, by the time the audience were seated and the programmes in their hands, the excitement had become quite explosive.

The entertainment was divided into two parts, each containing a sparkling little one-act drama, sandwiched between various charades, *tableaux vivants*, and such like, all more or less successful—and rather more than less; for the thing had been carefully done, and the spectators were in a mood to be pleased with the pains taken for them. But as the evening wore on, and two-thirds of the programme had been played out, certain faces kept their first expectant look. Something was evidently being waited for.

"I say," burst forth Stoughton, the horsey, on a sudden, "Miss Leroy hasn't shown, after all! Bet you two to one 'twas a mis—"

"'Beauty and the Beast: a Darwinian Version,'" interrupted somebody, who had been studying the last item on his programme. "I wonder what that can be? Have you any idea, Norris?"

"Something of Dare's getting up, they say," was the reply.

Stoughton received a sudden illumination. "Bet you what you like that's the Leroy stake, then," said he.

"*Çà va sans dire*," muttered Norris, shortly.

The curtain rose at length on the last scene. There was one great stir and rustle as every body bent eagerly forward; then a breathless stillness followed.

A tropical forest was disclosed in all its luxuriance of leaf and tangled, scarlet-spotted vines. Acting on the hint furnished by Dare's sketch in the grove, they had kept the background in a heavy shadow that threw out with striking effect the group in front, on which a strong light had been concentrated. A leopard lay crouched on the ground, just dead, the last agony evident in the glare of the distended eye and the rigidity of the outstretched claw. Over him, the only portion of her visible, rose a woman's head, resting lightly on his. The face was not lifted, but the eyes looked out and up as if on the new life to which they had just opened—the life which had just left the savage body beneath her. Under the hot light those eyes shone with the same yellow gleam that glared from the dead leopard's orbs, and his tawny spots blended with the lengths of tawny hair half covering them. The group had been so admirably planned and draped, that single shaft of light was so telling, that the illusion was absolutely startling. In that whole gazing crowd there was not a sound nor a movement; even applause was forgotten until the curtain had shut them out. Then a thunder burst forth; the piece was persistently, almost angrily, encored, but to no good. Raynor Dare, when he settled it for the finale, had counted on its making the hit of the evening; his anticipations had been more than fulfilled, and he was too wise to risk an anti-climax.

"It's of no use," said Van Ruyn; "they won't give it to us again. Miss Leroy is a piece of still-life, with a vengeance! *how* she looked the part! But—a leopard? no very complimentary ancestry—eh, Norris?"

"Worse than our common forefather, the water-rat?" asked Norris, with his nose in the air in a manner suggestive of a quiet contempt for creation in general.

Mrs. Leighton that evening had played a brilliant part, and to have it overshadowed by Miss Leroy's later and greater success stung her with a double sting. It was Raynor Dare's doing, was it? He and Miss Leroy were to have every thing their own way, then? She revolved dark thoughts as she went to her not too tranquil couch; but her tossings gave her no aid. Yet her revenge was very near, only it was to come quite by chance, after all.

"Mrs. Leighton, I haven't heard you sing for an age," said Lockwood Van Ruyn in the parlor the next evening. "Do give us something to-night."

"What shall it be?" said she, moving toward the piano.

"Something to please Mr. Dare, in acknowledgment of the honor of his presence," said somebody, rather pointedly; for the artist's exclusive preference had caused all the cliques to make common cause against the deserter.

"And what does please Mr. Dare?" asked Mrs. Leighton, turning to him.

"Moore's Melodies," answered Dare, quite at random, for he did not like Mrs. Leighton's singing.

A bright thought occurred to that lady as she turned over the music sheets. Here, thrust upon her, was the very opportunity she had vainly sought—a cut that would be both plain and pointed, yet neither too obviously. Mr. Dare liked Moore's Melodies, and she had been specially requested to sing something to please Mr. Dare. She would certainly do so.

"Something to please Mr. Dare," she repeated, with a peculiar accent that somehow awakened expectation, and forthwith began the little song, "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms."

Having nearly finished the second verse, she made an obvious pause, fixed her eyes on the corner where Dare sat with Miss Leroy, and then sang, rather slowly and very distinctly, the last two lines:

"As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose."

The hit was so palpable! Every body instinctively began talking together, to cover the too-evident sensation, and Mrs. Leighton, saying, with admirable unconsciousness, "I hope it pleased Mr. Dare," rose from the piano. She would sing no more that evening. She had made *her* hit now, and was not going to weaken it.

Dare was inwardly burning in one of those rages he could sometimes get into. If he had spoken at that moment, it is to be feared the company would have been astonished by some forcible English. As it was, he had just sense enough left to keep his mouth shut. There was one comfort—that Miss Leroy had probably not understood it, he thought, glancing at her. But—what did it mean?—she was looking at him, a smile, too soft to be scornful, in her eyes and on her lips.

"Upon my word, I believe she has understood, and—and doesn't mind!" said Dare to himself.

It certainly looked like it. It looked like something else, too—something that took the sting out of Mrs. Leighton's revenge, that made the young man forgetful of every thought in the world save one. He felt his head going round, his breath failing. For a moment the lights and the moving throng turned dim about him; then, commanding himself by a great effort, he spoke to Miss Leroy.

"I believe I am stifling here," he said, abruptly. "Won't you come into the air?"

So they went out together, followed by a whole battery of eyes.

"Do sunflowers love the dark?" said one.

"When they take their sun with them," rejoined another.

Little enough it mattered to either of the truants what kind remarks were being made about them. It was not precisely of the company in the parlor they were thinking, as, avoiding the straggling promenaders before the house, they walked up and down the still, dark avenue, flecked by a few scattered gleams from the windows. The night was oppressively quiet; the trees hung heavy, not seeming to stir so much as a leaf; the only sounds were a faint tinkle of music from the parlor, where they had begun to dance, and an occasional low, troubled bird-note.

"A storm is coming on," said Dare. "I suppose that is what makes me so—so restless to-night."

Did he really suppose so? Perhaps: the heart of man is as often deceitful as desperately wicked.

Presently a few drops of rain came down; then, without farther warning, it suddenly began to pour.

"What's to be done?" said Dare, stopping within the comparative shelter of a thick tree, and looking beyond up at the black heavens. "I suppose we can't stay here, and I won't go back to those stifling rooms. Besides, you would be drenched before we could get there. I have it! we are close by the studio; suppose we go in, and see how your portrait looks by lightning flashes? That will be an interesting experiment in art."

What Dare called his studio had been a sort of grain or vegetable loft, standing at one end of the garden. Finding it possessed an admirable light, he had caused the rubbish to be cleared away, and filled it, instead, with that litter so varied and, to the uninitiated eye, often so useless, appertaining to artists.

He pulled forward a chair for Miss Leroy, and then proceeded to strike a match, for the lightning flashes were not yet numerous enough to make much impression on the darkness of the night; after which he sat down before the portrait he had spoken of. It was very nearly finished now. Dare had spent a great deal of trouble on it, and had hitherto been not discontented with the result of his labors; but now he studied it with a clouded brow.

"Unsatisfactory enough," he muttered, half aloud; "but what else could I have expected?" looking at Miss Leroy. And it might well seem a hopeless attempt to fix

upon canvas the spell of a beauty which more than ever to-night defied the painter's art with a glow, an intensity, that almost stupefied the sense.

Dare got up and went to her.

"You are not human to-night, Leonie," he said. "You are living that old life over again. Don't you feel the jungle breath in your hair?"—and he laughed as he lifted one of the heavy tawny coils dropping across her throat, but the laugh sounded unnatural—"or the storm: is it the storm? There *is* something terrible about this brooding. You are so still! You only look at me. Leonie, your eyes are killing me—a slow, delicious—"

His voice had been falling lower and slower with the broken words, but, as she moved slightly, he started and passed his hand over his eyes in a bewildered way, like one only half awakened from a dream.

"What have I been saying?" he asked, abruptly; "what nonsense?"

"About—the storm," she said, slowly.

"The storm—yes, the lightning is so heavy in the air. I wish 'twould come and get it over. I believe I am beginning to have 'nerves,'" he said, with a short, contemptuous laugh.

He threw himself down again before the portrait, but this time he did not look at it; he covered his eyes with his hand, and sat silent. Miss Leroy did not speak either; she sat quite motionless; her face had taken a sort of gray shade very unlike its usual warm, golden pallor.

After a time the heavy rain ceased; it had been too violent to last long. A wind had risen, and was tearing the black clouds apart; the storm was not over; it would come on again, perhaps in the night, for the air was still weighed down with the lightning, but for the present the rain was over. There was nothing to prevent their returning.

Miss Leroy rose and went toward the door. As she passed the window a sudden gust came in, and catching the end of a lace mantle she wore loosely over her shoulders, whirled it straight above the candle. In a moment it was blazing; in another Dare's hands were plunging recklessly into the flame as he wrapped around her a heavy piece of drapery lying fortunately near by.

It was all the work of less than a minute, over almost before she had realized what had happened. The mantle hung in shreds, and portions of her light muslin robe were scorched and blackened; but the fire had not touched her beauty by so much as a floating lock of hair. One of Dare's hands had suffered considerably, but of that he was as yet unconscious; he still held her in his arms, pressed close against his breast.

Suddenly she bent her head and kissed the hand that had been burned for her.

"You have saved my life," she murmured; "it belongs to you now, Raynor. Oh, Raynor, I love you!"

If Raynor Dare had been culpably careless hitherto, he was being fully punished for it now. With at least a great part of his nature he was very much in love with this girl, whose hands were trembling on his, the warm, soft touch of whose lips was thrilling his blood; this girl, whose clinging hold he found so sweet, yet whom honor bade him put away from him. He could not speak; neither words nor voice would come. This prolonged silence aroused her; she looked up in his face, and something she saw there made her own change. She drew herself from his arms, and stood up before him, calmly, steadily looking at him, without a shade of that confusion which a woman might naturally be supposed to feel under the circumstances. All the embarrassment of the situation seemed to have been transferred to him; it was his tongue that faltered, his eyes that fell. And still she looked at him, waiting.

"Miss Leroy," he said at last, in a low, uneven voice, "this is the bitterest moment of my life. I deserve to suffer; I might have known my danger before—it was too late—and I had come to love you passionately." His voice grew fuller, and he made a step toward her, but checked himself at once as he went on speaking. "Before I met you, I—there was a woman—"

Hitherto she had not interrupted his stammering by so much as a sign, but at that last word she started back; her eye glanced wildly round the room, and falling on her own portrait, with one of those sudden movements peculiar to her she turned upon it and literally rent it in pieces, stabbing it again and again with a still fierceness terrible to see. Then she dropped the knife she had caught up, her hands clinched themselves, and her eyes narrowed till each was nothing but a line of yellow light, as she said, very slowly,

"If I were what you have sometimes called me, I would tear you like that."

And opening on him the sudden blaze of her splendid eyes, she had left him alone before he could collect his scattered senses.

The storm did come on again in the night, with lightning and thunder that might well have distracted timid people. I do not know if they were more timid than the others, but there certainly were three persons in the hotel who did not enjoy very peaceful slumbers.

With a knapsack on his shoulder and his left arm in a sling, Raynor Dare left Beachview House the next morning before any body but the house-maids and the bootblacks were stirring. So, at least, he supposed; but as he walked down one of the avenues leading to the water, what was his surprise, not to use a stronger word, to be-

hold Mrs. Leighton pacing back and forth with a quick, restless step!

What mischievous chance had sent hither, at so unlikely an hour, the very person whom, with one exception, he would most wish to avoid? Little use to ask that now: he must put the best face possible on his ill luck.

Mrs. Leighton's astonishment, as she turned and saw him, appeared fully to equal his own.

"Mr. Dare!" she cried: "what on earth brings you here at this hour?"

"Nay, Mrs. Leighton," answered the artist, "what on earth and in heaven brings *you* here at this hour?"

"Oh, the thunder—or something—gave me a sleepless night, and I fancied the early morning air might make my head better. But, good gracious, Mr. Dare! you have hurt your arm!"

"Yes, I was awkward enough to—bruise myself a little."

Mrs. Leighton's quick ear marked the almost imperceptible hesitation, and it increased her curiosity.

"Indeed? what a pity! but very fortunate it was not your right arm."

"Particularly so," replied the artist, glad of an opportunity to make the explanation that must come sooner or later. "That would rather have interfered with the little sketching tour I promised to make with a friend down at B——. This fellow"—touching his left arm—"can afford to take his own time to get well, and will do it just as soon on tramp as in the house; but to go off on a sketching tour with the painting arm in a sling would be something like 'Hamlet' with the part of Hamlet omitted."

"Going away, really? *One* of us will miss you very much, Mr. Dare."

"Thanks!" said the artist, as pointedly as she had spoken; "but I dare not flatter myself that Mrs. Leighton will retain me *long* in her remembrance."

This time it was Mrs. Leighton's turn to wince. For reasons best known to herself these words had a sting for her, and she performed the remarkable feat (remarkable for her) of reddening as she bade Dare a rather abrupt good-by.

Of course she had taken that little fable of the sketching tour at its proper value. She was very well convinced there had been a scene the evening before, and was dying to know which had been the victor and which the vanquished. She watched Miss Leroy very closely that day, and was rewarded for her trouble by a little dialogue which she overheard.

One of the ladies recently arrived very innocently begged Miss Leroy to let her look at that lovely lace mantle she had worn the day before.

Miss Leroy replied, with her usual apathy, that it had unfortunately caught fire, and was completely ruined.

Mrs. Leighton listened with all her might, and drew her own conclusions.

Miss Leroy had worn the mantle when she left the parlor with Dare: she could hardly have worn it since, as people did not put on lace mantles in the morning. It had caught fire. Dare's arm was—bruised. (That little hesitation came back now.) The thing was plain enough to Mrs. Leighton at present; she knew all she wanted to know.

"There *was* a scene," she said to herself, "and—that girl has jilted him, after all. And there she sits, just the same as ever! I always knew she was dull, but I did *not* think she was heartless. Still waters run deep!"

Yes, Mrs. Leighton, much too deep for shallow observers.

But Miss Leroy was not just the same as ever. A woman does not pass through such a crisis without bearing its marks. She would never again have that absolute calm which had been hers before she met perhaps the only man in the world who had the power to stir it. She had lived and loved: existence, whether for better or for worse, must henceforth be different. Yet this change was inward rather than outward; it might be that no one would ever guess at it, perhaps not even the man she married later, Temple Norris, that one of her circle of admirers who had paid her the fewest apparent attentions.

Raynor Dare's pretty little *fiancée* has become his pretty little wife. She was—notwithstanding Mr. Van Ruyn's insinuation—nothing more nor less than a warm-hearted Western girl, with a beautiful face and a nature capable of appreciating the artist, if not the art, which, indeed, she appears to regard as something appertaining and wholly subordinate to himself. She is not learned in these matters, but she is nevertheless rather given to turning over his sketches with a fond admiration for the work of his hands. She was about this sort of thing one day, having pulled out a dusty old portfolio from some hiding-place, when she found something over which she paused much longer than usual, and in the end was obliged to call upon her husband for assistance.

"Do tell me what you meant this queer thing for, Ray," she said. "Is it a woman or a leopard?—or what in the world *is* it?"

"That?—that's a sketch in *genre*, my dear," said Dare, boldly, well knowing she would never attempt to follow him into what she called his "technicalities."

Dare is fond of his charming wife, and, as a rule, is too good a husband to have secrets from her; but he never told her one little episode in his history.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD STAGER.

Notices of conspicuous Public Men, with characteristic Anecdotes illustrating their Peculiarities.—Accounts of Congressional and other Duels, and personal Collisions in Congress, including a Glance at Washington Public Life during several Administrations.

II.

IT is supposed to be the weakness of old men to exalt the past over the present, and to exaggerate the merits of their contemporaries in comparison with those of a succeeding generation. I do not propose to draw any such contrast. In speaking of the great men who adorned the councils of the nation during the most brilliant period of our Congressional history, when the superb triumvirate, Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, opposed a successful resistance to the measures of that tribune of the people, Andrew Jackson, it is not necessary to disparage the men of the present day. The average intellect and culture of Congress do not vary much from year to year. It is the deterioration in the moral tone of public life that impresses one most unpleasantly. Forty years ago a member of Congress from Maine was sent to Coventry for using his official influence to procure the adoption by the Post-office Department of a patent mail lock, invented by a constituent. It was not charged that he profited by the arrangement, but so sensitive was Congress on the subject of official interference with the operations of the government that the member was severely censured, and left Washington in disgrace. Twenty odd years afterward a Senator from New Hampshire accepted a considerable sum of money for aiding a friend in obtaining a government favor. He avowed and justified the act, and instead of suffering therefrom, not only maintained his position in the Senate, but subsequently received an important foreign appointment.

The practice of using money to influence legislation in Congress began with the Collins steamship subsidies, about a quarter of a century ago. Up to that time lobby agencies did not exist in Washington, and a man known to be employed to promote a private scheme or public measure was shunned in the Capitol as though association with him was something disgraceful. The usages of the present day present a striking contrast to the wholesome practices of those times.

The methods and processes of the government have undergone a radical change within the period mentioned. The theory for the first fifty years after the adoption of the Constitution—and the practice conformed thereto—was that the President was alone responsible for all executive appointments. He selected his cabinet ministers and the higher functionaries of the government, and the inferior officers were named by the heads of departments. Such a thing as a cabinet consultation over the appointment of a collector or postmaster was unknown. The cabinet met to consider questions of public policy. Local officers of every grade were selected by the secretaries, and if good reasons for an appointment were given, the nomination was directed to be filled out. It was told of General Taylor that when an applicant for office inquired why he had not been appointed, the President replied that he stood by him to the last, but was outvoted in the cabinet.

The campaign of 1828 was one of great excitement and bitterness. It was fought in a spirit of vigor and determination by the friends of General Jackson, and there were corresponding efforts on the other side. But Mr. Adams not only carefully abstained from meddling with the election himself, but discountenanced the interference of the office-holders, the power of the administration being impartially exercised, without reference to the result. Some of the high functionaries of the government acted openly and zealously in behalf of General Jackson; but they were neither molested nor censured by the President. Mr. M'Lean, the Postmaster-General, was an avowed and active partisan of General Jackson. He did not hesitate in the use of the extensive patronage of his department to prejudice the cause of Mr. Adams. This was a species of ingratitude and impropriety which must have struck the President unpleasantly; but he had elevated notions of the dignity and propriety of his position, and he treated Mr. M'Lean with the courtesy and consideration due to their official relations.

In the spring preceding the election the Postmaster-General informed Mr. Adams that a new postmaster had to be appointed immediately in Philadelphia. The incumbent was behind with his accounts, and he had let the matter run along, in the hope that he would be able to settle up, until further indulgence was impossible. The President inquired whether he could name a suitable man as his successor. Mr. M'Lean replied that he had thought of Thomas Sergeant, brother of John Sergeant, then a member of the House, and one of Mr. Adams's most trusted friends. "If John Sergeant recommends the appointment, have the nomination made out at once," said Mr. Adams. Thomas Sergeant was accordingly appointed, and as he was an active supporter of General Jackson, a flood of remonstrances came on from the friends of the administration when the news reached Philadelphia.

The President asked an explanation from Mr. John Sergeant, who stated the circumstances of the case in a manner that implicated the Postmaster-General in double-dealing and deception. He had spoken to

Mr. Sergeant about appointing his brother. The fact of his being a partisan of General Jackson was mentioned to Mr. M'Lean, and it was suggested that the President should be informed of the circumstance. The Postmaster-General told Mr. Adams that Mr. John Sergeant had been consulted on the subject.

The President was incensed at the duplicity practiced upon him by his subordinate, but he declined to remove him because of their party relations—a species of delicacy that would hardly be appreciated in these days.

Throughout the Presidential campaign Mr. Adams never permitted the influence of the administration to be brought to bear upon the election. Mr. Clay was discontented at the attitude of the executive, often insisting that a more decided course with the office-holders and a fair exercise of the Federal patronage might have changed the result.

Upon the organization of General Jackson's administration there was a rush and scramble for office such as had never been witnessed at Washington or any where else. During the preceding quarter of a century there had been no general political revolution in the country. The Republicans came into power, with Jefferson at their head, in 1801, and his successors were of the same political faith. Jackson was elected after a heated contest, tinged with great personal bitterness, and it was well understood throughout the canvass that offices and other executive gratifications were to be the reward of partisan service. And the inauguration was attended by a crowd of hungry and clamorous expectants, including most of the leading editors on the Democratic side, and a sprinkling of active electioneerers from every part of the country.

The first break in the great party which had elected him with so much enthusiasm, and rejoiced with such exultation at the result, was produced by the nomination of a large number of editors to office. Among the most conspicuous of them were Major Noah, as surveyor of the port of New York; Amos Kendall, Fourth Auditor of the Treasury; Isaac Hill, for a place in one of the departments; and B. H. Norton, printer of the Hartford *Times*, as postmaster at Hartford. Many of these nominations were warmly opposed in the Senate, and several were finally rejected. The opposition was led by the Virginia Senators, Messrs. Tazewell and Tyler, and they were supported by Troup of Georgia, Bibb of Kentucky, and Ellis of Mississippi, and occasionally other Senators of less note. The National Republican members of the Senate acted with them, as a matter of course; and here began the defection, which finally embraced a majority of the body, on certain important questions, under the leadership of Messrs. Clay and Webster. The Senate was repeatedly equally divided on the question of concurring in the nomination of influential editors to office, and the Vice-President, Mr. Calhoun, was called upon to give the casting vote. It was so arranged by the opposition in certain cases, in the hope of widening the breach between Mr. Calhoun and the friends of the administration. The nomination of Mr. Van Buren as minister to England was rejected by the casting vote of the Vice-President, a tie being contrived for that purpose.

The doctrine, originally enunciated by Mr. Marcy, that "to the victors belong the spoils" was incorporated in the creed of the Jackson party, or, rather, it was adopted in practice for the first time in the history of the government. The persistent misrepresentation to which General Jackson was subjected in the canvass, the ferocious spirit with which he was assailed, and the brutal attacks upon his wife had imbittered his feelings, and disposed him to acquiesce in the system of proscription inaugurated by his supporters, and the sweep of the Federal office-holders was general throughout the country, with the exception of some of the Southern States, where there was less demand for the removal of the incumbents. It was soon ascertained, however, that the President would not consent to have faithful officers who had served their country, especially in the field, removed on any pretense. At the extra session of the Senate, called to act upon the cabinet and other indispensable nominations, a successor to the collector of Salem, Massachusetts, was sent to the Senate. General Miller, distinguished for his gallantry at the battle of Bridgewater, was the incumbent. Colonel Benton, confident that the nomination had been made under a misapprehension, requested that it might be laid on the table, so that he might present the facts to the consideration of the President. Proceeding at once to the White House, he opened the matter to the general.

"Do you know, Sir, who is collector of the port of Salem?"

"I don't remember his name," replied General Jackson; "but he is a good Democrat, whom I appointed on the recommendation of Greene, Henshaw, and our other reliable Boston friends."

"But do you know who is to be removed to make room for him?"

"Some Hartford Convention Federalist, I suppose. That's the sort of man who is likely to have held the office."

"General Miller has been collector of Salem for many years past," said Colonel Benton.

"What! not the hero of the frontier, who fought so desperately in the late war?" exclaimed the President.

"Yes, Sir; the brave soldier who said, 'I'll try,' when asked if he could carry the enemy's position."

The old gentleman flew into a passion at once. "These infernal politicians! Is nothing sacred from their rapacity? Call Donaldson. I'll send up and withdraw the nomination at once. Here, Donaldson, write to Miller in my name. No, I'll write myself." And he immediately wrote the general with his own hand, reciting the circumstances under which he had nominated a man as his successor, and assuring him that he should retain the office as long as he lived.

This affair taught the party managers a lesson from which many of them profited afterward. And when an attempt was made to procure the removal of General Solomon Van Rensselaer, postmaster at Albany, Mr. Van Buren, then Vice-President, declined to unite with his friends in the undertaking, and advised them to desist therefrom, being certain that General Jackson would protect every man in office who had fought in the service of his country.

Probably none of our distinguished public men were misunderstood and misrepresented to the same extent as General Jackson. The venomous rancor infused into the Presidential canvass had abused the popular mind, and the brave and kind-hearted old man was generally regarded as a lawless barbarian, whose violent and vindictive temper was unrestrained by considerations of any kind. He was irascible and passionate, it is true, but he was placable, humane, and generous, and as self-contained and self-controlled as any man alive. He understood men thoroughly, and in practical sagacity and keenness of perception he was unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries. He was a man of commanding presence, of dignified, graceful manners, warm in his attachments, considerate in his bearing to those around him, and, although hasty and peremptory when offended, was not impatient of contradiction, and never forgot what was due to others. He was thoroughly democratic in his tastes as well as his principles, had no reverence for rank or estate, gauging men according to their capacity, and recognizing merit in the humblest station. We never had a President who made himself so familiar with the condition and wants of the people of Washington, and he knew more of the interior affairs of the several executive departments and the men employed therein than any one of the secretaries. He interested himself in the welfare of the most poorly paid clerks; and while he took care that they were not imposed upon by their superiors, he compelled them to fulfill their engagements under all circumstances, when instances of misconduct were brought to his knowledge. Washington was often rife with anecdotes illustrating this peculiarity. The story of his advising a boarding-house keeper to get her delinquent lodger to give his note for an overdue board bill has been before published. The improvident fellow readily gave his landlady the note, which she took to General Jackson, by his direction. The President indorsed his name on the back, in his usual bold and striking hand, and the scamp was careful to pay it at maturity.

The son of an old friend of the general held a clerkship in the Land-office. He fell in arrears to his landlady, and she complained to the President. He sent immediately for the clerk, and addressing him by his given name, said,

"How is this, Lund? Mrs. Beals says you owe her for board."

"It is true, general; I am a little behind with her."

"She wants the money. Why don't you pay her?"

"I intend to, soon; but my family has been sick, and my salary being small, I have been unable to meet her bills regularly. I will pay her as soon as I can."

"But the woman needs it, and you must pay her at once."

"I should be glad to, but I can't."

"You shall," said the general, "and I'll lend you the money," handing him the amount.

The general had a habit of applying descriptive epithets to those whose peculiarities he wished to characterize. Referring to Senator King, of Alabama, who had hesitated about supporting a measure of the administration, the general said his scruples were of no consequence; he was nothing but a Miss Nancy; and he was known by that designation to the day of his death.

On being told that Mr. Webster had made a powerful argument in opposition to one of his measures, he replied, "Wait till Benton has a chance at him. He is to speak in reply, and he'll labor like an ox."

General Jackson wrote with great vigor and perspicuity, but without elegance. In conversation he was direct, forcible, and impressive, and he had great ingenuity in meeting the arguments of those who disagreed with him. He maintained his opinions with much pertinacity, but would gracefully yield when convinced that his positions were untenable. He would sometimes extemporize a fit of passion in order to overwhelm an adversary, when certain of being in the right, but his self-command was always perfect. He was an eminently just man, according to his own standard, and never failed to do justice to his antagonists, even when his feelings were most warmly enlisted. His political difference with Mr. Clay was intensified by strong personal animosity, but he would never permit his great abilities to be disparaged without rebuke. An office-seeker from Indiana thought to conciliate

the general's favor by harsh criticism of a speech made by Mr. Clay in the Senate. He listened to his abuse with much impatience, and closed the discussion with this emphatic declaration: "You don't know Mr. Clay, Sir. He is a wonderful man; a magnificent orator, and a great statesman, although wrong in his views; too hot-headed and impetuous for civil rule, but would have made a superb general."

The attack upon General Jackson by a half-crazed man named Lawrence, in the portico on the east front of the Capitol, created a profound sensation. Rumors of plans to assassinate the President had been bruited about; and when it became known that a pistol had been snapped at him, the assault was connected in the popular mind with a conspiracy to remove an obstacle to the political schemes of the Whigs. The general was almost the only man unmoved by the assault. His personal firmness and insensibility to danger never yielded to any combination of threatening circumstances. He rushed at Lawrence with his cane uplifted, ordering the by-standers not to interfere, swearing he would chastise him on the spot. So, too, when Lieutenant Randolph thrust his hand in his face, attempting to lay hold of his nose, the general was surprised and enraged, but nothing ever alarmed him. Speaking of the matter to a navy officer who had been a messmate of Randolph's, he expressed his astonishment that a man of the known gallantry of Randolph should have made a personal assault upon him. "If he felt himself aggrieved at what I had done," said the old hero, "I would have had no hesitation in waiving my rank and giving him satisfaction." Gross injustice had been done to Randolph, but of course there could be no palliation of the high-handed outrage upon an aged and venerable man, to say nothing of his being the Chief Magistrate of the nation. Still it is due to the memory of a brave man, who had rendered gallant service to his country, that the circumstances under which he was stung to madness and committed a great outrage should be fairly stated.

Randolph was second lieutenant of the frigate *Constitution*, of which Timberlake was purser. On the death of the purser Commodore Read directed Randolph to take charge of the stores of the vessel, and temporarily discharge the duties of that officer. The ship was on a cruise at the time, and of course it was hardly possible to break her out and ascertain with accuracy what there was on board for which the purser was responsible. Randolph was an incompetent, careless business man; and when the *Constitution* arrived at Norfolk, and he was required to settle the purser's accounts, there were discrepancies that could not be reconciled, and he was apparently largely in arrears. A court-martial was ordered, and Randolph was fully acquitted on every charge and specification. General Jackson became satisfied that the widow and children of Timberlake had suffered wrong at the hands of Randolph, and he disapproved of the finding of the court. Mrs. Timberlake afterward became the wife of Major Eaton, Jackson's Secretary of War, and after a protracted controversy Randolph was dismissed from the navy.

The tone of debate is usually more decorous in the Senate than in the House, still personalities are often mixed up with arguments. But the body is composed of older men, and, until an influx of new and frontier States into the Union brought in a mob of rude and uneducated people, most of the Senators were gentlemen who knew how to behave themselves, even when under the influence of Champagne. For, a quarter of a century ago, there were two extensive restaurants under the Capitol, and there was a well-kept hotel within a stone's-throw of the south wing. Besides, it was no uncommon thing for Champagne to be opened in the cloak-room, where it was drunk in profusion by Senators and their special friends. For some time supplies of this kind were charged as stationery in the contingent expenses of the Senate. But this struck the presiding officer, Mr. Mangum, as an incongruity, and he had it changed to the fuel account.

Evening sessions were sometimes held as the pressure of business became more urgent; and sometimes disorder and confusion prevailed, as was always the case in the House on similar occasions. In the Senate, however, it took the shape of exuberant festivity and fun. Grave and aged Senators became jocose and comical, and sometimes the mirth grew fast and furious, the proceedings more resembling a town meeting or a farce than the orderly conduct of a deliberative assembly. I remember one night in particular. It was near the close of the session, and the Senate was engaged in the reading of bills, preparatory to their final passage. Colonel King was in the chair, a solemn and dignified presiding officer, but with no sense of the ludicrous, or any idea of a joke. The Secretary of the Senate, Asbury Dickens, was reading bills rapidly by their titles, and business was going on finely. Half of the Senators were asleep with their heads on their desks. The presiding officer had a formula of words which he never varied: "Senators in the affirmative say aye; negative, no. The ayes have it." Not a voice would be heard, aye or no, and Dickens went on with his reading. For nearly an hour nothing was heard in the chamber but the monotonous reading of the secretary, and the president putting the vote and announcing the result. At length Mr. Webster,

who had been sound asleep for a long time, lifted up his head, and gazed about the chamber with a puzzled look; and when Colonel King said, "negative, no," he cried out, "No-o-o!" in a prolonged sound and with a sepulchral voice. The president looked steadily at him, as if doubting the evidence of his own senses, and exclaimed, "The ayes evidently have it." "Let them take it and go along with it, then," said Mr. Webster, and dropping his head upon his desk, was soon fast asleep again.

I only remember one instance of an affray in the chamber which had a serious aspect, and that was more of a farce than a tragedy. Mr. Foote, of Mississippi, who, Irishman-like, was never quiet unless in a row, had an altercation with Colonel Benton, and pretending to apprehend a personal assault, drew a pistol upon him. Old Bullion, not in the slightest degree intimidated, for he feared nothing on earth except paper money, rushed toward Foote as if he meant to devour him. Daniel S. Dickinson took the pistol from Foote and locked it up in his desk, and quiet was restored. It was afterward ascertained that the pistol was not loaded, Foote evidently intending a bit of bravado.

For a long time there had been no kindly feeling between Messrs. Clay and Webster. They were the great rivals for the highest honors at the disposal of the Whig party. Serving together in the Senate for many years, they had learned to respect each other's powers, and they generally acted in concert on all questions of a political character. In conjunction with Mr. Calhoun, they led an opposition to General Jackson's administration during his second term that seriously embarrassed the Democratic party, and aroused the vehement indignation of Old Hickory. Still they were never cordial, and Mr. Clay never let slip an opportunity to have a fling at Mr. Webster. A notable instance of this kind took place when the nomination of Speaker Stevenson as minister to England came up in the Senate. This was in the year 1834. The defection of Hugh White, of Tennessee, had weakened the administration in Congress, and the tremendous force of the opposition in the Senate had given the Whigs much encouragement. It was known that General Jackson had promised the English mission to Mr. Stevenson. He was anxious for the place, but hesitated about accepting the offer under the apprehension that he might be rejected by the Senate.

The Whigs rather desired the appointment to be made, thinking they might be able to elect John Bell Speaker. Mr. Bell was a partisan of White's, and it was hoped that he would be supported by a certain class of Democrats. Mr. Stevenson had carefully canvassed the Senate, and satisfied himself that if he could secure one Whig vote he was safe. He then called upon Mr. Webster to learn his views on the subject. After hearing the case stated, Mr. Webster gave it as his opinion that if Mr. Stevenson would resign the Speakership, his confirmation would not be seriously opposed. But if he retained the office it might be objected that he was not willing to risk himself with the Senate, and held on to the Speaker's chair to fall back upon in the event of his rejection. For his part, Mr. Webster added, he should cheerfully vote to concur in his nomination in case he resigned, but not otherwise. This was all Mr. Stevenson wanted, and with this assurance he resigned, and requested General Jackson to send in his name.

Unfortunately for Mr. Stevenson he was unable to keep his own counsel, and his understanding with Mr. Webster got bruited about, and soon reached the ears of Mr. Clay. Meantime the House chose Mr. Bell Speaker. The Committee on Foreign Relations reported in favor of Mr. Stevenson's confirmation, and, relying upon Mr. Webster's promise, he began to make his preparations for going to London. At the proper time the nomination came up for consideration. On the Democratic side there was some formal commendation of the appointment, but it being expected that the action of the Senate would be favorable, as a matter of course, no general debate ensued. Mr. Van Buren sat in the chair, his face beaming with his usual complacent smile, for Mr. Stevenson was rather a pet of his. As he was about to put the question, Mr. Clay arose, with fire in his eye, and every body saw that there was trouble ahead for the minister to England *in posse*. He denounced Mr. Stevenson with characteristic vehemence as a tool to execute the behests of the tyrant at the other end of the avenue, arrayed against him all his misdeeds, and proceeded in a long speech to arraign the Democratic party for conspiring to overthrow the Constitution and destroy the liberties of the people. Mr. Webster left his seat and, retiring behind the desk of the presiding officer, walked to and fro with slow and stately step, listening to Mr. Clay's animated harangue. Mr. Clay, watching his every movement, continued his speech with increasing severity, pointing at Mr. Webster with his long finger as he appeared between the pillars that supported the gallery, as though he was taking aim at him with a pistol. The Senators remained in breathless silence, not a sound being audible except Mr. Clay's sonorous voice. After exhausting his vocabulary of vituperation and abuse, including General Jackson and the supporters of his administration generally, and distinguishing Mr. Stevenson as specially deserving of censure and rebuke, he wound up with these words: "And

now, Mr. President, where is the Whig who will dare to vote for him?"

The vote was taken, and Mr. Stevenson was rejected, Mr. Webster voting against him. Mr. Marcy, then in the Senate, from whom the writer received these particulars—the nomination having been considered in executive session—described the scene as one of the most exciting that he had ever witnessed in the chamber. He said the intellectual superiority of Mr. Webster was universally recognized, but he was so dominated and overawed by the greater moral and physical vigor of Mr. Clay that he deliberately violated his pledged word to Mr. Stevenson, and inflicted upon that gentleman the unspeakable mortification of being thrown out by the Senate.

The blow fell upon Mr. Stevenson with crushing force, for he was a proud, sensitive man. He took to his bed, and was confined to the house for nearly three weeks.

The sequel of the affair still further illustrated the lordly insolence and arrogance of Mr. Clay. Sending for a friend of Mr. Stevenson, he thus addressed him: "Perhaps the ex-Speaker has been punished enough. Tell him to have Jackson renominate him, and I will absent myself from the Senate, and he can be confirmed."

PRESS MANAGEMENT UNDER THE EMPIRE.

A LEAF FROM THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF NAPOLEON III.

AMONG the damaging documents and letters found in the private cabinet of the emperor after the flight of the imperial family from France, and published, with numerous others, in the favorite French form of the *brochure* (pamphlet), was a plan for the "organization of the press for the approaching elections." It is an elaborate paper, drawn up by one of the heads of the Ministry of the Interior, in the division of the Press, and explains with wonderful frankness the *modus operandi* of press management under the empire. It gives an exact idea of the manner and the system by which the Emperor Napoleon managed universal suffrage, and prepared public opinion through the medium of his subsidized presses in Paris and the provinces. The fact of the existence of such a system, and of a department under the Ministry of the Interior charged with the manipulation of the French press, had long been notorious; but the perfection of the machinery and its results were first brought to light by this unexpected revelation, which is curious as well as instructive.

In one of the cleverest books written on the siege of Paris M. Francisque de Sarcy relates with what avidity the French public first read the "Fascicules," as these brochures were called, when the earlier numbers were published, by order of the new government of the republic, to excite hatred and contempt against the fallen dynasty. Why such damaging papers as those detailing the scandals connecting the emperor's name with the notorious courtesan Marguerite Bellanger, or the equally scandalous revelations as to the complicity of the Duc de Morny in the Jecker claims, and the secret causes of the invasion of Mexico in the pretended interest of poor Maximilian, should have been preserved for public inspection seems very strange. That a man constitutionally a conspirator, and secretive beyond most men, should have preserved such letters looks almost like a fatality. M. De Sarcy, speaking of these publications, says:

"The first volumes created quite a furor. The curiosity they excited was sharpened by an appetite of vengeance. We were delighted at penetrating these mysteries of iniquity, and raising the thick veils which had hitherto hidden the court scandals from our eyes. Our malignity reveled with joy over the shameful stories of the emperor's intimacy with the famous Marguerite Bellanger, and the supposed infant she claimed to have borne him. We also read with avidity the proofs of what we had always suspected—that the war with Mexico was undertaken only to allow the Duc de Morny to pocket several millions out of the profits of the adventurer Jecker. Others still told us how Napoleon knew of the immense forces at the disposal of his German antagonist, and that his mad declaration of war had not even the excuse of blindness to palliate it. But little by little this interest waned; as the publications continued they ceased to attract curiosity, though their revelations did not cease to be equally curious, for each day that elapsed separating us from that infamous period seemed to count for us a century."

There are few revelations more important than those M. De Sarcy does not even allude to, which, as a journalist, should have excited his special attention—viz., those relating to the *organization of the press in preparation for the elections*, dated April 15, 1869, and intended for the private information of the emperor himself—as of primary importance.

In the plainest possible language, and with a startling display of facts and figures, the chief of the Press Bureau shows how, where, and when imperial "inspiration" is made to manufacture public opinion.

He commences by saying that in view of the approaching elections the thorough organization of the press became a pressing necessity. The time was short, the duty urgent, especially in the departments. There the government agents, with few exceptions, had made no preparations to secure the public suffrage either in the prefectures or in the ministerial bureaus, while the opposition, by an opposite play, was manifesting an

extraordinary activity for its effective organization by the establishment of new opposition journals and the improvement of the old ones. There is, therefore, a vital necessity, says the minister, for the entire reorganization of the press of the departments.

With these preliminary remarks he submits the report of the chief of the Bureau of the Departments, or, as we should phrase it, the country press, explaining in detail the progress already made and the steps to be taken, which he sums up as follows:

1. The appointment of a reader of the journals, governmental and opposition, who shall institute a comparison between the two, so as to be able to keep pace with the points at issue in each department, daily changes of opinion, and all matters which especially interest the Bureau of Elections.

After submitting these summaries every day to the Director-General of the Press, who shall add all necessary documents, they shall be communicated to the country prefects, with such contradictions and communications as may further the interests of government.

2. An organized corps of writers to prepare each day a series of correspondences, editorials, skeletons of articles, information, and "inspirations" (hints for line of policy).

With reference to this branch of the manufacturing department, the reporter enthusiastically adds that "of this section it may truly be said the results have surpassed the highest expectations." He gives one instance where in less than three days a document of great importance had been published and widely circulated in more than eighty journals in the departments. "Better than this," he adds, "the minister is now in a position to publish any document he wishes, whenever he wishes, in the shortest possible time, in at least one hundred and fifty journals."

How powerful a lever for a government such a capacity must be is evident, especially when the power is absolute and the prejudices or principles of individual editors can not be consulted.

Thus far the picture is rose-colored, so long as the chief is speaking of his own labors in his own bureau; but he becomes despondent when he comes to the country members of the press, and complains that their inefficiency cripples the central engine at the Ministry of the Interior. These unfortunate country cousins he declares not to possess the requisite unity and impulse, nor sufficient powers for propagating the faith.

He therefore suggests that the prefects of the departments should assist the press in their respective localities. For this end he proposes that power and funds sufficient be given these functionaries to regulate these journals ("as theirs is the responsibility and direction of the elections"), while the press must invite their attention to the measures necessary to fill up any gaps. This system also contemplates making the press the critics of the prefects by putting them in direct contact with the central ministry.

The necessity of rapid and vigorous action imposed on the administration the reporter exposes by the following figures: the activity of the opposition, manifested by the establishment in the departments of forty-six new journals, besides fourteen special printing-offices, within three months, all intended for political discussion (*polémique*)—"genuine weapons of war wielded with great resolution, and frequently with extreme violence. They have also reorganized all the old opposition journals already established."

But to not discourage his master too much, a more cheerful view is given, by the enumeration of "the crushing superiority of journals devoted to the government, in numbers, they outnumbering the opposition by 180 majority;" and then, suddenly relapsing into despondency, adds, "but it is a superiority rather of numbers than of force."

He enumerates among the government resources a crowd of agricultural and merely local journals, excellent in ordinary times for their useful negative rôle, sufficing for local needs, and shutting off the opposition papers. But these are not the *electoral allies* needed. Even the political journals lack force; are insufficiently edited; their very official character—all cripple them. Their inefficiency is the more lamentable in view of the increasing aggressiveness and activity of the opposition journals, new or old.

In order to fill up the gaps these measures were taken:

Lists were made for each department, and the prefects in each submitted answers to all questions in detail, and these answers were compared with information furnished by the bureau, the declarations of the deputies, and the extracts from the local press.

Thus the ministry is always in possession of full and accurate information as to the situation of the press in each and every department.

As a result of these "correspondences" the bureau adopted four measures, varying according to circumstances:

1. Subsidies to secure the continuance or "the devotion" of the journal.

2. Subsidies to secure large extra circulation, as sending numbers gratuitously during electoral canvasses, and to offset opposition movements.

3. Subsidies to pay for additional editorial force.

4. The selection and dispatch of suitable writers to different places, either at the ex-

pense of the candidates or proprietors of the journals.

To raise as much money as possible, the prefects, candidates, and newspaper proprietors, were requested to subscribe liberally, and of course had to do so, to keep in the good graces of the government. Of course they had to reimburse themselves out of the public purse when they could get their fingers into it.

"Thanks to the liberality of these gentlemen," says the report, "and *some slight subsidies* advanced from a reserved sum of 50,000 francs, we have reorganized twenty-seven journals, and strengthened their editorial force by thirty-three writers sent from Paris."

The tables show an expenditure by government of 94,000 francs, to which must be added what is vaguely stated as "a *sum* in addition, held in reserve for *unforeseen eventualities!*"

In conclusion he asks for an additional credit for this fund, for the formation of a sound public opinion by a paternal government, of 100,000 francs more. This, however, relates solely to the subsidies for the press of the departments. The press of Paris—the great palpitating heart of France—demands and receives separate consideration and separate subsidies as well.

The report goes on to say that one department and its prefect were so unsatisfactory as not to receive their sop. Who this black sheep was is not stated in this connection.

A peculiar feature of French newspaperdom consists of what they term their "correspondences." These by no means cover the same ground as what we call by a similar name; for they are sheets of editorials, news items, and all the interior reading matter of a journal got up at Paris and forwarded to country newspapers, to fill up, with advertisements and local items, the rest of their small sheets. This has always given Paris the power of controlling the country press, as this mode of making up their papers is universal, being at once brain-saving and money-saving for the newspaper proprietors in the provinces. And here comes in one of the adroit touches of the bureaucracy. The report naïvely says: "But it would never do to limit the action of the administration entirely to the 'devoted' journals. It is essential to secure an indirect influence over the opposition papers."

Two means have been resorted to in order to produce this result: firstly, to secure the services of some of the correspondents for the departmental journal; secondly, to make use of the kind of monopoly acquired by the Havas company for the transmission of telegraphic news for journals of every shade in the departments.

The report then goes on to state precisely and by name the parties controlling these correspondences, who were subsidized to give a government tone to their dispatches and editorials, even for opposition journals, without openly doing so. Of the Havas dispatches more liberal use was made. They had daily instructions from the bureau.

Each time there was any contradiction or rectification, or piece of intelligence requiring rapid transmission, it was condensed into telegraphic shape, and circulated by the wires all over France simultaneously. It is understood that this service has precedence of others; and all communications which it is judged best the government should not openly make are thus conveyed to the public indirectly. The importance of this medium may be judged from the fact that M. Havas corresponds with 307 journals.

But the parting revelation here is more compromising still. Among the subsidized the Belgian journal *Le Nord* is mentioned, as well as several German and English "of the first class, *whose interest was pecuniary* during a fixed term." With exemplary delicacy in this case, the report does not mention the names of these first-class English and German allies of the French government, whose independent columns were paid for with a price, while probably their editorials were abusing the party who hired them.

The reporter evidently feels the gravity of the situation on approaching Paris and its press, and makes this grave exordium:

"The action of the local press once assured, we must seriously consider the rôle which the press of Paris can play in the departments."

In this regard the revelations made are exceedingly damaging to many of the Parisian presses, which are freely named, and in a less troubled and busy time than that of the double siege might have done them more damage than it did. But in the fierce fret and fever of that fearful crisis in the national and individual life, although some angry ebullitions were made, yet no serious damage was inflicted on the pensioned press of Paris, although it was discredited in the popular estimation of Frenchmen. Suddenly nearly all became anti-imperial. "Nothing succeeds like success" in France, as every where else, and the

"Spell upon the minds of men"

which Napoleonism and imperialism had once wielded was now leveled in the dust and mire lower than the column of Vendôme, which perpetuated it.

Many of the journals named in this report were known to be governmental, and supposed to be subsidized. But there were three supposed to be independent—viz., the *Petit Journal*, a penny paper of immense circulation, not political; and the *Patrie*, supposed to be liberal-independent; as well

as the *Figaro*, the *Punch* of Paris—claimed by this report as the subsidized servants of the empire. This occasioned much surprise when revealed, and we believe all strenuously contradicted the "soft impeachment," so damaging at such a time.

A fact highly creditable to the opposition is announced in this report—that, in spite of all the pressure brought to bear by government influence and money and trickery, the reports of the prefects of the departments establish the fact that the circulation of the opposition journals greatly surpassed that of the government journals—a fact showing the unpopularity of the empire even at the moment of its greatest prosperity, power, and popularity. Among the men who surrounded the emperor—himself stone-blind to his waning fortunes—there seems to have been but one who had the prescience to foresee and the courage to announce to the emperor the startling fact—to be rewarded by banishment from court favors for his zeal.

That man was the Duc de Persigny, one of the makers of the emperor and the empire, and he foresaw and foretold the coming storm in a remarkable letter to the emperor, denouncing the policy of his ministers, Fould and Rouher, "who, by their complete absence of political foresight, appear to be conspiring for your utter ruin."

In another letter he plainly predicts the fall of the empire. This was written December 15, 1869, and gave mortal offense.

Persigny had been himself first a member of the press, and afterward its controller under the imperial subsidy system. No man knew better than he how to interpret through it the tone and temper of the French people; and his utterances were almost prophetic, but, like most prophecies, disregarded and derided until too late. He had done much to manacle the press and fetter public opinion. He was wise enough to see the utter failure of keeping either in chains any longer, and that the emperor had unchained a devil he could not lay by the halting and half-way popular privileges with which he sought to prop up his tottering throne.

But to return to the report: The official journals constituted the open, and the secretly subsidized journals the masked, batteries of the empire, together with the correspondences and telegrams to serve as sharp-shooters all along the line.

The *Petit Journal*, with its 250,000 daily circulation, was secretly and heavily subsidized. It gave no politics, but published portraits of the ministers, thus, as the reporter says, "*coasting round politics, without boarding*"—a very adroit dodge indeed, since every practical politician knows the power of pictorial addresses to the popular imagination. The private cabinet of the empire also prepared a military romance of the first empire, to counteract the declamations and political romances designed to inspire dislike to the army, the prop of the empire. This, too, was published in the feuilleton of the *Petit Journal*.

Besides this, a certain space was reserved in certain journals daily for ministerial articles, inspired by the ministers and written by a corps of able editors specially reserved for the purpose. Then there were other means of publicity employed by co-operation with the prefects of the departments, who were sent gratuitously immense numbers of journals in government interest for circulation, and also compelling them to furnish lists of persons to whom they might be sent direct from the office of publication when time was important.

Of one journal, *Le Peuple*, for one month 18,000 copies were thus sent by the bureau per day, at a cost of 60,000 francs.

The report closes thus, after enumerating the leading journals in pay of the government: "With these the government presents itself at the coming elections, at the head of a great number of organs differing in their guiding spirit and the influence they exert, but all firmly attached to dynastic principles. Daily relations are kept up with them. Every day eight or ten editors call at the ministry to receive instructions, and during the elections the arrangements for publishing and circulating all the ministry may wish, either in Paris or the provinces, are complete. All the instruments are ready. They will obey, without fail, any impulse given them by superior authority."

And here the report ends, after throwing much light on the liberty of the press under the empire, and the truly liberal manner in which Napoleon treated it in his manufacture of public opinion and free suffrage. It confirms the justice of the old remark made by Sterne long years ago, "They manage these matters differently in France!"

IMPROVISATIONS.—II.

THE rose of your cheek is precious;
Your eyes are warmer than wine;
You catch men's souls in the meshes
Of curls that ripple and shine—
But, ah! not mine.

Your lips are a sweet persuasion;
Your bosom a sleeping sea;
Your voice, with its fond evasion,
Is a call and a charm to me;
But I am free!

As the white moon lifts the waters,
You lift the passions, and lead;
As a chieftainess proud with slaughters,
You smile on the hearts that bleed:
I see, and heed!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

A SIMPLETON.

A STORY OF THE DAY.

By CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER III.

THE young physician walked steadily up to his patient without taking his eye off her, and drew a chair to her side.

Then she took down one hand—the left—and gave it him, averting her face tenderly, and still covering it with the right—"For," said she to herself, "I am such a fright now." This opportune reflection, and her heaving bosom, proved that she at least felt herself something more than his patient. Her pretty consciousness made his task more difficult: nevertheless, he only allowed himself to press her hand tenderly with both his palms one moment, and then he entered on his functions bravely. "I am here as your physician."

"Very well," said she, softly.

He gently detained the hand, and put his finger lightly to her pulse; it was palpitating, and a fallacious test: oh, how that beating pulse, by love's electric current, set his own heart throbbing in a moment!

He put her hand gently, reluctantly down, and said, "Oblige me by turning this way." She turned, and he winced internally at the change in her; but his face betrayed nothing. He looked at her full; and, after a pause, put her some questions: one was as to the color of the hemorrhage. She said it was bright red.

"Not a tinge of purple?"

"No," said she, hopefully, mistaking him.

He suppressed a sigh.

Then he listened at her shoulder-blade and at her chest, and made her draw her breath while he was listening. The acts were simple and usual in medicine, but there was a deep, patient, silent intensity about his way of doing them.

Mr. Lusignan crept nearer, and stood with both hands on a table, and his old head bowed, awaiting yet dreading the verdict.

Up to this time Dr. Staines, instead of tapping and squeezing and pulling the patient about, had never touched her with his hand, and only grazed her with his ear: but now he said, "Allow me," and put both hands to her waist, more lightly and reverently than I can describe: "Now draw a deep breath, if you please."

"There!"

"If you could draw a deeper still," said he, insinuatingly.

"There, then," said she, a little pettishly.

Dr. Staines's eye kindled.

"Hum!" said he. Then, after a considerable pause—"Are you better or worse after each hemorrhage?"

"La!" said Rosa; "they never asked me that. Why, better."

"No faintness?"

"Not a bit."

"Rather a sense of relief, perhaps?"

"Yes. I feel lighter and better."

The examination was concluded.

Dr. Staines looked at Rosa, and then at her father. The agony in that aged face, and the love that agony implied, won him, and it was to the parent he turned to give his verdict.

"The hemorrhage is from the lungs—"

Lusignan interrupted him: "From the lungs!" cried he, in dismay.

"Yes; a slight congestion of the lungs."

"But not incurable! Oh! not incurable, doctor!"

"Heaven forbid! It is curable—easily—by removing the cause."

"And what is the cause?"

"The cause?"—He hesitated, and looked rather uneasy—"Well, the cause, Sir, is—tight stays."

The tranquillity of the meeting was instantly disturbed. "Tight stays! Me!" cried Rosa. "Why, I am the loosest girl in England. Look, papa!" And, without any apparent effort, she drew herself in, and poked her little fist between her sash and her gown. "There!"

Dr. Staines smiled sadly and a little sarcastically: he was evidently shy of encountering the lady in this argument; but he was more at his ease with her father; so he turned toward him and lectured him freely.

"That is wonderful, Sir; and the first four or five female patients that favored me with it made me disbelieve my other senses; but Miss Lusignan is now about the thirtieth who has shown me that marvelous feat, with a calm countenance that belies the Herculean effort. Nature has her everyday miracles: a boa-constrictor, diameter seventeen inches, can swallow a buffalo; a woman, with her stays bisecting her almost, and lacerating her skin, can yet for one moment make herself seem slack, to deceive a juvenile physician. The snake is the miracle of expansion; the woman is the prodigy of contraction."

"Highly grateful for the comparison," said Rosa. "Women and snakes!"

Dr. Staines blushed and looked uncomfortable. "I did not mean to be offensive: it certainly was a very clumsy comparison."

"What does that matter?" said Mr. Lusignan, impatiently. "Be quiet, Rosa, and let Dr. Staines and me talk sense."

"Oh! then I am nobody in the business!" said this wise young lady.

"You are every body," said Staines, soothingly. "But," suggested he, obsequiously, "if you don't mind, I would rather explain my views to your father—on this one subject."

"And a pretty subject it is."

Doctor Staines then invited Mr. Lusignan to his lodgings, and promised to explain the matter anatomically. "Meantime," said he, "would you be good enough to put your hands to my waist, as I did to the patient's."

Mr. Lusignan complied, and the patient began to titter directly, to put them out of countenance.

"Please observe what takes place when I draw a full breath."

"Now apply the same test to the patient. Breathe your best, please, Miss Lusignan."

The patient put on a face full of saucy mutiny.

"To oblige us both."

"Oh! how tiresome!"

"I am aware it is rather laborious," said Staines, a little dryly; "but, to oblige your father!"

"Oh, any thing to oblige papa," said she, spitefully. "There! And I do hope it will be the last—la! no; I don't hope that, neither."

Doctor Staines politely ignored her little attempts to interrupt the argument. "You found, Sir, that the muscles of my waist, and my lower ribs themselves, rose and fell with each inhalation and exhalation of air by the lungs."

"I did; but my daughter's waist was like dead wood, and so were her lower ribs."

At this volunteer statement Rosa colored to her temples. "Thanks, papa! Pack me off to London, and sell me for a big doll!"

"In other words," said the lecturer, mild and pertinacious, "with us the lungs have room to blow, and the whole bony frame expands elastic with them, like the woodwork of a blacksmith's bellows; but with this patient, and many of her sex, that noble and divinely framed bellows is crippled and confined by a powerful machine of human construction; so it works lamely and feebly: consequently too little air, and of course too little oxygen, passes through that spongy organ whose very life is air. Now mark the special result in this case: being otherwise healthy and vigorous, our patient's system sends into the lungs more blood than that one crippled organ can deal with; a small quantity becomes extravasated at odd times; it accumulates, and would become dangerous; then Nature, strengthened by sleep and by some hours' relief from the diabolical engine, makes an effort and flings it off: that is why the hemorrhage comes in the morning, and why she is the better for it, feeling neither faint nor sick, but relieved of a weight. This, Sir, is the *rationale* of the complaint; and it is to you I must look for the cure. To judge from my other female patients, and from the few words Miss Lusignan has let fall, I fear we must not count on any very hearty co-operation from her; but you are her father, and have great authority; I conjure you to use it to the full, as you once used it—to my sorrow—in this very room. I am forgetting my character. I was asked here only as her physician. Good-evening."

He gave a little gulp, and hurried away, with an abruptness that touched the father and offended the sapient daughter.

However, Mr. Lusignan followed him, and stopped him before he left the house, and thanked him warmly; and, to his surprise, begged him to call again in a day or two.

"Well, Rosa, what do you say?"

"I say that I am very unfortunate in my doctors. Mr. Wyman is a chatter-box, and knows nothing. Dr. Snell is Mr. Wyman's echo. Christopher is a genius, and they are always full of crotchets. A pretty doctor! Gone away, and not prescribed for me!"

Mr. Lusignan admitted it was odd. "But, after all," said he, "if medicine does you no good?"

"Ah, but any medicine *he* had prescribed would have done me good: and that makes it all the unkinder."

"If you think so highly of his skill, why not take his advice? it can do no harm."

"No harm? Why, if I was to leave them off I should catch a dreadful cold; and that would be sure to settle on my chest, and carry me off in my present delicate state. Besides, it is so unfeminine not to wear them."

This staggered Mr. Lusignan, and he was afraid to press the point; but what Staines had said fermented in his mind.

Dr. Snell and Mr. Wyman continued their visits and their prescriptions.

The patient got a little worse.

Mr. Lusignan hoped Christopher would call again; but he did not.

When Dr. Staines had satisfied himself that the disorder was easily curable, then wounded pride found an entrance even into his loving heart. That two strangers should have been consulted before him! He was only sent for because they could not cure her.

As he seemed in no hurry to repeat his visit, Mr. Lusignan called on him, and said, politely, he had hoped to receive another call ere this. "Personally," said he, "I was much struck with your observations; but my daughter is afraid she will catch cold if she leaves off her corset, and that, you know, might be very serious."

Dr. Staines groaned. And when he had groaned he lectured. "Female patients are

wonderfully monotonous in this matter; they have a programme of evasions; and whether the patient is a lady or a house maid, she seldom varies from that programme. You find her breathing life's air with half a bellows, and you tell her so. 'Oh no,' says she; and does the gigantic feat of contraction we witnessed that evening at your house. But, on inquiry, you learn there is a raw red line plowed in her flesh by the cruel stays. 'What is that?' you ask, and flatter yourself you have pinned her. Not a bit. 'That was the last pair. I changed them, because they hurt me.' Driven out of that by proofs of recent laceration, they say, 'If I leave them off I should catch my death of cold,' which is equivalent to saying there is no flannel in the shops, no common-sense nor needles at home."

He then laid before him some large French plates, showing the organs of the human trunk, and bade him observe in how small a space and with what skill the Creator has packed so many large yet delicate organs, so that they shall be free and secure from friction, though so close to each other. He showed him the liver, an organ weighing four pounds, and of a large circumference; the lungs, a very large organ suspended in the chest, and impatient of pressure; the heart, the stomach, the spleen; all of them too closely and artfully packed to bear any further compression.

Having thus taken him by the eye, he took him by the mind.

"Is it a small thing for the creature to say to her Creator, 'I can pack all this egg-china better than you can,' and thereupon to jam all those vital organs close by a powerful, a very powerful and ingenious machine? Is it a small thing for that sex, which, for good reasons, the Omniscient has made larger in the waist than the male, to say to her Creator, 'You don't know your business; women ought to be smaller in the waist than men, and shall be throughout the civilized world?'"

In short, he delivered so many true and pointed things on this trite subject that the old gentleman was convinced, and begged him to come over that very evening and convince Rosa.

Dr. Staines shook his head dolefully, and all his fire died out of him at having to face the fair. "Reason will be wasted. Authority is the only weapon. My profession and my reading have both taught me that the whole character of her sex undergoes a change the moment a man interferes with their dress. From Chaucer's day to our own neither public satire nor private remonstrance has ever shaken any of their monstrous fashions. Easy, obliging, pliable, and weaker of will than men in other things, do but touch their dress, however objectionable, and rock is not harder, iron is not more stubborn, than these soft and yielding creatures. It is no earthly use my coming.—I'll come."

He came that very evening, and saw directly she was worse. "Of course," said he, sadly, "you have not taken my advice."

Rosa replied with a toss and an evasion, "I was not worth a prescription!"

"A physician can prescribe without sending his patient to the druggist; and when he does, then it is his words are gold."

Rosa shook her head with an air of lofty incredulity.

He looked ruefully at Mr. Lusignan, and was silent. Rosa smiled sarcastically; she thought he was at his wit's end.

Not quite: he was cudgeling his brains in search of some horribly unscientific argument that might prevail; for he felt science would fall dead upon so fair an antagonist. At last his eye kindled: he had hit on an argument unscientific enough for any body, he thought. Said he, ingratiatingly, "You believe the Old Testament?"

"Of course I do. Every syllable."

"And the lessons it teaches?"

"Certainly."

"Then let me tell you a story from that book. A Syrian general had a terrible disease. He consulted Elijah by deputy. Elijah said, 'Bathe seven times in a certain river, Jordan, and you will get well.' The general did not like this at all; he wanted a prescription; wanted to go to the druggist; didn't believe in hydropathy to begin, and, in any case, turned up his nose at Jordan. What, bathe in an Israelitish brook, when his own country boasted noble rivers, with a reputation for sanctity into the bargain? In short, he preferred his leprosy to such irregular medicine. But it happened, by some immense fortuity, that one of his servants, though an Oriental, was a friend instead of a flatterer; and this sensible fellow said, 'If the prophet told you to do some great and difficult thing to get rid of this fearful malady, would not you do it, however distasteful? and can you hesitate when he merely says, "Wash in Jordan, and be healed?"' The general listened to good sense, and cured himself. Your case is parallel. You would take quantities of foul medicine, you would submit to some painful operation, if life and health depended on it; then why not do a small thing for a great result? You have only to take off an unnatural machine, which cripples your growing frame, and was unknown to every one of the women whose forms in Parian marble the world admires. Off with that monstrosity, and your cure is as certain as the Syrian general's; though science, and not inspiration, dictates the easy remedy."

Rosa had listened impatiently, and now replied with some warmth, "This is shockingly profane. The idea of comparing yourself to Elijah! and me to a horrid leper!

Much obliged. Not that I know what a leper is."

"Come, come, that is not fair," said Mr. Lusignan. "He only compared the situation, not the people."

"But, papa, the Bible is not to be dragged into the common affairs of life."

"Then what on earth is the use of it?"

"Oh, papa!—Well, it is not Sunday; but I have had a sermon. This is the clergyman, and you are the commentator—he! he! And so now let us go back from divinity to medicine. I repeat" (this was the first time she had said it) "that my other doctors give me real prescriptions, written in hieroglyphics. You can't look at them without feeling there *must* be something in them."

An angry spot rose on Christopher's cheek; but he only said, "And are your other doctors satisfied with the progress your disorder is making under their superintendence?"

"Perfectly. Papa, tell him what they say, and I'll find him their prescriptions." She went to a drawer and rummaged, affecting not to listen.

Lusignan complied. "First of all, Sir, I must tell you they are confident it is not the lungs, but the liver."

"The what!" shouted Christopher.

"Ah!" screamed Rosa. "Oh, don't!—bawling!"

"And don't you screech," said her father, with a look of misery and apprehension impartially distributed on the resounding pair.

"You must have misunderstood them," murmured Staines, in a voice that was now barely audible a yard off. "The hemorrhage of a bright red color, and expelled without effort or nausea?"

"From the liver—they have assured me again and again," said Lusignan.

Christopher's face still wore a look of blank amazement, till Rosa herself confirmed it positively.

Then he cast a look of agony upon her, and started up in a passion, forgetting, once more, that his host abhorred the sonorous. "Oh, shame! shame!" he cried, "that the noble profession of medicine should be disgraced by ignorance such as this." Then he said, sternly: "Sir, do not mistake my motives; but I decline to have any thing further to do with this case until those two gentlemen have been relieved of it; and as this is very harsh, and on my part unprecedented, I will give you one reason out of many I *could* give you. Sir, there is no road from the liver to the throat by which blood can travel in this way, defying the laws of gravity, and they knew from the patient that no strong expellant force has ever been in operation. Their diagnosis, therefore, implies agnosis, or ignorance too great to be forgiven. I will not share my patient with two gentlemen who know so little of medicine, and know nothing of anatomy, which is the A B C of medicine. Can I see their prescriptions?"

These were handed to him. "Good Heavens!" said he, "have you taken all these?"

"Most of them."

"Why, then, you have drunk about two gallons of unwholesome liquids, and eaten a pound or two of unwholesome solids. These medicines have co-operated with the malady. The disorder lies not in the hemorrhage, but in the precedent extravasation—that is, a drain on the system; and how is the loss to be supplied? Why, by taking a little more nourishment than before. There is no other way; and probably Nature, left to herself, might have increased your appetite to meet the occasion. But those two worthies have struck that weapon out of Nature's hand; they have peppered away at the poor ill-used stomach with drugs and draughts, not very deleterious, I grant you, but all more or less indigestible, and all tending not to whet the appetite, but to clog the stomach, or turn the stomach, or pester the stomach, and so impair the appetite, and so co-operate, indirectly, with the malady."

"This is good sense," said Lusignan. "I declare I—I wish I knew how to get rid of them."

"Oh, I'll do that, papa."

"No, no; it is not worth a rumpus."

"I'll do it too politely for that. Christopher, you are very clever; terribly clever. Whenever I threw their medicines away, I was always a little better that day. I will sacrifice them to you. It *is* a sacrifice. They are both so kind and chatty, and don't grudge me hieroglyphics: now you do."

She sat down and wrote two sweet letters to Dr. Snell and Mr. Wyman, thanking them for the great attention they had paid her; but finding herself getting steadily worse, in spite of all they had done for her, she proposed to discontinue her medicines for a time, and try change of air.

"And suppose they call to see whether you are changing the air?"

"In that case, papa—'not at home.'"

The notes were addressed and dispatched.

Then Dr. Staines brightened up, and said to Lusignan, "I am now happy to tell you that I have overrated the malady. The sad change I see in Miss Lusignan is partly due to the great bulk of unwholesome esculents she has been eating and drinking under the head of medicines. These discontinued, she might linger on for years, existing, though not living—the tight-laced can not be said to live. But if she would be healthy and happy, let her throw that diabolical machine into the fire. It is no use asking her to loosen it; she can't. Once there, the temptation is too strong. Off with it, and, take my word, you will be one of the healthiest and most vigorous young ladies in Europe."

Rosa looked rueful, and almost sullen.

She said she had parted with her doctors for him, but she really could not go about without stays. "They are as loose as they can be. See!"

"That part of the programme is disposed of," said Christopher. "Please go on to No. 2. How about the raw red line where the loose machine has sawed your skin?"

"What red line? Oh! oh! oh! Somebody or other has been peeping in at my window. I'll have the ivy cut down tomorrow."

"Simpleton!" said Mr. Lusignan, angrily. "You have let the cat out of the bag. There is such a mark, then, and this extraordinary young man has discerned it with the eye of science."

"He never discerned it at all," said Rosa, red as fire; "and, what is more, he never will."

"I don't want to. I should be very sorry to. I hope it will be gone in a week."

"I wish *you* were gone now; exposing me in this cruel way," said Rosa, angry with herself for having said an idiotic thing, and furious with him for having made her say it.

"Oh, Rosa!" said Christopher, in a voice of tenderest reproach.

But Mr. Lusignan interfered promptly. "Rosa, no noise. I will not have you snapping at your best friend and mine. If you are excited, you had better retire to your own room and compose yourself. I hate a clamor."

Rosa made a wry face at this rebuke, and then began to cry quietly.

Every tear was like a drop of blood from Christopher's heart. "Pray don't scold her, Sir," said he, ready to snivel himself. "She meant nothing unkind; it is only her pretty sprightly way; and she did not really imagine a love so reverent as mine—"

"Don't *you* interfere between my father and me," said this reasonable young lady, now in an ungovernable state of feminine irritability.

"No, Rosa," said Christopher, humbly. "Mr. Lusignan," said he, "I hope you will tell her that from the very first I was unwilling to enter on this subject with *her*. Neither she nor I can forget my double character. I have not said half as much to her as I ought, being her physician; and yet you see I have said more than she can bear from me, who, she knows, love her and revere her. Then, once for all, do pray let me put this delicate matter into your hands: it is a case for parental authority."

"Unfatherly tyranny, that means," said Rosa. "What business have gentlemen interfering in such things? It is unheard of. I will not submit to it, even from papa."

"Well, you need not scream at me," said Mr. Lusignan; and he shrugged his shoulders to Staines. "She is impracticable, you see. If I do my duty, there will be a disturbance."

Now this roused the bile of Doctor Staines. "What, Sir," said he, "you could separate her and me by your authority, here in this very room; and yet, when her life is at stake, you abdicate. You could part her from a man who loved her with every drop of his heart, and she said she loved him, or at all events preferred him to others—and you can not part her from a miserable corset, although you see in her poor wasted face that it is carrying her to the church-yard. In that case, Sir, there is but one thing for you to do: withdraw your opposition and let me marry her. As her lover I am powerless; but invest me with a husband's authority, and good-by corset! You will soon see the roses return to her cheek, and her elastic figure expanding, and her eye beaming with health and physical happiness."

Mr. Lusignan made an answer neither of his hearers expected. He said, "I have a great mind to take you at your word. I am too old and fond of quiet to drive a Simpleton in single harness."

This contemptuous speech, and above all, the word Simpleton, which had been applied to her pretty freely by young ladies at school, and always galled her terribly, inflicted so intolerable a wound on Rosa's vanity that she was ready to burst: on that, of course, her stays contributed their might of physical uneasiness. Thus irritated, mind and body, she burned to strike in return; and as she could not slap her father in the presence of another, she gave it Christopher backhanded.

"You can turn me out-of-doors," said she; "if you are tired of your daughter; but I am not such a *simpleton* as to marry a tyrant. No: he has shown the cloven foot in time. A husband's *authority*, indeed!" Then she turned her hand, and gave it him direct. "You told me a different story when you were paying your court to me; then you were to be my servant; all hypocritical sweetness. You had better go and marry a Circassian slave. They don't wear stays, and they do wear trowsers; so she will be unfeminine enough even for you. No English lady would let her husband dictate to her about such a thing. I can have as many husbands as I like, without falling into the clutches of a tyrant. You are a rude, indelicate— And so please understand it is all over between you and me."

Both her auditors stood aghast, for she uttered this conclusion with a dignity of which the opening gave no promise, and the occasion, weighed in masculine balances, was not worthy.

"You do not mean that. You can not mean it," said Dr. Staines, aghast.

"I do mean it," said she, firmly; "and if

you are a gentleman, you will not compel me to say it twice—three times, I mean."

At this dagger-stroke Christopher turned very pale, but he maintained his dignity. "I am a gentleman," said he, quietly, "and a very unfortunate one. Good-by, Sir; thank you kindly. Good-by, Rosa; God bless you. Oh, pray take a thought. Remember, your life and death are in your own hand now. I am powerless."

And he left the house in sorrow, and just, but not pettish, indignation.

When he was gone, father and daughter looked at each other, and there was the silence that succeeds a storm.

Rosa, feeling the most uneasy, was the first to express her satisfaction. "There, *he* is gone; and I am glad of it. Now you and I shall never quarrel again. I was quite right. Such impertinence! Such indelicacy! A fine prospect for me if I had married such a man! However, he is gone, and so there's an end of it. The idea! telling a young lady, before her father, she is tight-laced. If you had not been there I could have forgiven him. But I am not; it is a story. Now," suddenly exalting her voice, "I know you believe him!"

"I say nothing," whispered papa, hoping to still her by example. This *ruse* did not succeed.

"But you look volumes," cried she; "and I can't bear it. I won't bear it. If you don't believe *me*, ask my *maid*." And with this felicitous speech she rang the bell.

"You'll break the wire if you don't mind," suggested her father, piteously.

"All the better! Why should not wires be broken as well as my heart? Oh, here she is. Now, Harriet, come here."

"Yes, miss."

"And tell the truth. *Am* I tight-laced?"

Harriet looked in her face a moment to see what was required of her, and then said, "That you are not, miss. I never dressed a young lady as wore 'em easier than you do."

"There, papa. That will do, Harriet."

Harriet retired as far as the key-hole; she saw something was up.

"Now," said Rosa, "you see I was right; and, after all, it was a match you did not approve. Well, it is all over, and now you may write to your favorite, Colonel Bright. If he comes here, I'll box his old ears. I hate him. I hate them all. Forgive your wayward girl. I'll stay with you all my days. I dare say that will not be long, now I have quarreled with my guardian angel: and all for what? Papa! papa! how *can* you sit there and not speak me one word of comfort? '*Simpleton!*' Ah! that I am, to throw away a love a queen is scarcely worthy of: and all for what? Really, if it wasn't for the ingratitude and wickedness of the thing, it is too laughable. Ha! ha!—oh! oh! ho!—ha! ha! ha!"

And off she went into hysterics, and began to gulp and choke frightfully.

Her father cried for help, in dismay. In ran Harriet, saw, and screamed, but did not lose her head. This veracious person whipped a pair of scissors off the table, and cut the young lady's stay-laces directly. Then there was a burst of imprisoned beauty; a deep, deep sigh of relief came from a bosom that would have done honor to Diana; and the scene soon concluded with fits of harmless weeping, renewed at intervals.

When it had settled down to this, her father, to soothe her, said he would write to Doctor Staines, and bring about a reconciliation if she liked.

"No," said she, "you shall kill me sooner. I should die of shame."

She added, "Oh, pray, from this hour never mention his name to me."

And then she had another cry.

Mr. Lusignan was a sensible man: he dropped the subject for the present: but he made up his mind to one thing; that he would never part with Doctor Staines as a physician.

Next day Rosa kept her own room until dinner-time, and was as unhappy as she deserved to be. She spent her time in sewing on stiff flannel linings, and crying. She half hoped Christopher would write to her, so that she might write back that she forgave him. But not a line.

At half past six her volatile mind took a turn, real or affected. She would cry no more for an ungrateful fellow—ungrateful for not seeing through the stone walls how she had been employed all the morning, and making it up—so she bathed her red eyes, made a great alteration in her dress, and came dancing into the room, humming an Italian ditty.

As they were sitting together in the dining-room after dinner two letters came by the same post to Mr. Lusignan—from Mr. Wyman and Dr. Snell.

Mr. Wyman's letter.

"Dear Sir,—I am sorry to hear from Miss Lusignan that she intends to discontinue medical advice. The disorder was progressing favorably, and nothing to be feared, under proper treatment.

"Yours, etc."

Dr. Snell's letter.

"Dear Sir,—Miss Lusignan has written to me somewhat impatiently, and seems disposed to dispense with my visits. I do not, however, think it right to withdraw without telling you candidly that this is an unwise step. Your daughter's health is in a very precarious condition.

"Yours, etc."

Rosa burst out laughing. "I have nothing to fear; and I'm on the brink of the

grave. That comes of writing without a consultation. If they had written at one table, I should have been neither well nor ill. Poor Christopher!" and her sweet face began to work piteously.

"There, there: drink a glass of wine."

She did, and a tear with it, that ran into the glass like lightning.

Warned by this that grief sat very near the bright hilarious surface, Mr. Lusignan avoided all emotional subjects for the present. Next day, however, he told her she might dismiss her lover, but no power should make him dismiss his pet physician, unless her health improved.

"I will not give you that excuse for inflicting him on me again," said the young hypocrite.

She kept her word. She got better and better, stronger, brighter, gayer.

She took to walking every day, and increasing the distance, till she could walk ten miles without fatigue.

Her favorite walk was to a certain cliff that commanded a noble view of the sea: to get to it she must pass through the town of Gravesend; and we may be sure she did not pass so often through that city without some idea of meeting the lover she had used so ill, and eliciting an *apology* from him. Sly puss!

When she had walked twenty times or thereabouts through the town and never seen him, she began to fear she had offended him past hope. Then she used to cry at the end of every walk.

But by-and-by bodily health, vanity, and temper combined to rouse the defiant spirit. Said she, "If he really loved me, he would not take me at my word in such a hurry. And, besides, why does he not watch me, and find out what I am doing and where I walk?"

At last she really began to persuade herself that she was an ill-used and slighted girl. She was very angry at times, and disconsolate at others—a mixed state, in which hasty and impulsive young ladies commit life-long follies.

Mr. Lusignan observed the surface only. He saw his invalid daughter getting better every day, till at last she became a picture of health and bodily vigor. Relieved of his fears, he troubled his head but little about Christopher Staines. Yet he esteemed him, and had got to like him; but Rosa was a beauty, and could do better than marry a struggling physician, however able. He launched out into a little gayety, resumed his quiet dinner-parties, and, after some persuasion, took his now blooming daughter to a ball given by the officers at Chatham.

She was the belle of the ball beyond dispute, and danced with ethereal grace and athletic endurance. She was madly fond of waltzing, and here she encountered what she was pleased to call a divine dancer. It was a Mr. Reginald Falcon, a gentleman who had retired to the sea-side to recruit his health and finances, sore tried by London and Paris. Falcon had run through his fortune, but had acquired, in the process, certain talents, which, as they cost the acquirer dear, so they sometimes repay him, especially if he is not overburdened with principle, and adopts the notion that, the world having plucked him, he has a right to pluck the world. He could play billiards well, but never so well as when backing himself for a heavy stake. He could shoot pigeons well, and his shooting improved under that which makes some marksmen miss—a heavy bet against the gun. He danced to perfection; and being a well-bred, experienced, brazen, adroit fellow, who knew a little of every thing that was going, he had always plenty to say: above all, he had made a particular study of the fair sex; had met with many successes, many rebuffs, and at last, by keen study of their minds, and a habit he had acquired of watching their faces, and shifting his helm accordingly, had learned the great art of pleasing them. They admired his face: to me the short space between his eyes and his hair, his aquiline nose, and thin straight lips, suggested the bird of prey a little too much; but to fair doves, born to be clutched, this similitude perhaps was not very alarming, even if they observed it.

Rosa danced several times with him, and told him he danced like an angel. He informed her that was because, for once, he was dancing with an angel. She laughed, and blushed. He flattered deliciously, and it cost him little; for he fell in love with her that night deeper than he had ever been in his whole life of intrigue. He asked leave to call on her: she looked a little shy at that, and did not respond. He instantly withdrew his proposal, with an apology and a sigh that raised her pity. However, she was not a forward girl, even when excited by dancing and charmed with her partner; so she left him to find his own way out of that difficulty.

He was not long about it. At the end of the next waltz he asked her if he might venture to solicit an introduction to her father.

"Oh, certainly," said she. "What a selfish girl I am; this is terribly dull for him."

The introduction being made, and Rosa being engaged for the next three dances, Mr. Falcon sat by Mr. Lusignan and entertained him. For this little piece of apparent self-denial he was paid in various coin: Lusignan found out he was the son of an old acquaintance, and so the door of Kent Villa opened to him. Meantime Rosa Lusignan never passed him, even in the arms of a cavalry officer, without bestowing a glance of approval and gratitude on him. "What a good-hearted

young man!" thought she. "How kind of him to amuse papa; and now I can stay so much longer."

Falcon followed up the dance by a call, and was infinitely agreeable; followed up the call by another, and admired Rosa with so little disguise that Mr. Lusignan said to her, "I think you have made a conquest. His father had considerable estates in Essex. I presume he inherits them."

"Oh, never mind his estates," said Rosa. "He dances like an angel, and gossips charmingly, and *is* so nice."

Christopher Staines pined for this girl in silence; his fine frame got thinner, his pale cheek paler, as she got rosier and rosier; and how? why, by following the very advice she had snubbed him for giving her. At last he heard she had been the belle of a ball, and that she had been seen walking miles from home, and blooming as a Hebe. Then his deep anxiety ceased, his pride stung him furiously; he began to think of his own value, and to struggle with all his might against his deep love. Sometimes he would even inveigh against her, and call her a fickle, ungrateful girl, capable of no strong passion but vanity. Many a hard term he applied to her in his sorrowful solitude, but not a word when he had a hearer. He found it hard to rest: he kept dashing up to London and back. He plunged furiously into study. He groaned and sighed, and fought the hard and bitter fight that is too often the lot of the deep that love the shallow. Strong, but single-hearted, no other lady could comfort him. He turned from their female company, and shunned all for the fault of one.

The inward contest wore him. He began to look very thin and wan—and all for a simpleton.

Mr. Falcon prolonged his stay in the neighborhood, and drove a handsome dog-cart over twice a week to visit Mr. Lusignan.

He used to call on that gentleman at four o'clock, for at that hour Mr. Lusignan was always out, and his daughter always at home.

She was at home at that hour, because she took her long walks in the morning. While her new admirer was in bed, or dressing, or breakfasting, she was springing along the road with all the elasticity of youth and health and native vigor, braced by daily exercise.

Twenty-one of these walks did she take with no other result than health and appetite; but the twenty-second was more fertile; extremely fertile. Starting later than usual, she passed through Gravesend while Reginald Falcon was smoking at his front-window. He saw her, and instantly doffed his dressing-gown and donned his coat to follow her. He was madly in love with her, and, being a man who had learned to shoot pigeons and opportunities flying, he instantly resolved to join her in her walk, get her clear of the town, by the sea-beach, where beauty melts, and propose to her. Yes, marriage had not been hitherto his habit; but this girl was peerless: he was pledged by honor and gratitude to Phœbe Dale; but hang all that now. "No man should marry one woman when he loves another; it is dishonorable." He got into the street and followed her as fast as he could without running.

It was not so easy to catch her. Ladies are not built for running; but a fine, tall, symmetrical girl who has practiced walking fast can cover the ground wonderfully in walking—if she chooses. It was a sight to see how Rosa Lusignan squared her shoulders and stepped out from the loins, like a Canadian girl skating, while her elastic foot slapped the pavement as she spanked along.

She had nearly cleared the town before Falcon came up with her.

He was hardly ten yards from her when an unexpected incident occurred; she whisked round the corner of Bird Street, and ran plump against Christopher Staines; in fact, she darted into his arms, and her face almost touched the breast she had wounded so deeply.

LOVE'S HOME.

My little room is softly lit
And tinted by the moon's fair beam;
'Mid silence shadows dimly flit,
As in the vagueness of a dream.

The passing hours I give no heed:
What matters it how fast they speed?
Full long enough the night will be
For solitary thought of thee.

Gently gliding o'er the wall,
Moonbeams on my pillow fall,
Slumber's promise in the ray;
But I turn my head away,
Longing for the sweeter rest
On the pillow of thy breast.

In thine arms so kindly folded,
To thy heart so warmly pressed,
By thy lips in kisses moulded
Mine so tenderly caressed.

* * * * *

Ah, how swiftly doth thy heart
Hurry 'neath my list'ning ear;
Noble, faithful, generous heart,
Hurries it that I am near?
While to clasping fingers' ends
Fast its thrilling current sends
Gentle force to hold me here.

Where the heart is, there is home;
Where the home is, there is rest.
Well thou knowest, ere I speak,
Where the home my heart would seek:
Thus, upon thy faithful breast,
Here, and only here, I rest.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE July number of this Magazine was of peculiar interest, from the second article in the series upon the republican movement in Europe, written for these pages by the Spanish orator and statesman Castelar; and from the interesting and sympathetic sketch of Mazzini, the Italian who had been for a generation the type of the European republican. At the same time Frederic Harrison, one of the ablest of English republicans, published in the *Fortnightly Review* an article upon the actual republic in England—so that in the three papers simultaneously issued it was possible to study with great satisfaction the republican situation in Europe.

On this side of the sea, where we have established a successful republic, it is not to be denied that we look with some incredulity upon the European republican movements. Down to a very few years since the American republic was not only considered in Europe, but was felt at home, to be an experiment. Fifteen or sixteen years ago, when the Easy Chair asked Mr. Bancroft to what point he proposed to bring his history, he answered, "To the formation of the Constitution, because that is all that is settled; all that follows is experiment." We sailed on a summer sea. Europe did not deny our dull tranquillity, our monotonous prosperity. But you mistake, she said, in attributing it to your political system. It is the result of circumstances, of a happy chance. You are far away from other nations. You have plenty of room. You are freed from the problems which vex every old and crowded country. But your bond of union has never been tested. The force of your national instinct is unknown. There are plain elements of alienation, and your future is quite as obscure as ours. Your vessel is very trim upon a smooth sea, but it is the tempest that tries us all.

Under all our swagger—and certainly we have always done our share of strutting and crowing—there was always the feeling that this was true. We had large hopes and vast ambition and a towering pride; but, for all that, we had not yet won our spurs. But a few years have wholly changed the situation, and the American republic is now more assured than any government in Christendom. Still our incredulity of republican movements elsewhere is unchanged. During the last great political convulsion in Europe, in 1848, it was remarked with astonishment that the most skeptical of all observers were the Americans then upon their travels. The common formula of their feeling was that Europe was nowhere ready for a republic, and the proof was, it was said, that nobody understood it. The Yankee was impatient of the airs and graces of the Continental liberals. The hats and the ribbons and the rhetoric of all kinds seemed to him childish. And there was a kind of gushing, sentimental enthusiasm over insignificant details which was even exasperating.

France was the republican leader, and Lamartine led France. He stood at the Hôtel de Ville and received resounding deputations from every where, and made magnificent phrases for them. The people were voluble about fraternity and the republic and grandeurs, and the theatre rose to Rachel in ecstasy as she intoned the Marseillaise. To the plain, melancholy, earnest, half-cynical, and humorous Yankee eye and mind all this seemed sheer rodomontade. Here were poverty, ignorance, disorder, and political chaos to be dealt with—yet every body seemed to be satisfied with a fine effect of words, with a bon-mot, with a flourish. And if it were not so, how is a people which for many a generation has been degraded and corrupted by a venal monarchy suddenly to improvise a republic? The bitter taunt of Carlyle at Lamartine's rose-water revolution was really the expression of the secret English and American conviction.

It was shameful what aid the empire in France received from American snobbishness; but the genuine American feeling, which despised the empire, and still more despised that snobbishness, could feel little hope of a republican movement represented by Victor Hugo and Gambetta and Jules Favre and Henri Rochefort. The French republican who was best known in this country, and who apparently knew it best, was Laboulaye. And at the last Napoleonic plebiscite he voted in despair for the empire as preferable to the chaos of a republic controlled by men who did not comprehend the prime principle of a republic. In that vote Laboulaye unquestionably represented the general American distrust. It was the old incredulity which has listened with patient or impatient contempt to the talk about a republic in Spain. What is the source of that incredulity? Why do we, who are the only practical and successful republicans in the world, while we loftily declare in all our political platforms our sympathy "with all oppressed peoples," meaning all other nations, cherish so profound a distrust of republican movements elsewhere?

The reason is that the republican movement in Europe seems to be an aspiration, a despairing protest, a passionate appeal, rather than a grim, indomitable, intelligent purpose. The republican orators and leaders in Europe talk in a vague, vaporing, extravagant tone—the tone of enthusiasts and recluses who have no practical knowledge of men, and who despise the facts of the situation. It is true that human nature is capable of the utmost exaltation of feeling, of the noblest self-sacrifice, of the most sustained heroism; but it is not true that this can be assumed to be the normal condition of masses of starving, ignorant, and superstitious people. But what else is assumed in the political philosophy of Victor Hugo, for example, who, from his very excess in this direction, is a good illustration of the character of the tendency?

In the American and English sense the idea of a republic is twofold: it is liberty and law. The two are welded; they are inseparable. Liberty does not occur to an American as detached from law. Law to him is the security of liberty. Liberty without law is inconceivable. And as liberty is politically but a synonym for equality, it follows that the protection of the minority is the first care of the law. Hence springs a system of constitutional defenses, and that loyalty to law, that jealousy of arbitrary force, which invests the constable with more than regal dignity. Moreover, in our sense a republic is wholly

political: it is the whole body protecting the liberty of the individual. But in the European sense, as we have hitherto perceived it, a republic is social: it is the subjugation of the liberty of the individual to the assumed advantage of society. Therefore, again, the current of American and English sympathy was against the Commune in Paris as representing a hydra-headed despotism.

Undoubtedly, however, the chief practical ground of distrust in an American mind of the European republican movement is its principle of the rule of a centralized majority. Thus, in all French modern political history of the republican school, the words *will of the people* really mean the whim of the mob of Paris. If a mob in Washington should take possession of the Capitol, and drive off the President and cabinet, and name a provisional government, it would have the same republican basis that the later governments in France have had. It has, therefore, been a question of great interest among political thinkers in this country whether De Tocqueville was the only foreigner who understood our conception of a republic. Mazzini, one of the noblest and most melancholy figures of our time—a man whose whole life was a long act of sublime self-sacrifice; one of the men who, true to Schiller's counsel, followed the dreams of his youth, and who justly deepens our pride in human nature—was yet a poet, not a statesman. He saw men as they might be, not as they are. That is, he saw men upon a plane, and not in perspective. His service to his country was doubtless immense. He fed the flame of that humanity which is more than patriotism. But his work was not that of the actual builder of a state.

The article of Castelar of which we spoke, written for the Magazine in Spanish, but translated with admirable skill by Mr. John Hay, shows that the great republican leader in Spain comprehends fully the characteristic principle of the American republic. He analyzes in this article the political aspect of the old French republic founded by the revolution of '89. The centralized republic, the republic one and indivisible, which was the ancient French formula, and which the republican school in France has not yet outgrown, Castelar calls "the republic of authority, and therefore not durable." The Girondists, not the Jacobins, were in his view the real republicans, and when their heads rolled upon the scaffold the true republic fell. It is as delightful as it is remarkable to read in the paper of the great Spanish republican these words: "France has had fifteen constitutions since she adopted the democratic system. She is about to adopt the sixteenth, and she has still scarcely comprehended the secret of the rapid decomposition of them all in the excess of authority and central power." Castelar recognizes that the apostles of the American school in France are De Tocqueville and Laboulaye; and he reproaches them, the one, that in the constitutional commission of 1848 he did not apply his profound study of our system; and the other, that in the Assembly, of which he is now a member, he does not show his adhesion to the American ideal.

Castelar's criticisms upon the republican movement of the late war are not less clear and incisive. He condemns its leaders as weak, and its policy as contradictory. "There were but two paths to pursue, either a grand revolutionary dictatorship [declaring the restoration of the republic of '48, which had been suspended only by the empire], or a parliamentary appeal to the people." Neither path was followed, and the result was inevitable. Castelar's judgment of the Commune is generous and wise. It attempted to defend liberty, he says, by means fatal to liberty—by dictatorship. Its programme was admirable, but its performance was lamentable. Proclaiming the sacredness of all rights, the authorities massacred those who differed from them. Evidently the Commune did not comprehend itself. On the other hand, he thinks, the Versailles government was cruel, sanguinary, and implacable, and has made reconciliation very difficult. Nevertheless only in the republic, he thinks, lies the salvation of France.

We can not but think that the Magazine does a great service in making this country familiar with the views of this representative European republican. The series of papers which he contributes upon the republican movement in Europe is the most comprehensive and satisfactory treatment of the subject that we have. And it has this immense advantage and interest, that it is the work of a thoughtful and accomplished statesman, who, with all the fervor of his faith, is no vague idealogue or dreamer, but is in full sympathy with the plain and practical genius of American republicanism.

There was something very amusing in the indignation with which the monster concert in Boston was regarded by some worthy people. It was, of course, natural that New York, in which there is no humbug, should have been disturbed by any least suspicion of humbug in Boston; but there really seemed to be no reason for the wrath that was poured out upon that city merely because it provided a very prolonged and excellent entertainment, and enabled us to hear some of the best musical bands in the world. The rhetoric of the affair—the "World's Universal Peace Jubilee"—and the "international" character of the concert, upon grounds which make every concert and opera in the country an "international" affair, and the oration at the opening, as if the size of the building and the multitudinous chorus and the prodigious advertisements could make it any thing more than a monster concert—all these were fair game. But then these are, in a degree, a part of all such undertakings, and we might as well rage at Mr. Barnum, and declare that his African lion and his royal Bengal tiger are stuffed Bowery ware, because he employs astounding adjectives in describing them, and kindles our fancies by pictures upon his show-bills of an ungovernable fury in these animals which their exceedingly mild behavior in the tent does not authorize. But notwithstanding the explosive adjectives and the frightful leaps through the jungles and upon unwary travelers of the show-bills, the lion is a real lion and the tiger a tiger.

So with the great Boston concert, or system of concerts. Whatever the bills might have said about the World's Jubilee, or the inauguration of the golden age of universal peace by the anvil chorus performed upon fifty or a hundred anvils,

the fact remains that there was a most impressive and memorable spectacle and performance, and an immense pleasure afforded to great crowds of people. Indeed, size is something to begin with. When you enter St. Peter's, at Rome, you observe upon the floor lines indicating the length of the other great buildings in the world. When you look up at the cross upon the very apex, you ask how it compares in height with the great Pyramid; when you stand at the foot of the great Pyramid, you think of certain hills; and when you gaze at Mont Blanc, you ask how much higher is the Dwalagiri in the Himalaya. Does not Mr. Barnum again—and, honestly, this frequent allusion to that excellent name in a brief essay upon the Boston monster concert has no sinister significance—but does not Mr. Barnum allure us to his labyrinth of wonders with the announcement of the Giant of some nationality, or of the Fat Woman; and is it not because he knows that the contemplation of great size is agreeable to the human mind? Poor Haydon, the painter, was so fascinated with size that he apparently came at last to suppose that great art consisted in big pictures. Indeed, it is often most legitimate. Who that has seen the huge statues of Aboo Simbel or of Memnon has not felt the grandeur of mere size?

Therefore when a chorus of twenty thousand persons was assembled, and arose together to sing, it was ludicrously impertinent to ask whether the sound would be twenty thousand times as loud as that of one voice. The rising was an emotion. The thrill was indescribable; and that every body who was not present could know by the story of those who were. Indeed, while the tone of comment at a distance was contemptuous, the descriptions upon which the comments were founded showed how far from contemptible the fact was. The enthusiasm of twenty or thirty thousand people when the foreign bands played our national melodies was inspiring even in the printed description. There will be many mass meetings during this summer. We shall read of "acres of people." At how many of those meetings will there be twenty thousand persons, the number of the Boston chorus alone? Of course when New York celebrates *its* World's Universal Peace Jubilee it will have one hundred thousand voices in the chorus; but meanwhile Boston does very well with twenty thousand. What it has done is, indeed, ridiculous compared with what New York might do; but all cities can not be New York. No, indeed.

If we were all very much obliged to Mr. Barnum (*vide ante*) for bringing to us Jenny Lind, the most perfect of singers in her prime, and for giving us, upon the whole, the most delightful concerts we have ever had, we must agree that it was a great service to bring over the British Grenadier band, the French band, the Prussian band, and Strauss's orchestra, with such renowned virtuose as Madame Arabella Goddard and Madame Peschka-Leutner. Those ladies and those bands are not humbugs. They are the best of their kind in the world. To assemble them in one series of concerts was no more a humbug than the pleasure which they gave. When New York gives monster concerts, it will, of course, have all the other bands in Europe and Asia; but in the mean time that city has praised and rewarded managers for bringing but a single singer or performer. No well-regulated New Yorker will excuse the temerity of Boston in giving such concerts, but it may be mentioned in extenuation that the bands were no worse for crossing the sea, and that Strauss did not leave the magic of his bow behind.

That there may have been some hidden thought of pelf in the affair is the most humiliating reflection. It is not to be denied that it is possible that Boston thought of holiday crowds which must have food and lodging, and which would have loose change to spend for tempting notions. Its sordid soul hoped to make money under the pretense of world's jubilees and international harmonies! To the finer sentiments of New York, to which the mercenary, money-making aspect of enterprises is peculiarly repulsive, this was very painful. Had Boston brought over the musicians, built "the Coliseum," given three weeks of concert, and thrown open the doors gratis to all mankind, New York would have endured the well-meaning folly. But to ask money at the door was revolting. The wretched little city meant business, then, not art! Upon what ground is a contract with certain musicians to give concerts at which a high price of admission is charged to be called a jubilee or an international congress of sweet sounds? The question is a poser. There really seems to be no answer to it, except that a rose smells just as sweet whether you call it a cabbage or a rhinoceros.

But whatever we decide about the fine names and the money, it is certainly a good thing to hear the famous orchestras and singers and players without going to Europe. There has been a great deal of "international" exercise recently, in which there seemed to be very little reason for congratulation of any kind. There was, first, the international mill of some years ago, in which the Benicia Boy, "disfiguring" America, encountered Tom Sayers, of England, and they mutually countered upon each other's noses. Glory descended upon one or the other, we forget which, and a great "international" triumph was achieved—"which nobody can deny." Then there was another prodigious world's universal jubilee and international rowing match, in which, so far as we remember, glory descended upon the wrong side. But it was very international, and upon that head entirely satisfactory. There have been likewise world's universal peace jubilees and grand international billiard matches; and, perhaps, ditto ditto pigeon-shooting matches and others, attended with much glory and international satisfaction. We ordinary citizens are probably not aware what a number of "world's champions" in various departments of excellence are daily meeting us with all the humility of common people. The world's champion sculler, the world's champion batter, the world's champion muscular Christian—who knows but some one of them may affably read these very words and approve their truth?

But while the international benefits which they confer are doubtless incalculable, the advantage of hearing good bands and foreign artists is very calculable; and if the Boston concerts—which, we must all admit, were very well-intentioned—should lead to musical congresses to which the most accomplished musicians of every nation

should throng, as the traders of Germany to the old Leipsic fair, or the singers of England and of the Continent to the Birmingham musical festivals—at which the new Handels and Mendelssohns would conduct their oratorios, and the later Beethovens their symphonies, and the modern Mozarts and Rossinis their operas, and the latest Strauss and Lanner would lead their exquisite orchestras, while Malibrans and Jenny Linds and Catalanis and Pastas yet unknown, and Joachims and Paganinis and Bottesinis and Liszts yet unborn, should all appear—then, possibly, Boston might be pardoned for having given so much pleasure.

No American has built for himself a more permanent monument than Downing, the landscape gardener. It was his good fortune to begin his work not only with taste and knowledge and enthusiasm, but at a time when his favorite subject was new to the country. "Ah!" said Washington Irving, in Putnam's old office in Park Place, when he was chatting kindly with the tyros and beginners in his own art—"ah! we old fellows had the advantage of you. When we began we had no rivals, but you clever young fellows extinguish each other." It was the sweet courtesy of the modest Nestor, but there was a certain degree of truth in what he said. Downing almost introduced the subject of landscape gardening to this country, and his works will be always valuable as well as interesting. A man, he says, in the preface of his book upon fruits, who was born in a garden has a natural right to talk about fruit. He was not only born in a garden, but he lived in one all his life; and he met his death when on the way to superintend the building of a beautiful marine villa at Newport.

His influence survives not only in the books that he wrote, but in those that his pupils have written, which are perhaps the best, certainly among the best, that we have in that department. Mr. Vaux, who was associated with Mr. Olmsted through all the work of laying out the Central Park, was a friend and pupil of Downing, and his work upon the general subject of country houses, published some years since by the Harpers, is an admirable treatise. The latest contribution to landscape science and art is the copious and thorough work of Frank J. Scott, published by the Appletons, and dedicated, with affectionate remembrance, to the memory of A. J. Downing, his friend and instructor.

Mr. Alcott in his "Tablets" shows anew the charm of the rural essay. It is pleasanter, perhaps, to read Cowley's and Shenstone's prose than to read their poetry, notwithstanding the air of quaintness and artificiality, which sometimes leaves a disagreeable feeling of insincerity. It is, indeed, the poetry of rural life with which the authors deal—a poetry which springs from their own genius and perception, and which is not often discerned in the rough and homely fact of the country. Indeed, to the denizen of the country, to the farmer and his hands, the lawn and the clustered foliage and the picturesque effect are probably stranger than to the citizen who looks at the landscape with an eye to beauty rather than to profit. The mere refusal to destroy, the preservation of a tree here, of a group there, would have made all the difference between a pleasing and attractive and a bald and repulsive spot; and the village would have been richer in money had some eye only known the market value of beauty. Indeed, an intelligence which holds itself to be superior has sometimes swept away a natural, flowering, leafy thicket along a road, which no artificial hedge, even when it grew, could satisfactorily replace; and in clearing out that luxuriant and beautiful tangle the superior intelligence has cut down the money value of the place.

But what an exhaustless charm there is in books about trees and shrubs, and the planting of gardens and the laying out of grounds! The moment a man begins to write of such topics his style becomes sweet and tranquil. There is the breath of clover in it, and the warm fragrance of carnations and the syringa. The bees hum, the doves coo, the brook gurgles along his line. Happy verses of the poets occur to him, and the choice sentences of essays. His page becomes a garden, in which we loiter amidst lovely forms, and the world becomes the Arcadia which in our hearts we feel that it is meant to be. Perhaps the pleasantest suggestion of a comprehensive book upon the subject, like that of Mr. Scott, is that nature itself in its external aspect lends itself so willingly to the co-operative and sympathetic hand of man. Indeed, there is a certain pleasure in the effect even when the hand is not sympathetic. The formal style of the old French gardening, of which Versailles was an illustration, was not without interest and charm. It was the coifing of nature, the work of the barber and the mantua-maker; but association had become interwoven with it, as vines clamber over ugly walls, and it still has a certain romance to the beholder.

In this country we shall have no Versailles, no palace and palace garden of a monarch. We shall read with wonder of the hanging gardens of Persepolis, and a half feeling that it is of Laputa that we read. We shall remember the neglected terraces of the Villa d'Este, and that glimpse of the dome of St. Peter's, a distant hill upon the horizon. But our question will be how, in a country where fortunes are not hereditary; where a father hesitates to build a great and costly house upon a vast estate lest his grandchildren, in the division of the property, should be forced to sell it for a Lunatic Asylum; in a country where we live in small houses upon little lots in the suburbs—how can we have the houses beautiful as well as comfortable, and the little land picturesquely laid out?

This is the precise question which Mr. Scott answers, and with the utmost independence and good sense. For every suggestion he has a reason. He acknowledges the poetic force of traditions, but challenges each to account for itself satisfactorily. He reminds those of us who go into the country to "make a little place," that we might as wisely undertake to make a little watch; and he says very truly that while the publication of Mr. Downing's books turned public attention to the subject, the first result was a crop of the most amusing crudity in architectural design and rural execution, but that this was followed by a class of intelligent artists. Indeed, Mr. Sparrowgrass is the type of most of us who go into the country to live. The fact of leaving the city does not of itself give us taste and knowledge and skill. And how often and

often the gardener must wince at the orders he receives, and assist in performances which seem to him not less than crimes against Pan and the fauns and wood-nymphs!

How if we attempted to paint the pictures that we propose to hang upon our walls? Yet why not, as well as to attempt the picture that our place should be? There is no more occasion of shame in not knowing, without careful study and thought, how to make a pretty country place than in not being able without study to carve a statue or to play a musical instrument. But a man is very apt to think that he ought to know what he wants, as he expresses it, and to suppose that he must be a fool if he can not plant a flower or set out a tree. Let him read a few pages in Mr. Scott's "Suburban Home Grounds," and reflect that it is the result of long and fond study of a subject to which he has never given a thought until he bought a place. He will find it, upon the whole, the most valuable manual ever published for the owner of a moderate country place. He will probably ask no question that it does not intelligently answer. It will suggest to him a hundred happy hints. It will discuss with him his ground, its disposition, its drainage, its exposure, and its decoration. It will tell him what kind of place he needs if he is a business man, and the difference between a suburban and a country place. His house, his other buildings, his fences and walks and roads, his lawns and flower gardens, be the same more or less, will all pass before him in gentle review upon these pages, and he will find that he has made the acquaintance of a thoughtful and most accomplished friend, who seems to be the very *genius loci*. And that friend's knowledge and estimate of trees and shrubs and vines are stated so clearly and amply that when the new countryman has thoughtfully read all that is said, he will be amazed by the variety and thoroughness of his own information. Indeed, Mr. Scott's book is so full of good sense and fine feeling that it should be in every village library, and in as many country houses as can afford to have it.

"From a half acre to four or five acres will afford ground enough to give all the finer pleasures of rural life," is one of the assertions of this book, which it shows how to make good; and while he is not indifferent to the character and delight of the larger space, the peculiar value of his work is that it is addressed to the many, not to the few. It is essentially American. And since the landscape, considered as real estate, is all owned by some proprietor, he is a common benefactor who teaches how each detail may be beautified. For he shows how that higher part of real estate, the combined landscape, may be made more pleasing. Indeed, there is a high morality and fraternity in the suggestion that while we all own the various lots of land, nobody owns the landscape. It was said long ago by Emerson. But if nobody owns the whole landscape, and if that is a common possession, we are engaged by every generous feeling to take care that our individual part of it shall be made as beautiful as possible for the common delight. If the man who burns bones in his garden, or who suffers stagnant puddles upon his place, is a pest to the neighborhood, and may be presented by the Grand Jury, how much less is he a nuisance who allows a place that might be beautiful to remain ugly, and by his conceit or his negligence defrauds the neighborhood of delight?

Editor's Literary Record.

POETRY.

THERE is a peculiar pleasure in welcoming from a land which gives us so much that is sensational and debasing a pastoral so pure and so healthful as *Mirèio* (Roberts Brothers). The original Provençal poem appeared in France in 1859. Miss PRESTON'S translation is the first successful attempt to introduce it to English readers. We have no knowledge of the Provençal dialect sufficient to enable us to judge of the merit of the translation; nor is its literal fidelity a matter of any great consequence to the ordinary reader. The fact of prime importance is that Miss Preston has furnished a very delightful poem, whose interest, while it turns upon the never-failing theme embodied in the old proverb, "The course of true love never did run smooth," is greatly enhanced by its exquisite pictures of the peasant life of France. To the American mind the empire and its metropolis are nearly synonymous, and we attribute to the French character vices which belong only to the Parisian. The judgment is about as just as that which should take the singularly commingled luxury and degradation of New York city as a type of American life. This misapprehension will find an admirable corrective in the Arcadian simplicity of this poem. The critics compare it to those of William Morris; to our mind it called up the "Evangeline" of our own Longfellow; it possesses something of the same simplicity and grace, and the same pure, tender, and unsensuous spirit.

Three Books of Song, by HENRY W. LONGFELLOW (J. R. Osgood and Co.), consists of three parts: "Tales of a Way-side Inn," "Judas Maccabæus," and "A Handful of Quotations." Longfellow's original poetry is deservedly more popular than his translations, and his peculiar poetic genius is better adapted to the narration of simple tales and legends, or the evolution of poetic thought and feeling, evoked by some common sight or ordinary experience, than to the composition of a semi-classical drama like "Judas Maccabæus." We think most of our readers will find the first book the best one; we are certain that they will rarely find more unalloyed enjoyment than will be afforded by the perusal of these simple tales. Most of them have appeared before, and the public have attested their appreciation by the eagerness with which they have caught them up and repeated them in the columns of the daily and weekly press. It has been the fashion in certain quarters to decry Longfellow; for just as there are hearers who think that the preacher is not "deep" if they can understand what he says, so there are readers who measure the merit of the poet by his incomprehensibility. They esti-

mate the value of the nugget of gold by the degree to which it is overlaid and hidden from sight by the rock in which it is found. It is the charm and the value of Longfellow's writings that he clothes subtile thoughts and feelings in forms so simple that the dullest imagination perceives, and the most unresponsive heart is quickened by them.

We may as well frankly confess to our readers that we are not among the favored few who are able to comprehend the mysteries of ROBERT BROWNING'S inexplicable verse. As a general thing, we prefer poetry which we can understand, and though we have frequently met with critics who admired Robert Browning, we have never met with one who comprehended him. We believe that it is Thackeray who says that it is just as poetic to call a hat a hat as to call it a light and silken gossamer. We are as unable to see any poetic merit in the employment of any such rare and obsolete terms as "externe" for external, and "perpend" for weigh well or consider, and "desiderate" for desire, as we are to discover poetic genius in the unrhythmical and contorted sentences which seem to have been constructed for the purpose of putting the powers of the students of grammar to the most difficult possible test. We do not pretend to know what is the meaning of *Fifine at the Fair* (J. R. Osgood and Co.), Mr. Browning's last poem. The author apparently propounds this work as a conundrum:

"Don Juan, might you please to help one give a guess,
Hold up a candle, clear this fine mysteriousness."

We give the conundrum up. We believe it has something to do with teaching the difference between true and false love; but if most readers do not understand the difference better than they will understand this poem, we think that true love would have but a sorry chance in the world. That Mr. Browning does really possess poetic genius we are far from denying. No one who had not the elements of a true poet could have written the exquisite prologue to "Fifine." He is all the more inexcusable for embodying in forms so obscure as to defy the comprehension of ordinary readers thoughts which he ought to make the common property of mankind; and the unintelligent applause which exalts his poetry chiefly because it is incomprehensible is unworthy to be entitled criticism. The book before us contains two other poems besides "Fifine;" the last, a simple ballad, "Hervé Riel," is a noble story, well told, with nothing incomprehensible in it.

Fly-Leaves, by C. S. C. (Holt and Williams), is a little volume of poems, nearly if not all of them humorous in their character, by an English author of the name of CALVERLEY. It is a pleasant book for light reading on a hot day —just this, and nothing more. Let us make haste, however, to qualify our descriptive phrase "humorous," for our native humorous poetry is so apt to degenerate into the low and coarse, even when it succeeds in avoiding the vulgar, or to find the themes for its ridicule in the higher and often the religious sentiments, the term "humorous" so brings to the mind the comic paper of the period, and the literature of which it is a type, that it might do injustice to Mr. Calverley's verses. They have been not unjustly compared to Oliver Wendell Holmes's lighter effusions, when he is in his best moods; save for the absence of puns, they call to mind Hood's poems. There is in them the delicacy and refinement of feeling and the rhythmical beauty of expression which mark poetry of a far higher order; but however seriously the author seems to begin, he always ends with a jest, brought in at the last with a suddenness of turn that adds zest to the humor, until the reader has gone half through the volume, and been so habitually startled by the unexpected jest that it is unexpected no longer. The parody on Mr. Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" is not surpassed by any thing in the literature of parody; and indeed we may safely say that of its kind—which is not, however, the highest kind—there is nothing in poetical literature superior to these verses.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE Franco-Prussian war has produced a number of treatises, historical, political, and military. Some of these books, the product of the hour, have very properly perished with the hour. Indeed, it may be said that most of them were prepared simply to meet the temporary demand, while many of them were made up from newspaper correspondence or magazine essays. It is but just, therefore, to General HAZEN, in speaking of *The School and the Army in Germany and France* (Harper and Brothers), that we disabuse the reader's mind of any possible impression that this work is to be classed with these ephemeral productions of the war. It is, on the contrary, a solid and valuable contribution to that class of literature which affords the most useful discussion of political and social problems, because it records the results of actual experiments. General Hazen appears to be an old student of German civilization, and thus to have laid the foundations before the war for that special study which his peculiar advantages appear to have given to him for his subsequent investigations of its course and its causes. He was furnished with official documents from the United States government to the government at Berlin, had several interviews with Count Bismarck, was permitted to accompany the Prussian army, and was given every facility for pursuing his investigations into the organization and movements of the Prussian army, and the nature and method of its system of operations. The first third of his book is substantially a diary of his experiences and observations while in the German camp; this is perhaps the most entertaining, but the least remarkable, portion of his work. It is not, however, a mere story of adventures such as filled the columns of our daily papers at the time, but contains the record of the careful and sagacious observations of a man who has noticed, or at least noted, little or nothing that has not a direct bearing upon national character or national organization. It contains some very graphic though brief portraits drawn from the life, such as those of Bismarck, Moltke, Von Roon, and King William himself; and it gives a good deal of detailed information as to army organization and operations, not deduced from military reports, but drawn from actual observations in the field. The most valuable portion of the book, however, and that which entitles its author to

the thanks of the American public, is to be found in the last eight chapters, in which the author describes and contrasts the army and school systems of the Prussian and French nations. We are less concerned with the Prussian military system, because that which is adapted to the demands of a Continental empire would be peculiarly ill-adapted to the American republic. We may learn something from the Prussian model, but we certainly can not imitate it. Even were it otherwise, *Harper's Monthly* is a peaceable magazine, unversed in the arts of war, and will not assume to sit in critical judgment on the details of army organization; yet it may safely assume that not only those to whom is especially intrusted the defense of the nation, but every intelligent American citizen, should desire to learn wisdom on this subject from the experiences of France and Germany, lest the failure so to do should bring war and suffering upon America to teach the before unheeded lesson; and it may also safely assure its readers that they will nowhere find the principles which that experience inculcates better deduced than in the pages of General Hazen's treatise. We are more concerned, however, with the school system of Germany. The military organization is the arm of the nation. No, not even that: it is the arm of the nation when stretched forth to defend it from assault. But the school system is the brain of the nation, which not only inspires its defenders and directs the defense, but also inspires all its industries and guides all its life. There is a vague idea that the school system of Germany is, in many of its features, admirable; and certainly there is no European nation in which intelligence is so widely diffused. But we suspect few, even of those who are most directly concerned with our educational problems, are aware what Germany has done toward their solution. We have made some search in times past for information on this subject, but have found it for the most part only in fragmentary and imperfect forms. Nowhere have we found so clear, so comprehensive, and so succinct an account as that which Mr. Hazen affords in the eleventh and twelfth chapters. These chapters ought to be studied by every school superintendent, and might profitably be read not only by every teacher, but by every citizen who desires to exert an influence on the educational problems of our own country. We are far from supposing that the German system is a model for our imitation, but we are very certain that there are features in that system which are worthy of our careful study, and which, in a modified form, might be advantageously incorporated into our own. Mr. Hazen fails to note the important change which has recently been made in the German law, taking the supervision of the schools out of the hands of the clergy. We suspect, however, that this change was effected after the book had left its author's hands; it should be borne in mind by the reader in his perusal.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

Professor F. D. Maurice's volume of sermons on *The Lord's Prayer* (Hurd and Houghton) is remarkable rather for that broad and generous spirit of a humane Christianity, of which he was a most distinguished representative (the expression, "humane Christianity," is in reality tautological, but a great deal which passes current as Christianity is not humane), than for that peculiar and somewhat mystical theology in respect to which he was understood by few and followed by almost none. There are other more widely known exponents of Christianity as a life of love rather than a system of doctrine; but there is, perhaps, no one who has done more to give impulse to the faith which sees in the teachings of Jesus Christ that which is more than a philosophy—no one who has comprehended more clearly what the Master meant by declaring that His words are "life." We confess that we approach any sermons on the Lord's Prayer with prejudice. Dilutions of the Scripture do not generally improve it, and the painful effort to extract a system of ethics, theology, or worship out of this simple though comprehensive prayer profanes it. But our prejudices have disappeared before Professor Maurice's sermons. His deductions may not always be legitimately drawn from the text, but his spirit always conforms to that of the great Teacher; and if what he thinks he finds in the Lord's Prayer is to be discovered in it only by a devout and spiritual imagination, yet his meditations harmonize well with its character and spirit, and are full of suggestion and inspiration, even though they sometimes appear to be rather thoughts suggested to a fertile mind by phrases in the prayer than truths necessarily involved in it. We can not better explain our meaning, which general terms fail to make clear, than by quoting a single paragraph on the first word of the Lord's Prayer—"Our":

> "Much of the practical difficulty of the prayer lies assuredly in the first word of it. How can we look round upon the people whom we habitually feel to be separated from us by almost impassable barriers; who are above us, so that we can not reach them, or so far beneath us that the slightest recognition of them is an act of gracious condescension; upon the people of an opposite faction to our own whom we denounce as utterly evil; upon men whom we have reason to despise; upon the actual wrong-doers of society, those who have made themselves vile, and are helping to make it vile—and then teach ourselves to think that in the very highest exercises of our lives these are associated with us; that when we pray we are praying for them and with them; that we can not pray for ourselves without speaking for them; that if we do not carry their sins to the throne of God's grace we do not carry our own; that all the good we hope to obtain there belongs to them just as much as to us; and that our claim to it is sure of being rejected if it is not one which is valid for them also? Yet all this is included in the word 'Our:' till we have learned so much, we are but spelling at it; we have not learned to pronounce it."

About the middle of the last century a member of the Scottish Church, a mason by trade, was disciplined by his kirk for assisting to build an Episcopal chapel. It is characteristic of the spirit of the present century that the Dean of Westminster Abbey goes into Scotland to deliver there a course of lectures on the history of its Established Church. It is, perhaps, quite as remarkable that these lectures, embodied in *A History of the Church of Scotland* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), should contain glowing eulogies of Scottish leaders, and constitute a warm defense of the Scottish Kirk. An Episcopal prelate glorifying a Presbyterian Church may surely be regarded as one of the signs of the times. Undoubtedly the cause of this phenomenon is to be found in part in that catholic spirit

which is so characteristic of Dean Stanley, and which, even in this generous age, has found no more generous illustration than that which is afforded by the sermon on the eleventh commandment, which constitutes an admirable introduction to these lectures. But this catholic spirit is itself strengthened and developed by Dean Stanley's life-long advocacy of a church establishment, and by the fact that he is philosopher enough to perceive that any established church to permanently endure in the present age must be broad enough to embrace men of very divergent religious opinions and practices. He cares more for Establishment than for Episcopacy; the same influences, therefore, which make him the advocate of the Episcopal Church in England, make him an advocate of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland. The occasion of these lectures was unquestionably disestablishment in Ireland, and the progress of dissent in England and Scotland; and his object was to prepare the way for a partnership between the two established churches against all dissenters. This object colors his lectures and detracts from their historical trustworthiness. In spirit they are candid and generous, in criticism kind and gentle, in graphic presentation of the great headlands of Scottish history powerful, though not always true, in rhetoric brilliant, and in the sketches of character which they afford entertaining and instructive. The course will therefore long remain as a rich contribution to the literature of English ecclesiastical history; but he who does not believe in church establishment must bear in mind the object of the delivery of these lectures, if he does not wish to be misled by what nearly all American readers will regard as the false philosophy which pervades them.

NOVELS.

Doubtless Anthony Trollope has written novels which the critics will pronounce greater than the *Golden Lion of Granpere* (Harper and Brothers), but he has written few or none which the reader will pronounce more enjoyable. The plot turns, of course—as what one of Anthony Trollope's plots does not?—on the perplexity of a young lady besought by two lovers. But the reader neither loses patience with nor faith in her. Her own heart is never uncertain, nor is even her purpose long vacillating; if she yields for the moment to the one she does not love, she never forgets the one she does, though she has good reason to think he has forgotten her; and the tangle never becomes so perplexing and knotted that the reader entertains any serious doubts but that it will be disentangled at the last. There is no villain and no fearful catastrophe and no folly that tries our patience or taxes our credulity, and "all's well that ends well." Incidentally a very pretty picture of the common life of Alsace is afforded. Anthony Trollope can not write a novel without doing good service by the realism of his descriptions.

Aytoun (J. B. Lippincott) is, as its title-page tells us it is, "a romance." The story is told with a good deal of dramatic power, and with no superfluous words. Its interest lies wholly in the development and issue of the plot; there is no attempt at either character or scene painting. But it ends unsatisfactorily, and is, indeed, unsatisfactory throughout; for Hortense's unwavering decision to cleave to her rascal of a brother, and leave for his sake an honest lover whom she truly loves, will not secure, and does not deserve, the sympathies of the reader; it consorts neither with nature nor with religion, neither with inclination nor with duty.

The author's object in *Three Generations* (Lee and Shepard) is to depict New England life in the times that are gone. The story itself is of little consequence, the plot is simple, and no effort has been put forth to give it an artistic development. The energies of the author have been expended in giving a realistic portraiture of early New England life. The social customs, the religious ceremonies and beliefs, the political quarrelings, the home life, dress, household economy, popular superstitions, are all brought into this piece of historical painting with a pre-Raphaelite minuteness. This literary recorder can not claim to a memory which extends back to the era which Miss Emery has undertaken to describe, but the book bears internal evidences of a realistic fidelity to truth; and certainly the writer can not be denied the credit of a painstaking conscientiousness in her work. It is, however, wholly, or almost wholly, as a picture of early New England life and character that the book prefers its claims to the attention of the reader.

Six of One, by Half a Dozen of Another (Roberts Brothers) is a combination story, a product of "co-operation" applied to literary labor. The authors are Harriet Beecher Stowe, A. D. T. Whitney, Lucretia P. Hale, F. W. Loring, F. B. Perkins, and Edward E. Hale, the latter of whom conceived the plan and formed the copartnership. The result is what might be expected—an excellent piece of patch-work; a book more ingenious in conception than powerful in execution, a work which will hold its place in literature chiefly as a curious literary phenomenon. There is more unity to the story than one would anticipate from the method of its composition; but there is no proper development of character, as indeed there could not well be, and no well-sustained dramatic interest. The most powerful chapter in the book is perhaps the closing one, which brings the three heroes and three heroines together in Chicago during the great conflagration; but the real drama is so fresh in the minds of American readers that the imaginary one pales by the side of it.

—The motto on the title-page of *Choisy* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) might be, "A married rake makes the best husband;" at least, if this is not the moral of the story, we can not guess what it is intended to teach. If the lessons of vice constitute the best school of virtue; if one should experience all the temptations to licentiousness and yield to most of them in order to be strong in his after-life of purity; if the sowing of "wild oats" is the best preparation for a harvest of wheat; if a life of self-indulgence in that modern Vanity Fair, Paris, is the way to acquire habits of sobriety and purity; and if it is desirable to afford this training by aid of the imagination to those who have too much conscience or too little courage to get it in any other way—then "Choisy" is an admirable text-book. But if it be true that the imagination as well as every other faculty should be trained to "abhor that which is evil;" if it be true that man should aim

to imitate God in being "of purer eyes than to *behold* evil," then such novels as "Choisy" are not to be commended for the spirit and realism which characterize their representations of a life whose seductions are quite too great already, without being enhanced by the glamour which such a romance as this throws over it. As to Emma's too credulous trustfulness of the reformed roué, who, by-the-way, gives no particular evidence of his sorrow for the past and no pledges for the future, we should regret to regard it either as a type of woman's trust, or as an example for young ladies besought by similar lovers. —*Eleonore* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) is said on the title-page to be "after the German of E. von Rothenfels," and is, we judge, a free translation. The father of Eleonore, after her mother's death, married a scheming young girl, Edith, who, under a pretense of devoted affection for him and his only daughter, hides her plots and intrigues to secure for herself the property of the father and that which has come into his possession from his deceased wife. The interest of the story turns upon the development of these plots and their final unraveling and defeat; its attractiveness to the reader will depend upon the interest which she can arouse herself to take—for we presume that most of the readers of "Eleonore" will be found among the ladies—in tracing the course of imaginary plots, whose issue the novel-reader will hardly doubt from the beginning.—We do not understand very clearly the meaning of the title of TURGENEFF's novel, *Smoke* (Holt and Williams). It is a story of Russian characters, but the scene is chiefly laid in the gambling cities of Germany. The style is epigrammatic and lively, but the characters are not attractive, nor is there any thing in the construction and development of the story which especially entitles it to the compliment of being selected for translation and republication in this country.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Pennsylvania Dutch, and other Essays (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) carries the reader into the interior of Pennsylvania, and introduces him to a peculiar class of citizens, whose customs, habits, religious associations and ceremonies, all mark them as a distinct people. Here are the "Mennonites" and the "Dunkers;" here the ceremony of "feet-washing" is kept up with the same scrupulous reverence with which other sects maintain the Lord's Supper; here, despite a lack of schools and a lack of appreciation of schooling, the farm-houses are patterns of neatness, the farms models of industry, and the people examples of honesty, truthfulness, and sobriety. We can not vouch for the truthfulness of the pictures which this book affords, for we have never seen the original; but they are unmistakably the work of an eye-witness, who aims at nothing but fidelity and truth, and who is at once graphic and simple in her descriptions of this comparatively unknown land.—*Station Life in New Zealand* (De Witt C. Lent and Co.) consists of a series of letters by Lady BARKER descriptive of every-day life in that far-off land. They are very natural and simple in style, and very minute in description, giving, as one lady might in her private correspondence to another, a series of cabinet-pictures of the civilization of the country, describing, for example, in detail, housekeeping, servants, wool-gathering, schools, traveling, and the conveniences and inconveniences provided for the traveler. It is a very readable little volume.—*A Sachel Guide-Book to Europe* (Hurd and Houghton) is happily entitled. It will take little room in the sachel, and will even go in the pocket; and while it will not take the place of such a work as "Harper's Hand-Book," or that of the local guide-books, it will serve the traveler a very useful purpose in mapping out his summer campaign for him. It is to an ordinary guide-book, or rather the inevitable collection of guide-books, what a bird's-eye view of Europe would be to a collection of local pictures.—There is a good deal of genuine humor in *Angelina Gushington's Thoughts on Men and Things* (G. W. Carleton and Co.), and the "men and things" are those of our every-day life. We do not wonder that it has reached a third edition in England, and are glad to welcome a reprint here. It is more than merely entertaining. A great deal of shrewd sense is conveyed under a very pleasant disguise. The essayist, who plays the rôle of a "little goose," infuses a great deal of sound sense into her lively and rattling gossip. She is in style what society would call a brilliant young lady, but her brilliance is not a mere flash: there is real illumination in it.—*The Dickens Dictionary* (James R. Osgood and Co.) is a sort of concordance to the works of the great novelist. The name of every character is given, with a brief description, a reference to the chapters where they principally appear, and sometimes a quotation from some chapter as a sort of introduction. It is illustrated by Sol Eytinge. The practical utility of this book will not be very apparent to the literary Gradgrinds, but lovers of Dickens will be glad to add it to their editions of his works.—*The United States Tariff and Internal Revenue Law*, compiled by HORACE E. DRESSER (Harper and Brothers), is invaluable as a reference-book to all who have any occasion to acquaint themselves with our present revenue system. It embraces the acts of June 6, 1872, reducing duties on imports and for other purposes, that of May 1, 1872, repealing the duty on tea and coffee, and those of 1870, 1868, 1866, and 1864 bearing on the same general subject of taxation. It embraces a full alphabetical table of the United States tariff, and of the internal revenue taxes, and its value is enhanced by a very full index.—*Happy-Thought Hall*, by F. C. BURBANK (Roberts Brothers), is an indescribable book of rollicking humor, of which we can give no better idea to the reader who is not familiar with Mr. Burbank's previous books than by saying that both in the quality of its fun and the character of its sketchy illustrations it recalls to the mind "Hood's Own."—*Song Life for Sunday-Schools, etc.*, by PHILIP PHILLIPS (Harper and Brothers), is another one added to the host of Sunday-school singing-books. It is based upon the story of the journey of Christiana and her children to the Celestial City. It does not, however, rehearse that story in verse, but accepts it as an epitome of Christian experience, which is illustrated by hymns adapted to its various phases. Those who are familiar with Philip Phlilips's music need not be assured that it contains some very sweet melodies, which children will like.

Editor's Scientific Record.

GRANDIDIER ON THE ZOOLOGY OF MADAGASCAR.

M. GRANDIDIER, the well-known explorer of Madagascar, and one to whom we owe so many novelties in natural history, has lately published in the *Revue Scientifique* an abstract of his experiences in the island. He calls especial attention to the animals of the country, both recent and fossil, remarking upon the peculiar forms of quadrumana, such as *indris*, *lemurs*, *chirogales*, etc. The fossil vertebrates are not less interesting. Among these he mentions a small hippopotamus found in the quaternary sands of the south coast, and the *Æpyornis*, of which three species have been detected among the specimens brought by him, and submitted to Professor Edwards for examination.

He calls attention to the remarkable fact, which is also adverted to by Hartlaub and Edwards, of the absence of any species of woodpeckers, and the presence of black parrots, in which, as well as in some other matters, there is a close analogy between the faunas of Madagascar and of Australasia, and little or no relationship to that of the adjacent continent of Africa. Indeed, Professor Edwards is of the opinion that at some period, geologically not very remote, Madagascar and New Zealand must have been united by land which is now below the surface of the ocean, the close relationship between the *Æpyornis* of Madagascar and *Dinornis* of New Zealand rendering this very evident. He finds a source of congratulation to the inhabitants of Madagascar in the entire absence of venomous serpents, none of the comparatively few species of snakes having poisonous properties.

EFFECT OF TOBACCO ON MAN AND ANIMALS.

Dr. Lebon, of Paris, has given a great deal of attention to the question of the effect of tobacco upon man and animals, and has lately presented a report on the subject to the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Liege. Among the conclusions which the author has reached in the course of his researches, the following may be mentioned as most important: 1. Smokers, and persons who without smoking are enveloped in an atmosphere of tobacco-smoke, absorb for each quantity of ten grammes of tobacco a proportion of nicotine varying from some centigrammes to a gramme. They absorb also about an equal amount of ammonia. 2. The quantity of tobacco consumed daily by a single individual addicted to its use is scarcely less than twenty grammes. A smoker is, therefore, liable to absorb daily a quantity of nicotine which may reach twenty-five centigrammes, with an equal proportion of ammonia. 3. Of all kinds of smoking the most dangerous is that of smoking a cigar or cigarette and swallowing the smoke; the least dangerous is that of smoking a nargile, or pipe with a long tube, in the open air. 4. The effect produced by the result of the condensation of tobacco-smoke is analogous to that of nicotine. Nevertheless there must be added the effects produced by the ammonia, which the smoke contains in considerable quantity. 5. The resinous semi-liquid which condenses in the interior of the pipe contains a considerable proportion of nicotine. It is little less poisonous than nicotine itself, and rapidly destroys the life of animals exposed to its action. 6. The liquid product which condenses in the lungs and mouth of the smoker contains water, ammonia, nicotine, fatty and resinous bodies, and coloring matters. A dose of one drop of this speedily produces paralysis of motion in small animals, and a state of apparent death. These effects quickly disappear, but death actually supervenes if the dose is carried up to several drops. If, instead of administering the liquid internally, the animal is made to breathe it for some time, it dies all the same. In this last case the effects seem due in a great measure to the presence of ammonia. 7. In a dose of a single drop dangerous results are not produced upon large animals, but those of small size are killed instantaneously. Among the effects observed the most constant are fibrillar tremblings, a general congestion of the superficial vessels, stupor, and especially the tetaniform contraction of the muscles of the abdomen. 8. Nicotine is one of the poisons the effect of which is most speedily dissipated, and the habituation to which is soonest accomplished. 9. Contrary to what has generally been assumed, the vapor of nicotine at the ordinary temperature is not dangerous, but it is quite otherwise if the liquid is carried to ebullition. It then produces palpitations, a decided suffocation, precordial pain, and vertigo. Smaller animals exposed to this vapor die almost instantaneously. 10. Among the effects of tobacco-smoke upon man may be mentioned, in small doses, excitation of the intellectual faculties for the moment; in repeated doses it produces palpitations, troubles of vision, and more especially a decrease of the memory, and particularly the memory of words.

VENOMOUS FISH IN THE MAURITIUS.

Europe has a small fish, known as the weaver (*Trachinus*), which is capable of inflicting a very severe wound by the spines of its dorsal fin; and another form (*Thalassophryne*) has been described by Dr. Günther, from Central America, as collected by Captain Dow, in which the dorsal spines are constructed precisely like the fang of a venomous serpent, with a poison sac, secreting venom at the base, which is injected into the wound made by this animal. A well-known fish of the Mauritius, named *Synanceia verrucosa*, is said by Dr. Le Juge to be still more dangerous. This possesses thirteen spines in the dorsal fin, each provided at its base with a bag containing poison, and with a pair of deep grooves, along which the poison is guided to the wound. When the fish is seized by the hand a wound is inflicted, into which the poison is injected. Fatal results are more or less frequent from handling this fish, although the action of the poison appears to be less rapid than in the case of serpents.

CUPRO-AMMONIUM.

If shreds of copper are introduced into a bottle half full of ammonia solution, the metal will be dissolved, with the production of what is called

cupro-ammonium, and with the accompaniment of a deep blue color. This substance has the remarkable property of dissolving various substances, as silk, lignine or cellulose, paper, etc., with great rapidity. It has been proposed to apply this agent in the preparation of solutions which can be converted to important industrial uses, such as readily suggest themselves in connection with this power of dissolving the substances in question. Paper, linen, wood, etc., can be readily united almost indissolubly by means of this substance; and it is said that, when thus adherent, the copper which they hold may be extracted by a weak acid, leaving the material pure and white, but without disturbing the adhesion already established. It is not known in what particular chemical combination the two substances unite, or what is the precise character of their union. The name given, cupro-ammonium, is to be considered as of no chemical significance.

NATURE OF CRYPTOCOCCUS.

According to Hallier, *Cryptococcus*, one of the lowest forms of fungi, is in reality susceptible of germination, contrary to the opinions entertained by his antagonists on this question; and he maintains that he has succeeded in demonstrating satisfactorily the following propositions: 1. The yeast of beer germinates whenever it is placed under favorable conditions. 2. As long as the germ tubes and their branches grow in a moist place, rod-like germ cells are constricted off at their extremities. 3. Beer yeast consequently belongs to the mould fungi (*Schimmelpilze*), of which it constitutes a one-celled form, and is in no way connected with the *Ascomycetes* of Reess, on which point Dr. Reess has fallen into an error, pardonable enough considering the difficulty of the investigation. 4. Smut (*Ustilago carbo*, Tulasne), when its germ tube grows in spots moistened with distilled water, itself behaves exactly like the germ-tube yeast—that is, rod-like cells are constricted off from the extremity of every fibre. 5. The parasite found in the urine of typhus patients, when placed in a nitrogenized solution of sugar and other fluids capable of undergoing fermentation, buds like *Cryptococcus*, and increases in the same manner. 6. Moreover, *Cryptococcus* cells germinate under favorable conditions, and their germs comport themselves like beer yeast when placed on a moist bed. 7. The germ cells of Haubner's skin fungus of the horse behave like those of yeast under similar conditions—that is, in fermentable liquids they develop *Cryptococcus* cells, which, under favorable circumstances, germinate and constrict off elongated cells from the ends of the fibres.

ICE EXPERIMENT.

A simple method of producing ice instantaneously consists in placing a little water in a small watch-glass or porcelain capsule laid upon wool or cotton. The water is then to be covered with a layer of sulphide of carbon, and a current of air directed upon it through a slender tube. The absorption of the heat of the water, in consequence of the rapid passage of the sulphide of carbon to a gaseous condition, is so great that a few seconds are sufficient to solidify the water. A lens of hemispherical and transparent ice is thus obtained, which can be preserved long enough to pass it from hand to hand.

TRANSPARENT STEREOSCOPIC PICTURES.

A method of making transparent stereoscopic pictures upon paper is thus described by its discoverer, Mr. A. von Constant, of Lausanne. Well-sized and not too thick albumen paper is made sensitive in the usual way, and the negative placed upon its back—*i. e.*, the side not chemically treated. The printing is done rather strongly, and the tone observed by looking through the paper toward the light. The picture can be conveniently colored with water-colors, and is well adapted for lamp shades, etc.

FOSSIL BIRDS OF THE MASCARENE ISLANDS.

M. Alph. Milne-Edwards, of Paris, the son of the eminent naturalist of the same name, has been engaged for many years in the publication of a great work upon fossil birds, which he is just about bringing to a conclusion. To this labor he has brought a thorough knowledge of comparative anatomy, and especially that of birds, both recent and fossil, such as perhaps is possessed by no other living naturalist; and the work in question, although unfinished, has already become a standard and guide to those who are engaged in similar pursuits.

In a late communication to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, referring to the approaching completion of his book, he makes some general remarks, which contain matter of much interest. In reference to the birds of the Mascarene Islands (Mauritius, Rodriguez, and Bourbon) he remarks that, as far as the indications go, these are the points still remaining of an ancient continent, which, little by little, has sunk beneath the ocean. Upon these, thus converted into islands, have been concentrated the inhabitants of the land, where they have been crowded together, as shown by their fossil remains, and where they became exterminated, sooner or later, either by the action of man or other agencies.

M. Edwards thinks Madagascar was not connected with these islands at any time; since, when first discovered by Europeans, the latter contained no mammals at all, and therefore, of course, none of the forms at all peculiar to Madagascar, such as the lemurs, etc. On the other hand, there is evidence to show that Madagascar and New Zealand were formerly united, since three species of *Æpyornis* from Madagascar bear a close generic relationship to *Dinornis*, *Palapteryx*, and *Apteryx* of the latter region. All these belong to the same zoological type, and communication must have existed between the countries, possibly by groups of islands, forming intermediate stations, and now unfortunately submerged, leaving no trace behind.

CHOLERA DISTRICTS.

An abstract of a very remarkable paper, by Mr. Jenkins, upon cholera, originally presented to the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Russia, is given in a recent number of *Nature*. In this the author takes the ground that instead of one home or *nidus* of cholera existing in the delta of the Ganges, there are seven, all situated on or near the Tropic of Cancer, and equally distant from each other, the most important of which is that at the mouth of the Ganges, while

the others are to the east of China, to the north of Mecca, on the west coast of Africa, to the north of the West India Islands, to the west of Lower California, and among the Sandwich Islands; and the author maintains that the recorded appearances of cholera over the globe may be satisfactorily explained by supposing seven atmospheric streams, each 1400 miles in breadth, to proceed from these foci in a northwesterly direction, nearly all of these streams having been in activity at some periods, as during the cholera seasons of 1833, 1850, and 1866.

The author cites the history of past cholera epidemics to prove the accuracy of his observations, and points out a remarkable law—that in 1818 cholera advanced simultaneously in two directions, northwest and southwest, in such a manner that all the places attacked at given times by its northwest advance were situated at right angles to all places attacked at the same time by a southwest advance. The author also states that Europe is liable to attacks from two great sources, India and Arabia, and thinks that the continent will certainly be visited by streams from both during the present year. He explains the curious case of ships being suddenly attacked at sea by cholera by the supposition that at the time in question they come within the influence of the cholera stream, and he endeavors to show that all the places hitherto recorded as unafflicted with cholera lie outside of this stream.

He goes on still further to argue that cholera is intimately connected with auroral displays and solar disturbances, and that there is an essential relationship between the maxima and minima of cholera epidemics and of solar spots. The sun-spot period is now established at 11.11 years, and cholera epidemics, he thinks, have a period equal to one and a half of those of the sun-spot periods. He is not prepared to say that sun spots originate cholera, since both may be the effect of the same cause, possibly acting upon the earth and upon the sun. He thinks that each planet, in coming to and going from perihelion (more especially about the time of the equinoxes) produces a violent action upon the sun, and has a violent sympathetic action produced within itself—internally manifested by earthquakes, and externally by auroral displays and volcanic eruptions, such as that of Vesuvius at the present moment; in fact, just such an action as develops the tail of a comet when it is coming to and going from perihelion; and when two or more planets happen to be coming to or going from perihelion at the same time, and are in, or nearly in, the same line with the sun—being, of course, nearly in the same plane—the combined violent action produces a maximum of sun spots, and in connection with it a maximum of cholera on the earth. The number of deaths from cholera in any year (for example, the deaths in Calcutta during the six years 1865–70) increased as the earth passed from perihelion, especially after March 21, came to a minimum when it was in aphelion, and increased again when it passed to perihelion, and notably after equinoctial-day.

RECENT OBSERVATIONS ON BACTERIA.

As the result of certain recent researches in reference to the Bacteria, especially in their relation to putrefaction and contagion, Dr. Cohn informs us that the decomposition of bodies not containing any nitrogen induced by microscopic organisms we call fermentation, while an analogous decomposition of nitrogenous, especially albuminous, substances is termed putrefaction. The processes in the latter form of decomposition have not been determined as thoroughly as those of fermentation, yet we know that all putrefaction is accompanied by the development of Bacteria, and is entirely prevented by their exclusion; it progresses in the same ratio as these smallest of all organisms increase, and ceases as soon as this increase ceases. The Bacteria are then precipitated as a powdery deposit, or as gelatinous lumps (*Zooglœa*), just as the fungi are in sugar solutions when fermentation is finished. The question as to how Bacteria enter into nitrogenous substances has usually been answered by the assertion that they float in the air like the spores of fungi. This has been successfully refuted by Sanderson, who maintains that the infection is only caused by contact with unclean surfaces (of the skin, of tools, or vessels), or by the water, which, when not recently distilled, always contains germs of Bacteria. Even saliva, urine, blood, milk, and albumen of eggs become only mouldy, without putrefying, protected against the contact with water or other bodies containing Bacteria. Mr. Cohn's researches, however, do not absolutely confirm Sanderson's observations, as he is quite certain that germs of Bacteria may be evaporated to a slight extent.

Mr. Cohn also demonstrated that sugar or other fermentable matter is not necessary for the development of Bacteria; they propagate quite normally in any liquid which contains carbon in addition to ammonia or nitric acid.

Since Bacteria only assimilate nitrogen in the form of ammonia or nitric acid, their action in putrefaction may be considered as causing the division of albuminous substances into ammonia, which is assimilated, and into other bodies which give rise to the collateral products of putrefaction, so that the process is similar to fermentation, where the sugar is divided into alcohol and carbonic acid.

Sometimes the products of albumen, decomposed by putrefaction, are colored (as in boiled potatoes, bread, etc.); and in such cases another form of Bacteria—the globular—is always found. These are imbedded in slime, and without proper motion.

In several contagious diseases Bacteria have been found in the blood and the secretions, and may be considered as the carriers of infection. They disturb the normal functions of the organism by decomposing the blood; and as they always belong to the globular species, Mr. Cohn thinks that the transfer of the contagion may in many cases be due to the drinking water.

EFFECTS OF QUININE ON WHITE BLOOD CORPUSCLES.

Additional experiments are adduced by Kerner to show that quinine puts a stop to the motion of the white blood corpuscles, and renders them round and darkly granulated. He also shows that this action is not due, as Stricker and others have supposed, to the presence of free acid, as perfectly neutral hydrochloride or carbonate of quinine, in the proportion of one part in 4000 of fluid, produces this effect when dis-

solved either in water or serum. Solutions of salicine, caffeine, atropine, and sodium-arsenite, in like concentration, had either no effect at all or very little.

CHINAMINE, A NEW CINCHONA ALKALOID.

Hesse announces to the Chemical Society of Berlin the discovery of a new cinchona alkaloid, which he calls chinamine. This is obtained from the *Cinchona succirubra*, as grown in British India, and as associated with chinidine, quinine, and other substances. The special therapeutic qualities of this substance have not yet been determined, although the chemical characters are detailed at considerable length.

MEMOIR BY LE VERRIER.

Professor Le Verrier has presented a memoir to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, upon the superior planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, in which he demonstrates the extent of the motions experienced by each in consequence of the action of the other three. In the work in question he gives the perturbations of Jupiter by Uranus and by Neptune, and those of Saturn by Uranus and Neptune, to be followed by the notice of the perturbations of Uranus produced by Jupiter, Saturn, and Neptune, and another of the perturbations of Neptune caused by Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus.

PHENOMENA ASSOCIATED WITH A HYDROGEN FLAME.

In an article upon certain phenomena associated with a hydrogen flame, communicated to *Nature* by Mr. William F. Barrett, the results of a series of experiments are summed up as follows: 1. That the combustion of hydrogen exhibits some physical peculiarities, and produces phosphorescence on many substances with which it comes in contact. 2. That the blueness so often seen in a hydrogen flame is due to the presence of sulphur, derived either from the vulcanized rubber tubing, or from atmospheric dust, or from the decomposition of the sulphuric acid spray from the generator. 3. That a flame of hydrogen forms an exceedingly delicate reagent for the detection of sulphur or phosphorus, and possibly also of tin. 4. That many sulphates, and also carbonic acid, are apparently decomposed by a hydrogen flame. 5. That a hydrogen flame is, further, a test for the presence of some gases, notably carbonic acid. 6. That these results are capable of practical application.

SECCHI ON SOLAR PROTUBERANCES AND SPOTS.

Professor Secchi, the well-known astronomer, who has devoted a great deal of his time for some years past to the study of the sun and its phenomena, communicates to the Academy of Sciences a summary of his observations for the year 1871. As general conclusions he remarks, first, that during the period mentioned the law has been confirmed that the maximum of solar protuberances corresponds, in the region of the spots, to a feeble minimum in relation to the equator. The maximum in reference to the polar zones is scarcely sensible. Second, in the field in question a habitual absence of polar prominences was observed, these being only replaced by very sensible elevations of the chromosphere. Third, with reference to protuberances, the height of which attains or surpasses five units, or forty seconds, these were found to be very rare near the poles. Fourth, this absence of polar protuberances is in harmony with the appearance of the granulations, and of more brilliant bands, circumscribing the polar zones of the sun, which are now very difficult to recognize, while during the past year they were very visible. Fifth, the intensity and number of the faculæ have also diminished. Sixth, in dividing the protuberances into three classes, according to their direction in relation to the poles, the following figures may be given:

Indifferent	398
Directed toward the poles	342
Directed toward the equator	67
Total	807

COMPARATIVE CLIMATE OF HILL-TOPS AND VALLEYS.

As the result of a series of investigations upon the comparative temperature of hill-tops and valleys, made by Mr. Dines, we are informed that the air on the top of a hill is colder than in the valley in the daytime, and warmer at night. The daily range at the higher station is not so great as at the lower, the difference being about four and a half degrees. In cold weather it is found that the air on the top of a hill is never so cold as that in the valley. The rain-fall, also, on the hill is forty per cent. greater than in the valley. These observations were prosecuted in a valley at Cobham and on a hill at Denbies, the difference in height being about six hundred feet.

CELLULOSE IN ANIMAL TISSUES.

The announcement of the occurrence of cellulose in the animal kingdom, made by Schmidt in 1845, was at first received with much incredulity; the possible existence of such a non-nitrogenous substance in an animal being a startling proposition. Recently Shäfer has renewed the examination of certain animals, such as *Pyrosoma*, several *salpas*, and *Phallusia mammillaris*, and by a carefully conducted chemical process he has succeeded in isolating a substance which, by all tests, exhibits an absolute identity as a chemical body with cellulose of plants. The proofs of this, as given, are as follows: first, the quantitative composition; second, the assumption of a violet-blue color on the addition of iodine, after previous action with sulphuric acid; third, the solubility in ammoniacal oxide of copper, and the precipitation from this solution by acids; fourth, the alteration of this cellulose precipitated from ammoniacal oxide of copper, not only in its physical but also in its chemical condition, and with the retention of its behavior to iodine; fifth, the transformation into fermentable sugar by long action of sulphuric acid; sixth, the transformation into a nitrous body by the action of fuming nitric acid, which product is partly identical with gun-cotton and partly with collodion.

APES IN THIBET.

Apes and parrots are generally considered as belonging exclusively to the tropical zone. Dr. Hensel, however, has observed that in the most southern part of Brazil, with a climate similar to that of Southern Europe, several species of

monkeys exist. Abbé David has lately discovered two more of these extra-tropical species, a short-tailed macacus (*Macacus tibetanus*) and *Semnopithecus roxellana*. They were found in the almost inaccessible forests of Eastern Thibet.

PHOSPHORESCENCE OF PYROSOMA.

Professor Panceri, of Naples, to whose experiments upon marine animals we have had frequent occasion to refer, has lately published an account of certain observations upon *Pyrosoma*, a transparent compound ascidian found floating in shoals both in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. This is among the most luminous of marine invertebrates, and Professor Panceri has ascertained that the light-emitting organs are two large granular patches, placed on either side, near the mouth of each of the tunicate constituents of the compound mass. He also ascertained that from a single egg four embryos are developed, while the "cap" to which they are attached represents a fifth embryo, which attains its development first, has a mouth, nervous system, and a heart that pumps blood into the chain of four embryos encircling it.

RATIO OF BAROMETER DEPRESSION TO THE HEIGHT OF THE TIDES.

At a meeting of the Philosophical Society of Washington Professor William Ferrel presented an account of some experiments in which he had been engaged at the request of the superintendent of the Coast Survey, for determining the influence of the barometric pressure upon the tides. Taking the observations made with the tide-gauge at Boston Harbor, he compared them, hour by hour, for a certain period, with the barometrical records of Harvard Observatory, and ascertained that, in general, a fall of the barometer of one inch was accompanied by an increased height of the tide of seven inches. The theoretical ratio should be one inch to about thirteen and a half, but the shallowness of Boston Harbor, and the numerous obstructions to the free flow of the water in and out of it, are assigned as the cause of the difference. Similar observations made at Liverpool showed that the tides varied ten inches in height with one inch of barometric fluctuation.

BELGIAN BATS AND THEIR PARASITES.

Professor P. J. von Benéden, in a memoir upon the bats of Belgium and their parasites, calls attention to the very great interest of such researches as he has been prosecuting. These animals have less relationship to man than almost any other mammal, and are under the absolute rule of natural selection. The entire group have the same insectivorous nutriment, and they are entirely dependent upon variations in the atmosphere for their food—more so than any other animal.

The question now arises how these insectivorous mammals, living first with the mammoths and bears and reindeer before the glacial epoch, have been able to pass that period without disappearing entirely; and the suggestion is raised as to whether it was possible for them to enjoy a hibernation of ages as well as that of a single season.

The professor sums up a series of inquiries in regard to the entozoa of the bats as follows: First, that the cheiroptera nourish parasites as well as the other mammals; second, that these parasites belong to a special group and series; third, that the order of the cheiroptera can be determined by the contents of their intestines; fourth, that the ascarides, so common in other mammalia, are entirely wanting in the bats; fifth, that all their parasites, as far as at present known, belong to the group of nostosites; sixth, that their xenosites are individuals which have strayed away from their natural habitation; seventh, that bats nourish the same parasites throughout the year; eighth, that the period of hibernation has its effect upon their worms, as well as upon their numerous ascarides. The term *nostosites* is one devised by the professor not long ago to include entozoa that have reached their final destination and are not liable to any further transformation; and the *xenosites* are forms which are in a transition state, and able to develop into something different when the external circumstances are changed.

GIANT RAPTORIAL BIRDS IN NEW ZEALAND.

Among certain remains of *Dinornis* lately exhumed in the Canterbury Province of New Zealand there have been detected bones which are considered as belonging to a gigantic bird of prey. This was probably at least twice the size of any of the raptores now found in Australia or New Zealand, and it is supposed to have had as its special mission the preying upon the young *Dinornis*. The natives have a tradition of the former existence of a huge bird of the eagle kind, long since extinct, and it is thought not improbable that this may have had actual reference to the species in question.

PHYSIOLOGICAL PROPERTIES OF OPIUM ALKALOIDS.

Rabuteau has lately prosecuted a careful inquiry into the physiological properties of the different alkaloids of opium, some experiments having been made upon the human subject, both sick and in health, and others upon dogs, mice, and frogs. They were given both by the mouth and in the form of hypodermic injections. The substances investigated were thebaine, papaverine, narcotine, codeine, narceine, morphine, meconic acid, and meconine.

He found that they could be arranged in the following order as regards their various effects upon man: first, as soporific agents — morphine, narceine, codeine (the others do not produce sleep); second, as poisonous agents— morphine, codeine, thebaine, papaverine, narceine, narcotine; third, as analgesic agents, or quieters of pain — narceine, morphine, thebaine, papaverine, codeine (narcotine does not seem to enter into this series at all); fourth, anexosmotic agents, or antagonists to diarrhœa —morphine and narceine, these alone having this peculiarity.

It is well known that the combined action of morphine and chloroform produces analgesia without the necessity of causing slumber. In the case of a dog which had received a hypodermic injection of three-quarters of a grain of chlorohydrate of narceine, and which had been subsequently put to sleep by chloroform, no sensation of pain appeared to be felt on awakening, as the dog could be pinched, or stuck with a pin, or

have its toes trodden upon, without exhibiting the least symptom of distress, although able to move about and run as usual. This extraordinary condition, in which the nervous-sensitive system seemed abolished, lasted several hours. Similar results were met with in employing bromoform.

GELATINE MOULDING.

The introduction of a process of casting known as gelatine moulding, which has come into vogue within a few years, has proved to be of great value in taking casts of delicate and intricate objects without showing any seam. For this purpose the object to be copied, whether in plaster or of other material, is properly coated with oil and soap, to prevent adhesion, and then covered with canvas for protection. Rolls of modeling clay are then laid on over the canvas, until the whole surface is covered to a suitable thickness, say from four to six inches, and against this a plaster coating or wall is built up, in two or more parts, to form a backing for the mould. The two parts are then opened, and the canvas and clay taken out and thrown away, the two parts are replaced, and a hollow interval of the thickness of the clay will exist, into which hot liquid gelatine is poured. After twelve hours the gelatine will have attained a semi-solid consistency, which will allow of the mould being opened and the gelatine impression peeled from the face of the model.

NITRATE OF SILVER FROM SILVER ALLOY.

Mr. R. Palm, of Russia, has succeeded in obtaining pure nitrate of silver from the metal alloyed with copper by a very quick and simple process. He dissolves the alloy in nitric acid, evaporates to the consistency of thick oil (not to dryness), and then adds concentrated nitric acid. The silver salts precipitate in crystals, while the copper remains in solution. The crystals have to be repeatedly washed in concentrated nitric acid, and then they contain no trace of copper.

CROTONATE OF CHLORAL.

Dr. Liebreich not long since presented to the consideration of the medical profession a new narcotic, which he named crotonate of chloral, and which he obtained by the action of chlorine upon allyl. The influence of this substance upon animals differs from that of chloral, the first result being a profound anæsthesia of the brain, the sensibility of the remainder of the body being retained. In the second stage, loss of function in the spinal cord occurs, characterized by the entire absence of reflex excitability. The pulse and respiration are unaffected. If the dose be increased, death results in the third stage from the paralysis of the medulla oblongata. The animals may be kept alive by means of artificial respiration, because the crotonate of chloral does not affect the heart's action, while chloral causes paralysis of the muscles of the heart.

MODIFICATION OF BLOOD GLOBULES.

Mr. Ritter, of St. Petersburg, has published a report of an extended investigation into the relationships between the modifications of the blood globules and those of the excretions, and sums up the result of his inquiries in the following propositions: 1. In subjecting man or animals to the influence of tartar-emetic, or of the sulphuret of antimony, of arsenious acid, or of phosphorus, large or poisonous doses produce an extensive alteration of the blood, while feeble ones have a much less energetic action. 2. The blood globule is distorted, while crystals of hæmoglobin appear simultaneously. 3. The blood is anæmic, the albumen and the globules diminish, the fibrine increases, and the proportion of gas diminishes. 4. The amount of glucose usually increases, though in certain cases it diminishes. 5. Fatty bodies always increase. 6. This is also the case with cholesterine, the variations in the amount of which are much greater than those of the fatty bodies. 7. Their variations are in direct relation with the dose of the poison and the alteration of the globule. This fact would seem to support the hypothesis that the fatty bodies and cholesterine are the product of deoxidation. 8. The composition of the urine varies in a manner similar to that of the four bodies just mentioned. 9. The total quantity of the nitrogen and of the urea diminishes. 10. The acidity of the urine diminishes, and, in fact, may be replaced by alkalinity. 11. The uric acid always increases. 12. When the blood globule is greatly modified, and especially when the crystals of hæmoglobin appear, the urine contains the abnormal substances which are most frequently the coloring matters of the bile, albumen, and sometimes of the hæmoglobin. 13. These compounds increase the formation and deposit of fat, but only when administered in certain doses.

ABSORPTION OF INSOLUBLE MATTER BY ANIMAL MEMBRANES.

Dr Auspitz, of Vienna, who has been engaged in certain investigations upon the absorption of insoluble matter by animal membranes, has arrived at the following conclusions on the subject: 1. That in mammals insoluble matter (starch-flour granules), starting from the peritoneum and subcutaneous tissue, is able to reach the lungs, and through these organs to reach the general circulation. 2. That these granules, in order to go over into the veins, pass through the lymphatic system. (That they are taken up exclusively in this way is not as yet proved.) 3. That the epidermis always presents a considerable, though only relative and not absolute, obstruction to the absorption from the integumentary surface. 4. That the absorption is essentially promoted by the medium of fat, which goes over into the circulation in the same manner as starch flour, though even more easily. Finally, the supposition may be offered, even if the direct proof be provisionally deficient, that all that is true of starch flour, and in a higher degree of fat, may also be asserted of other insoluble bodies of finer division, and therefore less permanence of form, than the starch flour. The supposition is not in any way contradicted by the discoveries of Auspitz made in connection with his well-known experiments with mercury.

FOSSIL BIRDS OF FRANCE.

The study of the fossil birds of France by A. Milne-Edwards has tended to throw a good deal of light upon the question of the climate which prevailed during the prehistoric period, some species then abundant having disappeared entirely, and others receding to the north with the

mammalia. Some ethnologists have maintained that the presence of the reindeer in France in the early ages is to be attributed not to the climate, but to its having been introduced as a domestic animal by the Finnish population. This explanation, however, can not apply to the grouse and snowy owl, the remains of which are very abundant, and which are equally characteristic of a high northern climate.

Among other birds, the cock occurs abundantly, which therefore shows that, instead of having been introduced from India, it must have been contemporaneous with the first ages of mankind.

The middle tertiary deposits of France have furnished a very rich harvest of separate varieties, among about seventy species and a great number of groups. A remarkable fact here is the occurrence of types no longer known in Europe, such as parrots, the salauganes, swifts, the trogons, the secretary-bird, marabout storks, flamingoes, etc., recalling more the peculiarities of Central Africa than those of any other part of the world.

As might naturally be supposed, the species most abundant are those belonging to the water, their remains being more likely to be preserved. Gallinacea of large size, and little inferior to the peacock, and genuine pheasants, have, however, also been met with. The gypsum beds in the vicinity of Paris have also furnished large numbers of the remains of birds, some of them very different from the modern forms, rendering it necessary to establish quite a number of new groups.

The many peculiarities observed in the species of this fauna render it a still greater cause of regret that those of the cretaceous period are unknown, this resulting from the fact that there were very few fresh-water deposits during that period in which such remains could have accumulated. Could we be more successful in exploring these forms, Professor Edwards thinks the immense gap which exists between the Jurassic *Archæopteryx* and the typical birds of the present period might be satisfactorily filled up.

RELATION OF SUN SPOTS TO THE WINE CROP.

Mr. Schuster, of Manchester, calls attention, in *Nature*, to the apparent connection between the sun spots and certain terrestrial phenomena, and remarks upon the close coincidence of the years in which the wine crop of Germany was unusually good with those in which there was a minimum of the sun spots.

RESTORATION OF EXCISED BRAIN IN PIGEONS.

Fifty years ago Mr. Flourens removed the brains of cats and rabbits, and demonstrated that these animals could live without them. Recently Mr. Voit, of Munich, has obtained still more remarkable results. On several occasions he removed the brain of a pigeon, and found, to his astonishment, that after some months it had grown again. The learned physiologist says that for some weeks after the operation the birds seem to sleep, with their heads under the wings, after which they open their eyes and commence to fly about. They do not strike against any obstacle, and skillfully avoid being caught. This shows that they can both see and hear. When some of the animals were killed, five months after the operation, the cavity of the skull was filled with brain matter in two lobes, between which a dividing membrane (septum) was found.

OCCURRENCE OF HÆMOGLOBIN IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

Mr. E. Ray Lancaster discusses the presence of hæmoglobin in the muscles of mollusca and its distribution in the living organism, and remarks that the only mollusca in which this substance occurs are *Planorbis* and the allied species, in which the blood is of a brilliant red color. He thinks that possibly in other gasteropods this substance may be present in quantities too small to be detected.

The localities in which the hæmoglobin has been detected by means of the spectroscope are, first, the red granules of the blood of the vertebrata, except in *Amphioxus*, where it occurs in the plasma only; second, in most of the striped muscles of mammalia and birds, but only in the cardiac muscles and in certain very active muscles of other vertebrata; third, in the unstriped muscle in the human rectum; fourth, in certain annelidæ; fifth, in fluid from the perivisceral cavity of the leech; sixth, in the plasma of the so-called blood of the larva of *Chironomus* (a dipterous insect), but it has been sought for in vain in other insects, myriapods, and arachnids; seventh, in the blood plasma of some crustaceans, but not in others; eighth, as a rule, it is absent from the blood of the mollusks, excepting in that of *Planorbis*.

NEW WINGLESS BIRD FROM QUEENSLAND.

Professor Owen has discovered, among certain specimens lately submitted to him, a new form of wingless bird from the post-tertiary deposit of Queensland, Australia. This he refers to a new genus of struthiones allied to the emu, which he proposes to call *Dromornis*.

NEW THEORY OF TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.

Professor Zöllner proposes a new theory in regard to the origin of terrestrial magnetism. He adopts the idea of drift currents upon the liquid surface of the sun, by means of which he tries to explain the movement of the sun spots. These drift currents originate, according to his conception, from the current of heat continually ascending from the interior, and from the rotation of the sun. Such currents, Professor Zöllner maintains, exist in all rotating cosmical bodies, even after the surface, cooled by radiation, has become rigid to a certain extent. This is the case with the earth, and the continuous regular currents of the interior liquid mass produce different effects upon the outer shell, mechanical, thermal, and also magnetical, the latter as a necessary consequence of the electricity originated by the currents. The professor further maintains that by this hypothesis the general phenomena of terrestrial magnetism may be satisfactorily explained, and that they are related to the currents of the inner liquid mass, and whatever affects these currents, as, for instance, volcanoes, reacts immediately upon the magnetism of the earth. Wherever a cosmical body becomes entirely solid, no induced magnetism can exist, etc.

Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

OUR Record is closed on the 24th of July.—The Democratic National Convention met at Baltimore July 9, and concluded its business on the day following. The meeting was called to order by August Belmont, chairman of the National Executive Committee, who named Thomas Jefferson Randolph, of Virginia, for temporary chairman. Ex-Senator James R. Doolittle was chosen permanent president of the Convention. The platform of the Cincinnati Liberal Republicans was adopted in full, with the addition of the following preamble:

"We, the Democratic electors of the United States, in convention assembled, do present the following principles, already adopted at Cincinnati, as essential to just government."

A motion having been made to adopt the resolutions under the previous question, several delegates demurred, but the previous question was sustained by a vote of 573 to 159, and the resolutions adopted by a vote of 670 to 62. Ballots were then cast for President and Vice-President, resulting in the choice of Horace Greeley and B. Gratz Brown. The former on the first ballot received 686 votes; James A. Bayard, of Delaware, 15, Jeremiah S. Black, of Pennsylvania, 21; William S. Groesbeck, of Ohio, 2; and 8 blanks: total, 732. On the vote for Vice-President B. Gratz Brown received 713; John W. Stevenson, of Kentucky, 6; and 13 blanks. Both nominations were subsequently made unanimous.

Several State conventions were held during the month, as follows: The Illinois Democratic, in Springfield, June 26, nominating Gustavus A. Koerner for Governor, and choosing delegates to the Baltimore Convention; the Illinois Liberal Republican, in the same city and on the same day, indorsing the Cincinnati platform and electing members of the State Central Committee; the Georgia Democratic, in Atlanta, June 26, electing delegates to the Baltimore Convention; the New Jersey Democratic, in Trenton, June 26, indorsing the Cincinnati platform, and choosing delegates to the Baltimore Convention; the Mississippi Conservative Democratic, at Jackson, June 26, indorsing the Cincinnati nominations; the Virginia Conservative Democratic, in Richmond, June 28, electing delegates to Baltimore; the Michigan Democratic, in Detroit, July 2, indorsing the Cincinnati platform, and choosing delegates to Baltimore.

A riot of "strikers" at Williamsport, Pennsylvania, grew to such dimensions that 800 of the State militia were sent to the scene of disturbance, and the Governor issued a proclamation, July 23, declaring that the acts of the strikers in preventing others from working are unlawful, and directing the military to hold themselves in readiness to enforce the law and bring the offenders to justice.

A collision occurred on the Auburn branch of the New York Central, July 19, between a passenger and a freight train, by which three persons were killed and many injured, several of the latter fatally.

The steam-lighter *Wallace*, Captain F. A. Scott, exploded her boiler off New London, Connecticut, June 24, shattering the entire vessel, and killing two of the crew. Several of the men were badly injured.

Lord Dufferin, the newly appointed Governor-General of Canada, took the oath of office June 25.

OBITUARY.

Hon. John H. M'Cunn, of New York city, died July 6.

Edward Stanley, ex-Governor of North Carolina, died in San Francisco July 12.

David Paul Brown, a distinguished lawyer of Philadelphia, died in that city July 10.

CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.

President Juarez, of Mexico, died July 18, of apoplexy. Lerdo de Tejada will act as President until the Congress orders an election to fill the vacancy.

The Cuban privateer *Pioneer*, formerly the United States cutter *Resolute*, carrying three large guns and many small-arms, with ammunition, was seized by the United States revenue cutter *Moccasin* off Newport, Rhode Island, July 8. The crew, consisting of four officers and sixteen men, were placed in custody, awaiting orders from Washington.

General Caballos has succeeded Count Valmaseda as Captain-General of Cuba.

Fort Monarca, at Nuevitas, Cuba, was struck by lightning on the night of July 10. The powder-magazine exploded instantaneously with the stroke, and seven artillerists of the garrison were killed. One of the rifled cannons was carried a distance of fifty yards from its embrasure. Fort Monarca was built in 1869 by the city of Nuevitas, and was presented to the government in 1870.

Mails from Aspinwall, June 22, bring the news that the order of Jesuits has been declared extinct by the government of Guatemala, and their property sold at auction.

Official proclamation is made of the postal convention between the United States and Ecuador. The letter postage from one country to the other is twenty cents, and the two post-office departments may by agreement provide for the transmission of registered letters in the mails, and exchange between the two countries, the register fee being ten cents.

EUROPE.

The German Reichstag has passed a measure suppressing the order of Jesuits, and expelling from the empire the foreign members of the order. There are in Germany only 738 members of the order; but, as Professor Von Schulte has shown, the Jesuit influence pervades and controls the entire clerical system in Germany, which has become a formidable organization. There are no fewer than 18,000 Roman Catholic priests in Germany, besides 11,000 members of convents. Adding to these the pupils in Catholic seminaries, the "Old Catholic" professor computes the entire Romanist army at 50,000, led and marshaled by the Jesuits. The vigor of its growth in late years M. Von Schulte describes as marvelous. In the five cities of Breslau, Trèves, Cologne, Münster, and Paderborn alone

it amounts to 2324, which is equivalent to the 126th inhabitant of Cologne and the 140th in Trèves. In Paderborn there is a priest, monk, or nun to every forty inhabitants.

The Pope, June 25, received the members of the German Literary Club of Rome, and in the course of an address to them made use of the following language: "The persecution of Catholics has commenced in Germany, but they display courage under affliction, and have notified the German government that the persecution of the Church is folly. The Church, said the Holy Father, remains triumphant. We have asked Prince Bismarck how it is that the once contented German bishops have, according to the expressed belief of the German government, been suddenly transformed into dangerous conspirators. No reply has yet been received. Let us pray to our Father in heaven that the stone may fall that will complete the overthrow of the Colossus."

According to the census of 1871, Germany has a population of 41,085,616.

The monument in memory of the distinguished statesman Stein was unveiled in Nassau, Germany, July 9. The ceremony took place in presence of the Emperor and Empress of Germany, Prince Frederick William, and the chief dignitaries of the court and empire. The spectacle was grand and imposing, and witnessed by vast crowds of people from all parts of Europe. Hon. George Bancroft, American minister at Berlin, was invited to address the assemblage. He gave an eloquent account of Stein's career. "Stein," he said, "first kindled the idea of German unity, and time had fanned the spark into flame, and to him Germany owed the proud position she now held among the nations of the earth."

A resolution was adopted by the Austrian Reichsrath, June 19, requesting the government to determine the legal position of religious societies in Austria.

A royal decree was promulgated June 29 dissolving the Spanish Cortes, ordering elections for members on August 24, and convoking the new Cortes on the 15th of September. Contrary to their original purpose, the republicans have determined to participate in the elections.

On the night of July 18 an attempt was made to assassinate King Amadeus and his wife, Maria Victoria, as they were returning from the palace garden to the palace. Three of the conspirators have been arrested.

M. De Remusat, minister of Foreign Affairs, and Count Von Arnim, the German embassador, June 29, signed the treaty providing for the evacuation of French territory by the German troops. Ratifications of the treaty were exchanged July 7.

The French Assembly, July 23, by a vote of 317 to 233, adopted the first chapter of the bill imposing a tax on raw materials. This chapter provides for a tax on silk, cotton, flax, and hemp. Its adoption was an important victory for President Thiers and the party of the Left.

The Tribunal of Arbitration on the *Alabama* claims met again at Geneva July 15. On the 19th of June the arbitrators had decided against an adjournment of eight months, and also against the admission of the "indirect claims."

The International Prison Congress held its first conference in Middle Temple Hall, London, July 3. The objects of the congress were thus stated by Lord Caernarvon: "To obtain information; to compare the different prison systems of different countries; to discuss the principles and details upon which those systems were based; and to arrive, if possible, at some general conclusions."

The Ballot bill passed by the House of Commons was amended by the House of Lords, and passed to its third reading June 25. It then went back to the Commons, where the Lords' amendments were rejected. On July 8 the Lords receded from their amendment making the use of the secret ballot optional, but adhered to the amendment making the bill provisional.

During the session of the House of Commons July 10, Mr. Walter Morrison, member for Plymouth—a supporter of the ballot, female suffrage, and the removal of all religious disabilities—moved the second reading of the Proportional Representation bill, which adopts the American system of representation, proportioned to population, readjusted according to each successive census. Mr. Morrison explained the operation of the bill at great length. He demonstrated that under this system Birmingham would be entitled to seven and Liverpool to eleven representatives in Parliament, instead of three each, as at present; and that London would be represented by sixty-two members instead of twenty, as now. Tom Hughes seconded the motion of Mr. Morrison. On the 11th an amendment by Sir Charles Dilke, to extend the provisions of the bill to Ireland and Scotland, was rejected, 154 to 26.

Official tables give the following report of the number of passengers traveling on the railways of England and Wales during 1850, 1860, and 1870, respectively: In 1850 there were 7,127,822 first-class passengers, 22,869,713 second-class passengers, and 28,514,434 third-class and Parliamentary train passengers, making a total of 58,511,969 passengers; in 1860 there were 16,859,022 first-class, 43,202,202 second-class, and 76,897,680 third-class and Parliamentary train passengers, making a total of 136,958,904 passengers; in 1870 there were 27,004,386 first-class, 66,736,823 second-class, and 194,891,712 third-class and Parliamentary train passengers, making a total of 288,632,921 passengers. From these figures it appears that in twenty years the first-class passengers had increased 278 per cent., second-class 191 per cent., third-class and Parliamentary train 583 per cent., and the entire number 393 per cent.

A terrible explosion occurred July 9 in an extensive flour-mill in Glasgow, Scotland. Eleven persons buried in the ruins were burned to death, and twelve were taken out badly injured.

The International Statistical Congress will hold its eighth session in St. Petersburg this year, beginning about the 22d of August. The Grand Duke Constantine will be the honorary president, and General Timasheff, the Minister of the Interior, the acting president. The imperial government has granted $10,000 for the expenses of the congress. The session of the congress will last about a week, after which the members will be taken on a grand excursion, which will last several days, to Moscow for the Polytechnic Exposition, and to Nighni-Novgorod for the great fair.

Editor's Drawer.

THE Boston papers a few weeks back were filled with the marvelous effect with which the "Anvil Chorus" was given at the Jubilee, one hundred anvils being beaten by one hundred firemen dressed in red shirts and other loud toggery. Good as that might have been, there was more fun in John Brougham's impromptu at a little evening party once given at Maurice Strakosch's house in Twenty-second Street. Brougham and three other friends were playing a quiet game of "seven up," while Strakosch, with a cigar in his mouth, was seated at the piano improvising. One of the ladies present said, "Do, Mr. Strakosch, play us the 'Anvil Chorus.'"

"Yes," added Brougham, "and while you play *that*, we'll play 'old sledge.'"

IN a certain part of Missouri the following style of literature is popular: "The agglutinated eyelids of M'Leod of Calumet were first separated by an attentive nurse eighty-three years ago. Since that time they have never looked upon a rain that for wetness would equal that which spread itself over this village last week."

GOING down Third Avenue a few days since, a lady was leading a little black-and-tan dog. When she reached the corner of Thirty-sixth Street a boy suddenly cut the string, and giving a yell that a boy only can give, black-and-tan put down the avenue at his best pace. The lady caught the boy and gave him a few smart raps on the head with the handle of her parasol, and being asked what she was doing, naïvely answered, "I'm handling the *nucleus* of a very bad man."

SOLDIERS have generally been divided into two classes, the courageous and cowardly; but here is a metaphysical distinction, drawn by one of themselves, which would puzzle the casuists:

One of the Illinois brigades, commanded by one of the gentlest and bravest of the soldiers of that State, had for adjutant a man who had served in the British army in a subordinate position, and so was, at the outbreak of the war, elected lieutenant and adjutant in the belief that he could contribute a vast fund of practical military knowledge to the men. Under fire he was not quite so recklessly brave as Prince Rupert, and the boys, knowing this, used to canvass his merits in the frankest manner before his face. On one occasion the conversation had taken a particularly personal and uncomplimentary turn. The adjutant stood it as long as he could, but finally patience ceased to be a virtue, and, springing to his feet, he roared out,

"Be ——, gentlemen, I may not be a brave man; but, be ——, I'm not a coward!"

THE clergy are necessarily well up in Scripture—else how could they quote therefrom passages conveying the idea that there is "a time to laugh as well as a time to pray?" This, we know, is the season of camp-meetings; and we can therefore imagine the mirth occasioned by a clergyman who was going out by boat the other day to lay out a new camp-meeting resort, when he asked, "What positive proof is there that King David and his son Solomon were tailors?" No one responding, and all looking toward the parson, he simply quoted the familiar passage, "And Solomon mended the breaches which David his father had made."

IT is not always safe to joke, even with the benighted Celestials. A fine young lady of Portland, Oregon, on hearing from one of her Chinese domestics his determination to return to his native land, twitted him upon the subject of matrimony.

"Well, well! Ah Wam is going back to get a wife, I suppose?"

"Me? Yes."

"What sort of a girl is she?"

"Belly nice woman, nice woman!"

"Well, tell us, Ah Wam, is she one of the aristocratic sort—'A No. 1,' you know—nice girls who have such little wee feet?"

AH WAM (*very innocently*). "Oh no, no! oh no! not little feet! great big feet! *all same yours!*"

"MR. DOOLITTLE," said the Rev. Cyrus P——, on a pastoral visit, "I don't see you and Mrs. Doolittle at church Sunday evenings."

"Well, no," replied Mr. Doolittle. "My wife has to stay at home to take care of the children, and as it comes rather hard on her, I stay to keep her company."

"Why, how is that? don't you keep any servants?"

"Oh yes, we keep two; but they don't allow us any privileges."

That is about it generally.

RECENTLY at a business meeting of the members of the Baptist congregation at R——, Indiana, a proposition was made to purchase a chandelier for the use of the church. Of course there was a division of sentiment concerning the matter, which found full expression. The arguments waxed warm, when Elder —— arose and said, "My Christian friends, I'm opposed to introducin' any new-fangled idees into our worship. You all know we hain't got the funds to spare; besides, there ain't no one in the church that could *play on the thing* if we had it!"

No purchase.

WE are given to understand that the following anecdote of Charles Mathews the elder has not hitherto been in print in this country. Mathews and Tattersall were very intimate, and the great comedian was frequently in the habit of accompanying his friend to Newmarket, where, on one occasion, Mathews indulged in his well-known taste for mimicry, at the expense of Tattersall, during a sale of blood stock conducted by the latter.

"The first lot, gentlemen," said Mr. Tattersall, "is a bay filly by Smolensko," etc.

"The first lot, gentlemen," echoed Mr. Mathews, in precisely the same tone of voice, "is a bay filly by Smolensko," etc.

The auctioneer looked somewhat annoyed, but proceeded:

"What shall we say to begin with?"

"What shall we say to begin with?" replied the echo.

Still endeavoring to conceal his vexation, Mr. Tattersall inquiringly called out, "One hundred guineas?"

"One hundred guineas," echoed Mathews.

"Thank you, Sir," cried Tattersall, bringing down the hammer; "the filly is yours."

Mathews was considerably taken aback by his sudden acquisition of "blood stock," and the company enjoyed the joke immensely.

A short time before the fire, a stranger in Chicago hailed a newsboy on Dearborn Street, and said,

"Bub, do you know where the Sherman House is?"

With a look of mingled melancholy and disgust, the boy answered,

"Know where the Sherman House is! Don't I wish I had a dollar *for every time I've known where the Sherman House was!*"

Mr. James O'Reilley, the famous Queen's Counsel, of Kingston, is one of the best, as he is certainly the wittiest, of the lawyers at the Canadian bar. It was he, by-the-way, who conducted the very skillful and sensational prosecution which ended in the conviction and execution of Whelan for the assassination of Hon. Thomas Darcy M'Gee. On one occasion he found himself on a country circuit, of counsel for the plaintiff in a civil suit. The plaintiff claimed $2000; the defendant denied that there was any indebtedness whatever. There were some nice points of law raised in the course of the trial; counsel were captious, and the judge critical; and for three mortal days the unfortunate jurors, who were of the rural persuasion, were pelted with examinations, cross-examinations, exceptions, objections, rejoinders, evidence in rebuttal and surrebuttal—Heaven and the Supreme Court alone know what—till they were confused beyond all measure. When O'Reilley rose to wind up the case they feared that an avalanche of authorities was to come. To their surprise and pleasure he addressed them thus:

"Gentlemen, I am a plain, practical man, as each of you is, and do not wish to impose upon your time or insult your intelligence with useless verbiage or specious arguments. Let us look at this matter in the light of common-sense. Suppose that one of your number has a horse to sell [here the jury roused themselves], and I wish to buy him. I offer you $100; you ask $150. We can not agree; so we call in some honest neighbor—like your worthy foreman—and ask him to decide between us, and do the fair thing. He splits the difference, and makes it $125. Now apply your plain good sense to the present case on the same just principle. We claim $2000: the defendant will not give us any thing. Do your duty as between man and man. I have every confidence in you."

He sat down, and in ten seconds the jury had returned a verdict for the plaintiff for $1000, which was their idea of the happy medium between nothing and $2000.

Another anecdote of the same lawyer is well worth repeating. He once found himself engaged at Kipgston as counsel for the plaintiff in a breach-of-promise suit, which, for a wonder, was as void of romance as a frog pond. The plaintiff was a cook, fat, elderly, and cross-eyed; the defendant a private in the Rifles, ugly and unamiable. The "broken heart" and "blighted affection" line of prosecution would not have availed here, so Mr. O'Reilley produced, proved, and put in evidence photographs of the heartless and hungry defendant before he had made the acquaintance of the plaintiff, and after he had ravaged her affections and pantry. The first showed him meagre and miserable as Romeo's apothecary; the second, a regular "fat boy" in uniform, the buttons whereof refused to meet over his fair round belly with fat capon lined. Then the defendant was compelled to testify that during his courtship his eating weight had increased forty pounds. Amidst roars of laughter the case was sent to the jury, the eloquent counsel out-Shylocking Shylock, demanding his forty pounds of flesh, which, he urged, fairly belonged to the plaintiff. And the jury, without hesitation, returned a verdict for £40, or $160, which was only set aside by the happy union of the high contesting parties.

The bench and the bar have contributed even more largely than the press and the pulpit to the funny literature of the day. There is probably not another man in the Western States of whose absurdities such good stories are told as are told of ex-Justice Charles O'Malley, of Chicago, who filled the onerous and honorable position of justice of the peace in the Garden City some ten years ago. He it was who made the remarkable ruling in marine law that "fwhin the jib-boom av wan vessel runs into the jib-boom av another vessel, it is a collision on the high seas, and the vessel which firsht shtrikes the other vessel is guilty." He it was who alluded to a complicated assault case as the "hivviest case that iver came up these shtairs." It was he who maintained the dignity of the law by formulating the theory that the costs of the court must be paid by some one, and this was how it happened:

One day, says history, one citizen summoned another before Justice O'Malley for assault. The offense was clearly proven, and judgment given, five dollars and costs. The culprit was impecunious to a fault, and declared that he must be taken to the Bridewell. "Shtop!" cried the cadi to the plaintiff, who, well satisfied, was leaving the court: "you, man, come here." The plaintiff returned. "Mr. Clerk," continued the righteous judge, "I assiss five dollars and costs on the other man. *The dignity av the law must be maintained.*"

Of the same defender of the Constitution another good anecdote is related by John Summerfield, police magistrate in Chicago. When he was a young law student or suckling lawyer, the firm with which he was studying deputed him to attend to some fifty-dollar civil suit which they were engaged to defend before Justice O'Malley. Summerfield accordingly went to court bright and early, and found awful justice with unbandaged eyes, and scales and sword laid aside. He invited the judge to alcoholic relaxation, and the judge unbent graciously. Ordering "two more of the same," Summerfield advanced the general

proposition that it was a shame for a man to bring a case into court when he had no case at all. To this the judge assented. Summerfield, while the third drink was mixing, gave a brief and lucid outline of the case from his point of view, stating that he did so to avoid wasting the precious time of the Court. After this they took a fourth drink and went up stairs, where the court opened.

"Mr. Clerk," said the justice, "this gintleman has a case which he wishes disposed av at wanst. Call it."

Due proclamation was made, and the plaintiff appeared, crammed to the muzzle with evidence and indignation. Ere he could utter a word, to him the judge:

"Fwhat the divil d'ye mane, Sir, by coming into court with a case fwhin ye've no case at all? Mr. Clerk, dismiss this case, with costs!"

And John Summerfield's first case was won.

From bar to bar-room. An old yet good story, which has not yet appeared in print, so far as we know, is told of a Buffalo hotel-keeper, who engaged a handsome, well-dressed bar-keeper, who parted his hair in the middle and wore a diamond ring. In two years thereafter the hotel-keeper became insolvent, his establishment was sold out by the sheriff, and the purchaser was none other than the bar-keeper. Out of compassion he engaged his old employer to compound the insidious cocktail and the soothing smash. In two years more the whirligig of time had brought about his revenges, and the hotel was again sold out. This time the first proprietor bought it back. But he did not re-engage that bar-keeper.

These financial ways that are dark remind us of a capital anecdote, which may be entitled "The Traveler's Revenge: a Romance of the Railroad." Once upon a time some resident upon the line of an Eastern road took umbrage at his treatment by its officers in the matter of a slain cow or an overcharge on freight. Thereafter he persisted in refusing to buy a ticket at the ticket-office, and invariably paid his fare on the train, a proceeding which involved an extra ten cents on each occasion. As he was almost a daily passenger, this proceeding excited the curiosity of the conductor, who one day said,

"Why don't you buy your ticket at the office? It would save you money, and me a deal of trouble."

"I dare say," said the passenger, looking up dryly; "but *I've got a spite against this company, and I've taken an oath that they'll never see a cent of my money!*"

Yet another railroad anecdote of the same sort:

A too-inquisitive passenger was, in the age of specie, asking a conductor how he managed to build a house and buy a fast horse out of his fifty dollars a month. The answer was of the frankest.

"You see," said this noble man, "sometimes we get a way-passenger who pays us a quarter or a half dollar for his fare. Well, we flip the money up—heads for the conductor, tails for the company."

"But," persisted this investigator after truth, "sometimes it must turn up tails. What do you do then?"

"Oh," replied the conductor, with ineffable contempt, "then we *flip it up again!*"

So that passenger went home and sold out his railway shares.

It is a good thing to have law and rhetoric combined in nice proportion, and still better, as an eminent English judge once observed from the bench, "to relieve the tedium of legal proceedings with a little honest hilarity." There exists in Kansas a gentleman named Crosier, who wears the long robe. He is the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of that State, and from his decision in the case of Searle *et al. v.* Adams (3 Kansas, 515) we quote a few passages, containing so pleasant a mingling of law and fun that we are quite sure our staid jurists of the East and the laity every where will enjoy it:

"In this case the irrepressible statute of limitations is again presented for consideration. For some years past, upon the disposition of each succeeding case involving a construction of this statute, it was considered by bench and bar that fiction itself could scarcely conceive of a new question to arise thereunder; but as term after term rolls around there are presented new questions, comparing favorably in point of numbers with Falstaff's men in buckram, thus adding to the legions that have gone before a new demonstration of the propriety and verity of the adage that 'truth is stranger than fiction.' With the heat of ninety-eight degrees of Fahrenheit in the shade, and the newspapers teeming with reports of the ravages of our great common enemy, who, the more effectually to accomplish his double purpose of capturing the imprudent and frightening the timid, has assumed the form of the Asiatic monster, it might be supposed by the unthinking that the consideration of such questions would be entered upon rather reluctantly. But we beg to disabuse the public mind of any such heresy. Cases might be imagined where 'smashes' would not stimulate, nor 'cobblers' quicken, nor 'juleps' invigorate; but a new question under our statute of limitations in coolness and restoring power so far exceeds any and all of these, that when one is presented, the 'fine ould Irish gentleman's' resurrection, under the circumstances detailed in the song, becomes as palpable a reality as the 'Topeka Constitution or the Territorial capital at Mineola.' The powers of a galvanic battery upon the vital energies are wholly incomparable to it. So that the consideration of this case upon this day of wilted collars and oily butter should not entitle the Court to many eulogies for extraordinary energy in the fulfillment of its duties; and in making this request counsel was understood to intimate that some mischievously disposed persons, with a diabolical intent not clearly revealed, while organized as the Legislature of the State, had made a violent and unwarrantable onslaught upon the Constitution—that Constitution which this Court, as a tripedal pier, is exerting its utmost endeavors to support—that Constitution which, not only from patriotic and moral, but from alimentary considerations as well, we are bound to maintain and defend..... It is as transparent as the soup of which Oliver Twist implored an additional supply that the case at bar is not one of those as to which the general limitation was sought to be suspended by

the section quoted: wherefore the District Court erred in rendering judgment against Searle."

THE Boston Jubilee has caused an incredible ink-shed of prose; but the only poetical effusion worthy the name, in fact the only burst-out of the true afflatus, is the following, from one of the most gifted men of the East, contributed to J. R. O—g—d's *Jubilee Days:*

THE JUBILEE IN THE HEAT.

BY AN UNREASONABLE GRUMBLER.

Under the cloudless sky the Coliseum
Bakes on the Back Bay sands,
And from her towers, like banner in a dre-am,
Languidly droop the flags of many lands.

All round her rave the tumult and the trouble
Of countless outside shows:
Whirligigs, minstrels, monsters, dancers, double-
Headed Australians; ladies whose deft toes,

In absence of their hands, will tell your fortune
With cards, or saw, or play
On dulcimers; and charlatans who importune
Men to lose teeth or corns; shoot, swing, lift, weigh;

While over all, upon the dead air swimming,
Floats the balloon afar,
And rises the unintermitted screaming
Of trains upon the Providence R. R.

You roast, you fry, you long for some deep chasm
Scooped in a glacier's core;
But with the mercury the enthusiasm
Mounts in the Coliseum evermore.

The crowd encore the English, French, and Prussian
Bands till you inly bless
Heaven that no Turkish, Feejeean, or Russian
Band has come here to add to your distress.

They have, again, in solo Peschka-Leutner;
And as for that Herr Strauss,
The roar they raise for him's a perfect fright'ner,
And threatens to unroof the quaking house.

With handkerchiefs and hands and fans a-flutter,
They exult and they perspire:
Crushed in among them, helplessly I mutter
My anguish and my imprecations dire.

"O fool incredible, idiot without boundary!"
Thus at myself I scoff;
"Why not have sought the nearest iron-foundery,
When from the furnace they were pouring off?

"'Twere quite the same as this extraordinary
Torture called Jubilee.
Enceladus, unto thy cool and airy
Tranquil nest under Etna spirit me!"

THE late Mr. Lyman Raymond, for many years a much-respected merchant at Bridgewater, Vermont, used to relate the following anecdote of one of his acquaintances, and vouched for its truthfulness:

A miller in a small town in Vermont was, at intervals, temporarily insane for several days together, and at those times he imagined himself to be in another world—the world that is to come—and the Judge of all the earth. He built a large platform nearly ten feet from the ground, and seated thereon in an arm-chair, with a ponderous Bible in hand, he imagined a large concourse of people to be before him, and proceeded to question them concerning their former occupation, conduct, etc., answering the inquiries himself. At length he came to a miller residing in an adjoining town, and questioned him thus:

"What was your occupation in yonder world?"

"A miller, Sir."

"Did you ever steal any grain?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What did you do with it?"

"Used it myself, Sir."

"You may go to the wrong side of the question," said the pretended judge, unhesitatingly.

Finally, after judging all others, he proceeded to treat himself likewise.

"What was your occupation in yonder world?" he asked of himself.

"A miller, Sir."

"Did you ever steal any grain?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What did you do with it?"

"Made bread of it, and gave the bread to the poor."

Then he hesitated, scratched his head, and seemed to be engaged in deep thought for several minutes, and finally said,

"Well, you may go to the right side of the question, but—it—is—a —— tight squeeze."

APROPOS of the Bruins who fatten in the jungles of Wall Street, we find in an old "Booke of Simples," published in 1562, the following unctuous paragraph:

"The Beare is a beaste whose flesh is good for mankynd; his fat is good with Laudanum, to make an oyntmente to heale balde-headed men to receive the hayre agayne. The grease of the Beare, the fatte of a Lamb, and the oyntmente of the Fox, maketh a good oyntmente to anoynt the feete against the payne of travell or labor of footemen."

As combining epitaph and advertisement, the following, on a deceased tapster, seems to meet the exigencies of the case:

Beneath this stone, in hopes of Zion,
There lies the landlord of the Lion.
Resign'd unto the heavenly will,
His son keeps on the business still.

A CORRESPONDENT at Waukegan, Illinois, sends the following, which he thinks will fairly offset the little anecdote in the July Drawer "at the expense of a people called (by those hard-pressed for arguments) Campbellites:"

A doctor and a pedobaptist clergyman were passing a deserted store, the former proprietor having vacated the premises and taken in his sign.

"Why is that store-room like *popular* Christianity?"

"I can not imagine what similarity you can claim."

"Popular Christianity claims baptism to be for a *sign* of an inward work of grace. The taking in of the sign—drying off of the water—indicates that *business within is stopped.*"

THE publication by Harper and Brothers of Lord Brougham's only novel, "Albert Lunel," recalls a pithy description of a lawyer by his lordship. "A lawyer," said he, "is a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself."

QUICK, the comedian, who flourished a hundred and forty years ago, one day passing through Moorfields, was seized upon by a touter of a furniture shop, who without ceremony pulled him in, and began puffing up his chairs and tables. Quick, being old and infirm, made but little resistance, but asked the man if he were master of the shop.

"No, Sir," said the touter; "but I will fetch him immediately."

The man returned with his master, to whom he put the same question:

"Are you the master of the shop?"

"Yes, Sir; what can I do for you?"

"Only," replied Quick, "just to hold your man a minute while I go out."

A CERTAIN actor being absent from rehearsal, and no intelligence to be obtained where he was, the prompter said he must be fined. "Ay," cries a brother player, "but before he is *fined* he must be *found*."

JOHN KEMBLE was one night performing a favorite part in a country theatre, when he was interrupted from time to time by the squalling of a child in the gallery. At length, angered by this rival performance, Kemble walked with solemn step to the front of the stage, and addressing the audience in his most tragic tones, said, "Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped the child can not possibly go on." The effect of this earnest appeal in favor of the child may be conceived.

ANOTHER noted actor, who flourished just one hundred years ago in Dublin and London, was Henry Mossop, a man of whom Tate Wilkinson said, "His port was majestic and commanding, his voice strong and articulate, and audible even in a whisper, and a fine, speaking, hazel eye." He always spoke in heroics. A cobbler in Dublin who once brought him home his boots refused to leave them without the money. Mossop returned during the time he was disputing, and looking sternly, exclaimed,

"Tell me, are you the noted cobbler I oft have heard of?"

"Yes," says the fellow; "and I think you are the diverting vagabond I have often seen."

SOMETIMES a good thing happens even in Oregon, as we are told by a correspondent in that region.

Lawyer B—— called at the office of Counselor F——, who has had considerable practice in bankruptcy, and said, "See here, F——, I want to know what the practice is in such and such a case in bankruptcy."

F——, straightening himself up and looking as wise as possible, replied, "Well, Mr. B——, I generally get paid for telling what I know."

B—— put his hand into his pocket, drew forth half a dollar, handed it to F——, and said, "Here, tell me *all* you know, and *give me the change*."

A LOUISVILLE "Jim" is kind enough to impart to the Drawer the following incident that recently occurred in one of the colored circles in that city:

The head waiter in one of our hotels was a few days since made the recipient of a young pig. Never having had a "party" of that sort to take care of before, he was at a loss to know how to feed it, but finally concluded that the leavings of the table would answer the contract. These he supplied in liberal quantity, and as a consequence piggy soon got very sick. One day, after having served to it the usual collation, the colored gemman was observed filling a large can with ice-cream, and on being told that that was no food for a pig, replied, "Golly! he's jes got to learn to eat dessert, or die!"

FROM Jefferson City we receive the following Missouri reminiscences:

Old Father Longdon was a Hard-shell Baptist preacher who flourished about thirty years ago in Central Missouri. He was gifted with a natural eloquence, and often drew his most striking illustrations from objects under his immediate view. On one occasion, just before a general choice of officers by the people, the meeting-house contained a goodly number of candidates, gentlemen who rarely, if ever, attended church at other times. The old preacher could not let slip so good an opportunity of giving a lesson to this class of sinners. So, when in the midst of his discourse on the future state of the wicked, he told his audience how "hell was paved with good intentions," etc.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "you who expect to get to heaven by mere promises of reform will find instead hell open to receive you; and, besides that, you will find yourselves there just as numerous as"—(pausing for a simile, and to make it telling)—"*as candidates in this meeting-house just before an election!*"

ON another occasion the old gentleman sent his son John to a neighbor to buy some meat.

"Mr. Triplett," said John, "father told me to come over and buy a hundred pounds of bacon."

"All right," said Triplett. "Here, Will, my son, get down a hundred pounds of meat for old Mr. Longdon."

The bacon was taken down and weighed, when John observed,

"Mr. Triplett, father says that he has not the money to pay you to-day, but will pay you next month."

"Will," remarked Mr. T., quietly, "just take that meat back and hang it in the smoke-house again."

And John went home empty. The old preacher never mentioned the subject, and he and his neighbor were as good friends as ever.

On a bright Sunday many months afterward the preacher, in describing the beauties of heaven, found himself stirred by a more than usual power. He was eloquent and earnest; his congregation became thoroughly absorbed, and sighs and sobs were heard all over the church. As the scenes of heavenly bliss were pictured more and more fervently, and with all the force of his earnest nature and all the beauty of his original eloquence, his audience became deeply excited, and responded by exclamations of delight and signs of unmistakable emotion. Amidst the confusion the old man paused, and just beneath the pulpit caught sight of his neighbor Triplett, whose upturned face, suffused with tears, exhibited intense feeling. The silence was at last broken by the preacher exclaiming in his loudest tones, and pointing to his weeping neighbor,

"And, ah! Brother Triplett, when you get to heaven you won't find any place there to hang up meat!"

It is needless to say that Brother Triplett's emotion subsided, and that he went home a better man.

RHINE AND RAISIN:

A STORY OF WINE AND WATER.

It was a castle on the Rhine,
Upon a lofty mount;
A Count there also dwelt therein,
Though not of much "account."

His father had a black sheep been,
And "gambled" too—egad!
If young Carl was a good young man,
A "bettor" was his dad.

The family estates *were* large;
Old Fritz sold every sod;
And when he died he "took his hook,"
Nor left his son a "rod"

Of ground, save where the castle stood
(That castle all his claim!);
A Bare'un was his title, though
Count was before his name.

This young man once had lively been;
But, 'tis most sad to tell, Oh!
How he, poor chap, chapfallen grew,
He fell so low, poor fel-low!

Though he his couch ne'er dewed with tears,
He liked his w(h)ine at night;
And, strange! when most on looseness bent,
Ended by getting "tight."

So, when his father left this world,
This worthy fellow cried,
"He's 'hopped the twig,' I'll 'twig the hop;'"
And to the cellar hied.

His words were slangy; perhaps to all
The meaning's not quite clear;
He meant, "My father's in his 'grave'—
I'll walk into his 'beer.'"

That there was plenty down below
He'd not the slightest doubt;
But soon he a discov'ry made—
In fact, he found it "out."

He thought a while, and then exclaimed,
"No longer here I'll stop
Upon this earth; for 'I'll be hanged'
If I can find a 'drop.'

"I have no money left to spend;
One can't live without pelf;
There's nothing here to drown my care—
I'll drown it with myself."

* * * * * *

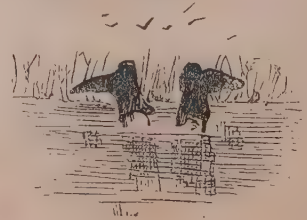
Upon the river's brink he stood,
At eve, about sunset;
And thus apostrophized the stream,
Before he "took a wet:"

"O Rhine, that flowest calmly on,
Soon I'll be in thee, *I* know;
The reason is, alas! O Rhine,
Because I have no 'Rhino.'

"Lurline, I come!—yes, *I*, Lurline!
Me 'I'll hurl in'—poor chap!
This river-side's my only bank—
This cloak is my last (w)rap!

"Thou mock'st me, moon, with 'silver rays,'
For I can 'raise no tin.'"
His breast he heaved with "heave-y" throes,
And then himself "throws" in.

He a "tremendous header" took,
Deep down—nowise appalled:
He'd had no liquor, so could not
Be "Dyin' Boozy called."



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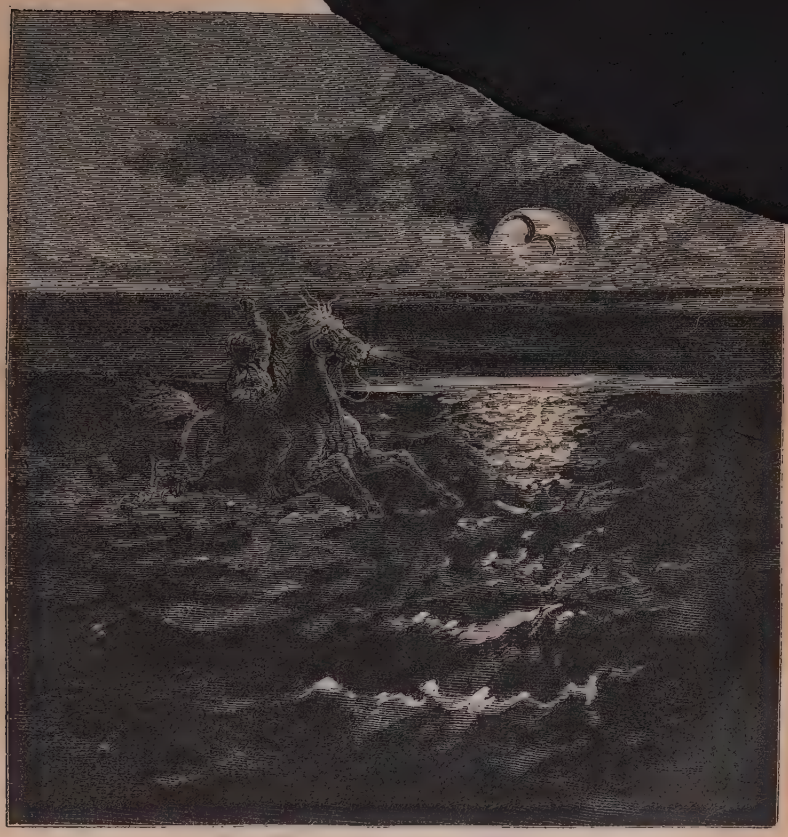

"AND THERE SITS LEE THE SPECTRE'S BACK;
GONE! GONE! AND NONE TO SAVE!"—[SEE PAGE 651.]

The island lies nine leagues away.
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently—
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell;
The brook comes tinkling down its side;
From out the trees the Sabbath bell
Rings cheerful, far and wide,
Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks
That feed about the vale among the rocks.

Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat,
In former days within the vale:
Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet;
Curses were on the gale;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

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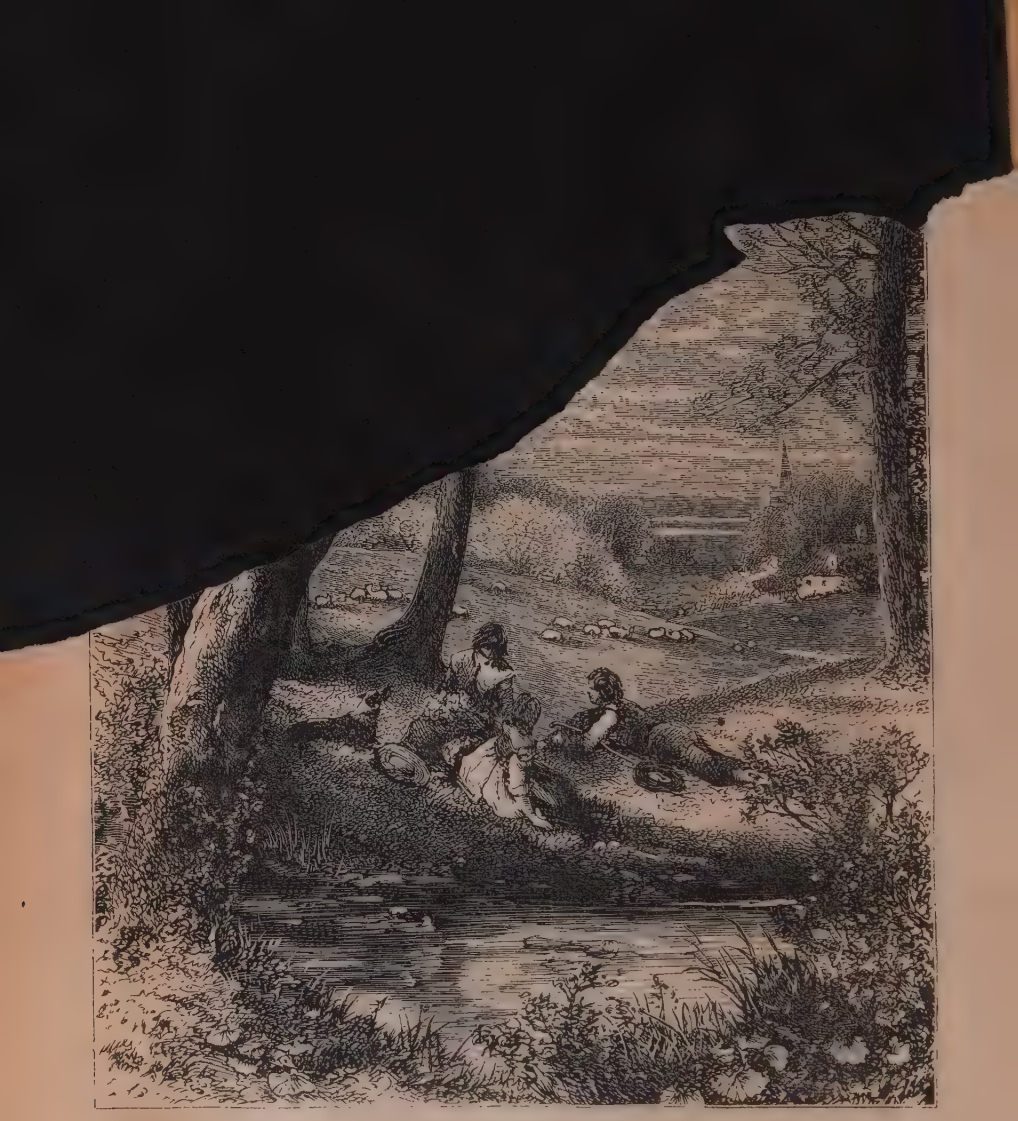


"AND INLAND RESTS THE GREEN, WARM DELL."

But calm, low voices, words of grace,
Now slowly fall upon the ear;
A quiet look is in each face,
Subdued and holy fear;
Each motion gentle; all is kindly done:
Come, listen how from crime the isle was won.

Twelve years are gone since Matthew Lee
Held in this isle unquestioned sway;
A dark, low, brawny man was he;
His law—"It is my way."
Beneath his thickset brows a sharp light broke
From small gray eyes; his laugh a triumph spoke.

Cruel of heart, and strong of arm,
Loud in his sport, and keen for spoil,
He little recked of good or harm,
Fierce both in mirth and toil;
Yet like a dog could fawn, if need there were;
Speak mildly, when he would, or look in fear.

Amid the uproar of the storm,
And by the lightning's sharp, red glare,
Were seen Lee's face and sturdy form;
His axe glanced quick in air.
Whose corpse at morn lies swinging in the sedge?
There's blood and hair, Matt, on thy axe's edge.

"Ask him who floats there; let him tell;
I make the brute, not man, my mark.
Who walks the cliffs needs heed him well!
Last night was fearful dark.
Think ye the lashing waves will spare or feel?
An ugly gash! These rocks—they cut like steel."

He wiped his axe; and turning round,
Said, with a cold and hardened smile,
"The hemp is saved; the man is drowned.
We'll let him float a while?
Or give him Christian burial on the strand?
He'll find his fellows peaceful under sand."

Lee's waste was greater than his gain.
"I'll try the merchant's trade," he thought,
"Though less the toil to kill than feign—
Things sweeter robbed than bought.
But then, to circumvent them at their arts!"
Ship manned, and spoils for cargo, Lee departs.

'Tis fearful, on the broad-backed waves,
To feel them shake, and hear them roar:
Beneath, unsounded, dreadful caves;
Around, no cheerful shore.
Yet 'mid this solemn world what deeds are done!
The curse goes up, the deadly sea-fight's won:

And wanton talk and laughter heard
Where sounds a deep and awful voice.
There's awe from that lone ocean-bird:
Pray ye, when ye rejoice!
"Leave prayers to priests," cries Lee: "I'm ruler here!
These fellows know full well whom they should fear!"

The ship works hard; the seas run high;
Their white tops, flashing through the night,
Give to the eager, straining eye
A wild and shifting light.
"Hard at the pumps!—The leak is gaining fast!
Lighten the ship!—The devil rode that blast!"

Ocean has swallowed for its food
Spoils thou didst gain in murderous glee;
Matt, could its waters wash out blood,
It had been well for thee.
Crime fits for crime. And no repentant tear
Hast thou for sin?—Then wait thine hour of fear.

The sea has like a plaything tossed
That heavy hull the livelong night.
The man of sin—he is not lost:
Soft breaks the morning light.
Torn spars and sails, her lading in the deep,
The ship makes port with slow and laboring sweep.

Within a Spanish port she rides.
Angry and soured, Lee walks her deck.
"So, peaceful trade a curse betides?—
And thou, good ship, a wreck!
Ill luck in change!—Ho! cheer ye up, my men!
Rigged and at sea, and then, old work again!"

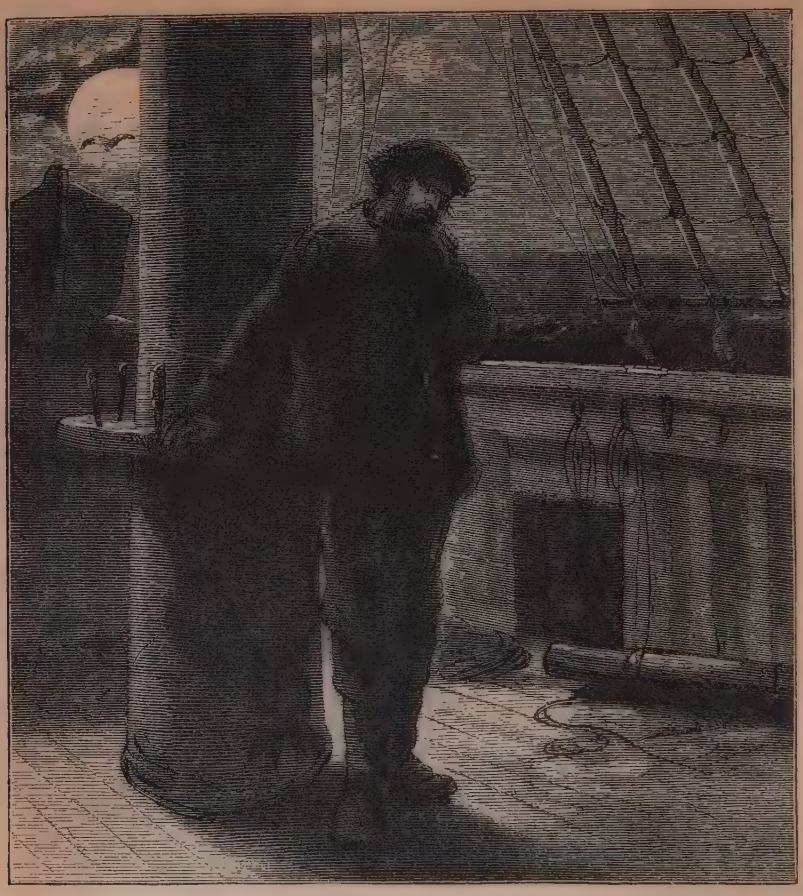
A sound is in the Pyrenees!
Whirling and dark comes roaring down
A tide as of a thousand seas,
Sweeping both cowl and crown:
On field and vineyard, thick and red it stood;
Spain's streets and palaces are wet with blood.

And wrath and terror shake the land:
The peaks shine clear in watch-fire lights;
Soon comes the tread of that stout band—
Bold Arthur and his knights.
Awake ye, Merlin! Hear the shout from Spain!
The spell is broke!—Arthur is come again!

Too late for thee, thou young, fair bride!
The lips are cold, the brow is pale,
That thou didst kiss in love and pride;
He can not hear thy wail,
Whom thou didst lull with fondly murmured sound;
His couch is cold and lonely in the ground.

He fell for Spain—her Spain no more;
For he was gone who made it dear;
And she would seek some distant shore,
Away from strife and fear,
And wait amid her sorrows till the day
His voice of love should call her thence away.

"YET STILL SHE'S LOOKING TOWARD THE SHORE
BEYOND THE WATERS BLACK IN NIGHT."



"WHY, IN THE SHADOW OF THE MAST,
STANDS THAT DARK, THOUGHTFUL MAN ALONE?"

Lee feigned him grieved, and bowed him low;
'Twould joy his heart could he but aid
So good a lady in her woe,
He meekly, smoothly said.
With wealth and servants she is soon aboard,
And that white steed she rode beside her lord.

The sun goes down upon the sea;
The shadows gather round her home.
"How like a pall are ye to me!
My home, how like a tomb!
Oh, blow, ye flowers of Spain, above his head!
Ye will not blow o'er me when I am dead."

And now the stars are burning bright;
Yet still she's looking toward the shore
Beyond the waters black in night.
"I ne'er shall see thee more!
Ye're many, waves, yet lonely seems your flow;
And I'm alone—scarce know I where I go."

Sleep, sleep, thou sad one on the sea!
The wash of waters lulls thee now;
His arm no more will pillow thee,
Thy fingers on his brow.
He is not near to hush thee, or to save.
The ground is his, the sea must be thy grave.

The moon comes up; the night goes on.
Why, in the shadow of the mast,
Stands that dark, thoughtful man alone?
Thy pledge!—nay, keep it fast!
Bethink thee of her youth and sorrows, Lee;
Helpless, alone—and then, her trust in thee!

When told the hardships thou hadst borne,
Her words to thee were like a charm.
With uncheered grief her heart is worn:
Thou wilt not do her harm?
He looks out on the sea that sleeps in light,
And growls an oath—"It is too still to-night!"

He sleeps; but dreams of massy gold
And heaps of pearl—stretches his hands;
But hears a voice, "Ill man, withhold!"
A pale one near him stands.
Her breath comes deathly cold upon his cheek;
Her touch is cold; he hears a piercing shriek;

He wakes!—But no relentings wake
Within his angered, restless soul.
"What, shall a dream Matt's purpose shake?
The gold will make all whole.
Thy merchant trade had nigh unmanned thee, lad!
What, balk my chance because a woman's sad!"

He can not look on her mild eye;
Her patient words his spirit quell.
Within that evil heart there lie
The hates and fears of hell.
His speech is short; he wears a surly brow.
There's none will hear the shriek. What fear ye now?

The workings of the soul ye fear;
Ye fear the power that goodness hath;
Ye fear the Unseen One ever near,
Walking his ocean path.
From out the silent void there comes a cry—
"Vengeance is mine! Thou, murderer, too, shalt die!"

Nor dread of ever-during woe,
Nor the sea's awful solitude,
Can make thee, wretch, thy crime forego.
Then, bloody hand—to blood!
The scud is driving wildly overhead;
The stars burn dim; the ocean moans its dead.

Moan for the living; moan our sins—
The wrath of man more fierce than thine.
Hark! still thy waves!—The work begins—
Lee makes the deadly sign.
The crew glide down like shadows. Eye and hand
Speak fearful meanings through the silent band.

They're gone.—The helmsman stands alone;
And one leans idly o'er the bow.
Still as a tomb the ship keeps on;
No sound nor stirring now.
Hush, hark! as from the centre of the deep,
Shrieks, fiendish yells! They stab them in their sleep!

The scream of rage, the groan, the strife,
The blow, the gasp, the horrid cry,
The panting throttled prayer for life,
The dying's heaving sigh,
The murderer's curse, the dead man's fixed, still glare,
And fear's and death's cold sweat—they all are there.

On pale dead men, on burning cheek,
On quick, fierce eyes, brows hot and damp,
On hands that with the warm blood reek,
Shines the dim cabin lamp.
Lee looked. "They sleep so sound," he, laughing, said,
"They'll scarcely wake for mistress or for maid."

A crash! They force the door—and then
One long, long, shrill, and piercing scream
Comes thrilling 'bove the growl of men.
'Tis hers! O God, redeem
From worse than death thy suffering, helpless child!
That dreadful shriek again—sharp, sharp, and wild!

It ceased.—With speed o' th' lightning's flash,
A loose-robed form, with streaming hair,
Shoots by.—A leap—a quick, short splash!
'Tis gone!—and nothing there!
The waves have swept away the bubbling tide.
Bright-crested waves, how calmly on they ride!

She's sleeping in her silent cave,
Nor hears the loud, stern roar above,
Nor strife of man on land or wave.
Young thing! her home of love
She soon has reached! Fair, unpolluted thing!
They harmed her not! Was dying suffering?

Oh no!—To live when joy was dead,
To go with one lone, pining thought,
To mournful love her being wed,
Feeling what death had wrought;
To live the child of woe, nor shed a tear,
Bear kindness, and yet share not joy or fear;

To look on man, and deem it strange
That he on things of earth should brood,
When all the thronged and busy range
To her was solitude—
Oh, this was bitterness! Death came and pressed
Her wearied lids, and brought the sick heart rest.

Why look ye on each other so,
And speak no word?—Ay, shake the head!
She's gone where ye can never go.
What fear ye from the dead?
They tell no tales; and ye are all true men—
But wash away that blood; then, home again!

'Tis on your souls; it will not out!
Lee, why so lost? 'Tis not like thee!
Come, where thy revel, oath, and shout?
"That pale one in the sea!—
I mind not blood.—But she—I can not tell!
A spirit was't?—It flashed like fires of hell!

"And when it passed there was no tread!
It leaped the deck. Who heard the sound?
I heard none!—Say, what was it fled?
Poor girl! and is she drowned?—
Went down these depths? How dark they look, and cold!
She's yonder! stop her!—Now!—there!—hold her! hold!"

They gaze upon his ghastly face.
"What ails thee, Lee? and why that glare?"
"Look! ha! 'tis gone, and not a trace!
No, no, she was not there!—
Who of you said ye heard her when she fell?
'Twas strange!—I'll not be fooled!—Will no one tell?"

He paused. And soon the wildness passed.
Then came the tingling flush of shame.
Remorse and fear are gone as fast.
"The silly thing's to blame
To quit us so. 'Tis plain she loved us not;
Or she had staid a while, and shared my cot."

And then the ribald laughed. The jest,
Though old and foul, loud laughter drew;
And fouler yet came from the rest
Of that infernal crew.
Note, Heaven, their blasphemy, their broken trust!
Lust panders murder; murder panders lust!

Now slowly up they bring the dead
From out the silent, dim-lit room.
No prayer at their quick burial said;
No friend to weep their doom.
The hungry waves have seized them one by one;
And, swallowing down their prey, go roaring on.

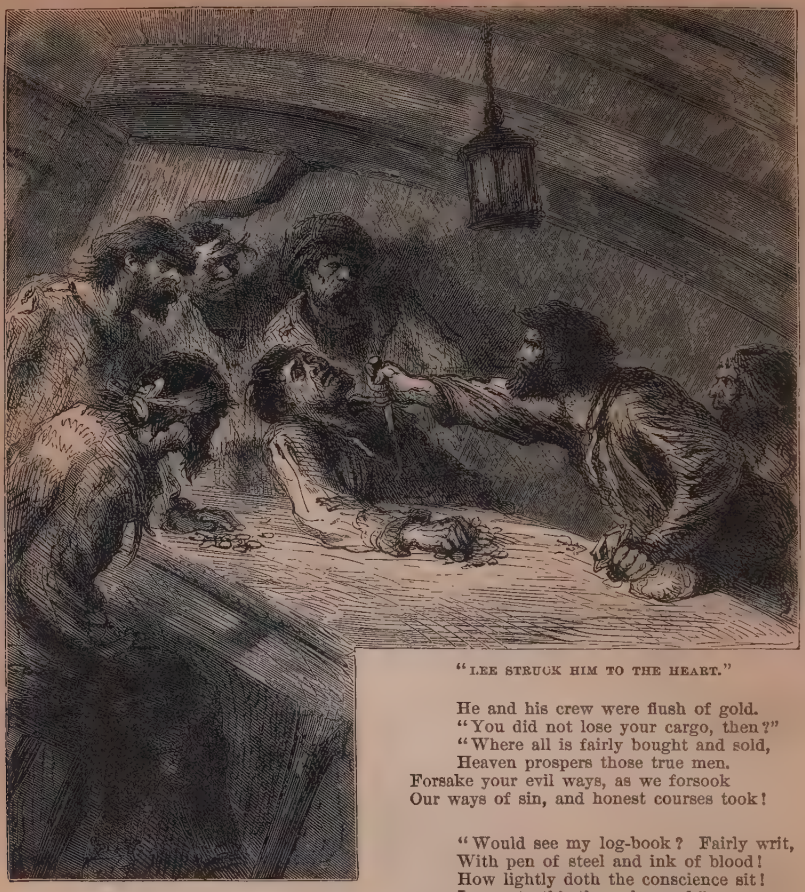
Cries Lee, "We must not be betrayed;
'Tis but to add another corse!
Strange words, we're told, an ass once brayed:
I'll never trust a horse!
Out! throw him on the waves alive!—he'll swim;
For once a horse shall ride: we all ride him."

Such sound to mortal ear ne'er came
As rang far o'er the waters wide.
It shook with fear the stoutest frame:
The horse is on the tide!
As the waves leave, or lift him up, his cry
Comes lower now, and now is near and high.

And through the swift waves' yeasty crown
His scared eyes shoot a fiendish light,
And fear seems wrath. He now sinks down,
Now heaves again to sight,
Then drifts away; and through the night they hear
Far off that dreadful cry. But morn is near.

Oh, hadst thou known what deeds were done,
When thou wast shining far away,
Wouldst thou let fall, calm-coming sun,
Thy warm and silent ray?
The good are in their graves; thou canst not cheer
Their dark, cold mansions: Sin alone is here.

"The deed's complete! The gold is ours!
There, wash away that bloody stain!
Pray, who'd refuse what fortune showers?
Now, lads, we lot our gain!
Must fairly share, you know, what's fairly got!
A truly good night's work! Who says 'twas not?"



"LEE STRUCK HIM TO THE HEART."

There's song, and oath, and gaming deep,
Hot words, and laughter, mad carouse;
There's naught of prayer, and little sleep:
The devil keeps the house!
"Lee cheats!" cried Jack. Lee struck him to the heart.
"That's foul!" one muttered.—"Fool! you take your part!

"The fewer heirs, the richer, man!
Hold forth your palm, and keep your prate!
Our life, we read, is but a span:
What matters soon or late?"
And when on shore, and asked, Did many die?
"Near half my crew, poor lads!" he'd say, and sigh.

Within the bay, one stormy night,
The isle-men saw boats make for shore,
With here and there a dancing light
That flashed on man and oar.
When hailed, the rowing stopped, and all was dark.
"Ha! lantern-work!—We'll home! They're playing shark!"

Next day at noon, within the town,
All stare and wonder much to see
Matt and his men come strolling down;
Boys shouting, "Here comes Lee!"
"Thy ship, good Lee?" "Not many leagues from shore
Our ship by chance took fire."—They learned no more.

He and his crew were flush of gold.
"You did not lose your cargo, then?"
"Where all is fairly bought and sold,
Heaven prospers those true men.
Forsake your evil ways, as we forsook
Our ways of sin, and honest courses took!

"Would see my log-book? Fairly writ,
With pen of steel and ink of blood!
How lightly doth the conscience sit!
Learn, truth's the only good."
And thus, with flout and cold and impious jeer,
He fled repentance, if he 'scaped not fear.

Remorse and fear he drowns in drink.
"Come, pass the bowl, my jolly crew!
It thicks the blood to mope and think.
Here's merry days, though few!"
And then he quaffs.—So riot reigns within;
So brawl and laughter shake that house of sin.

Matt lords it now throughout the isle;
His hand falls heavier than before;
All dread alike his frown or smile;
None come within his door,
Save those who dipped their hands in blood with him;
Save those who laughed to see the white horse swim.

"To-night's our anniversary;
And, mind me, lads, we have it kept
With royal state and special glee!
Better with those who slept
Their sleep that night would he be now who slinks!
And health and wealth to him who bravely drinks!"

The words they speak we may not speak;
The tales they tell we may not tell.
Mere mortal man, forbear to seek
The secrets of that hell!
Their shouts grow loud. 'Tis near mid-hour of night!
What means upon the waters that red light?

Not bigger than a star it seems.
And now 'tis like the bloody moon,
And now it shoots in hairy streams!
It moves!—'Twill reach us soon?
A ship! and all on fire!—hull, yard, and mast!
Her sails are sheets of flame!—she's nearing fast!

And now she rides upright and still,
Shedding a wild and lurid light
Around the cove, on inland hill,
Waking the gloom of night.
All breathes of terror! men, in dumb amaze,
Gaze on each other in the horrid blaze.

It scares the sea-birds from their nests;
They dart and wheel with deafening screams;
Now dark—and now their wings and breasts
Flash back disastrous gleams.
Fair Light, thy looks strange alteration wear;—
The world's great comforter—why now its fear?

And what comes up above the wave
So ghastly white? A spectral head!
A horse's head! (May Heaven save
Those looking on the dead—
The waking dead!) There, on the sea he stands—
The Spectre-Horse! He moves! he gains the sands;

And on he speeds! His ghostly sides
Are streaming with a cold blue light.
Heaven keep the wits of him who rides
The Spectre-Horse to-night!
His path is shining like a swift ship's wake.
Before Lee's door he gleams like day's gray break.

The revel now is high within;
It bursts upon the midnight air.
They little think, in mirth and din,
What spirit waits them there.
As if the sky became a voice, there spread
A sound to appall the living, stir the dead.

The Spirit-Steed sent up the neigh:
It seemed the living trump of hell,
Sounding to call the damned away
To join the host that fell.
It rang along the vaulted sky: the shore
Jarred hard, as when the thronging surges roar.

It rang in ears that knew the sound;
And hot, flushed cheeks are blanched with fear.
Ha! why does Lee look wildly round?
Thinks he the drowned horse near?
He drops his cup—his lips are stiff with fright.
Nay, sit thee down; it is thy banquet night.

"I can not sit; I needs must go:
The spell is on my spirit now.
I go to dread—I go to woe!"
Oh, who so weak as thou,
Strong man! His hoofs upon the door-stone, see,
The Shadow stands! His eyes are on thee, Lee!

Thy hair pricks up!—"Oh, I must bear
His damp, cold breath! It chills my frame!
His eyes—their near and dreadful glare
Speaks that I must not name!"
Art mad to mount that Horse!—"A power within,
I must obey, cries, 'Mount, thee, man of sin!'"

He's now upon the Spectre's back,
With rein of silk and curb of gold.
'Tis fearful speed!—the rein is slack
Within his senseless hold;
Borne by an unseen power, right on he rides,
Yet touches not the Shadow-Beast he strides.

He goes with speed; he goes with dread!
And now they're on the hanging steep!
And now, the living and the dead,
They'll make the horrid leap!
The Horse stops short—his feet are on the verge!
He stands, like marble, high above the surge.

And nigh the tall ship's burning on,
With red-hot spars, and crackling flame;
From hull to gallant, nothing's gone:
She burns, and yet's the same!
Her hot, red flame is beating, all the night,
On man and Horse, in their cold, phosphor light.

Through that cold light the fearful man
Sits looking on the burning ship.
Wilt ever rail again, or ban?
How fast he moves the lip!
And yet he does not speak, or make a sound.
What see you, Lee? the bodies of the drowned?

"I look where mortal man may not—
Down to the chambers of the deep.
I see the dead, long, long forgot;
I see them in their sleep.
A dreadful power is mine, which none can know,
Save he who leagues his soul with death and woe."

Thou mild, sad mother, silent moon,
Thy last low, melancholy ray
Shines toward him. Quit him not so soon
Mother, in mercy stay!
Despair and death are with him; and canst thou,
With that kind, earthward look, go leave him now?

Oh, thou wast born for worlds of love;
Making more lovely in thy shine
Whate'er thou look'st on: hosts above,
In that soft light of thine,
Burn softer; earth, in silvery veil, seems heaven.
Thou'rt going down!—hast left him unforgiven!

The far, low west is bright no more.
How still it is! No sound is heard
At sea or all along the shore
But cry of passing bird.
Thou living thing—and dar'st thou come so near
These wild and ghastly shapes of death and fear?

And long that thick, red light has shone
On stern, dark rocks, and deep, still bay,
On man and Horse that seem of stone,
So motionless are they.
But now its lurid fire less fiercely burns:
The night is going—faint, gray dawn returns.

That Spectre-Steed now slowly pales,
Now changes like the moon-lit cloud;
That cold, thin light now slowly fails,
Which wrapped them like a shroud.
Both ship and Horse are fading into air.
Lost, mazed, alone, see, Lee is standing there!

The morning air blows fresh on him;
The waves are dancing in his sight;
The sea-birds call, and wheel, and skim.
O blessed morning light!
He doth not hear their joyous call; he sees
No beauty in the wave, nor feels the breeze.

For he's accursed from all that's good;
He ne'er must know its healing power.
The sinner on his sin shall brood,
And wait, alone, his hour.
A stranger to earth's beauty, human love—
No rest below for him, no hope above!

The sun beats hot upon his head.
He stands beneath the broad, fierce blaze,
As stiff and cold as one that's dead:
A troubled, dreamy maze
Of some unearthly horror, all he knows—
Of some wild horror past, and coming woes.

The gull has found her place on shore;
The sun gone down again to rest;
And all is still but ocean's roar:
There stands the man unblest.
But see, he moves—he turns, as asking where
His mates. Why looks he with that piteous stare?

"ALL SHUN HIM. CHILDREN PEEP AND STARE."

Go, get ye home, and end your mirth!
Go, call the revelers again;
They're fled the isle, and o'er the earth
Are wanderers, like Cain.
As he his door-stone passed the air blew chill.
The wine is on the board: Lee, take your fill!

"There's none to meet me, none to cheer:
The seats are empty—lights burned out;
And I, alone, must sit me here:
Would I could hear their shout!"
He ne'er shall hear it more—more taste his wine!
Silent he sits within the still moonshine.

Day came again; and up he rose,
A weary man, from his lone board;
Nor merry feast nor sweet repose
Did that long night afford.
No shadowy coming night to bring him rest—
No dawn to chase the darkness of his breast!

He walks within the day's full glare
A darkened man. Where'er he comes
All shun him. Children peep and stare;
Then, frightened, seek their homes.
Through all the crowd a thrilling horror ran.
They point and say, "There goes the wicked man!"

He turns, and curses in his wrath
Both man and child; then hastes away
Shoreward, or takes some gloomy path;
But there he can not stay:
Terror and madness drive him back to men;
His hate of man to solitude again.

Time passes on, and he grows bold;
His eye is fierce; his oaths are loud;
None dare from Lee the hand withhold;
He rules and scoffs the crowd.
But still at heart there lies a secret fear;
For now the year's dread round is drawing near.

He laughs, but he is sick at heart;
He swears, but he turns deadly pale;
His restless eye and sudden start—
They tell the dreadful tale
That will be told: it needs no words from thee,
Thou self-sold slave to fear and misery.

Bond-slave of sin! again the light!
"Ha! take me, take me from its blaze!"
Nay, thou must ride the Steed to-night!
But other weary days
And nights must shine and darken o'er thy head
Ere thou shalt go with him to meet the dead.

Again the ship lights all the land;
Again Lee strides the Spectre-Beast;
Again upon the cliff they stand.
This once is he released!—
Gone ship and Horse; but Lee's last hope is o'er;
Nor laugh, nor scoff, nor rage can help him more.

His spirit heard that Spirit say,
"Listen!—I twice have come to thee.
Once more—and then a dreadful way!
And thou must go with me!"
Ay, cling to earth as sailor to the rock!
Sea-swept, sucked down in the tremendous shock,

He goes!—So thou must loose thy hold,
And go with Death; nor breathe the balm
Of early air, nor light behold,
Nor sit thee in the calm
Of gentle thoughts, where good men wait their close.
In life, or death, where look'st thou for repose?

Who's sitting on that long, black ledge,
Which makes so far out in the sea,
Feeling the kelp-weed on its edge?
Poor, idle Matthew Lee!
So weak and pale! A year and little more,
And bravely did he lord it round the shore.

And on the shingle now he sits,
And rolls the pebbles 'neath his hands;
Now walks the beach; now stops by fits,
And scores the smooth wet sands;
Then tries each cliff and cove and jut that bounds
The isle; then home from many weary rounds.

They ask him why he wanders so,
From day to day, the uneven strand.
"I wish—I wish that I might go!
But I would go by land;
And there's no way that I can find; I've tried
All day and night!"—He seaward looked, and sighed.

It brought the tear to many an eye
That once his eye had made to quail.
"Lee, go with us; our sloop is nigh;
Come! help us hoist her sail."
He shook.—"You know the Spirit-Horse I ride!
He'll let me on the sea with none beside!"

He views the ships that come and go,
Looking so like to living things.
Oh! 'tis a proud and gallant show
Of bright and broad-spread wings,
Making it light around them, as they keep
Their course right onward through the unsounded deep.

"'AND THERE'S NO WAY THAT I CAN FIND; I'VE TRIED ALL DAY AND NIGHT!'—HE SEAWARD LOOKED, AND SIGHED."

"LEE KNEELS, BUT CAN NOT PRAY.—WHY MOCK HIM SO?
THE SHIP HAS CLEARED THE FOG, LEE, SEE HER GO."

And where the far-off sand-bars lift
Their backs in long and narrow line,
The breakers shout and leap and shift,
And toss the sparkling brine
Into the air; then rush to mimic strife:
Glad creatures of the sea, and full of life!—

But not to Lee. He sits alone;
No fellowship nor joy for him;
Borne down by woe—but not a moan—
Though tears will sometimes dim
That asking eye. Oh, how his worn thoughts crave,
Not joy again, but rest within the grave!

The rocks are dripping in the mist
That lies so heavy off the shore;
Scarce seen the running breakers;—list
Their dull and smothered roar!
Lee hearkens to their voice.—"I hear, I hear
You call.—Not yet!—I know my time is near!"

And now the mist seems taking shape,
Forming a dim gigantic ghost—
Enormous thing! There's no escape;
'Tis close upon the coast.
Lee kneels, but can not pray.—Why mock him so?
The ship has cleared the fog, Lee, see her go.

A sweet, low voice, in starry nights,
Chants to his ear a plaining song;
Its tones come winding up the heights,
Telling of woe and wrong;
And he must listen till the stars grow dim,
The song that gentle voice doth sing to him.

Oh, it is sad that aught so mild
Should bind the soul with bands of fear;
That strains to soothe a little child,
The man should dread to hear;
But sin hath broke the world's sweet peace—unstrung
The harmonious chords to which the angels sung.

In thick dark nights he'd take his seat
High up the cliffs, and feel them shake,
As swung the sea with heavy beat
Below, and hear it break
With savage roar, then pause and gather strength,
And then come tumbling in its swollen length.

But he no more shall haunt the beach,
Nor sit upon the tall cliff's crown,
Nor go the round of all that reach,
Nor feebly sit him down,
Watching the swaying weeds: another day
And he'll have gone far hence that dreadful way.

To-night the charmed number's told.
"Twice have I come for thee," it said.
"Once more, and none shall thee behold.
Come! live one!—to the dead."
So hears his soul, and fears the gathering night;
Yet sick and weary of the soft, calm light.

Again he sits in that still room;
All day he leans at that still board;
None to bring comfort to his gloom,
Or speak a friendly word.
Weakened with fear, lone, haunted by remorse,
Poor, shattered wretch, there waits he that pale Horse.

Not long he waits. Where now are gone
Peak, citadel, and tower, that stood
Beautiful, while the west sun shone,
And bathed them in his flood
Of airy glory?—Sudden darkness fell;
And down they went, peak, tower, citadel.

The darkness, like a dome of stone,
Ceils up the heavens. 'Tis hush as death—
All but the ocean's dull, low moan.
How hard he draws his breath!
He shudders as he feels the working Power.
Arouse thee, Lee! up! man thee for thine hour!

'Tis close at hand; for there, once more,
The burning ship. Wide sheets of flame
And shafted fire she showed before—
Twice thus she hither came:
But now she rolls a naked hulk, and throws
A wasting light; then settling, down she goes.

And where she sank up slowly came
The Spectre-Horse from out the sea.
And there he stands! His pale sides flame.
He'll meet thee shortly, Lee.
He treads the waters as a solid floor;
He's moving on. Lee waits him at the door.

They're met.—"I know thou com'st for me,"
Lee's spirit to the Spectre said;
"I know that I must go with thee:
Take me not to the dead.
It was not I alone that did the deed!"—
Dreadful the eye of that still Spectral Steed!

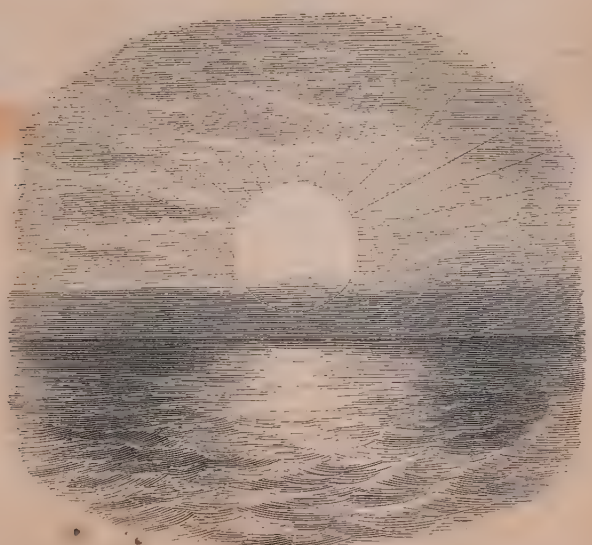
Lee can not turn. There is a force
In that fixed eye which holds him fast.
How still they stand, the man and Horse!
"Thine Hour is almost past."
"Oh, spare me," cries the wretch, "thou fearful One!"
"The time is come—I must not go alone."

"I'm weak and faint. Oh, let me stay!"
"Nay, murderer, rest nor stay for thee!"
The Horse and man are on their way;
He bears him to the sea.
Hard breathes the Spectre through the silent night;
Fierce from his nostrils streams a deathly light.

He's on the beach; but stops not there;
He's on the sea—that dreadful Horse!
Lee flings and writhes in wild despair.
In vain! The Spirit-Corse
Holds him by fearful spell; he can not leap:
Within that horrid light he rides the deep.

It lights the sea around their track—
The curling comb, and steel-dark wave:
And there sits Lee the Spectre's back;
Gone! gone! and none to save!
They're seen no more; the night has shut them in.
May Heaven have pity on thee, man of sin!

The earth has washed away its stain;
The sealed-up sky is breaking forth,
Mustering its glorious hosts again,
From the far south and north;
The climbing moon plays on the rippling sea.
—Oh, whither on its waters rideth Lee?



"THE CLIMBING MOON PLAYS ON THE RIPPLING SEA."

DOWN THE DANUBE.

By JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

[First Paper.]

THE IRON GATE ON THE DANUBE, NEAR ORSOVA, IN WALLACHIA.

THE Danube is considered abroad the finest river in Europe. Almost every body who has traveled on it rehearses its praise, and he who has not is made to believe, by iteration of its beauties, that he yet has much to see. It is always so. One nomad, discoursing to another on what the other does not know, impels him to mourn over opportunities neglected and time misspent.

The Danube is unquestionably beautiful, though not at all blue, as Strauss's popular waltz has limned it. Its descent, properly made, is as instructive as it is pleasurable, for it introduces you to many curious and charming cities, to great diversity of scenery, to numerous interesting characters and strangely different nationalities.

The Danube includes almost all that is remarkable in the other rivers of the Continent. In the first place, it represents to an American what it claims to be. It is not a creek nor an insignificant stream, like the Rubicon, the Tiber, or the Arno; it really contains water, and a vast volume of it, and would be regarded as a respectable river even in this land of large ideas and splendid distances. Much larger than the Volga, the Vistula, or the Dnieper, and with every advantage of scenery — possessing the soft charm and quiet loveliness of the Moselle, with more than the bold outline of the Elbe, added to the beauty and the grandeur of the Rhine—the Danube easily outstrips its rivals, and rolls through its broad channels majestic, glorious, and triumphant, after all its windings and interruptions, to lose itself in the waves of the Euxine Sea. Though far more tortuous and broken in its course, it is the Mississippi of the Continent, vividly recalling in many parts the Father of Waters. The mighty river reproduces all the noted streams both of the Old World and the New, and floating over its checkered surface I have often thought, "This is the Hudson; that is the Juniata; see the Susquehanna; observe the Missouri; here is the St. Lawrence; there the Moselle; we have reached the Volga; we are passing down the Elbe; behold the Po; and yonder is the Rhine!"

It is remarkable how much travel freshens our geography. Until I had begun to study the Danube in the book of Nature, I had well-nigh forgotten that it owes its origin to the Brege and the Brigach, two small streams rising on the eastern slope of the Black Forest, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, at an elevation of nearly twenty-nine hundred feet above the sea. They unite at the village of Donaueschingen; and in the courtyard of the handsome residence of Prince Fürstenberg is the spring which is declared to be the fountain-head of the great river. The spring, inclosed in a marble basin, is so

limpid and pure that I could not help drinking from it, as is the custom of those who visit the place. An old German tradition declares that he who slakes his thirst at the fountain-head of the Danube will some day be borne to good fortune on its bosom.

The basin of the river contains, it is estimated, some two hundred and seventy thousand square miles, while the direct distance from source to mouth is about one thousand miles, and its complete length, including all its windings, fully twenty-five hundred miles. The Danube flows, in its innumerable sinuosities, to every point of the compass, though its general course is from west to east. It goes northeast to Ratisbon, in Bavaria; then southeast to Waitzen, in Hungary; makes a sudden bend there nearly due south to its conjunction with the Drave, in Sclavonia, whence it runs southeast to Belgrade, in Servia; continues its general eastern course to its confluence with the Bereska, and extends to Orsova. There it takes an abrupt turn to the southeast and enters the Turkish provinces, forming the boundary between Wallachia and Bulgaria. At Rassova, at the southeastern extremity of Wallachia, it flows almost directly north to Galatz, in Moldavia, where it again bends to the southeast, and eighty miles further empties into the Black Sea.

The great basin of the Danube is divided into four minor basins. The first consists of a pentagonal plateau, one hundred and fifty miles long, one hundred and twenty-five broad, sixteen hundred and fifty feet above sea-level, surrounded by mountains, and embracing part of the principality of Hohenzollern, a portion of Würtemberg, and most of Bavaria. The second basin lies within the domain of Austria, Vienna being nearly a central point, and is bounded on every side by lofty mountains. The third basin comprises Hungary, east of Waitzen, with the principality of Transylvania, forming a vast plain less than four hundred feet above the sea. The fourth basin, composed of Wallachia and Moldavia, with a portion of Bessarabia and Bulgaria, is so flat as to be inundated and very marshy along the banks of the stream. The first basin is the most fertile and populous, the second rich in minerals and possessed of one of the best climates in Europe, while the third abounds in morasses and sandy wastes, and the fourth is of much the same character.

The tributaries of the Danube are numerous: the Iser, Lech, Morava, Ens, Save, Drave, Aluta, and Sereth. It varies in width from three hundred and forty feet (that is its measurement at Ulm) to twenty-two hundred yards—its greatest breadth in the Turkish provinces—and in Bulgaria, below Hirsova, it expands into the proportions of a sea, and is studded with islands. The river may be called navigable for steamers from Ulm to the Euxine, though shallows, rapids, and sand-bars not infrequently render navigation difficult. Between Drenkova and Scala-Kladova are the three great rapids, the chief and lowest of which is the famous cataract known as the Iron Gate; but they no longer make the passage impossible in these days of steamers, nor compel debarkation, as they once did, to the discomfort of travelers. The Iron Gate is the grandest and most interesting bit of scenery on the lower Danube. There the river rushes through a narrow channel between vast and frowning rocks with tremendous rapidity, forming a series of treacherous eddies, wild whirlpools, and lesser cascades. The Gate is more impressive as a spectacle than any thing of the same kind on the Continent, quite eclipsing the picturesque Rhine Falls, near Schaffhausen, by the greater height of the rocks and the far superior savageness of the surroundings. Its nearly vertical falls of nine feet each look extremely dangerous, and it seems sometimes as if the vessel in the boiling and roaring torrent could not escape. The peril, however, is more apparent than real, as is shown by the rarity of accidents when boats descend the rapids during daylight, and under the guidance of competent pilots.

Steam navigation was introduced into the Danube about forty years ago. Before that time the current was so rapid that the boats making the descent were seldom taken back, but were broken up by the owners, after the manner of our flat-boats on the Southwestern waters. The current in many places above Orsova is so swift that nothing save steam can stem it; but below that point the stream is generally gentle and equable. The river receives in all some sixty navigable affluents, and the volume of water it pours into the Euxine through its four mouths or channels, called the Kilia, Stamboul, Sulineh, and the Edrillis, is said to be equal to the volume of all the other streams emptying into the same sea. The trade of the Danube is steadily and rapidly increasing, and the number of merchant vessels which go down the river annually is now estimated at twenty-five hundred.

Having elected to make as much of the water journey as possible, I went to Ulm, and having ample leisure, I occupied two or three days in making myself acquainted with the old imperial city. Though its population is twenty-three thousand, it is little more than a fortress of Würtemberg, and yet its dullness is relieved by a quaintness which renders it attractive. The Münster, founded five centuries ago, is regarded as one of the finest Gothic churches in Germany. The tower, two hundred and forty feet high, is very handsome, though still unfinished, the intention of the architect having been to carry it to twice its present altitude. It commands a fine view in clear weather, and if you go

RECREATION OF ULMITES.

up when it is cloudy, you may comfort yourself with the thought that the Emperor Maximilian, who, according to an inscription on the north side, did the same thing in 1492, may have had no better fortune than yourself. The body of the cathedral exceeds that at Speyer—where the first protest was made, which gave rise to the name Protestant—and is inferior only to the world-renowned edifice at Cologne. The pulpit and shrine are beautifully carved in stone, and the organ, the largest in Germany, has an admirable blending of sweetness and strength.

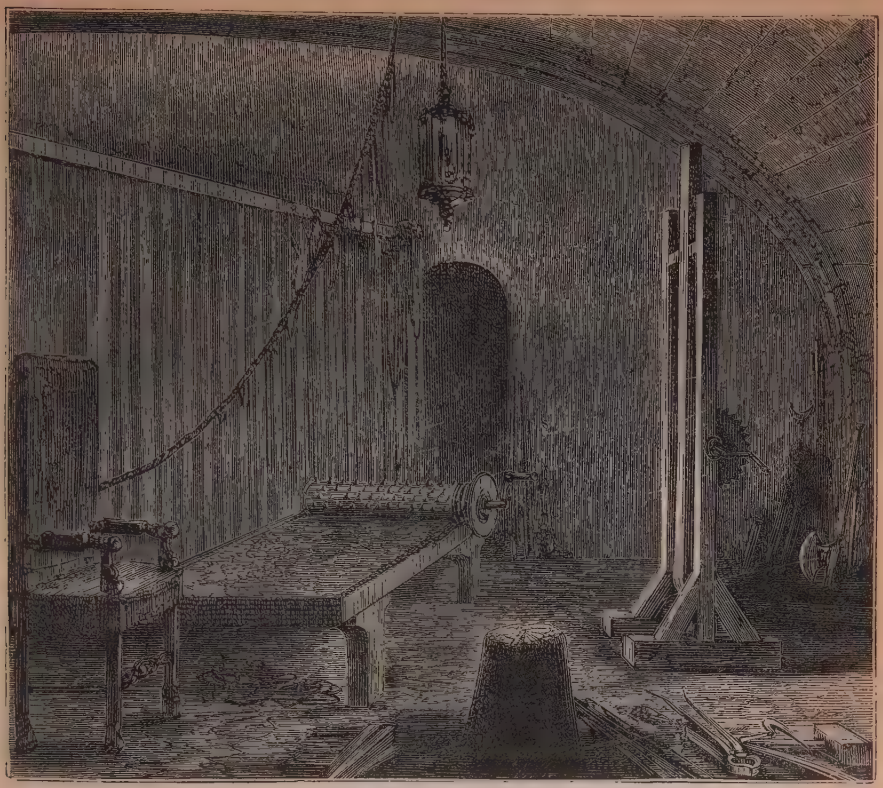
The streets are narrow and crooked, and quite harmonious with the curious and antique buildings. The inhabitants preserve many of the customs of centuries past, and look as if they had just been awakened from a sleep with the Middle Ages. One of their jubilant recreations is to walk and caper about on stilts, under the impression, perhaps, that, mounted on wooden legs, they are further removed than they would be otherwise from the uncongeniality of the present century. Men, women, and children alike indulge in this awkward amusement, and imagine it capital sport.

Honest as the Germans naturally are, the tradesmen of Ulm appear little disposed to trust their customers, rarely letting any thing go out of their hands until they have received its price. I observed that the custom of the bakers is to sell bread through a small wicket, and that they never released the loaf until they had secured the money. No doubt this habit had its origin during some medieval famine, and the bakers to this day have been unable to discover that the famine does not still continue.

From Ulm to Ratisbon—a distance of one hundred and fifty miles—the Danube is not remarkable except for its pleasant banks, fertile plantations, and drowsy German towns; but in fair summer weather the panorama from the little steamer's deck is very pleasant to the eye.

Ratisbon, or Regensburg, as the Teutons term it, on account of the confluence of the Danube at that point with the Regen, was once the most flourishing and most populous city of Southern Germany. It declined after the fifteenth century; but from 1663 to 1808 it was the permanent seat of the imperial diet. Its inhabitants now number some twenty-eight thousand. In the Schererstrasse are many medieval houses, which still retain the imperial eagle, the lion of St. Mark, and other armorial bearings, representing the former residences of the embassadors to the diet. I noticed there, for the first time in Germany—they are to be seen nowhere else in that country—that a number of the dwellings have towers of defense, which were erected by the old nobility in times when there was need of such protection. The Goldene Thurm, in the Wallstrasse, the Goliath, the ancient residence of the once powerful Auer family, and the Goldenes Kreuz, are among the most conspicuous for this

THE CAUTIOUS BAKER.



THE TORTURE CHAMBER AT RATISBON.

martial style of architecture. The last-named house is now a hotel (I made it my abiding-place while in that city), and is noted as the roof under which Charles V. lodged in 1546, and under which the beautiful hostess, Barbara Blumberg, in the following year, gave birth to the emperor's son, Don John of Austria.

Ratisbon is full of historic and art associations. St. Peter's Cathedral is a noble Gothic structure, remarkable for its beautiful façade and richly carved projecting porch. On the north side of the transept is the Asses' Tower, up whose winding but stepless ascent the materials for building the church were carried on the backs of mules. The spires of the cathedral, which have long stood unfinished, are now in process of completion. The grotesque and tawdry decorations that for a long while marred the interior of the edifice have been removed, and symmetry and elegance have taken their place. The church and its cloisters contain a number of handsome monuments, tombstones, and sarcophagi.

The Rathhaus, or Town-hall, a gloomy and ungraceful pile, was mostly built in the fourteenth century. The imperial diet held its sessions there from 1663 to 1806, and the saloons of the diet have not been altered, and still contain the benches, arm-chairs, and tables used by the embassadors. The dismal dungeons in which prisoners were tortured are shown for a fee; and on going into them I noticed the bench of the judge, protected by an iron grating lest he might be killed—as he deserved to be—by the miserable wretches in whose suffering he delighted. There are the rack, the wheel, the thumb-screw, the spiked helmet, the burning pincers, the fiery cowl, the straining-cord, the bone-crusher, the fiery furnace, and all those implements of torment which we blush to think were freely used by our ancestors little more than a century ago. The collection of devilish devices for producing pain is larger at Ratisbon than at the National Museum in Munich, or the Arsenal in Venice.

In the Fürstengarten, at the back of the palace, in a small circular temple, is a bust of Kepler, the renowned astronomer, who died there in 1630. A stone bridge six centuries old connects Ratisbon with Stadt and Hof (almost entirely burned down by the French in 1809), on the opposite side of the Danube.

The beer of Ratisbon is held in high re-

BREWERY AT RATISBON.

pute, and the citizens and their neighbors drink it to excess. Though much less agreeable to my palate than the Munich beer—the nectar of malt liquors—I was glad to visit some of the breweries in order to observe how much men, women, and children enjoy the national beverage. The Brewery of the Hospital, as it is called, has a large, dingy hall, crowded from morning till night with the actively bibulous and ever-thirsty Bavarians. They go there in family groups, especially in the evening, and spend hours with pipes and gossip over their generous and foaming mugs. For a few kreutzers they purchase more genuine pleasure than we of this Western hemisphere could with their earnings for a whole year.

A few miles east of Ratisbon is the village of Donaustauf, and in the immediate vicinity are the château and gardens of the Prince of Thurn and Taxis. Perched on a steep limestone rock towering above the village is the ruined fortress of Stauf (the Swedes destroyed it in 1634), from which a broader and even more beautiful panorama is unrolled than from the famous Valhalla.

This German temple of fame is built on the summit of a hill in the neighborhood. The foundation was laid in 1830 by the eccentric King Louis of Bavaria, who, it will be remembered, became so infatuated with Lola Montez during her residence in Munich. It was completed twelve years afterward, in accordance with designs by Kleuze, and cost eight millions of florins (about $3,400,000). This magnificent structure, two hundred and thirty feet long and one hundred and five broad, is modeled after the eternal Parthenon, massively built of unpolished gray marble, and surrounded by fifty-two Doric columns. Above the columns in front and rear are pediments, with groups in marble illustrating Teutonic glories. The interior, of the Ionic order, is a grand hall, richly decorated, and lighted from above. The beams of the ceiling seem to be supported by Valkyrias, the warrior-virgins, awful and fascinating ministers to heroes, presiding over battles, and marking out those destined to be slain. The hall is encircled by a frieze representing the history and life of the Teutonic race down to the introduction of Christianity, and is ornamented with busts of celebrated Germans, among them Henry the Fowler, Frederick Barbarossa, Rudolph of Hapsburg, Gutenberg, Martin Luther, Albrecht Dürer, Wallenstein, Frederick the Great, Blücher, Radetzky, Lessing, Mozart, Kant, Goethe, Humboldt, and many others famous as rulers, warriors, artists, and philosophers.

The combination of Greek architecture with the old Scandinavian mythology and historic characters almost contemporaneous is, as may be supposed, somewhat incongruous, but the general effect of the interior is decidedly striking.

From the hill on which the Valhalla

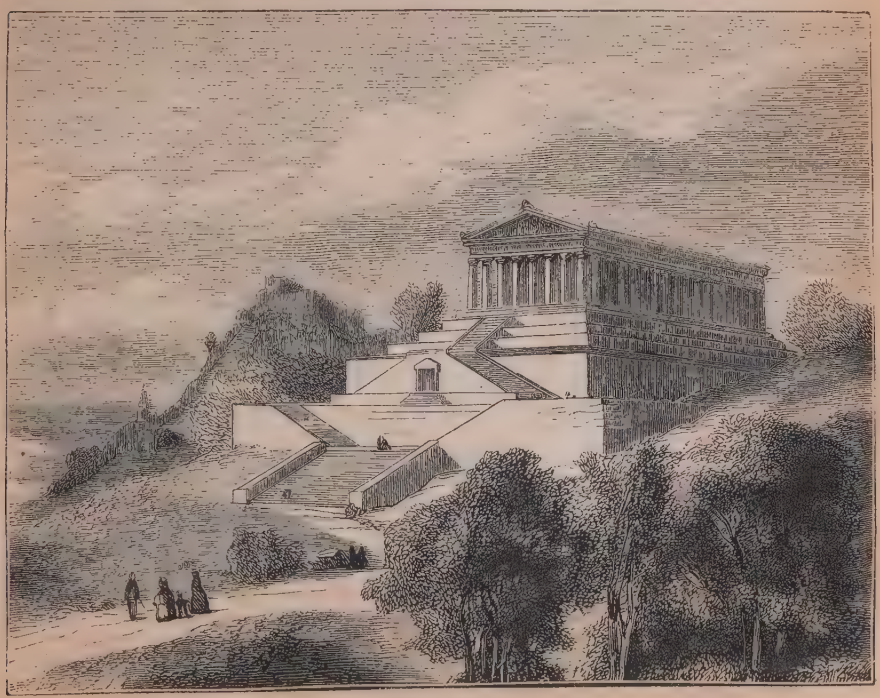
stands, surrounded by groves of oak and pleasant promenades, the dark slopes of the Bavarian Forest, the winding Danube, and the fertile plain of Straubing, with Donaustauf and Ratisbon to the right, make a delightful picture.

The river from Ratisbon to Passau is much less attractive than it is below the latter. The castle of the very ancient town of Straubing was occupied in the fifteenth century by Duke Albert III. and his wife, Agnes Bernauer, the lovely daughter of an Augsburg citizen. Her husband's father, Duke Ernest, was so enraged by his son's ignoble marriage that he condemned the unfortunate Agnes to death during the absence of her lord, and caused her to be thrown from the bridge into the Danube. If you have faith and a florin, you can have the exact spot pointed out for your sentimental satisfaction.

Deggendorf, twenty miles further down, is picturesquely situated, and a great dépôt for timber from the Bavarian Forest. A bridge twelve hundred feet long crosses the Danube there, and near by is the Notternberg, crowned with a ruined castle and a modern château.

Passau—it has some twelve thousand inhabitants—is on a rocky tongue of land formed by the confluence of the Inn with the Danube, which is also joined there by the Ilz, and ranks as one of the most beautiful situations on the river. At that point the Inn, fifteen hundred feet wide, exceeds the breadth of the Danube by fifty yards. The post-office (in the Domplatz), once a residence of the canons, is noted as the place where religious toleration was first established by the Treaty of Passau between Charles V. and the Elector Maurice of Saxony. A wooden bridge, supported by granite buttresses, crosses the Inn to Innstadt. From that suburb a broad path leads to the pilgrimage church of Mariahilf, whose vestibule is reached through a covered passage by two hundred and sixty-five steps. The church contains many votive tablets, and attracts numerous worshipers, who frequently go up the stairway on their knees, believing that the wearing and tearing of trowsers and petticoats is somehow efficacious in securing pardon for sins.

The fortress of Oberhaus, at the summit of a wooded height on the left bank of the river, opposite Passau, often served during the civic broils of the Middle Ages as a refuge for the ecclesiastical dignitaries. When I handed the usual fee—eighteen kreutzers—to a soldier to conduct me through the fortress, he seemed very solicitous to learn my name, nativity, and profession, for what reason I could not divine, unless he thought the small coins I had given him might at some distant day prove counterfeit, and enable him, in such event, to demand my surrender from the United States under the international treaty.



THE VALHALLA.

Within three-quarters of an hour's walk of Passau is the market-town of Hals, romantically resting in the valley of the Ilz, near which are the ruins of Hals and Reschenstein. I found a walk along the banks of the river, with its fine views, entirely remunerative. Charming landscapes, including the Bavarian mountains and the Alps of Styria and the Salzkammergut, are to be seen from several heights thereabout. I noticed particularly the different colors of the three rivers—the light gray of the Inn, the very dark, almost inky, Ilz, and the yellowish-green of the Danube, which at and from that point may be said to establish its rank as the noblest stream in Europe.

The finest and most picturesque part of the Danube is between Passau and Pesth, a distance by river of nearly four hundred miles. It is over this portion that seekers of pictorial scenery pass, though most travelers content themselves with going from Linz to Vienna, as admirers of the Rhine do by steaming from Bingen to Bonn. The scenery of the Danube is grander and more imposing than that of the Rhine, but being more scattered and varied, it makes less impression than if it were all presented within briefer space. The aridity and baldness frequently observable along the Rhine are not seen on the Danube, whose banks are generally fringed either with forest or rich pasture land. The vegetation is more luxuriant, and the mountains are loftier than in the Rhine country, but the poetical and historical associations are not so numerous. The "Nibelungen Lied," however, is the thread upon which many fables and traditions of the Danubian principalities are strung, the famous German epic not being confined by any means, as is often supposed, to the region of the Rhine. All through Austria and Hungary the legends of the "Lied" are profusely distributed. On this mountain the beautiful Chriemhild weeps for her murdered Siegfried, and in this valley she resolves anew to avenge his death. Here she persuades Etzel to extend an invitation to Günther and his heroes; there stood the castle of Rüdiger, and there his daughter, betrothed to Gieselher, kisses all the guests save the ferocious Hagen, from whom she turns with a shudder. On yonder site was the hall in which all the Burgundians were slain save Günther and Hagen, whose heads Chriemhild afterward struck off with Siegfried's sword. On that high rock on the left bank of the sweeping, swirling river sat Etzel and Dietrich, sole survivors of the terrible contest, and mourned the beloved dead. And not far distant is the very spot which, centuries ago, was stained with the blood Hildebrand drew from the wondrous queen.

Before quitting Passau on the steamer the baggage of travelers is examined by the custom-house officials. Annoying as these frequent visits are, they are never made half so obnoxious as in this country, where the object of the custom-house seems to be to give needless trouble to honest travelers, and to allow smugglers and deliberate violaters of the revenue laws to do as they please. The European officials are not so desirous as ours are to toss and tumble the contents of trunks, and search for diamonds in the toe of every soiled stocking. Their investigation, except under suspicious circumstances, is usually a mere matter of form. If you have not tobacco, cigars, playing-cards, or something of that sort, nothing is done to ruffle your temper, or to increase your faith in the divine right of a gentleman to knock down a blackguard for unprovoked impertinence and gratuitous insolence.

Leaving Passau, I had a charming retrospect of the town and its environs. On the right, on an abrupt cliff, was the castle of Krempelstein; and on the left Obernzell, the last Bavarian village, and renowned for its pottery. Then came Viechtenstein, an imperial château on the hill; and further on, abutting on the river, the Jochenstein, which has long been the boundary between the Bavarian and Austrian parts of the stream. Engelhardszell, the property of Prince Wrede, but formerly a Benedictine monastery, and near it Engelszell, once a Cistercian abbey, soon rose to view. We passed the ancient mountain castle, Ranariedl, which is still inhabited; the ancient market-town of Wesenurfahr, with its extensive wine-cellars; Marsbach, with its ancient tower; and the ruin of Wessenstein, perched like a maimed eagle on a pine-girt rock. There the boat was steered round a sharp promontory opposite a wooded ravine, and then by the Kirschbaumer castle, destroyed by the Emperor Maximilian I., where the channel of the river grows much narrower, and is inclosed between abrupt wooded mountains. The scenery is very fine at that point, and the windings of the Danube are so many that we no sooner lost one landscape than we came upon another of superior beauty. At the village of Obermühl the little stream of the same name flows into the Danube from a shaded ravine just before the stately castle of Nauhaus, owned by Count Taxis, is reached. Before reaching the small town of Aschach the river emerges from its confined and mountainous sides, and widens over a broad plain, furnishing a pleasant contrast to its past severity. The Pöstlingberg (eighteen hundred feet high), with its airy church, becomes visible, as do the snow-crowned Styrian and Austrian Alps—if the weather be clear—forming a striking background to the southern landscape, with the lofty Traunstein, an inferior edition of the Matterhorn, gleaming through the distance. A few minutes later the vision of the mount-

PASSAU.

VIEW AT LINZ.

ains is shut off by numerous wooded islands between which the Danube flows. All that valley, during the insurrection of the peasantry of Upper Austria in 1626, was the scene of severe and bloody contests. At Aschach, the head-quarters of the insurgents, and at Nauhaus, they literally chained the river to prevent the Bavarians from giving aid to the Austrian governor, Count Herberstein, shut up with his forces in the city of Linz.

Still further on is Efferding, a very old village, where, as related in the twenty-first Adventure of the "Nibelungen Lied," Chriemhild passed the night on her way to the land of the Huns. Efferding is now at some distance from the river, which at one time, it is said, bathed the feet of the diminutive town. After steaming by a few more ruins of castles and abbeys, and several romantic heights, I perceived the fortifications of Linz, and in half an hour I had disembarked and alighted at the door of the Erzherzog Carl.

Linz, notwithstanding its population of nearly thirty thousand and its excellent commercial situation, I found to be very dull. The Hauptplatz, ascending from the river, is a broad and handsome thoroughfare, in the centre of which is the Trinity Column, erected by Charles VI. in 1723 to commemorate the cessation of hostilities and pestilence. The castle, at present used as barracks, on a slope above a bridge crossing the Danube, was occupied by Leopold I. during the Turkish siege of Vienna in 1673. The Landes Museum holds high rank with the citizens for its antiquities, curiosities, and portraits, which are so little remarkable as to be scarcely deserving of notice. The Capuchin church, near the upper suburb of the town, contains the tomb of Montecuccoli, the imperial general of the Thirty Years' War. In the neighborhood of Linz are divers heights from which most satisfactory surveys of interesting scenery can be obtained.

I soon wearied of the capital of Upper Austria, and again took steamer for Vienna. The passage is usually made in nine or ten hours, and the boat, leaving at eight o'clock in the morning, carries you through by daylight. The right bank of the Danube below Linz is flat for some distance, while on the left you see the village of Steyeregg through the trees and foliage of an intervening island, and towering above it Count Weissenwolf's castle. The river thereabout is dotted with islands; then the right bank becomes mountainous as far as Mauthhausen, while the left, in turn, grows flat. At Asten the Augustine abbey, three miles distant, rises to view, and near it the Tillysburg, a square building with towers at the corners. In 1623 the Emperor Ferdinand II. presented to Tilly the castle of Volkersdorf, which was afterward pulled down by the imperial general's nephew, and the present castle built on the old site. The ancient castle of Spielberg, on one of the numerous islands to the north, is a very graceful ruin, and the clustering moss and ivy add to its effect. At Mauthhausen is a flying bridge, or bridge of boats (these structures are quite common where the Danube

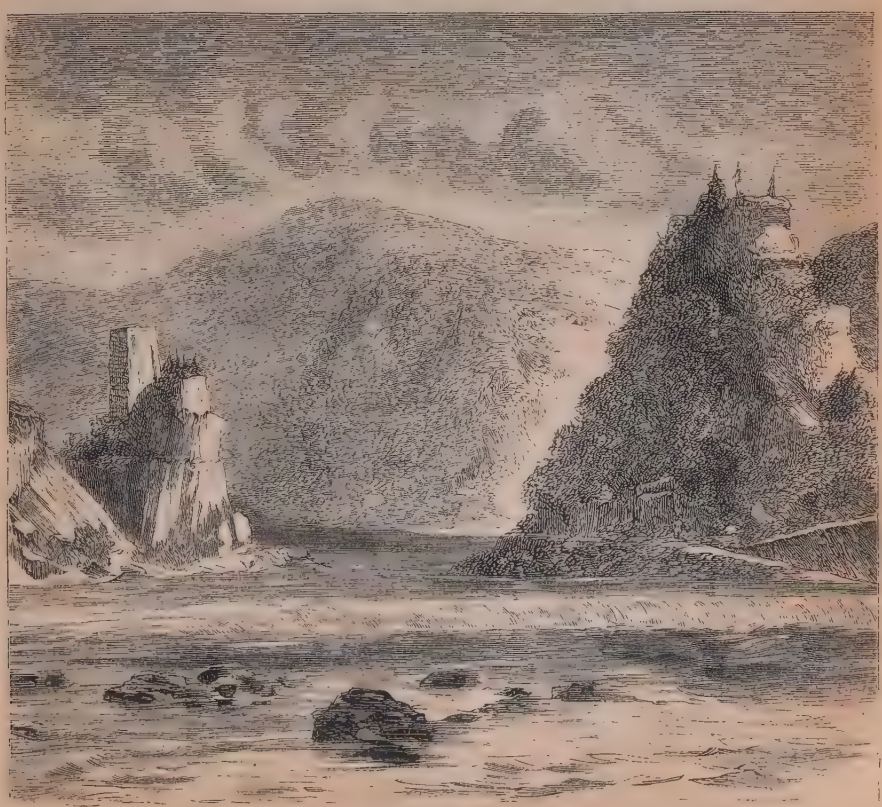
becomes broad), and the castle of Pragstein stands on a tongue of land projecting into the stream. At Ardagger the river suddenly turns north, contracts, and passes once more between mountains covered with forests. At Grein—the little village looks as if it might have slipped from the château at the top of the mountain and fallen gracefully to its base, where it now lies smiling in the sunshine—ridges of rock protrude into the stream, and make the Greinerschwall (surging water).

Below Grein the river has evidently forced its way through solid rocks, and is divided by the large island of Werth, where vast masses of rock, partly under water, interrupt its progress, and force it into three channels. The most southern of these is known as the Strudel (turbulent water), and is only thirty to forty feet broad, and within five hundred feet has a fall of about three and a half feet. This channel, though fuller of rocks than either of the others, is the one descended by vessels, and albeit they seem to have many narrow escapes, there is really no danger in the passage since the final blasting operations eighteen years ago.

Toward the north a very conspicuous object is the ruined castle of Werfstein, at the summit of a beetling cliff. Its position is so impressive that, viewing it from the steamer, I could not help but acknowledge Nature to be supremest master in art. Some five hundred feet below the Strudel a steep rock, surmounted by a crumbling tower, forms a new impediment to the Danube. The current breaks against the stony ridges of an island, and is forced back toward the Lauger Stein, from which it rebounds only to meet another current from a different direction, thus creating the Wirbel, once a dreaded whirlpool, but now only a dashing and tumbling rapid.

The passage of the Strudel and Wirbel occupies but a few minutes, and is so interesting, not to say exciting, that I was sorry it did not last an hour. The boat dips and rolls and plunges like a ship in a storm, and frequently seems as if it might be dashed to pieces while shooting along with arrowy swiftness. The knowledge you have beforehand that a vessel has not been lost there for years interferes with the mental agitation you might otherwise enjoy, and renders the rapids rather tame, from the absence of peril.

Not far from the Wirbel is St. Nicola, often visited by artists anxious to sketch the nu-



THE STRUDEL.

MARIA TAFERL.

merous wild landscapes in the neighborhood. The river there resumes its general character, furnishing the customary ruined castles and watch-towers, decaying abbeys, modern châteaux, and ancient towns. Near Säussenstein is the renowned pilgrimage church of Maria Taferl, on the apex of a mountain thirteen hundred feet high. Over one hundred thousand devotees visit the church annually, relieving their consciences and losing their breath simultaneously by toiling up the steep. By feeling worse physically they fancy they feel better spiritually, and it is said by persons claiming authority that Heaven hears quicker and heeds more the prayers before the altar of Maria Taferl than those offered in any other part of Austria. This might be accounted for, materially, by the altitude of the place and the purity of the atmosphere, albeit theologians, I understand, explain the Divine preference in another and abstruser way. Some of the pilgrims make a journey of hundreds of miles on foot in full expectation of obtaining absolution, and return home with mended faith and repaired piety, celestially guarded, as they believe, from future temptation and wrong-doing.

Pöchlarn, now a railway station, was the Roman Arelope and the traditional residence of Rüdiger, one of the "Nibelungen" heroes, who there gave a most magnificent reception to Chriemhild on her journey to the East. On the opposite side of the river is a crumbling pinnacled castle, said to have been built by the apocryphal gentleman who figures so prominently in the sanguinary epic. Next comes Mölk, a village at the base of a rock on which stands the celebrated Benedictine abbey, nearly two hundred feet above the river. The building has been erected nearly a century and a half, and resembles a spacious palace more than a monastery. A castle belonging to the margraves of Babenberg, some of whom are buried in the church, once occupied the site of the abbey, which has been several times besieged. Two strong bastions with embrasures were improved and strengthened by Napoleon after the battle of Aspern, and are still visible at the eastern entrance.

Below Mölk the river enters a narrow defile called the Wachau, eight or ten miles in length, abounding in picturesque landscape and pregnant with strange legends about cruel monsters and lovely maidens, giants and genii, gnomes and goblins, desperate robbers and ravished beauties, dwarfs and demons, with scenes of woe and wassail as grotesquely interwoven and as absurdly improbable as when introduced into the spectacular plays of the period.

THE ABBEY OF MÖLK.

Aggstein, now a ruin, was once a robber castle, concerning which there are many terrible traditions. One of the lawless chiefs entirely outdid the nursery Blue-beard in cruelty. He was in the habit of taking a new wife every month, and yet he never had but one at a time. He seems to have been so conscientiously opposed to polygamy that he always killed his last consort before securing a new one. He had the reputation of being extremely careless respecting the marital rights of others, frequently seizing and carrying off the spouses of even the most powerful barons, who, as is related, so far from becoming incensed, sent him valuable presents as tokens of their friendship and gratitude. Another of the outlaws hurled all his prisoners from the top of the rock into the abyss beneath, and is recorded to have murdered in this manner more than a thousand unfortunates in a single year. This fellow, according to accounts, was a veritable monster. There was no species of iniquity or crime which he did not practice; and though every effort was made to take him, dead or alive, he invariably succeeded in escaping. He was supposed to have made a compact with his Satanic majesty, who, finally fearing he might be excelled by the bandit in wickedness, seized the scoundrel as he was trying to get away from some of his enemies by climbing over a ridge of rock, and bore him down to the Pit, the earth opening and sulphurous flames shooting up, as is usual and proper under such circumstances. The ridge, which resembles a wall, and extends from the river to the summit of the hill, is still known as the Teufelsmauer, or devil's wall.

Spitz, a market-borough, with a very old church and crumbling castle, is built around a vine-clad hill. On the roof of the ancient church of St. Michael, near by, are six hares made of clay, designed to commemorate a snow-drift which, many years ago, so completely covered the building that the hares ran over the top. Below is the village of Dürrenstein, lying at the foot of the hill, on the summit of which is an old castle in which Duke Leopold VI. kept his enemy, Richard

DÜRRENSTEIN.

Cœur de Lion, a prisoner for fifteen months, and where the faithful Blondel is reported to have discovered his royal master. As the same story is told of the castle of Trifels (in the Bavarian palatinate), to which Richard was transferred from Dürrenstein, it is fair to presume that the account is true of neither. In the vicinity the Austrian marshal, Schmidt, fell in a skirmish between the French under Mortier and the Russians under Kutusow.

The banks of the Danube now become comparatively flat and uninteresting, and so continue until within a short distance of Vienna. Near the bridge of Stein are the remains of a castle destroyed by Matthias Corvinus in 1486, and on the heights of the Frauenberg is another decayed stronghold. A little further down is visible the spacious and wealthy Benedictine abbey of Göttweih, situated on a high hill about five miles from the river. Here numerous islands again divide the stream, and the boat soon passes Tulln, one of the oldest towns on the Danube, the Comagena of the Romans, and the station of one of their fleets designed to guard the river. Tulln is mentioned in the "Nibelungen Lied," as is Trisenmauer, an antique village some miles from the bank. Günther and his retinue of ten thousand men are reputed to have tarried and feasted in those two places for some weeks while journeying to the dominions of Etzel. All those heroes must either have had their junketing in the open air or the towns must have been vastly larger in that remotely dim time than now, when both are incapable of accommodating more than twenty-five hundred persons. On the Tullner Feld, an extensive plain, Sobieski collected his army, sixty thousand strong, in 1683, to aid the distressed Viennese against their Turkish besiegers.

As the Weiner Wald is approached the scenery grows more attractive. After passing a number of deserted fortresses and moss-grown ruins, the Danube expands at Klosterneuburg to a breadth of three-quarters of a mile, and is divided into three channels by tree-covered islands, above which I

caught the first view of St. Stephen's, the celebrated cathedral of Vienna, rising in gray gracefulness in the distance. The Klosterneuburg is the oldest and richest Augustine monastery in Austria, owning two-thirds of the immediate environs of the imperial city. The broad arm of the Danube does not touch Vienna, as is generally supposed. In order to reach there you are obliged to take a smaller vessel, and make your way by the narrow channel which seems like, and bears the name of, a canal. I have heard persons, after going to the Austrian capital by rail, speak very contemptuously of the great river, forming their ideas by what they saw of it from the quay near the Ferdinandsbrücke. They get as correct a notion of the Danube from that position as a man would get of the Atlantic Ocean by standing on High Bridge.

Vienna, architecturally, is an agreeable disappointment to most strangers, as it certainly was to me at my first visit. Few persons expect to find so many handsome buildings, such fine squares, and such an admirable and attractive promenade as the glacis —the circle around the inner or old city. Walking or driving on that splendid esplanade, Vienna seems the most magnificent city in Europe; but when you enter the narrow thoroughfares, lined with high houses, radiating like a spider's web from a central point near the cathedral, become entangled in the numerous minor streets and alleys, or invade any of the thirty-four suburbs—as the new parts of the town are called—your earliest impression is materially marred. The old city is nearly circular in form, and some three miles in circumference; while the entire circuit of Vienna is nearly sixteen miles. The inner part was formerly surrounded by fortifications and a deep ditch; but these have recently been leveled and filled up, and the space they occupied is now added to the promenade. Of the twelve gates by which the interior city was once entered, the Palace and Francis Joseph gates alone remain. The emperor has a passion for building. He is as anxious to beautify Vienna as Louis Napoleon was to beautify Paris. He has spent immense sums to this end, and is still lavish with the nation's purse, notwithstanding the deranged condition of Austria's finances, and, so far as amount is concerned, her eminently respectable debt. The new Opera-house, Commercial Academy, Hall of the Horticultural Society, and Academic Gymnasium are expensive and imposing structures, as will be, when completed, the new University, Townhall, Theatre of the Musical Society, Museum Buildings, Artists' Hall, and Parliament-house.

One of the peculiarities of Vienna is its vast edifices (Höfe), largely owned by the abbeys and ecclesiastical societies of Austria, which may be considered tenement-houses on an ample scale. Among the most extensive of these is the Schottenhof (named after the Scotch Benedictines who resided there several centuries ago, but were subsequently superseded by the German monks), the Melkerhof, the property of the abbey of Mölk, the Trattnerhof, Galvagnihof, Heinrichhof, and others, in each of which from three to five hundred persons reside. The Bürger Hospital, a vast building, contains ten courts and some fourteen hundred inmates, while the still more spacious Starhembergische Freihaus and the Rothes Haus furnish accommodations for about two thousand persons apiece.

Most of the dwellings in the city are built about a court-yard with a common stairway, as they are in France, Italy, and Germany, a number of families occupying each building. Vienna is one of the compactest of cities, and it is astonishing to see how many persons can find shelter and preserve their health there in a limited space. The population is six hundred and seventy-five thousand, of which one thousand are Greeks, eleven thousand Jews, thirteen thousand Protestants, and all the rest Roman Catholics, including a garrison of thirty thousand men.

Vienna has had a checkered history. Originally an ancient settlement of Celts or of Wends, it fell into the hands of the Romans. Marcus Aurelius died, and the sensual Emperor Gallienus lived there for some time. The Huns, the Rugii, the Heruli, and Ostrogoths ruled it, and were expelled in turn by other barbarian hordes. At the close of the eighth century Charlemagne acquired it by conquest, and after various fortunes, held and lost by Hungarians and the Hapsburgs, the renowned Rudolph secured it and transmitted it to his posterity. In 1519 the Emperor Maximilian I. entertained there Wadislaw, King of Bohemia and Hungary, and Sigismund, King of Poland, and by tact and diplomacy so married his children that Bohemia, Hungary, and Moravia fell to the crown of Austria. These highly advantageous unions originated the distich:

"Bella gerant alii, tu felix Austria nube;
Nam quæ Mars aliis, dat tibi regna Venus."

The city has been twice besieged by the Turks; the French have held it; and the Prussians, only five years ago, dictated terms of peace to Austria almost within sight of St. Stephen's tower.

On what rests the much-boasted reputation of Austria as a military power I have never been able to discover. To be sure, she has always vapored grandiloquently, and pretended to beard the gods in King Cambyses's vein; but she has seldom been pitched in modern times against any thing like an equal force without being soundly

beaten. Almost every nation in Europe has defeated her again and again; and yet she swaggers and prates of the haughty and mighty house of Hapsburg (it should now be called the house of Mishapsburg) as if victory had ever perched upon her banners. Whatever part of Austria I have visited, I have found soldiers drilling, drilling, drilling, and undergoing all sorts of gymnastic and warlike evolutions. They seem to spend their lives in that way; and I have no doubt that they make excellent troops theoretically, though I fail to perceive the benefit of so much discipline and manœuvring, if they must be routed every time they take the field. I am not a particular admirer of military prowess, nor am I a believer in military glory—the triumphs of peace to my mind are the greatest triumphs—but if I were an Austrian soldier I should like to win a victory once in a while for novelty's sake. With all my patience and indifference, I should grow weary of engaging in battles constantly resulting in a retrograde movement. The Austrians must by this time have grown accustomed to defeat; must naturally expect the order to charge to be followed by the order to retreat. Why they are so unfortunate in war is by no means clear. They are

ST. STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL, VIENNA.

brave, hardy, resolute; have all the physical and mental qualities that insure success, and yet they rarely achieve it. Such has been my curiosity on this subject that I have entered, with or without permission, every barrack and barrack-yard in the vicinity of my wanderings to see in what the great defect consisted. After carefully observing the exercises and evolutions, it has occurred to me that the soldiers are overdrilled—that excess of tactics makes mere machines of them, instead of self-dependent, reasoning men capable of extricating themselves from an unforeseen difficulty or unanticipated peril. In other words, if the Austrians were poorer soldiers, they would be better soldiers. They learn too much, and think too little; have unceasing drill of the body, and hardly any discipline of the mind. They are said to have received a valuable lesson during their brief but humiliating contest with Prussia, and for their sake I hope they have; for I am really anxious in the next European war, which now seems not far distant, that the courageous Austrians should some time be disappointed by a victory.

St. Stephen's Church is the finest and most conspicuous building in Vienna. It was founded more than seven centuries ago; has received many additions and undergone many alterations; is constructed of limestone blocks; is, I have been repeatedly told, three hundred and thirty feet long, two hundred and twenty feet broad, eighty-six high, and covers an area of thirty-two thousand four hundred square feet. Though little more than half the size of the Cologne cathedral, it is thought by many to be the handsomest specimen of Gothic architecture in Europe. The chapel of St. Catherine, the sarcophagus of the Emperor Frederick IV., the stalls, and the tomb of Prince Eugene of Savoy, are the most interesting features of the interior. The spire of the church, rising from the centre of the southern façade, is extremely graceful, beautifully proportioned, and attains a height variously estimated from four hundred and thirty to four hundred and sixty-five feet. (Why is it that no two authorities can ever quite agree on the altitude of any tower, dome, or spire?) It ranks in loftiness next to the spire of the Strasburg cathedral, generally admitted to exceed all others.

Having both a natural and an acquired fondness for climbing, I mounted to the most elevated part of St. Stephen's charmingly decreasing column. I purchased an ascension ticket of the sacristan at the base, but found I had to pay twice over again before I reached the top, which naturally made me think it high. I discovered in going up that a considerable part of the industrial population in the neighborhood of the Stephensplatz resided in the tower. A number of cordwainers, tinkers, and tailors made their appearance at regular intervals, and held out their hands for more kreutzers. I took no notice of them, and passed on; but two German fellows were so importunate, and insisted so stoutly they did not understand a word of any language I have at command, that, rather than parley further, I gave each of them the fee I had already given the sacristan. I don't know if this petty mode of swindling is general or exceptional, but I am inclined to believe that when any poor devil in Vienna becomes impoverished he collects a few implements of trade, ascends St. Stephen's, pretends to open a shop in some of the many corners or crannies, and levies contributions upon strangers afflicted with architectural aspirations.

The view from the gallery, comprising the entire city, the environs, the windings of the Danube, and the famous battle-fields of Lobau, Wagram, and Essling, was so very enjoyable that I staid there until sunset. When I was ready to descend I found, as I supposed, the door through which I had passed closed and locked.

It was not pleasant to think of remaining up there all night, and so I did my best, by yelling and roaring through a hole overhead, to which I climbed with no little trouble, to make some member of the industrial class below comprehend my awkward situation. The sharpers must have heard me, but nobody came to unlock that infernal door. I am of opinion that, thinking they had deprived me of the last kreutzer, they were desirous to have me leap from the gallery as the speediest mode of descent; or, it may be, one of the oafs I had refused to pay had shut me out for revenge. After incurring much hoarseness by my vocal efforts, and convincing myself they were bootless, I looked about for the best place to make my stony couch. Having selected a spot, I took another turn round the gallery, and discovered the door open which I would have sworn had been shut. Whether one of the tinkers, tailors, or cordwainers in the nether region had quietly given me the means of freedom by drawing the bolt, or whether I had been under an optical illusion, will never be made clear to me. I did not care much; but having by that time acquired a sharp appetite for dinner, I groped my way down to terra firma without encountering in my progress any of the enterprising artisans who had so beset my upward path.

Vienna has twenty squares, the largest of which, the Hof, is four hundred and twenty feet long by two hundred and thirty broad. The other prominent squares are the Hohemarkt, the Josephplatz, the Burgplatz, the Neumarkt, and the Stephensplatz, all within the old city, which is the court quarter and centre of wealth, gayety, and fashion. There reside the Lichtensteins, Esterhazys, Schönbrunns, Harrachs, Czernins,

and other German, Hungarian, and Bohemian magnates, whose large fortunes have rendered their names celebrated. The members of these distinguished families make little display on ordinary occasions, and may frequently be seen walking in the narrow streets or taking a frugal luncheon at Prevot's or Schnecke's. The Graben, in the heart of the inner town, is rather an open space than a street; but it contains many of the finest shops in the city. The Herrengasse and Wallnergasse are noted for the handsome mansions belonging to the nobility, while the Kohlmarkt and Bischoffgasse are given over to trade. The monuments and statues of the capital are usually in bad taste; but the fountain in the Freiung, with the bronze figures by Schwanthaler, representing Austria and her principal rivers, the Danube, Vistula, Elbe, and Po, is beautiful enough to deserve its reputation.

The imperial palace, commonly called the Burg, the residence of the princes of the house of Austria since the thirteenth century, is a rambling, irregular pile, which has been built, altered, and enlarged at different periods, every change, I should suppose, having added to its deformity. It is impossible to determine what the original structure may have been; but if it was any uglier than the present conglomeration of bricks and stones, I should fancy that the orthodox devil had in some malignant mood been the architect. There is no compensation in being an emperor, if he is compelled to live in such a hideous house as that. The palace is composed of three quadrangular courts, the central one being the Burgplatz. The right wing, the oldest part, contains the apartments of the imperial family, and is called Schweizerhof (Swiss court), while the eastern wing is known as the Amalienhof.

Adjoining the Burg is the Imperial Library, a handsome building, containing (the catalogue declares) three hundred and fifty thousand volumes, twenty thousand manuscripts, and three hundred thousand engravings—the last the largest and finest collection of its kind in the world.

The Schatzkammer (Treasury), in the Schweizerhof, has a rich and historically valuable collection, though some of the relics are ludicrously absurd except to a superstitious imagination. The regalia of Charlemagne, said to have been brought from his tomb at Aix-la-Chapelle, formerly kept at Nürnberg, and used at the imperial coronations, consists of crown, sceptre, sword, globe with cross, dalmatica (this bears a close resemblance to a modern night-gown), alb, stole, and girdle. There are also the Austrian regalia, Tamerlane's sabre, Napoleon's Italian regalia, the miniature carriage presented by Paris to the Duke de Reichstadt, and his cradle, given to the Treasury by his mother, Maria Louisa. Of course the capital of Roman Catholic Austria could not afford to be without some of the sacred shams so profusely distributed throughout Southern Europe: you are therefore permitted to gaze with unveiled eyes upon what purports to be the actual lance that pierced the side of Jesus Christ, with part of the cross and the nails driven through his hands and feet. I suppose I might have believed these to be genuine had I not seen in my travels abroad wood enough and nails enough claiming to be such holy relics to build a good-sized house and start a respectable hardware establishment. No good Catholic permits himself to doubt their authenticity, sincerely believing, if he gave himself such rational liberty, that he must inevitably be damned.

The collection of jewels is of great value. The first of them is the renowned Burgundy diamond, weighing one hundred and thirty-five carats, and valued in our money at $150,000, which belonged to Charles the Bold, was carried off by a Swiss soldier after the fatal battle of Granson, and sold, it is said, for fifteen florins—about six of our dollars. An emerald, cut as a vase, weighing twenty-eight hundred carats, is reputed to be the largest known. The emperor's order of the Golden Fleece, richly ornamented with brilliants and figures of saints, Maria Theresa's scarf, radiant with diamonds, ecclesiastical vestments sumptuously embroidered with pearls, and Wallenstein's talisman, are among the most interesting objects. The precious gems of the Schatzkammer are more valuable, I believe, than those in any other European collection, that of the Green Vault in Dresden excepted.

The imperial château of Belvedere, built nearly a century and a half ago by Prince Eugene of Savoy, is about a mile and a quarter from the Stephensplatz, and is one of the Meccas of all strangers. It consists of two separate buildings, the Upper and Lower Belvedere, between which is a large and handsome garden laid out in the French style, and furnishing a delightful promenade. The Upper Belvedere contains a very extensive collection of pictures of the Italian, German, Flemish, and Dutch schools, with numerous modern paintings. Some of the Paolo Veroneses and Rubenses are among the best I have seen either in Italy or the Netherlands, while many of the Raphaels, Tintorettos, Murillos, and Rembrandts give but a poor idea of their artistic genius. Two of the most admirable pre-Raphaelite paintings in all Europe, to my mind, are the portraits of an old man and woman (there are duplicates, though not so good as these, in Dresden) by Balthazar Denner. The mechanical finish for which the old German master was distinguished is really wonderful in these portraits. I examined them with

BELVEDERE GARDENS, VIENNA.

a glass, and discovered that every wrinkle, even the pores of the skin, the down on the cheeks, and the gray hairs on the face, were faithfully and exactly imitated. It is said that he spent two years on each of these portraits, and I can well believe it; for they are as perfect as labor and art can make them, and as natural as nature itself.

The Ambras collection, in the Lower Belvedere, receives its name from the château of Ambras, near Innsprück, whence the nucleus of the present collection of ancient armor and curiosities was removed in 1806. Taken as a whole, it has no equal of its kind any where. Some of the suits of armor are very rich and elaborate, being inlaid with and partly consisting of silver and gold. The equestrian armor of Maximilian I. is exhibited there; the black coat of mail worn by the Archduke Ferdinand; the armor of Stephen Bathori, Prince of Transylvania and King of Poland; the sword and casque of Scanderbeg; and the battle-axe of Montezuma. The portraits of different members of the house of Hapsburg, if they be truthful, show, whatever place they may have achieved in history, that they were extremely ill-favored of feature. Rudolph of Hapsburg looks like a sneak-thief after invading a hornet's nest; Philip the Handsome is as ugly as any thing intended to be human can be; Don John of Austria reminds me of one of the rude wood-cuts in a patent-medicine advertisement, representing the victim before taking the nostrum; Philippine Welser, who was declared the loveliest woman in Augsburg, is hideous as a harpy; Elizabeth of England looks almost as homely as she did in actual life; Charles V. resembles a Dutch burgomaster whose brains had been muddled for many years with drinking; and Francis I. gives you a feeling of insecurity in respect to your pocket-book.

Many of the goblets, weapons, vases, and ornaments—of which there is a great profusion—are interesting, especially to an antiquarian.

The private galleries, the Lichtenstein, Harrach, Albertina, and Czernin, are disappointing and hardly worth a visit, though for some inexplicable reason they are highly commended in Vienna.

The imperial printing-office, where about a thousand persons are regularly employed, is no doubt attractive to the general public; but it is one of the last places a journalist or author would ever go to unless dragged there by main force. Professional wood-choppers seldom swing the axe themselves for recreation, or derive pleasure from seeing others so engaged.

The city has more minor sights not worth seeing than any centre of civilization I am familiar with. Most of the regular shows are stupid; but much of what you encoun-

ter by accident is both entertaining and instructive.

The people are specially so; and you have an opportunity to observe the different grades of society by attending the opera—the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, with the exception of the unfinished Paris Opera-house, is the finest in Europe—the garden concerts, and the Wurstelprater on holidays and Sundays. The opera audiences are the best that Austria can afford in point of rank, culture, and wealth. The Viennese are very fond, and excellent judges, of music, and their lyric performances are not surpassed on the Continent. The concerts in the Volksgarten, usually conducted by Strauss, are excellent, and largely patronized by the fashion and taste of the town. The Garden Café, shaped like a horseshoe, is a charming afternoon and evening resort, and the prettiest and pleasantest the Old World contains. The feminine habituées of the Volksgarten often dress as much as they would at a ball, and the result is that active rivalry in clothes for which the sex is noted the world over. Many of the women are very good-looking, and appear to much more advantage than any others of the German nationality I have met. They have something of the French vivacity and manner, with a dash of the Italian grace and ease. They are far more material than they seem, judging from their appetite, which is often carried altogether beyond the limitations of sentiment. If Othello had been a man of slender income, acting as escort to some of the voracious Viennese, he never would have said, "Oh, that we can call these delicate creatures ours, and not their appetites!"

I remember forming an admiration one evening for a pale oval face, a pair of dark eyes, a regular nose, a delicate mouth, and shining waves of jetty hair. These belonged to a slight and graceful figure sitting opposite me at one of the small tables in the garden. The face lighted up as the strains of Strauss rose and fell, throbbed and vibrated through the soft summer air, until I fancied that behind those glowing eyes must be a poetic and sympathetic spirit. The fair

GARDEN CONCERTS, VIENNA.

unknown seemed to live in an atmosphere of dreams; and I should have borne her in mind as a projection of the ideal, had I not tarried long enough to see her eat. Such capacity to devour it has seldom been my lot to witness; and then the food devoured was so very substantial. Cheese, brown bread, and beer, several times repeated, were somewhat disenchanting; but when they were followed by huge slices of ham, cabbage, onions, sausage, blood-pudding, and I know not what else, the foundation of my mind-built temple gave way. She whom I had invested with so many rare attributes presented herself only to my mind as a destroyer of prosaic dishes. The poetic light which I imagined I had detected in her eye must have been the gleaming of an insatiable hunger; and what I conceived to be the elegant suggestiveness of her presence must have been the effluence of perpetual famishment. I had believed her soul was starving; it was her body only, and a regiment of restaurateurs would have been needed to preserve her from inanition. I did not like to have my illusion so prosily dispelled, and therefore I removed myself from the dispeller.

Neulerchenfeld, on the west side of the city, is as favorite a haunt of the common people as the Wurstelprater. Sundays they devote to recreation, and a merry time they have, eating and drinking, singing and dancing, frolicking and flirting. Their manners are very free, and they enter into their pleasures with a supreme zest. They enjoy themselves thoroughly, forgetting yesterday, careless of to-morrow, living wholly in the passing hour. They find amusement in the merest trifles, and sovereign sensations in all sorts of absurdities. So boisterous are they that I have sometimes thought they had begun a riot when they were engaged simply in pastime. They blow all conventionality and decorum to the winds, and have no more capacity to shock than to be shocked. Ever inclined to extremes, their excess of animal spirits and disregard of appearances has, no doubt, done much to give Vienna its reputation of one of the most licentious of capitals.

A serious drawback to the Austrian capital is its lack of good hotels and restaurants. Though I have heard much of its excellent cooking, it was very rarely I could obtain, go where I might, a satisfactory breakfast or a desirable dinner. The German cuisine is not to my liking, and Vienna beer not adapted to my taste. Consequently one of the chief objects of Teutonic existence—eating and drinking—can not be obtained by me in Vienna, which I enjoy for a while, but am not sorry to quit.

On the Danube, especially in the vicinity of and below Vienna, one sees any number of rafts of lumber, and barges transporting grain and other commodities. Some of the rafts are enormous. The men who own them frequently carry their families with them, building small houses for their shelter, and taking turns at the oars, which need to be diligently employed day and night on account of the swiftness and crookedness of the river. The vast rafts look like floating villages, with their wooden dwellings, children playing about, and the men lounging, smoking, gambling, or rowing. It is no slight task to take a raft down the Danube, for carelessness or lack of skill may wreck it almost any time.

A barge, often met on the river, is propelled by long sweeps, like the Southwestern flatboats, managed by men from a small roof or deck, below which are the rude cabins and places for storing freight. The Danubian craft are as odd and various as Danubian passengers, who increase in heterogeneousness as the river is descended. From Ulm to Ratisbon I have found few persons besides Germans, mostly farmers, commercial travelers, and tradesmen. From Ratisbon to Linz many Italians, Tyrolese, Bohemians, and Hungarians are generally added to the steamer's list, with a sprinkling of military officers, adventurers, speculators, bankers, and bearers of titles. From Linz to Vienna the same nationalities are represented, with a number of tourists and sight-seers—English and Americans for the most part—who come aboard at the former point, ponder guide-books, use lorgnettes, apostrophize scenery, and exhibit great nervousness about every thing in general and nothing in particular. After leaving Vienna the German element rapidly declines, and the Hungarian, Bulgarian, Croatian, Roumanian, and Wallachian increases. At Pesth the Orient is introduced. The cabins, particularly the second, contain Armenians, Turks, Greeks, Egyptians, Russians, Poles, Hebrews—men of nearly every clime and every creed, attired in their peculiar and picturesque garb, giving the impression of a well-gotten-up masquerade, or a troop of merchants bound for the great Novgorod fair. Such a medley of languages is seldom heard on a vessel, into which Marseilles, Tangier, Odessa, and Cairo seem to have been crowded. Practical lessons in geography may be learned on the lower Danube very easily; and it is interesting to observe the classic-featured Greek sitting at the side of the phlegmatic German; the indolent and dreamy Turk smoking his chibouque opposite the cigar-puffing, anxious-faced American; the Smyrniot merchant trying to make a bargain with the stiff and staid Austrian; the excited Pole representing the wrongs of his country to a drowsy Dutchman; the slender and fiery Arab explaining Islamism to a learned and avaricious Jew. Then there are women of all sorts on the boat—tall, short, slender,

fleshy, blonde, brunette—floating down the tortuous river on varied missions, vague to themselves and mysteriously mixed.

Where all these motley travelers go, and what they see, can not now be told; but they well illustrate, with their conflicting interests, their divers purposes, each tending to his own, and all bound by some mysterious law together, the great journey of life the meanest and mightiest of us are ever making down the winding, shifting, uncertain river of Time.

NEW YORK HARBOR POLICE.

"DOCK RATS."

WHILE a peculiar interest attaches to all professional plunderers, whether considered as individuals or in aggregations, there is something to be added on behalf of those who infest the commerce of a great port like New York. Whatever burden of loss or cost that commerce may be compelled to assume, whether by right and law or contrary to both, is borne by the entire purchasing population of the country, and not alone by the mercantile community who are the apparent sufferers. This result follows by the sure, inevitable working of the fundamental laws of trade. This article, therefore, invites the reading public to consider some of the ways and interests of a class of beings for whose support they not only contribute, but absolutely, though indirectly, provide.

The map which exhibits the position and surroundings of the island upon which New York city is built is full of interesting suggestions upon all questions in which our commercial transactions are concerned. The island itself is so slightly detached from the Westchester main-land as to be a part of the latter for most intents and purposes. The swift currents and powerful tides of the East

River separate it from Long Island; the North River, on the western side, is also a boundary of New Jersey; while the harbor and the bay complete the unsurpassed facilities of the port.

Not only on Manhattan Island, but on the Jersey and Long Island shores, year after year, as the city grew, successive enterprises have driven out into the rivers further and further, until the law and the "surveyed line" checked them, the heterogeneous structures which answer us for piers. These and the docks between them have been constructed and preserved with little reference to any object but the very minimum of immediate outlay consistent with current needs.

Old or new, strong or tumble-down, large and small, our wharves receive the multiform commodities that make up the commerce of New York, and the very vastness of our exports and imports tends to exalt the consequence of all the parasites that prey upon them. Into these docks, none of which are any too large for comfort or convenience, are crowded steamers and sailing vessels, lighters and barges, coasters, liners, and Indiamen of every sort and size, and of every flag known to the seas. Here they lie, taking in or discharging cargoes; side by side, end for end, or one beyond another; tugging, grating, bumping, overshadowed or overshadowing; watched and guarded well or ill, as the case may be; while out in the stream, or down in the harbor and bay, or off Quarantine, are anchored others, loaded and unladen, and under every variety of special circumstances.

Very simple all this shipping business may appear to an uninitiated observer — only the taking your goods off the vessel, for instance, and carrying them ashore; but all that semblance of simplicity vanishes after following any particular bale or case from its resting-place below hatches to its destination in the city. It is a winding way, if not a very long one, and its course has to be steered through many a hap and hazard. It is possible that more than a little fresh thought and information might be picked up by a stroller up and down these busy wharves, and all the more if pedestrianism should be combined with a moderate amount of judicious boating. Such a stroller, if given to moralizing, might reflect upon the numerous members of the human family the world over whose bread-and-butter come to them by means of this huge ebb and flow of shipment and delivery. His immediate sympathy and curiosity would, doubtless, be excited by those who should pass directly under his observation, while he would not fail to consider that there is at the same time more hard work and more out-and-out loafing per hour accomplished hereabouts than any where else soever. He would be apt to reflect that upon all this lading and unlading of varied merchandise depend the good or evil fortunes of the merchants and their employés of every grade and name, and the sailors and other population of the vessels, and of the men who make the ships and mind them and supply them, and of the men who work on the docks, and of the river-side shop and house keepers, and of the Custom-house officials, who would also faintly suggest the United States Treasury and the national bills payable. He might, indeed, suggest to himself no end of commercial dependencies, but he might, nevertheless, ignore some of the most active and important. Besides all those who make their industry or importunity openly manifest, the harbor and river fronts of New York furnish a field of enterprise for others whose untiring operations constitute a tax on commerce as constant, as regular, and every whit as thoroughly collected as are the legal imposts of the tariff, and who sometimes almost determine for our merchants the important questions of profit or loss upon their ventures.

With the smuggling community—their systematic organization, wealth, strength, "European connections," and vast operations—this article has very little to do, although it is said that one or two of the lesser ones, men with no capital or friends to speak of, have recently been actually brought to justice. Our business is with those smaller, but terribly annoying vermin, the "dock rats," with the river thieves, and with the junk-shops.

It is not impossible that our moralizing observer, after his patrol of the wharves, would feel called upon to admire the frank and trusting confidence of our merchants, the beautiful reliance on the innate integrity of the human race with which such vast quantities of that which is both desirable and stealable are left from day to day at the apparent mercy of every chance comer. Not perceiving, except at rare intervals and by fleeting glimpses, any thing in blue that would answer to his preconceived ideas of a policeman on the land or water, he might imagine that the faith of our merchants exceeded that of all other men, and that long experience had approved their unquestioning trust. He might even, if of an enterprising turn, or recently dismissed from office, venture upon hasty calculations of profits which might be made to accrue upon the courageous prosecution of well-digested operations on his own account.

If led thus to a closer study, he would see that while the greater number of our piers are simple open jetties, and others are but roofed over with mere weather sheds, the more important, especially those employed by the great railway and steamboat lines, are thoroughly boxed in, or covered from end to end with substantial structures of

wood or corrugated iron. These boxed piers, moreover, are lighted well with gas at night, and receive the special and constant attention of regular details of land police, besides the care of private watchmen. Even on the open piers large quantities of goods, especially of the more bulky and less manageable materials, are necessarily left for hours, and often from day to day, by the exigencies of transportation, while the boxed piers form a species of temporary storage and warehouse system of their own. At the same time, as the permanent warehouse facilities afforded on the crowded island of Manhattan are of necessity utterly inadequate, the cheaper lands of the adjacent shores, and especially on the Brooklyn side of the East River, have been extensively utilized for that purpose. For long distances along the water's edge, and frequently for entire blocks back, these have been built over with huge, massive, beetle-browed structures of brick and iron, into which the heavier cargoes—sugar, tea, coffee, tobacco, rice, hides, and the like—and even miscellaneous goods of all sorts, are discharged directly from shipboard. Thence, as called for, and from day to day, these mountains of property are conveyed, in lighters and otherwise, to their proper wharves in the city.

Slowly, by favor of wind and tide, or more promptly if expedition demands a steam-tug, the clumsy lighters perform their important duty; and it might be guessed that many a cargo suffers more diminution in this brief transit than in its voyage across the seas.

The merchant sits in his counting-room and sends out his orders for the movement of this and the shipment of that, with a full knowledge of the circumstances under which he acts, and our observant stroller would be almost compelled to pay his tribute either to the general honesty of our water-front population or to a more than Moslem fatalism on the part of our merchant princes. Nevertheless, any such superficial argument and conclusion would be very far from the truth, and in spite of many and powerful adverse influences, a great deal is done for the protection of trade in and about the harbor of New York. Much is done, but more is systematically left undone; for in this case, as in so many others, a short-sighted thrift has preferred to bear its evils rather than pay the necessary cost of their removal.

The United States imposes no import duty upon foreign thieves, but then its internal revenue tax upon the home-made article is correspondingly slight, so that while we constantly receive consignments of the most perfect productions of other lands, we have developed, especially among the populations of our sea-port towns, an unsurpassed quality and quantity of our own. It is often difficult even for good judges to discern between the two classes; and nowhere else have these Arabs of civilization developed a more thorough system, or made their labors more uniformly productive, than along the river fronts of our own great city.

It is to be noted that our river thieves are almost deprived of any prospect for the attainment of individual celebrity. Here, as elsewhere, achievement is necessarily measured by opportunity. Here there can be very few, if any, heavy robberies, deep in plot and plan, brilliant in execution, and arithmetically sensational, such as immortalize the great "cracksmen" of the day. Here is only a comparatively petty, but vexatious, irritating, and almost unceasing drain upon the pockets and patience of the mercantile community. Of all this, moreover, it may be said, with whatever of local pride and satisfaction the facts may seem to call for, that discovery is perpetual, arrest frequent, conviction and punishment almost unheard of; and about all that is done, or, under existing circumstances, can be even attempted, is a measurable degree of prevention. The ways and means of this prevention, and the nature of the success achieved, may in part be made to appear.

The direct agencies employed in the defense of our endangered commercial property are threefold—the municipal police on shore, the private watchmen on piers and vessels, and the harbor police.

The larger number of the city police precincts extend to the rivers on either side of our long, narrow island, and so are fringed with docks and piers. These latter, and the adjacent streets and alleys, are all the more carefully and vigilantly patrolled as being the haunts of the worst grades of our dangerous classes other than the river thieves themselves. The blue-coats may not be continually in sight, except upon the more important piers, to each of which an officer is regularly detailed, but they are always so near that the foes of society stand in constant and wholesome awe of them. With the land police the harbor police are in co-operation, and in as frequent and regular communication as the gross defects of the existing force and management will permit. We shall have enough to say of the private watchmen employed by owners and lessees of wharf property or otherwise hereafter.

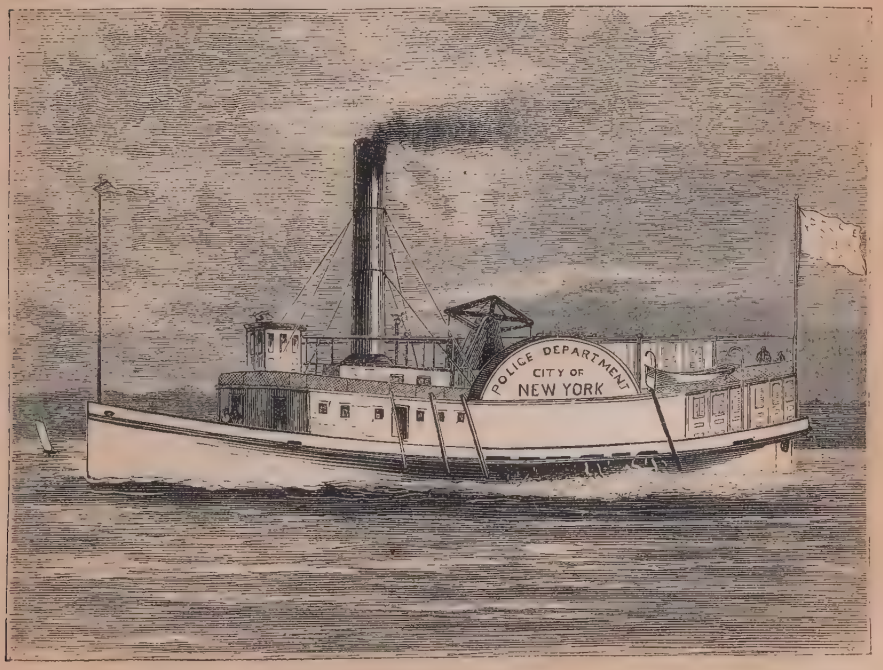
All water patrol duty on the East and North rivers, the harbor, and the bay, is especially assigned to the regular police of the Twenty-fourth Precinct, not in any other respect an independent body, but under the general supervision of the police authorities. They are, in fact, the navy of our ambitious municipality, and their service is a perpetual cruise without any hope of prize-money.

This force musters a formidable array of

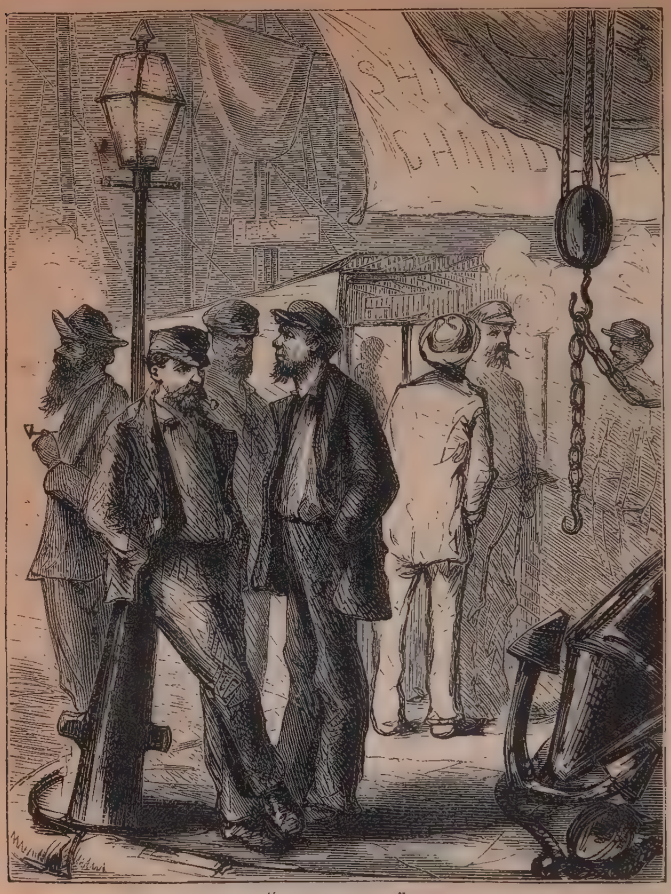
THE PATROL BOAT.

one captain, three sergeants, and twenty-five men, or twenty-nine men in all; and if any one feels disposed to laugh, let it be at their numbers only, for a better selected and more efficient set of men it would be hard to find. Most of them have been so long in the service as to be well familiarized with its requirements, as well as to develop a fair degree of special skill, acumen, and *esprit de corps*.

To enable these twenty-nine men by day and by night to be every where present, watching and protecting our miles and miles of water-front, scouring the piers and docks for thieves and their booty in storm or calm, hot weather or cold, keeping a bright look-out on vessels and their visitors from Harlem River to Sandy Hook, and performing other moderate and reasonable duties, they have constantly at their disposal a pretty fast little steamer, of two hundred and fifteen tons, called the *Seneca*, and six row-boats, the latter being models of strength and lightness, and admirable in their way. No permanent headquarters on shore are provided; but, by a species of sufferance, the *Seneca* has at present a tolerable "tying-up" place on the pier



POLICE BOAT "SENECA."



"DOCK RANGERS."

at the foot of Warren Street, North River. It is, however, no uncommon thing for the little cruiser to be crowded out from even that remarkably ill-adapted police centre, and she is not at any time a "sure find" for those who may desire to communicate with her.

Two or three times a day the *Seneca* makes more or less extended patrol trips up and down the rivers, and often out into the Lower Bay, and even as far as Sandy Hook when urgent occasion calls. It may well be that her prowling habits and irregular, uncertain presence tend to increase the terror and protective value of her cruising. The small boats, with crews of two or three men each, are sent out every four hours to patrol the lines of the piers, but seldom go above Sixty-fifth Street on either side of the island. How severe this boat service, enforced without reference to times, or seasons, or stress of weather, must be upon the men can better be imagined than described.

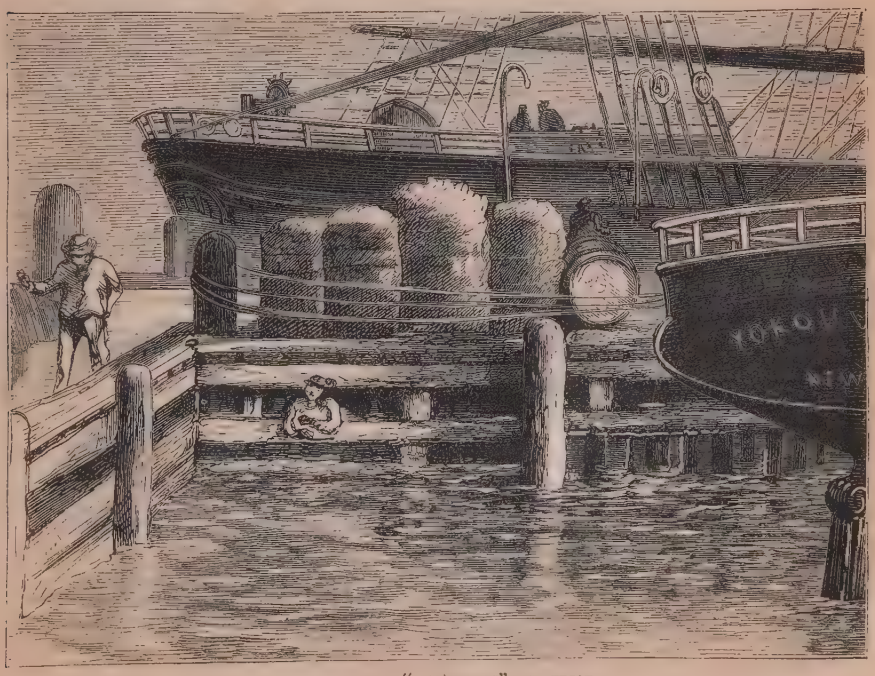
The day of twenty-four hours is divided by the harbor police into watches of four hours each, beginning at 8 o'clock P.M., except two dog-watches, of two hours each, between 4 and 8 o'clock P.M. By this means each squad of men is allowed ample time for rest and refreshment, the quarters on the *Seneca* being reasonably comfortable, but no more so than of right they should be.

So much for our commercial frontier and our municipal navy, but it is not so easy to define the miscellaneous rovers with whom they are compelled to deal. Some idea of these latter might be gathered from an inspection of the swarming population of West Street, South Street, and the neighboring thoroughfares. There is such a superabundance here of those who toil not, neither do they spin, but have nothing else of the lily kind about them; smoking, drinking, listless, lounging human beings of both sexes and all ages, who provoke such perpetual wonder as to how they live at all; stalwart and grimy men, whose life seems one long "waiting for a job" that never comes; boys of from six to eighteen years, to whom, in summer at least, and in all the time of fruit importation, the world seems all a play-day and a frolic, in the water and out of the water; strolling old women, who do or do not pretend to sell something, and smell so dreadfully of gin and tobacco; keepers of gloomy junk-shops, who maintain their stolid cheerfulness, and appear to pay their rents and make money with hardly a visible sign of business, either in buying or selling, and whose dens might stir a feeling of envy in the bosom of Barnum's Museum. All these, and many others of an apparently higher social grade and cleanlier exterior, bear a perpetual grudge against and wage unceasing war with the vigilance of the harbor police. It should be added here that the lower classes of smugglers are personally identical with the river thieves, and that the cruising of

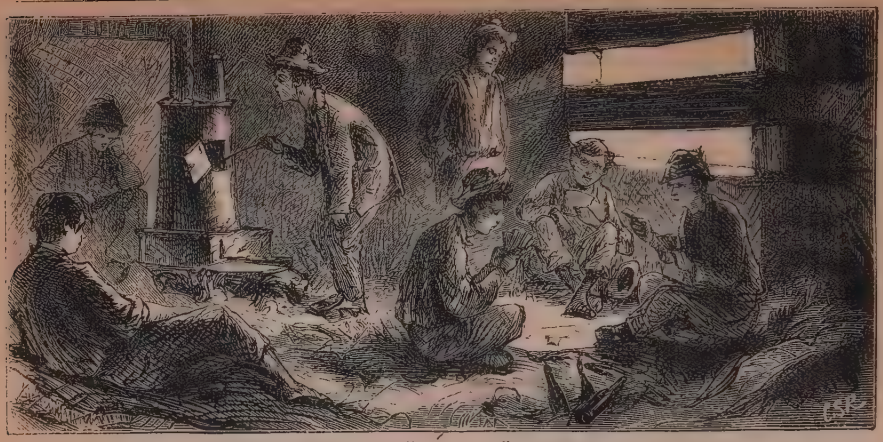
the *Seneca* and her boats probably interferes with all their operations quite as much as any other police agency, governmental or otherwise.

First of all in point of number, activity, and an almost absolute immunity from other punishment than an occasional rope's end, are the "dock rats"—the mere boys who swarm in and out of the dingy alleys and tenement-houses of the streets parallel with the water-front. In dealing with these both land and water police are apt to be baffled, for age and size alone prevent their graduation at any time into the higher degrees of rascality and crime. Taught all manner of vicious and fox-like cunning by the experiences of their vermin life, they are well aware of the necessity of organization, and almost invariably work in gangs and under leaders, these latter being chosen from the older boys, with now and then some sage old hag or some Fagin of a junk dealer for special counsel and adviser extraordinary. The range of their operations can only be measured by the answers, concerning any particular article, to the questions, "Is it watched?" and "Can they lift it?" A newly arrived fruit vessel, for instance, and all the better if a little short-handed, is a sure prey. If one of their number dashes forward and commits some open, daring act of petty larceny, so that he is immediately pursued, it is only that attention may be concentrated upon him, and the way left momentarily unguarded for the rush of his agile confederates. If, on some warm and lazy day, a swimming match is improvised near some crowded dock, and there is much cheering and laughter and apparent excitement, be sure that the prize of the match is being sought for on a ship or lighter in the vicinity, which is thus to be deprived, if only for a few moments, of the watchful guardianship which is the only safety of its cargo and outfit. No shipper of perishable goods, such as fruit, can afford to leave his cargo long enough for any extended pursuit, even if his loss has been a smart one, and much less can he await the dull delays of a New York criminal prosecution. In other cases the difficulties are apt to be even more vexatious and complicated.

The peculiar open construction of most of our piers on timber piles, allowing a small boat to pass under them at low tide, permits the shallow craft employed by the marauders to be slipped along unseen from dock to dock, whether in approach or escape; and the fact that so frequently the vessels are packed closely side by side affords an additional cover for all prowlers. Stealing "bunch cotton" from bales, or pocketfuls of coffee, or odds and ends of cordage or small ware, and the like miscellaneous thievery, is guarded against so far as may be by watchfulness on the part of the special guardians of the property and the patrolling of the shore police. The aggregate losses are large, but the individual offenses are too petty for pursuit or prosecution.



NEST OF YOUNG "DOCK RATS"—EXTERIOR.



NEST OF YOUNG "DOCK RATS"—INTERIOR.

The thoroughly untamed and wild-animal character of the "dock rats" is frequently evinced by a singular tendency which they exhibit for making themselves dens or nests of their own under the very piers themselves, and amidst the stench of the oozing tides and sewerage. Here they will patch together odds and ends of plank and drift-wood, and even set up some sort of contrivance for warmth and cookery, if they can so arrange that the fumes of their coke and charcoal shall not too speedily betray them. These nests are great places for the reception of plunder when the junk-shops are too closely watched, and every few weeks the harbor police make thorough searches for them, boating and wading, to the great detriment of tempers and uniforms, and at the cost of severe fatigue and personal disgust. Nothing but such minute probing and searching would suffice to defeat the cunning with which the "dock rats" conceal their unique settlements.

While the younger scamps make the best scouts, informers, and general skirmishers in the world for their older associates, the more important thefts, and those which especially engage the attention of the harbor police, are for the greater part concerned with heavy goods, and require strong arms and somewhat extended facilities for their execution. Plenty of muscle and bone and full supplies of lawless and reckless energy are always on hand, however, for the proper development of any conceivable enterprise. Moreover, all this merely executive force is backed up, cared for, and rendered thoroughly efficient by ample capital and competent, systematic direction, both as to the "acquisition of property," and the proper market and means for its disposal.

"Capital? For thieves?"

Certainly; and sometimes to very respectable amounts, such as are not always found under the seedy pea-jackets of the ordinary "dock rangers," although some of these gentry can produce tolerably well-filled wallets.

Ready money is the soul of trade: let us take a few practical examples by way of illustration.

A cargo of sugars and coffees is in process of lightering from the warehouses on the Brooklyn shore to the Thirtieth Street pier, East River, for railway transportation inland, and any particular lighter is lazily beating up against the tide, or with a dull and baffling wind. All the better if the day be stormy, or the hour late and quite dark. The *Seneca* may be somewhere or any where, for she is not in sight, and the last patrol boat is tugging wearily against the tide three miles, it may be, up stream. Within hail, if not immediately alongside, by previous arrangement, pulls a yawl or a wherry, whose crew are not altogether unknown to that of the lighter, and who may, in fact, change places and employments with them almost any day.

"Got any thing handy?"

"Yes, all you can carry."

And the hail and answer are succeeded by a rapid adjustment of terms, and an equally rapid transfer of property to the row-boat. The lighterman's profits have generally to be paid in cash, and he may have others to care for at one end or the other of his trip. The prices are low, to be sure, but then the business men in the row-boat have their risks to run, and their profits must be proportionate.

Again, a vessel with hides is anchored out in the stream, or its bad South American bill of health detains it off Quarantine. Are the honest tars who may be in charge at any particular hour of the night to be shut off from all commercial intercourse with the shore? By no means: and again the river thieves' busy yawl is laden, and the hardy mariners get their pay in cash down, for here, indeed, credits are out of the question.

Again, some Saturday night, or any other night, though not so favorable, a given steamboat pier is plethoric with valuable goods left over from the too pressing business of the day. If the pier were an open one, the adventure might be simplified in many respects; but the steamboat pier is substantially and safely boxed in. The private watchmen, perhaps two or three of them, and, it may be, with a big and ugly dog to help, are on their post of duty. The gates and doors are shut and barred, the gas is lighted, and, except for "capital" in the hands of the river speculators, the belated property is safe. Here, as elsewhere, the row-boat is in requisition. Sometimes, though rarely, the form of sawing through a plank of the pier flooring is observed, but cases are on record of this sort where nearly a lighter load, whole bales of cotton and of wool, boxes of sugar and tobacco, hides, cases, and miscellaneous goods, have been spirited away, and every man ready to take his oath, or any body else's oath, that "he could not imagine how the thing was done, and there must have been some mistake about them goods."

"How was it done?"

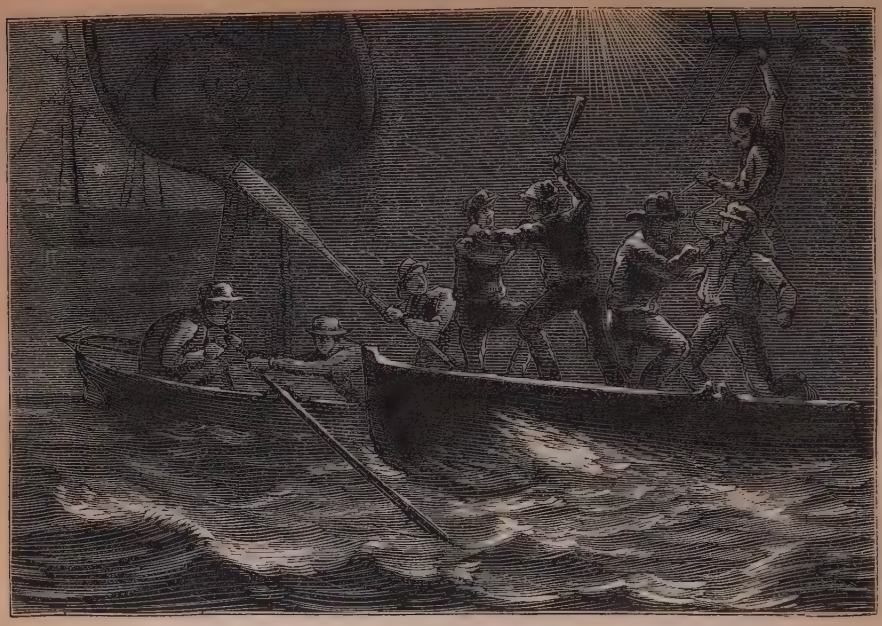
Perhaps in this way: Astute employers keep their watchmen—the cheap men they can procure in such a way—on starvation wages. And so the dog was quieted or led away, and there were drinks and oysters and a little game of something to the fore in a neighboring saloon. The watchmen saw nothing; the night air was not startled by a single utterance of canine disapprobation; there is a stoutly raised question as to that precise property having been brought upon the pier or having been shipped the day before, and the very dog is made a mute witness that every thing was "right."

It is not always that the river men are compelled to take so much trouble. If, for instance, they can only determine the precise locality of a cask of spirits, and get their own boat and cask fairly under it, an auger, a tube, and a funnel will do the rest, with very little waste to mourn over.

There is little, comparatively, that the harbor police can do to prevent these various misuses of 'longshore capital, but their part comes in from the moment the boats are loaded, and no matter where they may meet with them. Any such yawl is a suspicious craft, and may be compelled to give a satisfactory account of itself. For a loaded boat to escape by flight from the swift prowlers of the *Seneca* is, of course, impracticable; but the distances they have to make are not long, and the plunderers take their chances. Not unfrequently the thief-boats are taken in the very act, and then, though rarely, there may be something like resistance and a skirmish, but the certainty of escaping the punishment of the law takes away all strong incentive to violence, unless the ill-gotten cargo chances to be of unusual value. More commonly, and sometimes three or four instances a day, the captures of the police are made *in transitu* and after nightfall, the North River side being the most productive ground both for robberies and recaptures.

In every case both boat and cargo that can not show free papers and a clear character are sent to the property clerk at Police Headquarters, on shore, and the harbor police thereby relieve themselves of pecuniary responsibility for either. Should the boat prove to have been a borrowed one in good earnest, the cartage and breakage are the owner's loss. He should not have left his boat loose for the use of river thieves. The cargoes, if of any special value, and capable of identification, are pretty sure to be claimed in due time by their proper owners, even if the thieves take the trouble to prove, as they always can, that they paid good money for them to the crew or officers of some craft that sailed over the bar the day

A FAVORITE RENDEZVOUS FOR THIEVES ON EAST RIVER.



A SKIRMISH.

before, and is now a long tack at sea. Of course they make little if any effort to recover possession; they would much rather steal two more than fight long for that one, and are willing to walk out of court with their insolent personal freedom.

The jurisdiction of the harbor police, belonging as they do to the city of New York, terminates at low-water mark on all the opposite shores. During the existence of the old Metropolitan Police District, the Long Island line was also in their province, but enlightened legislation has corrected that error. If, therefore, nowadays, a thief can be secured within the New Jersey limits, he is sure to lose his plunder and receive a hot dose of "Jersey justice," for they do such things very well over there; if carried into New York city, he loses his plunder and gets off unharmed in person; if he can take his luck to Brooklyn, he is only too apt to make a complete success of his enterprise. So, at least, say the harbor police, who ought to be good authority, and they cite abundant instances.

The "port" of the river thief, his warehouse, and his bank, is the junk-shop; and nothing that he can land will come amiss to these capitalists of South and West streets, from an old rope to a ship's chronometer. The liberality and extent of their dealings may be guessed from the fact that they are prepared to fill orders from safe parties for almost any thing, except it might be hot-house flowers or an iceberg. The main point with the thief is to get his cargo in with secrecy and safety. It is the junk dealer's perpetual problem to get all questionable goods away, beyond searching distance, before the gentlemen in blue come after them, as they are reasonably sure to do. Of course, and beyond all doubt, there are honest junk dealers, who will neither buy nor sell that which does not bear the clean stamp of honest traffic, just as there are very honest pawnbrokers, but perhaps not to so great an extent.

The difficulties in the way of trade, referred to above, are greatly increased by the shore police, and a brace of detectives, in citizen's dress, are constantly patrolling the whole water-front from shop to shop. Broad noon is a good time for the river men to run in, when every probable watcher is at his mid-day lunch. A "pack" of vessels in the dock will afford a good chance for concealment till a favorable opportunity occurs. The shades of night have in all time been friendly to such undertakings. The junk dealers are never off duty or unready for business, and but for the constant vigilance of the harbor police and their allies on shore this class of commercial transactions would speedily assume proportions truly interesting. As it is, not a few junk-men have latterly complained bitterly of the slackness of their trade, and some have even retired from business altogether for lack of encouragement.

It is not to be supposed that the river thieves perform their work at hap-hazard. The day is their time for patrol duty, and all probable adventures are duly noted, and, if possible, suitable personal arrangements

are made for the avoidance of unnecessary risk and trouble. It is the opinion of the police that *all* cases of theft from closed piers, or from lighters, or from vessels in the harbor, with insignificant exceptions, are accomplished by collusion with the private watchmen, the lightermen, or the crews. The cases of actual piracy, forcible entry, with or without personal violence, occurring within the waters of New York Harbor, are comparatively so few and of such an exceptional character as to call for no special description. By whom they are committed, and how, as well as why there are no more of them, will sufficiently appear from the other facts here cited.

To the duties which have already been indicated as appertaining to the harbor police may be added those of making arrests on shipboard; the suppression of mutinies in the harbor; the convoying beyond the bar ships whose drunken crews refuse obedience to their officers; and such other little duties as would naturally be expected of so numerous a corps of officers and men.

It will be seen that in all this perpetual warfare between the rights of property and the freebooting propensities of the "dangerous classes," there are many individual circumstances which make for or against the opposing sides and systems.

On behalf of the law a great deal is done, and there is good reason to believe that it is as well and as zealously done as could be expected, but the advantages now accorded to the thieves are susceptible of very rapid and notable diminution.

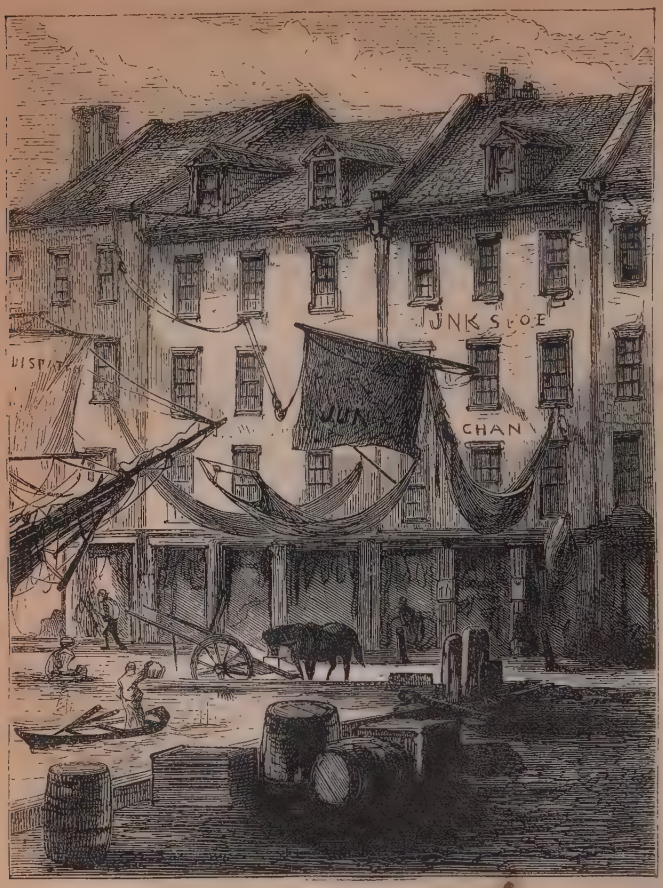
The construction of such a system of docks and piers as would not absolutely disgrace us before the commercial world—such, in fact, as we are even now dreaming about—would of itself be a severe blow to the whole marauding community, and would necessitate the retirement of more junk dealers in a brief space of time.

The determination on the part of those who employ private watchmen that good economy requires them to pay their men fair wages would remove the temptation, the almost compulsory suggestion, that now leads the latter to pay themselves, with the aid of their friends the floating capitalists. This is perhaps the most important point of all, but it might also be well to employ as few river thieves as possible in the capacity of watchmen.

The adoption of a better system of lighterage would help; but this would be of much avail only in connection with other reforms.

As to the harbor police, instead of being, as it now is, a perpetual scout, without a local habitation or suitable appliances, it should be placed at once on a footing of the utmost efficiency. Permanent head-quarters should be provided, at or near Castle Garden, instead of the inconvenient and uncertain berth at the Warren Street pier. From the proposed site not only both rivers, but the harbor and bay, could be more constantly watched and more readily patrolled, while

INTERIOR OF A JUNK-SHOP.



THE JUNK-SHOP AT NOONDAY.

there might be in the Hudson, or how raging a tide in the East River, or how hard it might blow on the bay, a constant patrol could be maintained from Harlem River to the Lower Quarantine, and that without unnecessary fatigue and exposure to the men. How swift an average rate is it generally supposed can be made by two men in a row-boat, and with a look-out to keep, against wind and tide, or in such rough weather and water as is common in New York Harbor? Steam is better than human sinews for this as for many other purposes.

Finally, by reason of the great aid which the harbor police force now gives in the suppression of smuggling, and its greatly increased efficiency to that end with the proposed reforms and improvements, it would be fair for the United States Treasury to bear one-half the expense of a service of which it derives at least one-half the benefit. The readiness of our national legislators to make the harbor police could always be communicated with promptly and by telegraph from all the other police precincts.

The number of the force should be raised to a total of one hundred officers and men. The *Seneca* should be sold for what she would bring, and her place supplied by six well-built steam-launches, very much like those now in use in the navy. Of these two at least should be good sea-boats, capable of going out with safety as far as Sandy Hook. With these swift launches, no matter how strong a freshet

THE DESIDERATUM.

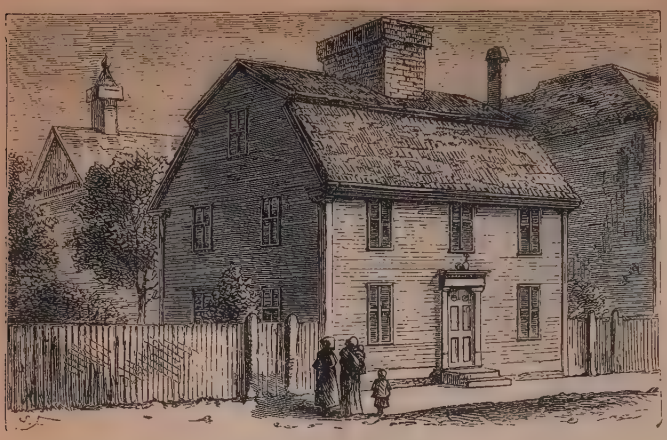
such an appropriation, if the subject should be properly laid before them, can hardly be doubted. The row-boats might very well be retained for dock-searching, and like errands requiring smaller craft than the launches. The more constant communication with the land police and the detectives could hardly fail to secure more intelligent, rapid, and successful co-operation among them all, while the very augmentation and elevation of the water police would tend to develop a sense of responsibility, a spirit of emulation, and an *esprit de corps*, the value whereof will at once be appreciated by all who are familiar with any species of similar management.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE interest of a biography does not depend upon the number and character of the incidents of which it is composed. There are two kinds of biography—one which collects and arranges the outward events of a life, another which collects and arranges and, if possible, interprets the inward events of the same life. It is easy to write the first; it is difficult to write the last. It is given to many to lead lives of adventure, and to find biographers who will narrate them; to lead the strange life of the intellect, and to find a biographer who can understand it, is given to very few. It was not given to Nathaniel Hawthorne. He has found no biographer yet, and is less likely to hereafter. Twenty years hence those who knew him in his youth will be in their graves, as those who knew him in his childhood and infancy are now. Now, or never, is the time to write his life.

The Hawthorne family seems originally to have been of consequence in England. "The family seat of the Hawthornes is Wigcastle, Wigton, Wiltshire. The present head of the family, now residing there, is Hugh Hawthorne. William Hawthorne, who came over in 1635–36, was a younger brother of the family." So wrote, in 1837, our Hawthorne, who had a pardonable pride in his name. The earliest member of the family in America of whom we have heard figured in the Salem witchcraft. He was a Colonel John Hathorne, who died in 1717. "This



BIRTH-PLACE OF HAWTHORNE.

was the witch judge," says Hawthorne, in 1838, describing the head-stone of his ancestor in the old burial-place at Salem. "The stone is sunk deep into the earth, and leans forward, the grass being very long about it; and on account of the moss it was rather difficult to make out the date. Other Hawthornes lie buried in a range with him on either side." The Hawthornes followed the sea for several generations. It was an inheritance to which they were born, and which fathers and sons alike shared. The spirit of the sea was upon them, and it never came into their minds that they could escape it. The young men married one day, and sailed the next, "strange countries for to see." They went to India, to China, to the Spanish Main, and, the voyage over, they returned to the hostages they had given to fortune. Such an adventurous rover of the deep was Captain Nathaniel Hawthorne, who, about the beginning of the present century, married Elizabeth Clarke Manning. This worthy couple had three children. The first, a daughter, named Elizabeth, was born March 7, 1802; the second, a son, named Nathaniel, was born July 4, 1804; the third, a daughter, named Maria Louisa, was born January 9, 1808. Of the three only the eldest survives. The old Hawthorne house, which is still standing in Salem, is numbered 21 Union Street. It is of a kind which is common along the sea-board of New England—a plain wooden clapboard building, two stories high, with a sort of double roof, inclosing a large garret, the favorite resort of children on rainy days. There is a paneled door in the middle of the house, and on each side of the entry a parlor, or "best room." The chamber in which Hawthorne was born is still shown. It is not much of a room, even from the rigid standpoint of New England. It has an open fireplace for a wood-fire, a low mantel, upon which sea-shells were doubtless ranged in the olden time, a high-posted old bedstead, and a cushioned rocking-chair, with a high back that does not add to its comfort. With such surroundings as these, in this little chamber, Nathaniel Hawthorne first opened his eyes to the light of day. Mr. James T. Fields* has painted for us a dainty little miniature of baby Hawthorne, whom he sees through the spectacles of an old lady who dwelt in Salem when the child was born, and to whom there came a message from her neighbor, Mrs. Hawthorne, that the baby could be seen by calling. "So my friend tells me she went in and saw the little winking thing in its mother's arms. She is very clear as to the beauty of the infant, even when only a week old, and remembers that 'he was a pleasant child, quite handsome, with golden curls.' She also tells me that Hawthorne's mother was a beautiful woman, with remarkable eyes, full of sensibility and expression, and that she was a person of singular purity of mind. Hawthorne's father, whom my friend knew well, she describes as a warm-hearted and kindly man, very fond of children. He was somewhat inclined to melancholy, and of a reticent disposition. He was a great reader, employing all his leisure time at sea over books." The outlines of this little sketch make a pretty family picture, if one has imagination enough to fill them up; and it is best to do so, for when we look in the Hawthorne house again, a change has come over its occupants. We find the loving young mother and her beautiful children, but we do not find the serious, silent father. He has made one voyage too many, and will return no more. Captain Hawthorne died at Surinam, of yellow fever, in 1808, and the world was thenceforth a blank to his disconsolate wife. The calamity which had befallen her was one to which the wife of every captain, every mate, every sailor that sailed out of Salem was liable any day, and one which had befallen these poor wives a thousand times. It was a common, almost a necessary calamity; still it was hard to be borne. She shut herself up in the house—some accounts say in her own room—and refused to be comforted. She had nothing to live for now—nothing but her children, one of whom,

* "Yesterdays with Authors."

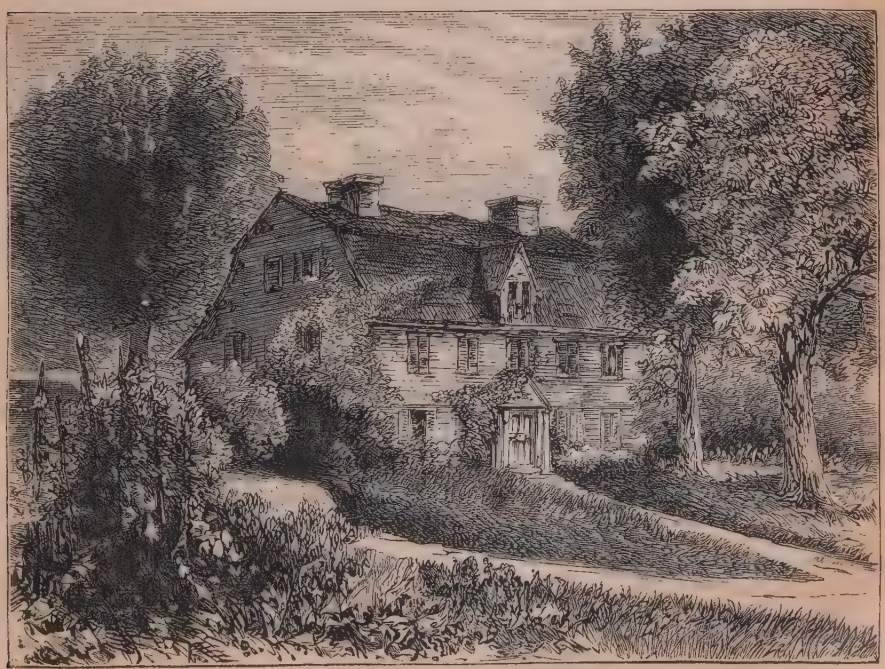
the little girl in her arms, her dear Nathaniel had never seen. "Poor children! poor mother!

Mrs. Hawthorne was tenderly cared for by her father, who removed her and the children into his own house. The Manning house, which was 10 Herbert Street, was so close to the Hawthorne house that the yard of one extended to that of the other. Here she remained for the next ten years, her family making one with her father's—a happy family but for the shadow which rested upon her.

Hawthorne's uncle, Robert Manning, took charge of his education, sending him to the best schools that the place afforded. He inherited his father's taste for reading, and devoured every book that came in his way. His earliest favorite was "Pilgrim's Progress," which he used to read by the hour, without speaking, perched up in a large chair in the corner of his grandmother's room, near a window. He was fond of poetry, also, and had a catholic taste, for he read Thomson and Pope, as well as Milton and Shakspeare. The first book that he bought with his own money was the "Faerie Queene." "He used to invent long stories," we are told by one who watched him in childhood, "wild and fanciful, and tell where he was going when he grew up, and of the wonderful adventures he was to meet with, always ending with, 'And I'm never coming back again,' in quite a solemn tone, that enjoined upon us the advice to value him the more while he staid with us."

Among the books he is known to have read before he was fourteen was the "Newgate Calendar," all the Waverley Novels that were then reprinted in this country, and the works of Rousseau. The family was opposed to his reading the infidel Frenchman, but he persisted in going through him, and was not harmed by the feat. He had read Froissart and Clarendon, though he was not fond of history in general. "He cared very little for the history of the world before the fourteenth century."

In spite of his devotion to books, he was active and athletic, and took part in all the sports of his playfellows and school-mates. When he was about nine he had the misfortune to lame one of his feet while playing ball at school, and was obliged to hobble around on crutches. The injured foot ceased to grow, and the doctors took him in hand, with no immediate success, as he was twelve before he was restored to strength. Quiet being enjoined upon him, he used to lie upon the carpet all day, stretched out at full length, reading his poets and studying his lessons. Care was taken that he should not fall behind in his studies, for his school-master, Joseph Worcester, of dictionary fame, came every day to hear him recite, and, it is whispered, to bask in the smiles of his aunt Maria. He recovered in due time, but was afterward put back by an illness, whereby he lost the use of his limbs, and the little crutches, pieced out to make them longer, were again in demand.



OLD MANSE, CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

RESIDENCE OF HAWTHORNE, CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

The Mannings had made large investments in land in Maine, being the original proprietors of the town of Raymond, which then included a territory of more than seven miles square, and which has since been divided to form the town of Casco. The eldest son, Richard Manning, erected a house in Raymond, on a little stream which empties into Sebago Lake, in the expectation that the whole Manning family would make it their residence. This intention was not carried out, although Mrs. Hawthorne and her children removed thither in October, 1818. Whether they occupied the house which Mr. Manning had built, as one account states, or another which he is said to have built for them, I have not been able to satisfy myself. However this may be, they lived at Raymond for about a year, and Nathaniel pursued his studies at Westbrook, under the care of the Rev. Cabel Bradley. He entered with enthusiasm into the wild life of the wilderness. "I lived in Maine," he said afterward, "like a bird of the air, so perfect was the freedom I enjoyed. But it was there I first got my cursed habit of solitude." The friend to whom Hawthorne unbosomed himself (Mr. James T. Fields) gives us a glimpse of his life in Maine: "During the moonlight nights of winter he would skate until midnight all alone upon Sebago Lake, with the deep shadows of the icy hills on either hand. When he found himself far away from his home and weary with the exertion of skating, he would sometimes take refuge in a log-cabin, where half a tree would be burning on the broad hearth. He would sit in the ample chimney and look at the stars through the great aperture through which the flames went roaring up. 'Ah,' he said, 'how well I recall the summer days also, when, with my gun, I roamed at will through the woods of Maine! How sad middle life looks to people of erratic temperaments! Every thing is beautiful in youth, for every thing is allowed to it then.'"

The residence of the Hawthornes at Raymond was converted to sacred uses after the death, in 1830, of Mr. Richard Manning, to whom it belonged then. He left a provision in his will for the erection of a meeting-house for the people of Raymond, and as the Hawthorne house was larger than any family was likely to want, it was remodeled into one. As there was no society to take charge of it, it was opened as a free meeting-house. Ministers of all denominations held forth in it when they would, and staid away when they pleased, which was most of the time. Long unoccupied, it was falling to ruin, when it was once more repaired, and used as a meeting-house. Its present condition is thus described by one who visited it in May, 1870:

"A little way off the main-traveled road, in the town of Raymond, there stands an old house, which has much in common with the houses of the day, but which is distinguished from them by the more evident marks of neglect and decay. Its unpainted walls are deeply stained by time. Cornice and window-ledge

CUSTOM-HOUSE, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS.

and threshold are fast falling with the weight of years. The fences were long since removed from all the inclosures, the garden wall is broken down, and the garden itself is now grown up to pines, whose shadows fall dark and heavy upon the old and mossy roof—fitting roof-trees for such a mansion planted there by the hands of Nature herself, as if she could not realize that her darling child was ever to go out from his early home. The highway once passed the door, but the location of the road has been changed, and now the old house stands solitarily apart from the busy world. Longer than I can remember—and I have never learned how long—this house has stood untenanted and wholly unused, except for a few years as a place of public worship; but for myself, and for all who know its earlier history, it will ever have the deepest interest, for it was *the early home of Nathaniel Hawthorne.*"

After a year's residence at Raymond the Hawthornes returned to Salem, and once more took up their abode in the Manning house, on Herbert Street. Nathaniel continued his studies, with a view to entering college, and amused himself in a mild way with amateur authorship. The earliest specimen of his writing extant is a little periodical, entitled the *Spectator*. It was in weekly numbers, which were neatly written by the hand of the editor, "N. Hathorne," and was published on Wednesdays, "price twelve cents per annum, payment to be made at the end of the year." The young editor evidently had misgivings as to his success, for among his advertisements is the following:

"Nathaniel Hathorne proposes to publish by subscription a NEW EDITION OF THE MISERIES OF AUTHORS, to which will be added a SEQUEL, containing FACTS and REMARKS drawn from his own experience."

The new periodical had its "Wants," as witness this little advertisement:

"Wanted, by the publisher, a large number of subscribers to the SPECTATOR, to whom, besides the paper, a liberal compensation will be given."

The opinions of a boy are not of much consequence generally, but the opinions of young Hawthorne in regard to man as a social animal deserve notice, in view of his solitary disposition and habits. Here they are:

"ON SOLITUDE.

"Man is naturally a sociable being, not formed for himself alone, but destined to bear a part in the great scheme of Nature. All his pleasures are heightened and all his griefs are lessened by participation. It is only in society that the full energy of his mind is aroused, and all its powers drawn forth. Apart from the world there are no incitements to the pursuits of excellence, there are no rivals to contend with, and therefore there is no improvement. Perhaps life may pass more tranquilly, estranged from the pursuits and the vexations of the multitude, but all the hurry and whirl of passion is preferable to cold calmness and indifference."

He promises his readers a poem from a distinguished source, and proffers excuses for its delay. It appears at last, heralded by this little editorial:

"Every reader of taste must admire the elegant address to the Sun with which our pages are this day graced. The lofty sublimity, the refined tenderness, which breathe throughout every line of this production are unequaled in modern writings."

"ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

"Harbinger of Day,
When the moon her course has run,
When all the darkness fleets away,
Then we see thee, glorious Sun!
"MARIA LOUISA HATHORNE."

He pens an editorial on Courage in his sixth number, and enlivens it with a reminiscence of his boyhood:

"The reputation for courage of many men is perhaps obtained by accident. I remember, when I was a school-boy, being somewhat disconcerted by the horrours [*sic*] of a battle of snow-balls, I blundered into the enemy's ranks. No sooner did I discover my mistake than I rectified it with the greatest possible speed, and on my return to my own party was greeted with ill-deserved praises for daring to venture into the very middle of the dreaded foe."

Then comes this item:

"A lady kills a striped snake while swallowing a toad. We have it from herself. This is true courage."

We have the germ of that remarkable work, "What I Know about Farming," in this bucolic paragraph:

"William Dingley, Esq., of Raymond, has raised upward of ten dollars' worth of water and musk melons upon one piece of ground. It would be well to lay this statement before the Agricultural Society."

It was not long before our youthful Addison had a chance to show his pathos:

"DEATHS.—We are sorry to be under the necessity of informing our readers that no deaths of any importance have taken place, except that of the publisher of this paper, who died of starvation, owing to the slenderness of his patronage."

The first number of this boyish *jeu d'esprit* bore the date of August 21, 1820. It languished through six numbers, and then stopped, leaving its publisher a bankrupt, no doubt. He had another string to his bow, however, if we may credit one of his advertisements:

"Blank books made and for sale by N. Hathorne."

Hawthorne entered Bowdoin College in his seventeenth year. Of his college life I know nothing. It is said that his Latin compositions in his Freshman year were so excellent as to attract the attention of those who examined them, and that his English compositions were highly commended by Professor Newman, the author of a work on rhetoric. The class of 1828, in which he graduated, was a remarkable one, containing, besides himself, such men as H. W. Longfellow, George B. Cheever, J. S. C. Abbott, Jonathan Cilley, and Hawthorne's lifelong friend, Franklin Pierce.

His college life over, Hawthorne returned to the Manning house, where he remained until December, 1828, when his mother and her family removed to a cottage which his uncle Robert had built for them, adjoining his own residence in North Salem, and where they lived four years, after which they returned to Herbert Street. Of the life of Hawthorne from his twenty-first to his twenty-eighth year few accounts have reached me. That he continued the studious life of his youth is certain, and it is equally certain that his life was a solitary one. Of a shy and retiring disposition, he never mingled with the society of Salem, but remained within-doors during the day, and rambled about in the evening. He was averse to going out in the daytime unless there was a gathering in the

GRAVE OF HAWTHORNE, SLEEPY HOLLOW CEMETERY, CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

streets, a muster, a political meeting, or a fire. Fires were a great attraction to him, provided he could watch them unobserved in some dark corner. He is said to have read all the books in the Athenæum Library, and was considered a noticeable young man by the few who knew him. He continued his reading of French, Voltaire taking the place of Rousseau, and, if he could read German, I suspect he read German also. The books that he read, however, do not particularly concern us, for they made little or no impression on his unique and original genius: what concerns us is the life, the experience, the thought, which went to make him what he was. We must look for this, it seems to me, in the circumstances of his birth and childhood, in the melancholy that he inherited from his father, in the life-long sorrow that darkened the days of his widowed mother, in his introverted and searching vision, and, it may be, in the transmitted individuality of his grim old ancestor, the "witch judge," who believed in the witchery he condemned. Hawthorne was the consummate flower of his race.

He began to write at an early period, as we have seen, and without the confidence which generally characterizes youthful genius. His standard of excellence was singularly high, and he was never satisfied with any thing that he wrote. His first attempt at authorship after leaving college was a little book which he called "Seven Tales of my Native Land," and for which he chose as a motto the refrain of Wordsworth's little maiden, "We are Seven." He showed these stories to a friend, who was much struck with them, especially with one or two into which the witch element was introduced; but this friend and his admiration were alike powerless to save them from the flames, for when the book was ready for the press its dissatisfied author threw it into the fire, and watched its destruction grimly. He wrote more stories, and burned them: never young romancer burned so many stories. Those that at all satisfied him he used to read to his mother and sisters in the evening, and they were charmed with them, as they should have been.

In his twenty-sixth year he published anonymously a forgotten romance, the name of which Mr. Fields has recovered for us. It is "Fanshawe." I should like to read "Fanshawe," and so, I fancy, would Hawthorne's admirers. Hawthorne himself refused to remember it. "Whatever might do me credit," he wrote in 1851, "you may be pretty sure I should be ready enough to bring forward." At what time, and in what magazines or newspapers, Hawthorne first began his sketches and stories I have not been able to learn. But in the same year in which his little romance was published (1828) Mr. S. G. Goodrich, known to fame and the world of child-readers as Peter Parley, commenced the publication of an annual entitled the *Token*, to which Hawthorne is known to have contributed. The *Token* was published every year until 1842, by which time the rage for such trifles had subsided, and its existence closed. It numbered among its contributors some of the best names of the period, such writers as Edward Everett, John Quincy Adams, H. W. Longfellow, John Pierpont, John Neal, Oliver Wendell Holmes, H. T. Tuckerman, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Gould, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Osgood, and—Hawthorne. The writer who bore away the palm from all others was N. P. Willis, who rapidly rose to distinction on account of his connection with the *Token*. If any of Hawthorne's contributions attracted attention and awakened interest, the pleasing circumstance never came to his knowledge. I can recall no other American author who ever wrote under such persistent and continuous discouragement. He was not discouraged, though, but wrote on year after year, like the solitary, self-contained man of genius that he was, and in 1837 collected a volume of his fugitive pieces, and called them "Twice-told Tales." How it was received he has informed us in the preface to the collected edition of these admirable papers (to which a second volume was added in 1842)—a preface which saddens me, and sets me thinking whenever I read it. "The author of 'Twice-told Tales,'" he writes, "has a claim to one distinction, which, as none of his literary brethren will care about disputing it with him, he need not be afraid to mention. He was for a good many years the obscurest man of letters in America." He states that the original publication of these tales extended over a series of years, comprising the whole of his young manhood, and that, with one or two exceptions, he has no reasons for supposing that on their first appearance they met with the good or evil fortune to be read by any body; and adds, "Throughout the time above specified, he had no incitement to literary effort in a reasonable prospect of reputation or profit; nothing but the pleasure itself of composition—an enjoyment not at all amiss in its way, but which, in the long-run, will hardly keep the chill out of a writer's heart, or the numbness out of his fingers." If any thing took the chill out of Hawthorne's heart on this occasion, it was a review of his "Twice-told Tales," which his friend Longfellow wrote for the *North American Review*, and which was alike honorable to both.

The life of Hawthorne now begins to clear up, and could be cleared up from an earlier time if the Note-Books which he kept had been preserved from the beginning. Those which remain and have been printed extend to six volumes, the first two of which

relate to his life at Salem, Boston, Brook Farm, and elsewhere. The first entry in them was written at the Manning house, in Herbert Street, on June 15, 1835. I can not hope to describe these wonderful Note-Books, and, fortunately, it is not necessary, they have been so widely read. To me they are the most interesting books of the kind that I have ever seen, and the most interesting things that they contain are Hawthorne's hints and suggestions for stories which might have been, but never were, written. One little entry, after October 25, 1836, was jotted down at his birth-place in Union Street: "In this dismal chamber Fame was won." The same year in which this dreary line was written, and probably before it was written, Hawthorne went to Boston to edit a periodical. Whether it sought him, or he sought it, we are left to conjecture. It was entitled the *American Magazine of Useful Knowledge*, and he was to have the princely salary of six hundred dollars a year for editing it. It was devoted so entirely to the useful that the fanciful was not to be thought of, and, consequently, fiction was not admitted into its pages. It had no contributors except the editor, and he was paid nothing, though he kept on working just as if he had been paid regularly. That it could not possibly live he was probably the last person to see. It died, and he went back to Salem, satisfied, it would seem, with his editorial experience.

His next step was a wiser one. It was into the Boston custom-house, and the post of a weigher and gauger, to which he was appointed by the then collector of the port of Boston, the historian Bancroft. This appointment is said to have been made in 1838; if so, it must have been toward the close of the year, for he was junketing about in the country as late as September or October. That he was in his official harness in the summer of 1839 we know from the letters at the end of the first volume of his "American Note-Books," which, I suppose, were written to the lady of his heart. It would be easy to turn a pretty paragraph about Hawthorne's custom-house life, and the torture it must have inflicted upon his sensitive spirit. Who will may indulge in this folly; I shall not. I think he was in the right place, for a time at least. He needed a more active life than he had had, and he had it; he needed more society than he had had, and he had it. He had dreamed long enough; the time for action was come. Perhaps he could not think so at first. There is a slight shadow of discontent in his letters:

"My life is only a burden in the same way that it is to every toilsome man; and mine is a healthy weariness, such as needs only a night's sleep to remove it. But from henceforth forever I shall be entitled to call the sons of toil my brethren, and shall know how to sympathize with them, seeing that I likewise have risen at dawn, and borne the fervor of the mid-day sun, nor turned my heavy footsteps homeward till even-tide. Years hence, perhaps, the experience that my heart is acquiring now will flow out in truth and wisdom."

It was a *man*, as well as a man of genius, who wrote that.

As the days and the months wore away the moods of Hawthorne changed. He liked his life, and he disliked it. What it was, in the main, may be inferred from this entry in his Note-Books, under the date of February 11, 1840:

"I have been measuring coal all day, on board of a black little British schooner, in a dismal dock at the north end of the city. Most of the time I paced the deck to keep myself warm, for the wind (northeast, I believe) blew up through the dock as if it had been the pipe of a pair of bellows. The vessel lying deep between two wharfs, there was no more delightful prospect, on the right hand and on the left, than the posts and timbers half immersed in the water, and covered with ice, which the rising and falling of successive tides had left upon them, so that they looked like immense icicles. Across the water, however, not more than half a mile off, appeared the Bunker Hill Monument, and, what interested me considerably more, a church steeple, with the dial of a clock upon it, whereby I was enabled to measure the march of the weary hours. Sometimes I descended into the dirty little cabin of the schooner, and warmed myself by a red-hot stove, among biscuit-barrels, pots and kettles, sea-chests, and innumerable lumber of all sorts; my olfactories, meanwhile, being greatly refreshed by the odor of a pipe which the captain, or some one of his crew, was smoking. But at last came the sunset, with delicate clouds, and a purple light upon the islands; and I blessed it, because it was the signal of my release."

The coal vessels which it was Hawthorne's destiny to discharge are still unloading their grimy cargoes in his Note-Books:

"I am convinced," he writes, "that Christian's burden consisted of coal; and no wonder he felt so much relieved when it fell off and rolled into the sepulchre. His load, however, at the utmost, could not have been more than a few bushels, whereas mine was exactly one hundred and thirty-five chaldrons and seven tubs."

He was not without his little pleasures, and his occasional leaves of absence. When work was slack he went to the picture-galleries and reading-rooms, and to dinner with a friend. He mentions going home at two in the afternoon and lying down to read the "Faerie Queene." Once in a while he went back to Salem. He was in the old house in Union Street on the 4th of October, 1840, and here is what he wrote concerning it and himself:

"Here I sit in my old accustomed chamber where I used to sit in days gone by. Here I have written many tales—many that have been burned to ashes, many that doubtless deserved the same fate. This claims to be called a haunted chamber, for thousands upon thousands of visions have appeared to me in it; and some few of them have become visible to the world. If ever I should have a biographer, he ought to make great mention of this chamber in my memoirs, because so much of my lonely youth was wasted here, and here my mind and character were formed, and here I have been glad and hopeful, and here I have been despondent. And here I sat a long, long time, waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it would ever know me at all, at least till I were in my

grave. And sometimes it seemed as if I were already in the grave, with only life enough to be chilled and benumbed. But oftener I was happy, at least as happy as I then knew how to be, or was aware of the possibility of being. By-and-by the world found me out in my lonely chamber, and called me forth, not, indeed, with a huge roar of acclamation, but rather with a still, small voice; and forth I went, but found nothing in the world that I thought preferable to my old solitude till now."

We have seen Hawthorne in his coal vessels, and we have seen him in his homestead. For my part, I prefer him in the former, for, unless I am greatly mistaken, he was happiest there, in spite of his sooty discomforts. They were soon to be discontinued, but at what a cost—to such a Democrat as he thought himself—the election of a Whig President! The election of General Harrison in 1840, and the rotation in office which followed that auspicious event, gave Hawthorne the release he desired, and leisure to look about him, and take his next step in life.

It was from Boston to Roxbury, from coal vessels and chaldrons to barn-yards and milking-pails—to Brook Farm. I ought to know all about Brook Farm, I suppose, but I really know nothing about it, except (but this is belief merely) that it was a community of gentlemen who shook the dust of cities from off their sandals, and hied them into the country to lead a freer life. They were to work so many, or so few, hours a day, and to do what they liked the rest of the time—read, write, talk, especially talk—in short, bring back the Golden Age. This is my notion of Brook Farm. If I am wrong, the august shade of Hawthorne must pardon me. I think it will.

The earliest mention of Brook Farm in Hawthorne's letters is under the date of April 13, 1841. "I have not yet taken my first lesson in agriculture," he wrote, "except that I went to see our cows foddered yesterday afternoon. We have eight of our own, and the number is now increased by a transcendental heifer belonging to Miss Margaret Fuller. She is very fractious, I believe, and apt to kick over the milk-pail." The next day the young Brook Farmer set to work chopping hay for the cattle, and with such "righteous vehemence" that he soon broke the machine! This done, he went to breakfast, after which he made one of a trio who, armed with pitchforks, gallantly attacked a heap of manure. It was not long before he had learned to milk, to chop wood, to turn a grindstone a whole forenoon, and to do jobs about the house. The life that he led at Brook Farm was so distasteful to him that he speedily made up his mind to break away from it. "Even my custom-house experience," he wrote, on the 12th of August, "was not such a thralldom and weariness; my mind and heart were free. Oh, labor is the curse of the world, and nobody can meddle with it without becoming proportionately brutified! Is it a praiseworthy matter that I have spent five golden months in providing food for cows and horses? It is not so." He was right; and the next step he took, which was back to Boston, was the wisest he could have taken. Of his life at Brook Farm he wrote on September 3: "It already looks like a dream behind me. The real Me was never an associate of the community; there has been a spectral appearance there, sounding the horn at daybreak, and milking the cows, and hoeing potatoes, and raking hay, toiling in the sun, and doing me the honor to assume my name. But this spectre was not myself."

The literary life of Hawthorne was not abandoned while he was in the custom-house and at Brook Farm; but I have not been able to trace it since the publication of the first volume of his "Twice-told Tales," in 1837. That he dreamed many stories is evident from his Note-Books, and that he wrote a few is evident from the second volume of "Twice-told Tales," which he collected after his return to Boston, in 1842. A part of his business there then was the publication of this volume; another and more important part of it was his marriage with Miss Sophia Peabody, which was solemnized in July, 1842, and which opened a new chapter in the history of his life.

The young couple removed to Concord, into a parsonage which Hawthorne had rented, and which was soon to become celebrated as the Old Manse. It stood back from the road, at the end of an avenue of black-ash-trees, which avenue, as well as the wheel track to the door, was almost overgrown with grass. Never before had it been profaned by a lay occupant. "A priest had built it; a priest had succeeded to it; other priestly men, from time to time, had dwelt in it; and children born in its chambers had grown up to assume the priestly character." In the rear of the house there was a little nook of a study, in which Emerson, who had once inhabited the Old Manse, had written "Nature," and in which Hawthorne was to write some of his most delightful stories. Blackened, when he first saw it, by the smoke of innumerable years, and the grim portraits of old Puritan ministers, he brightened it up by a cheerful coat of paint and golden-tinted paper, by the lovely head of one of Raphael's Madonnas, and two pretty little views of the Lake of Como, not forgetting a pair of vases containing flowers and ferns. The two little windows on the western side peeped through willow branches into the orchard, with glimpses of the river beyond; while the third window, facing northward, commanded a broader view of the river and the old field,

> "Where once the embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world."

Here Hawthorne dreamed and wrote, and

here his friends came occasionally to see him—Emerson, perhaps, to-day, Thoreau to-morrow, and another day Lowell, or Curtis, or Ripley. Their visits, and the walks they took with him, are described in his Note-Books, as well as the uneventful incidents of his quiet, studious days. The outlines of Hawthorne's life at this period may be traced in his masterly sketch of the Old Manse, and in his careless but not less graphic Note-Books, but in neither as distinctly as could be wished. They are firmer, I think—at least the outlines of his intellectual life are firmer—in the stories which he was now writing and publishing in the *Democratic Review*, and which he afterward collected under the title of "Mosses from an Old Manse." The Hawthornes, who now numbered more than two—a daughter, Una, having been born to them—spent three happy years in the Old Manse, when hints began to reach them that its owner was pining for his native air. Carpenters appeared, strewing the green grass with pine shavings and bits of chestnut joists; all the aged mosses were cleared away, and there were horrible whispers about brushing up the external walls with a coat of paint. "In fine," Hawthorne confidentially informed his readers, "we gathered up our household goods, drank a farewell cup of tea in our pleasant little breakfast-room—delicately fragrant tea, an unpurchasable luxury, one of the many angel gifts that had fallen like dew before us—and passed forth between the tall stone gate-posts as uncertain as the wandering Arabs where our tent might next be pitched. Providence took me by the hand, and—an oddity of dispensation which, I trust, there is no irreverence in smiling at—has led me, as the newspapers announce while I am writing, from the Old Manse into a custom-house. As a story-teller, I have often contrived strange vicissitudes for my imaginary personages, but none like this."

The Providence which took Hawthorne by the hand was Bancroft, who, by the election of James K. Polk and the return of the Democratic party to power, had been made Secretary of the Navy, and who, with a feeling for letters not generally shared by successful politicians, had procured the appointment of his old weigher and gauger as surveyor of the port of Salem. To Salem went the Hawthorne family in October, 1845, and found a tent ready pitched for them in the Manning house, in Herbert Street. In April, 1846, Hawthorne went to Boston; but in August he returned to Salem, and rented a house in Chestnut Street, where he remained until October, 1847, when he removed to a house in Mall Street, where he lived until April, 1850, when he left Salem for the last time as a resident.

There are no records of Hawthorne's second custom-house life, except those which exist in the archives of the custom-house at Salem. We are not entirely in the dark, however, in regard to it; for though he neglected to keep his Note-Books from 1844 to 1850, he has left us a picture of it such as only himself could have drawn. It is set in the introduction to "The Scarlet Letter," which I have always thought the most perfect piece of autobiographic writing in the language. We see the old custom-house at the head of its dilapidated wharf, over which the tide often flows. A portico of half a dozen wooden pillars supports a balcony, beneath which a flight of granite steps descends to the street. Over the entrance hovers an enormous wooden eagle, with outspread wings, a shield before its breast, and its claws grasping the customary thunderbolts and arrows. We ascend the steps, and find in the entry a row of venerable figures sitting in old-fashioned chairs tipped back on their hind-legs against the walls. These are the surveyor's officers, and the queerest set of old fossils any where above-ground. The surveyor himself is in his own office—a lofty little room on the left, about fifteen feet square, cobwebbed, and dingy with old paint, and with its floor strewn with gray sand. He is sitting on a three-legged stool, with his elbows on an old pine desk, reading the morning papers, or he is pacing from corner to corner in a listless mood, wondering, no doubt, what will happen next. But let us hear what he has to say for himself:

"Meanwhile there I was, a surveyor of the revenue, and, so far as I have been able to understand, as good a surveyor as need be. A man of thought, fancy, and sensibility (had he ten times the surveyor's proportion of those qualities) may at any time be a man of affairs, if he will only choose to give himself the trouble. My fellow-officers, and the merchants and sea-captains with whom my official duties brought me into any manner of connection, viewed me in no other light, and probably knew me in no other character. None of them, I presume, had ever read a page of my inditing, or would have cared a fig more for me if they had read them all; nor would it have mended the matter in the least had those same unprofitable pages been written with a pen like that of Burns or of Chaucer, each of whom was a custom-house officer in his day as well as I. It is a good lesson—though it may often be a hard one—for a man who has dreamed of literary fame, and of making for himself a rank among the world's dignitaries by such means, to step aside out of the narrow circle in which his claims are recognized, and to find how utterly devoid of significance, beyond that circle, is all that he achieves and all he aims at. I know not that I especially needed the lesson, either in the way of warning or rebuke; but, at any rate, I learned it thoroughly; nor, it gives me pleasure to reflect, did the truth, as it came home to my perception, ever cost me a pang, or require to be thrown off in a sigh.....No longer seeking nor caring that my name should be blazoned abroad on title-pages, I smiled to think that it had now another kind of vogue. The custom-house marker imprinted it, with a stencil and black paint, on pepper-bags, and baskets of annotto, and cigar-boxes, and bales of all kinds of dutiable merchandise, in testimony that these commodities had paid the impost, and gone regularly through the office. Borne on such queer vehicle of fame, a knowledge of my existence, so far as a name

conveys it, was carried where it had never been before, and, I hope, will never go again."

The next shuffle of the Presidential cards elected General Taylor and decapitated the Democratic surveyor of Salem. It was a happy release for us, if not for him, for it gave us "The Scarlet Letter," and gave him the fame which had been so long withheld from him. The success of "The Scarlet Letter," which was published in 1850, was so immediate and so great that it justified Hawthorne in devoting himself to literature, which had hitherto been the pleasure and not the business of his life. He cast about for a new home, and found it at Lenox, in Berkshire, in a little red cottage on the banks of a little lake known as the Stockbridge Bowl. He settled there early in July, 1850, and was soon at work upon a new story. He resumed his Note-Books, and jotted down from day to day the names of the friends who flocked to see him, whither he and they rambled, and occasionally referred to his children, of whom there were two, the youngest being a sprightly little boy named Julian. "When I grow up," quoth Julian, in illustration of the might to which he meant to attain—"when I grow up, I shall be two men." The success of his second story, "The House of the Seven Gables," which was published in the spring of 1851, put Hawthorne in the best of spirits, and put him on his mettle to write another at once. It was not a story of real life that occupied him next, but a book of stories made up of old classical myths—"The Wonder-Book"—which delighted young and old alike. It was followed by "Tanglewood Tales" and "The Blithedale Romance." He left Lenox while at work upon the latter, which was finished at West Newton, as he records in his Note-Books, under the date of April 30, 1852: "Wrote the last page (199th MS.) of 'The Blithedale Romance.' May 1 wrote preface. Afterward modified the conclusion, and lengthened it to 201 pages. First proof-sheets May 14."

A month later Hawthorne was settled again in Concord, this time in a house of his own, which he named "The Wayside." It stood, and stands, on the high-road to Boston—the road along which the British soldiers marched that memorable April morning that ushered in the Revolution. It formerly belonged to Alcott—"Orphic Alcott," his friends called him—who had beautified it, to the best of his financial ability, with terraces and arbors, and a rustic summer-house, which was fast falling to decay when Hawthorne became possessor of the house and grounds. "The Wayside," as I remember it, is a quaint and homely little building, shut off from the road by a low fence and a plot of grass. Behind it rises a sharp hill wooded with pines, locusts, and Norway spruce. Since I first saw the house a little tower, or elevated room, has been added to it. This little room, which is about twelve feet square, with a window on each side, is reached by a steep flight of narrow stairs, opening from the side of the upper hall. As these stairs are boxed in and closed by a door, Hawthorne was no doubt able to maintain the seclusion he sought, in the last years of his life, in this little den of a study. He could write, if he felt like it; if not, he could collect his wandering thoughts by looking out of his eyrie windows. Villageward he looked over the tops of his own trees into the tops of the tall elms which shade the grounds of his next neighbors, the Alcotts. In front and eastward he looked out upon meadow lands; to the north upon the vineyards of another neighbor (where originated the famous Concord grape), and straight into the thickets which fringed his hill-top, and which were so near that, as he sat at his work, he could see the nodding wild flowers along the margin of the hill. The hill-top was his favorite walk, but as the steepness of the hill-side forbade direct approach from the rear of the house, his path skirted the foot until it came near the angle of his grounds, where it turned, and taking advantage of an easier slope, wound its way to the summit. Here he had worn through the wild turf and channeled out a foot-track some two or three inches in the sandy soil. Such is "The Wayside" and its surroundings.

I saw Hawthorne first in the summer of 1852, just after he became the possessor of "The Wayside." I was in Boston at the time, and I happened one morning to drop in at the bookstore of Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, at the corner of Washington and School streets. There, behind a little green curtain, I found my good friends James T. Fields and E. P. Whipple.

"We are going to Concord, to see Hawthorne," Mr. Fields remarked, in a casual way, as if it were a daily occurrence; "won't you come along?"

"Certainly I will, and glad to go," I answered.

We consulted a time-table, and finding that we had no time to lose, we started at once for the train which was to bear us to Concord. In the train we met Colonel T. J. Whipple, of New Hampshire, who, like ourselves, was going to "The Wayside." He had served on the staff of General Pierce during the Mexican war, and as Hawthorne was about to write a life of Pierce, who had lately received the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, he was *en route* for "The Wayside" with biographical materials. We reached Concord in due time, and plodded along the dusty road, past Emerson's house, if my memory is not at fault, and the Old Manse, until we came to "The Wayside."

Hawthorne met us at the door. I was introduced to him; he greeted me warmly, and throwing open the door of the parlor, as I suppose it was—a pleasant room on the left of the hall as you enter—he told us to make ourselves at home, and disappeared with Colonel Whipple and his budget of Presidential biography. We waited in the parlor a few minutes—long enough, at all events, for me to observe and admire a Madonna of Raphael's on the wall; and as Hawthorne did not return, we went out and took a stroll over the grounds. We ascended the hill of which I have spoken, and the characteristics of the landscape were being pointed out to me, when he rejoined us, I think, in the old rustic summer-house. Here he began to talk with me, mostly about myself and the verses I had written, which, I was surprised to learn, he had read carefully. He mentioned, in particular, an architectural fantasy that I had thrown up, and compared it with his own little box of a house.

"If I could build like you," he said, "I would have a 'castle in the air' too."

"Give me 'The Wayside,'" I replied, "and you shall have all the air castles I can build."

He recalled a short memoir of my humble self that he had lately read in a magazine, especially the portrait which accompanied it, and was pleased to observe that I was neither so old nor so ill-looking as this portrait had led him to expect. As we rambled and talked my heart went out toward this famous man, who did not look down upon me, as he might well have done, but took me up to himself as an equal and a friend. Dinner was announced, and eaten, a plain country dinner, with a bottle or two of *vin ordinaire*, after which we started for Boston, leaving Hawthorne standing in the door of "The Wayside." I shall never forget that first visit to Concord, and the gracious welcome I received from Hawthorne. I see him now, as I saw him then, a strong, broad-shouldered man, with dark iron-gray hair, a grave but kindly face, and the most wonderful eyes in the world, searching as lightning and unfathomable as night.

Not long after my visit to "The Wayside" I undertook to write a series of biographical and critical papers for a magazine in New York, and as Hawthorne was one of a number of American authors whose lives I had designs against, I asked him to furnish me with some particulars concerning himself. He sent me three or four pages of foolscap containing the facts I sought, so clearly stated, and in such exquisite English, that I used nearly every word of it in the paper I prepared. It was published a month or two later, and was praised by the newspapers, I believe. At any rate, it should have been, if it was not, for, criticism excepted, every thing that was good in it was Hawthorne's. He professed to be pleased with it, but I suspect now that he was easily pleased.

The "Life of Pierce" appeared, and may have helped to elect Pierce, though I doubt it. Elected he was, however, and it was generally understood that Hawthorne was to be provided for with the consulate of Liverpool. Something put it into my head—certainly not my good angel, if I had one—that *I* should like to be provided for also, though not with a consulate abroad. No one could have been more ignorant of what he wanted than I was, and no one could have been so ignorant of the means to be employed in order to obtain it. My nebulous Want finally shaped itself into a place in the New York custom-house, and the fact was communicated to Hawthorne, though not by myself. He considered the matter so favorably that I went to Concord to talk it over with him. It was winter, or wintry weather, when I reached Concord, for the ground, I remember, was covered with snow. It was freezing in the shade and thawing in the sun, and as the sun happened to shine that day, the walking was atrocious. Hawthorne took me into his study—a room similar to and opposite the parlor—where a bright wood fire was blazing, and we sat down to discuss my prospects; but dinner being announced, we postponed that momentous discussion. We dined in the parlor, where I met Mrs. Hawthorne and Una and Julian. After dinner we returned to the study, Hawthorne and myself, where he brought out some strong cigars, which we smoked vigorously. Custom-house matters were scarcely touched upon, and I was not sorry, for while they were my ostensible errand there, they were not half so interesting to me as the discursive talk of Hawthorne. He manifested a good deal of curiosity in regard to some old Brook Farmers, whom I knew in a literary way, and I told him what they were doing, so far as I knew, and gave him my impressions, such as they were, of the individuality of each. He listened, with an occasional twinkle of the eye, and I can see now that he was amused by my outspoken detestation of certain literary Philistines. He was outspoken too, for he told me plainly that a volume of fairy stories I had just published was not simple enough for the young, and, he might have added, was too simple for the old. I could not but agree with him, for by this time I wished sincerely that I had let the wee folk alone. I mentioned the biographic memoranda he had furnished me with, and remarked that my early life resembled his own. My father, like his father, was a Massachusetts sea-captain, whose loss had left my mother a widow with three small children, one of whom, like his youngest sister, never beheld her father's face. We fell to talking about the sea, and the influence it had had on the

childhood of both, and other personal matters which I have forgotten. What impressed me most at the time was not the drift of our conversation, but the gracious manner of Hawthorne. He expressed the warmest interest in my affairs, and a willingness to serve me in every possible way. In a word, he was the soul of kindness, and when I forget him I shall have forgotten every thing else.

I have preserved but one of Hawthorne's letters written at this period. It is dated "Concord, March 16, 1853," and is full of sagacious advice in regard to my appointment. I was to pile up as much of a snowball as I could in the way of political interest, as there never was so fierce a time before among office-seekers; and it would be well for me to go to Washington with the letter he inclosed. "Are you fond of brandy?" he inquired. "Your strength of head (which you tell me you possess) may stand you in good stead at Washington; for most of these public men are inveterate guzzlers, and love a man that can stand up to them in that particular. It would never do to let them see you corned, however. But I must leave you to find your own way among them. If you have never associated with them heretofore, you will find them a new class, very unlike poets." He mentions having finished the "Tanglewood Tales," which he considered as fully equal in their way to "Mother Goose," and adds, "I never did any thing else so well as those old baby stories." The gist of the letter, however, is the postscript, which I copy for the benefit of all conscientious office-seekers:

"When applying for an office, if you are conscious of any deficiencies (moral, intellectual, or educational, or whatever else), keep them to yourself, and let those find them out whose business it may be. For example, supposing the office of Translator to the State Department be tendered to you, accept it boldly, without hinting that your acquaintance with foreign languages may not be the most familiar. If this important fact be discovered afterward, you can be transferred to some more suitable post. The business is to establish yourself somehow and anyhow."

I established myself, by the aid of Hawthorne, in the New York custom-house, on July 1, 1853; and he established himself in the consulate of Liverpool on the 1st of August of the same year.

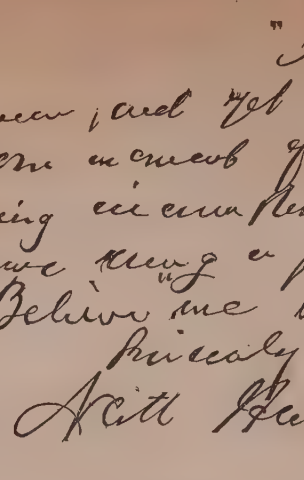
The consular life of Hawthorne has been described by himself, and so much better than I can hope to describe it that I must refer those who are curious concerning it to his "English Note-Books." It was not especially eventful, but it was busy, and in the main happy. Chiefly passed at Liverpool, or in the immediate neighborhood, it was diversified by little journeys about England, by occasional dinner-parties, and by the society of English authors, as Lord Houghton, then plain Mr. Monckton Milnes, Barry Cornwall, Leigh Hunt, and others. It came to an end shortly after the election of Buchanan to the Presidency, in 1857, when Hawthorne resigned his position. "When my successor arrived," he writes, "I drew the long, delightful breath which first made me thoroughly sensible what an unnatural life I had been leading, and compelled me to admire myself for having battled with it so sturdily."

Hawthorne's Continental life is described in his "French and Italian Note-Books." It extended from 1858 to 1859, and was chiefly spent in Italy, at Rome and Florence. He lodged at a palace in Rome—as what American of means in the Eternal City does not?—and he had a villa at Florence:

"The house stands on a hill, overlooking Florence, and is big enough to quarter a regiment, insomuch that each member of the family, including servants, has a separate suit of apartments, and there are vast wildernesses of upper rooms into which we have never yet sent exploring expeditions. At one end of the house is a moss-grown tower, haunted by owls and by the ghost of a monk, who was confined there in the thirteenth century, previous to being burned at the stake in the principal square of Florence. I hire this villa, tower and all, at twenty-eight dollars a month; but I mean to take it away bodily and clap it into a romance, which I have in my head ready to be written out."

This romance was "The Marble Faun." Hawthorne's Italian life, like his English life, was diversified by little journeys here and there, and by visits paid to and received from artists and authors—Powers, the sculptor, and the Brownings, the Storys, and the Trollopes: he knew every person that was worth knowing in Italy, and a great many persons that were not worth knowing thought they knew him. Among others who visited Hawthorne in Rome in the spring of 1859 was ex-President Pierce, whose brow was furrowed by the cares of the high office he had so lately filled. "Poor fellow!" Hawthorne writes of him, "he has neither son nor daughter to keep his heart warm. This morning I have been with him to St. Peter's and elsewhere about the city, and find him less changed than he seemed to be last night; not at all changed in heart and affections."

Hawthorne returned to England with his family in the summer of 1859, and took up his abode at Redcar, in Yorkshire, a little sea-side town, where the greater portion of "The Marble Faun" was written. It was finished at Leamington, in March, 1860, and published simultaneously in England and America, in the former country under the stupid title of "Transformation." Three or four months later, certainly in July, 1860, the Hawthornes had returned to America, and were at home once more in "The Wayside." Hawthorne resumed his old life, but not with the old spirit. There was illness in his family, as there had been at Rome, and he had aged more than he was aware of; besides, the whole country was convulsed



FAC-SIMILE OF HANDWRITING OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

at the prospect of war—the dreadful civil war from which we have hardly emerged yet. He wrote a little in his tower, and he walked a great deal on his hill-top, thinking and dreaming, and not always happily; for who that loved his country could think and dream happily then? Shortly after the inauguration of President Lincoln Hawthorne made a brief visit to Washington with his friend and publisher, Mr. Ticknor; and after his return to Concord his impressions of this visit crystallized themselves into a curious paper, "Chiefly about War Matters," which was afterward published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. He also wrote for the same periodical a series of papers embodying the results of his English observations and experiences, and he conceived the plan of a new story. The English sketches he collected into a volume, which he entitled "Our Old Home," and dedicated to Pierce. He was urged to suppress the dedication, but manfully refused to do so. "If he," he wrote to Mr. Fields, in regard to Pierce, "is so exceedingly unpopular that his name is enough to sink the volume, there is so much the more need that an old friend should stand by him."

About this time, or a little earlier, I sent Hawthorne a story in verse which I had lately written, and which, I dare say, my present readers have never heard of, although it was reprinted in England, and translated into German. It is a simple story about a prince, who, on coming to the throne, erected a bell over his palace which he resolved to ring whenever he was happy; and which, for reasons into which I need not enter now, was never rung till he was dead. Hawthorne acknowledged its receipt in a characteristic little note, which, I think, will interest those who have followed me thus far, containing, as it does, a reference to himself and his philosophy of life.

"I sincerely thank you," he wrote, "for your beautiful poem, which I have read with a great deal of pleasure. It is such as the public had a right to expect from what you gave us in years gone by; only I wish the idea had not been so sad. I think Felix might have rung the bell once in his lifetime, and again at the moment of death. Yet you may be right. I have been a happy man, and yet I do not remember any one moment of such happy conspiring circumstances that I could have rung a joy-bell at it."

He mentioned "The Morgesons," a story that Mrs. Stoddard had published the year before, which he said interested him very much, because he thought he could recognize in it a sort of misty representation of his native town, and likewise the half-revealed features of people whom he had known. He wrote to Mrs. Stoddard, a month or two later, and was as outspoken to her as he had been to me ten years before:

"Pray pardon me the frankness of my crude criticism, for what is the use of saying any thing unless we say what we think? There are very few books of which I take the trouble to have any opinion at all, or of which I could retain any memory so long after reading them as I do of 'The Morgesons.' I hope you will not trouble yourself too much about the morals of your next book; they may be safely left to take care of themselves."

With varying spirits, and in failing health, the days of Hawthorne lapsed away. He was at work on his new story, "The Dolliver Romance," and it was so far advanced toward the close of the year that it was announced as the *Atlantic* serial for 1864. Before the first installment appeared, which was in January, Hawthorne had suffered a severe blow in the death of Mrs. Pierce, from whose funeral he returned nervous and ill. He continued in the same condition till the end of March, when he made up his mind to go South. Mr. Ticknor accompanied him, and together they proceeded to New York, where

I saw Hawthorne for the last time. He was so changed from the strong man I had known twelve years before, that it pained me even to look at him. I saw him but once—I had not the heart to see him again. From New York he went to Philadelphia, where a second blow awaited him, in the sudden death of Mr. Ticknor, which was a dreadful shock to him. He returned at once to Boston, and from thence to Concord, where he seemed to regain composure and strength. He had so far rallied by the middle of May as to be able to go to Boston, where he met Pierce, who had planned a journey for him into New Hampshire. They set out together, and got as far as the Pemigewasset House, in Plymouth, where, on the 18th of May, they stopped to rest a day or two, and where Hawthorne entered into the rest which is everlasting. His last night on earth is thus described by Pierce in a letter to Mr. Fields, written on the morning of May 19:

"He retired to rest last night soon after nine o'clock, and soon fell into a quiet slumber. In less than half an hour he changed his position, but continued to sleep. I left the door open between his bedroom and mine—our beds being opposite to each other—and was asleep myself before eleven o'clock. The light continued to burn in my room. At two o'clock I went to H———'s bedside; he was apparently in a sound sleep, and I did not place my hand upon him. At four o'clock I went into his room again, and, as his position was unchanged, I placed my hand upon him, and found that life was extinct. I sent, however, immediately for a physician, and sent for Judge Bell and Colonel Hibbard, who occupied rooms upon the same floor, and near me. He lies upon his side, his position so perfectly natural and easy, his eyes closed, that it is difficult to realize, while looking upon his noble face, that this is death. He must have passed from natural slumber to that from which there is no waking without the slightest movement."

Five days later all that was earthly of Hawthorne was given back to the earth. The sun shone, the birds sang, the apple blossoms were in bloom. It was a bright spring day. There was but one shadow on it, and that was at "The Wayside." The funeral services were held at the Unitarian church of the village. It was profusely decorated with flowers, and thronged with those who had known and loved Hawthorne. Emerson was there, and Longfellow and Lowell, Holmes and Whipple; and among a score of others, all famous, Hawthorne's dearest friend, Pierce. There, too, was the minister who had married him, twenty-two years before, and who was now to commit his body to dust with solemn and sacred rites. When these were said and sung, the coffin was borne through the orchards of Concord to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. It was covered with flowers, among which was placed a wreath of apple blossoms from the Old Manse, and the unfinished manuscript of "The Dolliver Romance."

Hawthorne's grave is under a group of pines on the brow of a hill—a retired spot, like his favorite walk at "The Wayside."

MADAME GERDER'S HUSBAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

I.

"AND I say to you, monsieur, that I would not ask you to derange yourself for my convenience. Ah, ma foi! I think not, indeed, except that in this change you will find a benefit. Ciel!"

Here Madame Mérand's black eyes seek the sky—for we are standing at the entrance of the open court-yard round which the hotel is built—and her well-shaped hands clasp each other lovingly, as if for support against my mute injustice. I had not spoken. At home, in England, a person, nameless here, calls me contradictory; but I am a shy man, and, moreover, my French, although passable, is still insular French, and if one contradicts, one should not be either undecided or absurd, especially face to face with Madame Mérand. She has been handsome once, and she still has a well-preserved figure and bright black eyes, but the brightness is hard. Between ourselves, I am afraid of my landlady. I would not change places with that small, light-haired husband of hers on any account. His name is Dupont, and she writes herself, I believe, Dupont-Mérand; but every one calls her Madame Mérand.

As I look at those black eyes coming down from the sky to settle piercingly on my quiet countenance I again congratulate myself that I am not the light-haired Dupont. It is all very well to have a rich, clever wife, and so only to have a nominal post at the harbor of St. Roque, to smoke cigarettes or play billiards all day; but I fancy Monsieur Dupont feels like a truant school-boy when he comes home in the evening, and goes into the little parlor on the left-hand side of the arched entrance-way, and sees us free men at dinner in the salle à manger opposite. But then there are men to whom work is the greatest evil of life, and it is possible that Monsieur Dupont takes his snubbings as the daily wage of his inglorious idleness.

"Ciel!" Madame has taken a long breath, and now she repeats her adjuration with emphasis. "I say to monsieur that the room I propose is a charming bed-chamber—large, spacious, with two windows, with two beds—enfin, with a carpet of Brussels, and a large round table. What will you? It has, besides, a glass door, which looks on the gallery running round the court."

She points upward, and I see the door in question at the end of the open gallery, shaded by a white muslin curtain.

When one has kept one's repugnance under control, it is mortifying to be argued with as if one had expressed it. I know that madame was talking to the look she surprised on my face, not to me—a look which I expect spoke, plainly,

"Why should I be moved out of my com-

fortable bedroom, just because a general of division is to take up his quarters in the Hôtel Ste. Barbe for two nights?" But I made no remonstrance in words.

Madame moves past me to the foot of the staircase, and my tongue recovers itself as soon as her back is turned, and I no longer see those flashing black eyes.

"It is all very well, madame, but the room to which you point is a back-room, and I object to windows which have only a back look-out."

Stables, foul smells, horrors not to be named, flit through my brain as I follow those firmly set, shapely feet up stairs. She makes no answer till we reach the end of this right-hand gallery, and then she unlocks the curtained door, and flings it open.

"Voilà, monsieur! Perhaps monsieur will have the complaisance to enter and tell me if any front-windows in St. Roque can be more delightful than these?"

Two long windows. Madame pushes the persiennes wide open.

The sunshine streams in—morning sunshine—bringing with it an exquisite flower fragrance.

Involuntarily I walked quickly up to a window. I don't mind confessing that I have a passion for flowers. They are to me that which dumb animals are to some people—creatures to be loved and cherished. There is something so delicate, so unearthly, in their beauty that I sometimes fancy they come direct from heaven—hints of the joys in store for the blessed.

I have a satisfaction in writing this thought down here, because, as this paper will be printed anonymously, no one can trace it to me; and I would not have Jemima (my sister's name is not Jemima, but it is shorter than saying a "nameless person" every time, and answers the purpose as well)—I would not have her aware of this sentimental belief of mine on any account. One must never allow a woman to perceive that one has any power of fancy. She immediately begins to doubt one's common-sense, and stigmatizes one as womanish, and unable to direct her in the ordinary affairs of life; and with all that has been written and said about women, first and last—and nine-tenths of it is sheer nonsense—the only point I agree with is that, however much kindness and affection you have for a woman, you must always show her that you are her superior. *Show* it—don't assert it, my good fellow, whoever you may be, or she will laugh at you directly. I am not sure that Madame Mérand would ever have eyes to see any man's superiority. And this reflection brings me again to the back-window of the Hôtel Ste. Barbe.

Facing me at a distance of ten yards or so were other back-windows, plainly belonging to small houses, and on the leads which stretched beside the little court of one of these, exactly opposite, was a perfect blaze of flowers: snowy fuchsias with glowing centres, geraniums, myrtles full of starry blossoms, nasturtiums of many colors, and, among all, plenty of scented verbenas and heliotrope.

"Madame," I exclaimed, "I am quite satisfied. You may order my luggage sent round."

Madame grew radiant; the black eyes softened, and she courtesied, and was even voluble for so stately a person.

"Monsieur admires flowers." Really women have a way of seeing into my thoughts which is startling, for when I look at myself in the glass I can not say I behold an expressive countenance.

"Ah!"—madame gave a sigh here—"they are the only comfort of my poor neighbor there, Madame Gerder." She looked across at the opposite window: it was open, and showed a small, almost empty room. There seemed only a curtained bed, a table, two chairs, an armoire, and a white and black crucifix beside the bed. "A dull-looking room," I thought; and my eyes went up to the story above, which plainly belonged to a laundress. Two poles projected from this window, laden with many-colored garments drying in the sunshine. In the court below an urchin sat on the stones playing with a headless doll, and from these stones a vine struggled up the wall of the house and clustered its leaves round Madame Gerder's window. "Too bright a frame for so dull a picture," I thought. I turned to make inquiry about my opposite neighbor, but Madame Mérand had departed.

II.

I looked round my room. The beds appeared clean and comfortable. Are not beds in good French inns always clean and comfortable? There was none of the velvet and gilded splendor which had adorned the chimney-piece of my former bed-chamber; but then, what will you? as madame would have said. The sofa was larger, softer even, and the room itself was twice as large as the one I had given up to the general, and, instead of the perpetual noise and traffic of the Rue Écuyère, I had a quiet look-out on those lovely flowers. I felt glad that I had yielded without much remonstrance.

"I wish I knew why she is 'poor Madame Gerder.'" I was looking at the flowers again.

"Madame Leroux! Madame Leroux!" in the shrillest tone from an unseen inmate over the way, "are you come in?"

My interest in my flower-looking neighbor had received a check. I object to loud-voiced women, and this was no doubt Madame Gerder. I took up my hat again, and went out for a walk to the old ruined castle.

No peace here. A set of boys, small, ragged creatures, were collected round one of their number declared to be a Prussian spy, and they grew so eager and excited in their game that they were just proceeding to hang him to a branch of one of the trees in the castle moat, when the sentry above called to them to desist.

I walked slowly through the town, musing over the miseries of war. There was scarcely a man to be seen in the shops.

"I wonder what the next generation of Frenchwomen will do for husbands!"

I had to dine with a friend near the harbor; he was to start for Havre early next morning, so I staid with him as long as I could.

Madame Mérand was sitting in her little parlor as I passed under the low-browed entrance; she came forward, and herself presented me with the key of my new room—a most unusual condescension.

"Monsieur will find his bougie on his table."

While I groped my way carefully across my vast unknown chamber, I saw a light opposite in the vine-flower window of Madame Gerder. I confess that I am slightly inquisitive; not more than most men are, perhaps; but I felt a certain amount of satisfaction in seeing, when I went up to the window, that the curtain of my neighbor's window was not drawn.

The room was dimly lighted by a single candle. A woman was sitting at the table, but I could not see her face; it was hidden by her hands; but I could see by the shudder that passed over her figure that she was crying. It seemed to me that she was dressed in black.

"No doubt she has lost a husband or a brother in this war—not a son: she can not be old enough."

It was treasonable to stand there hidden by the darkness. I lit my candle, and when I went back to the window Madame Gerder had drawn the curtain across hers.

Next day, when I opened my windows, Madame Gerder was on the leads watering her flowers out of a battered tin mug. I saw in the morning light that her gown was dark blue; so I had not guessed rightly at the cause of her grief.

She looked up. No, it was impossible that the shrill voice which had jarred my nerves belonged to that quiet face—a face not beautiful according to the vulgar rendering, but yet in which, spite of its ordinary features and dull complexion, there was to me a certain beauty of expression—a steadfast, mournful look, as if the earnest soul had been set a task almost beyond its strength, but, having it set, would not falter or dally willfully, though it might faint by the way.

Here I pulled up my shirt collar and smiled.

There is a sentimental influence in this St. Roque. N.B.—I must remember not to come here with Jemima. I should never hear the last of such folly. I wonder, if Jemima had ever married, whether her husband would have been compelled to keep the guard over his words that I do? I rather fancy it is for want of this reserve, or self-respect, or whatever it may be called, that so many husbands are hen-pecked. A woman, as I said before, is a charming creature, well kept under. I think Mr. Milverton is very sensible on this subject. You must always treat women with kindness and courtesy, not so much from any spontaneous feeling, or because they are only to be ruled by conciliation, and, to a great extent, cajolery; but the man who once lays his heart open to a woman and lets her spy out the weak places thereof, and then appeals to what he imagines are her great qualities, is forever after a shorn Samson. She never forgets, never spares; she is, in fact, only to be governed by absolute authority, so handled that she fancies that she is pleasing herself; as to high souls, and self-devotion, all that kind of thing went out with Sir Charles Grandison and his charming Harriet.

At this moment Madame Gerder looked me full in the face. My sentimentalism returned in full force, and a faint glimmer came to me that perhaps there might be another type of woman in the world than my sister, Jemima Ponsonby.

How young Madame Gerder was!—not more than thirty; and yet her forehead was lined and her face stamped with anxiety—creases that will never wear out, I thought, as I watched her retreat across the leads and then disappear at the end of them down some steps which led, I imagine, into the house.

A small child toddled into the court in its night-gown, and immediately the same sharp cry of "Madame Leroux! Madame Leroux!" set my nerves ajar; it came from the laundress on the upper story; I felt glad it did not belong to my interesting neighbor with the quiet face and earnest eyes.

"Madame Leroux!" a third time, "why do you not listen when there is Victor, en chemise and with bare feet, catching frogs in the yard?"

I had wondered what the little fellow was groping for in the further corner among the cracked moss-grown stones.

A stout, rosy-cheeked woman plunged suddenly out of the shed that supported the leads along one side of the yard, seized Victor, and disappeared again.

Instead of going down into the salle, I stood waiting till Madame Gerder reappeared in her little room. Then I left the window and went to my breakfast. When I came up again she was seated at her table, working hard at embroidery.

I went over to Villers that morning; but when I came back, there she was still working with the same diligence. I stood at the window watching little Victor and his sister at play in the yard; but Madame Gerder never moved; she seemed unconscious of my presence.

"She will water her flowers in the evening," I thought, and actually I hurried up stairs after the table d'hôte dinner for the chance of seeing her.

Yes, there she was, tin mug in hand; but though I stood all the time at my window, she never once looked up or gave me a chance of speaking to her.

I had tired myself at Villers, and besides this, I had several letters to write. Why will women answer one's letters so quickly, and then write again before one has recovered the fatigue of a previous letter? The feminine mind is more impatient on this subject than on any other, and, considering the marvelous productions that issue from the feminine pen—breathless sentences wandering over so many ways at once—the writers should be content with the trouble they give their unhappy correspondents in the way of reading, without further expectation.

Still I must write to Jemima, though why she should fill nearly two pages with an account of the cook's whitlow baffles me. I have a respect for cook, and if she suffers, I am sorry for her; but I can not do her any good. I know nothing about whitlows; then why inflict the progress of one on me? I wonder what Jemima would say if I were to write an account of Madame Gerder and her flowers! and yet the one subject is far more generally interesting than the other.

At this point of my reflections I rouse suddenly, as one rouses in the night from sleep; my eyes go at once, as if a magnet drew them there, to the window of my opposite neighbor. Her light has vanished, and yet she has not gone to bed, for the curtain is still undrawn. I look at my watch. Nine o'clock—not likely she would go to bed so soon; but what a strangely late hour for a young woman to go out walking alone! Perhaps she embroiders for some of the shops, and has gone to take her work home; and then I remember how punctually every shop in St. Roque closes at eight o'clock.

"I'm an old fool to notice and dwell on every little incident about this woman. What is she to me? Besides, I saw a ring on her finger, and I have always set myself against widows, and there is plainly no Monsieur Gerder in the case."

In five minutes I reach the Place St. Pierre, and while I pace up and down smoking my cigar beneath the vast darkness of the church, I think how exquisite its flèche must look silvered by bright moonlight. But as there is no moon, and the streets are deserted—St. Roque is a most surprising town in the way of early going to roost—I go back to the Hôtel Ste. Barbe. My landlady does not come forward to say good-night. I glance at the parlor, and catch a glimpse of Madame Mérand sitting erect, with an awful countenance. The little cringing Dupont stands before her, hat in hand, with drooping shoulders, his whole attitude suggestive of a whipped spaniel.

"Defend me from marriage," I think, as I go up stairs.

When I got fairly into my room I saw before I lit my candle that my neighbor had returned. There she sat, her bonnet in her lap, her face not hidden in her hands, but her grief plainly to be seen as the light fell on her. My sympathy carried me out of all reserve. I stood watching her sorrow—sometimes an agonizing burst of tears, her handkerchief pressed to her eyes, while her body quivered with sobs, and then, as she quieted, a deep hushed stillness that seemed to me like despair.

Once I found myself opening the window. I suppose I was actually going across the leads to comfort her.

"Don't be an impulsive fool, John Ponsonby!" The family name brought back the calm judgment that is said to go with it. I resolutely drew the curtains across my windows and lit my candle.

When I looked over the way, just before going to bed, my neighbor's light was out.

III.

It was very absurd, of course, but I have generally found that one's self-reproach lessens if one communicates it, and, as I said before, this article is strictly anonymous; therefore I confess, without defense or reservation, spite of its absurdity, that my last thought when I went to bed was Madame Gerder, and when I waked next morning it seemed also natural that my first thought was of her.

There she was watering her flowers, with the same steadfast, gentle look in her eyes I noticed yesterday.

I opened my window and I coughed. Victor and his sister, in one of the intervals of frog-hunting, heard the cough and looked up. They pointed their fat fingers, and cried, "V'là un M'sieur Anglais, tiens que c'est drôle."

But Madame Gerder never looked off her flowers. I was glad of this. Children are sweet innocents, I don't doubt, to their mothers, and I do not dislike them myself, clean, and under the care of a respectable nurse, who knows how to check their silly little speeches; but my ears were tingling and my face was hot.

Why should it be droll to be an Englishman? or do these begrimed little idiots

mean that there is any thing droll about me? "Bah! bah!" as my landlady says; they want whipping.

My landlady's name suggested a vent for the curiosity which tormented me. Curiosity is not the word; it was rather a friendly sympathy with this poor widow, and a wish, if that were possible, to relieve her sorrow.

I will say for Madame Mérand that she must be a very clever woman, and she must be also that which clever women are not always—an excellent economizer of time. She has always time to speak to me in a collected and gracious manner, even when I see the chef looming white in the distance beside the great trough in the court-yard, or Ferdinand, the head garçon, standing at the door of the salle à manger, both frenzied with eagerness to get the mistress's ear. I am always sorry when I interfere with the chef; he is a genius in his way; his vol-au-vents and his chapon aux truffes are triumphs which no ordinary mind could achieve. He is a good-looking fellow too, especially in his spotless white costume; but Ferdinand I have in aversion. He is always in a bustle, and he has twice in his officious haste spilled soup over me, and then drawn the attention of the whole table d'hôte to the fact by his vociferations of surprise and regret. He was chattering as fast as he could at the parlor door when I reached it, asking for a holiday, I think.

Madame Mérand heard my steps before she saw me.

"Va-t-en paresseux," in such a deep, stern voice that I started, and congratulated myself on not being Monsieur Dupont.

Ferdinand disappeared so suddenly that to this day I can not imagine what became of him.

"Madame," I said, with a lower bow than usual—for, in spite of the smile that greeted me, that "Va-t-en paresseux" had made me tremble in my boots—"can you tell me what is the matter with the young woman you mentioned to me as Madame Gerder?"

I wished I had held my tongue. Madame's eyes opened widely—dear me! what great, black, staring things they are, and how very rudely women can stare!—and then her smile broadened till it seemed to reach me, and tell me I was a fool.

I suppose I reddened. I certainly pulled my collar up. It is not the sort of thing one expects when one pays one's bill weekly, and gives as little trouble as possible, that one's landlady should venture to laugh because one asks a simple question. Insolent old vixen!—for she is much older than she looks, I know.

"Madame Gerder is very unhappy, monsieur. Her husband has gone away from her, and she can give no reason for his departure."

"Ah!"—I spoke as indifferently as possible, though I confess to disappointment—"I thought she was a widow."

"If she were, she would not grieve so much." Madame spoke ironically, I thought.

"Why so, madame?"

"Monsieur should be as good a judge as I am." Madame tried to speak politely. "There is nothing so valuable as that which we can not have. Death will turn lead or tinsel into fine gold. Death in life is another matter, monsieur, is it not?"

The last words were spoken with a sentiment I had not thought my landlady capable of.

She looked sad, almost subdued, as if she would have liked to prolong our talk; but I was not in a mood to talk sentiment with Madame Mérand. She had laughed at me, and I do not easily forget when a woman laughs at me. My idea of a woman is sweetness, gentleness, an incapacity for giving pain; and it is extremely painful for me to feel that I have made myself ridiculous.

I walked down the Rue Notre Dame, and then on and on, till I found myself beyond the octroi, and very near La Maladrerie. I took no heed of my way or of the people I met; I was deep in pondering this story of Madame Gerder.

Here was Madame Mérand, with a temper which even I trembled to provoke, and her husband appeared content to abide with her, while this gentle, sweet creature, who looked so full of love, was deserted.

And Madame Gerder must have been married for herself: she looked as if she had been always poor and industrious. I had watched the deftness with which her needle sped in and out of her embroidery, the neatness and order of her room.

"What pretext could a man find for deserting such a woman?"

There was only one—he was a Frenchman, and therefore fickle. No wonder the poor woman grieved—though why women do grieve, and try to bring back fellows of that kind, is to me always incomprehensible. Can't they or won't they see that the mistake has been on their side? They have chosen unsuitably. No length of union will ever make two souls one where the fusion has not been simultaneous. But hold—I am going too far. I have only to look round in England, and the amount of patchwork I shall find in marriage compared with the perfect seamless garment boys and girls dream of and novels picture, and I stop. I was stopped at this point, not in reasoning, but in reality. A very fat man, with his legs wide apart and his hat in his hand, smiling till his face looked like the moon at the full, stood in my path.

"Pardon, monsieur! Bon jour, monsieur! Ah! it is warm, is it not, for walking?"

Monsieur Le Petit, the respectable hairdresser of the Rue St. Jean, wiped his shin-

ing bald head with his bright orange handkerchief.

"Well," said I, "I had not thought about the heat, Monsieur Le Petit."

"Tiens!"—the astute hair-cutter put his parrot nose on one side, and looked at me out of his long brown eyes—"tiens! and yet in the country which monsieur inhabits there is, I am told, no sunshine—almost always fog."

"Not quite so bad; but I did not mean to say it is not hot, Monsieur Le Petit, only I had not felt it."

"Aha!"—his face twitched—"monsieur is, perhaps, thinking of the war, and the disgrace which an infamous tyranny has brought to France. Ah, mon Dieu! for me, monsieur, I eat not, I sleep not. I have no sons, but I see all round me sorrow and distress. There is hardly a home in St. Roque which the cursed war has not desolated."

A thought crossed my mind. Had this missing husband joined the army?

"Do you know any one of the name of Gerder?" I asked, and became at once aware that I had looked sheepish in asking.

The hair-dresser's eyes kindled; his nose quivered like the nose of a hungry spaniel.

"Aha! monsieur has heard of that affair. Ma foi, but it's a horror, a scandal of the most dreadful, that a young woman, quiet, unoffending, gentille, what will you—if she only knew how to coiffer herself—should be so suddenly left by her husband. Monsieur is acquainted with the poor young woman? It is sad, is it not, monsieur?"

He was in such a quiver of curiosity that I stiffened. It seemed as if every one was prying into my thoughts this morning.

"No, I have no acquaintance with Madame Gerder. I have heard of her grief. I thought her husband might have joined the army."

"Of his own will, monsieur?" The hair-dresser laid his finger along his very movable nose, and winked his sly brown eyes. "Monsieur, to join the army willingly at this time would be the act of a hero, and Gerder is not a hero: he is a dancing-master. He has run away from war; he has not gone to meet it. That is my opinion. I believe he has gone to London."

"Gone to London, and left his wife here to starve!" I checked myself, for the hair-dresser's curious eyes were fixed on me.

"Plait-il, monsieur, but a woman who can sew and embroider need not starve. Madame Gerder is unhappy, but she has not a large appetite. No, she will not starve. Au revoir, monsieur."

It seemed to me that when my fat little friend put his hat on after his farewell bow, he clapped his hand on the pocket of his breeches.

"These Frenchmen are monkeys," I thought. "The little glutton—I'm sure he is a glutton—he imagined I meant to appeal to his liberality."

IV.

It was the fourth day since I had given up my room, and the general of division had gone back to his quarters, and I might have gone back to mine, but these back-windows had become too interesting. And yet each day had been a repetition of the first: flower-watering by my pale, dark-eyed neighbor on the leads; frog-hunting by those chubby, seldom-washed urchins in the yard; constant stitching in the daytime; then the mysterious night errand; and then sobs and tears, and perplexed sympathy from myself.

"Why does she only cry at night?"

I stood thinking. Jemima takes pleasure in saying men are slow-witted, and that I am especially dull in piecing facts together. It may be so, but the conclusions to which this rapid female piecing leads are so often distorted and impossible that I prefer my own slower way. I had gone on thinking that Madame Gerder put a constraint on herself, and only allowed herself to cry at bed-time, as we let a fountain play at stated hours.

"Something happens to grieve her while she is out." The thought flitted itself into my mind with such weight and precision that I felt it had reason in it. I stood waiting, as I often do, to see what would follow. Jemima never understands this system. She thinks me dull and stupid, when I am only trying to let my thoughts turn themselves round.

"Why not see where she goes?"

The table d'hôte dinner-bell had rung, and I was just going down. It was surprising how little interest I took in that which went on around me. I am not a novel-reader. I consider fiction unworthy the attention of a reasonable man, and perhaps for this reason I attach extra importance to the events of life, but I felt as if I were going to begin a fresh chapter of an interesting book when I once more went back to my bedroom. There was mystery in the affair which made my ears tingle. What would Jemima or any of my friends say if they knew that steady, quiet I contemplated any thing so out of the usual routine of life as that of following a woman of whom I knew nothing when she went out alone in the evening? I wish it to be distinctly understood that I am not afraid of Jemima. If I were afraid, I should never tell her any thing which she might be likely to laugh at.

It seemed as if it never would grow dusk this evening. I had resolved to stay in my room instead of taking my usual stroll: it was better not to risk the chance of missing Madame Gerder. I could not look out

of window even. I felt as if my purpose were written on my face; and although my neighbor seldom raised her head from that incessant stitching, still she might find out that I was watching her, and so possibly might give up the evening errand.

Madame Leroux, too, the mother of the little frog-hunters, had been in the yard lately, and had stared very inquisitively at my windows. I was resolved she should not have the chance of saying an Englishman was "droll." Droll! Such a misplaced term altogether. Call us dull, monotonous, sober-sided, but it is impossible that there can be any thing ridiculous in the calm decorum of a well-bred Englishman; for to my mind a well-bred man never betrays either surprise or admiration, or any of the more feminine impulses which give room for ridicule in spectators.

I tried to read, but my book had no power to fix my attention; it lay on the table while I sat upright in my chair: there was no union between us. I got up and walked about. I had not felt such a restless excitement to get rid of time since my first pantomime, or perhaps later on. Ah me! in that shamefaced, hobbledehoy period, so full of delight and smarting, when I used to long for the one evening of the week when I might call on Muriel Rose! Poor, sweet, fickle Muriel! It always has puzzled me how a fair fragile creature, with a name as pretty as herself, could marry as she did—Muriel Bull! And Bull was such a blockhead!

This thought of my old love helped me. I had taken care to find out the name of the street in which Madame Gerder's house stood; and a little while before her usual starting-time I buttoned up my coat, slouched my wide-awake over my eyes, and went to find the Rue Puits d'Amour, the street at the back of the Hôtel Ste. Barbe.

At this distance of time I can not say why I thus disguised myself. I suppose my feelings had got overwrought by the suspense. I am inclined to this thought by the circumstance of having recalled that Muriel Rose story—one of the rare points in my life in which I seem to myself ridiculous. I rather fancy I wrote verses at that time; I know I made some half a dozen, all ending with the same line, "Oh, Muriel Rose!" And one of the rhymes I am positive was "nose," and another "sloes;" for Muriel had dark blue eyes. Silly girl, how she threw herself away! I believe I ought to be glad. She had grown immensely fat when I saw her last; her eyes were scarcely visible, and her nose was red at the tip.

All this time I was waiting in the Rue Puits d'Amour, opposite the house which I fancied was Madame Gerder's.

Yes, here she was coming out of the shabby doorway in her dark cloak, so dark that, as she turned swiftly down the street, it was difficult to see her in the darkness. On she went till we came out in the Place St. Étienne, then she twisted round so suddenly that we nearly came face to face. I pretended to go on a few steps lest she should detect me; but as I glanced over my shoulder I saw she was diving down a narrow turning on the left. I only followed just in time. She sped along like a dart, except that she turned and wound in and out so constantly that I had lost all count of whereabouts I was, when she stopped, and then disappeared.

I did not know myself this evening. Instead of hesitating or demurring, I followed blindly into the darkness where I had last seen madame. It was an open passage, full of bad smells, and as dark as the street outside.

"My good friend," said I to myself, "you are in a rash mood to-night; you may lose your watch and your purse just for the sake of idle curiosity. What would— Hang it! my life's my own; I don't live for my watch, or for Jemima. I will know where Madame Gerder goes."

I had just announced this resolution when I stumbled against the stairs. I stretched out my hand, and found a baluster. A door above me opened, and then was gently closed. This was discouraging; for although I had been capable of tracking Madame Gerder, I could not listen through a keyhole. This was what I told myself as I began to mount the stairs. I went very slowly; the stairs were old, and they creaked, and somehow it is not easy to go up a strange staircase in utter darkness without stopping now and then to feel your way.

At last I came to an end—at least the stairs did. I looked about, but there was no glimmer of light from any of the doors, which I guessed must be beside me—no sound of voices.

It seemed to me as if another self more like Jemima rebuked me.

"You're a fool, John Ponsonby," it said, in a sharp, cutting voice; "and you've not only made yourself ridiculous, but you've done it for nothing."

I felt glad it was dark, my face had grown so hot. I stood listening.

Hark! What was that—a cough? Yes, a decided cough, and then a snarling, snapping voice.

I could not make out words; but I felt sure there were speakers not far off, and that they were above me.

I groped cautiously, and presently found some more stairs on my right hand, more like a ladder than stairs; but I went up confidently, for the voices grew more and more distinct. As I mounted, light shone through long chinks above me, and when I reached the uneven floor at the top of the ladder I saw that I had got to the roof, and that

this was merely a grenier boarded off. No need to listen at the key-hole. Quiet as the voice was, its earnestness made each word distinct.

"But, Achille, it is not so long; if thou wouldst return to-morrow, thy absence might be explained, and thy pupils might be recovered."

"Bah! bah! bah! thou art a fool, Eugénie—a selfish fool too. What! for the gain of a few francs—for at my first lesson I should be captured—thou wouldst risk the liberty, possibly the life, of thy husband! Ciel! what egotists these women are—true monsters of egotism! To spare thy fingers a few stitches thou wouldst send me to face these Prussian devils, for they are not men. And I tell thee, Eugénie, I could never stand to be shot at; and why should I? I have good legs, and I should put them to the use for which they were given me, and then I should be disgraced—what do I know?—shot dead, for running away. Ahi!"

He seemed to smother his head in terror.

"No, no; it is not for that. Oh, Achille, my husband" (there was a sob in Madame Gerder's voice), "only come back to me, or let me stay here with thee. I will work just as hard. It is not that I grieve for."

"Bêtise!" he snapped like an angry cur. "What is it, then? All again egotism, thy love. Parbleu! love cares for the welfare of the thing loved, not its own. I am very well here. I lie in bed, it is true, but I have plenty of tobacco, and I have some feuilletons, and I am in general content with the food thou bringest. I tell thee I am content; it is only thy tormenting disposition which disturbs my life."

"Life!" and then she drew a deep breath. It seemed to me that she must be having a hard fight to keep down her contempt. Not a bit of it. On she went again:

"Achille, my beloved—idol of my heart—listen to me. I believe thou wilt be as safe in our own apartment as here. Other husbands are not torn from their wives. I have questioned and inquired, and I am sure of what I say. Is it not better to take this little risk than to lie here useless and idle? Kiss me, Achille. I do not mean it as reproach—I could not."

"Ah, morbleu! No, madame. A kiss! Go away. I say, get up from thy knees, crocodile—get out of my sight; and to-morrow when thou bringest my supplies, leave them at the door. Dost thou hear? The door will be closed—bolted. Understandest thou, it is not for nothing thou hast insulted thy husband and thy master."

One more faint "Achille;" but his vociferation drowned it. I groped farther along the flooring, which seemed more spacious than the landing below, and presently, as I expected, a door was cautiously opened and shut, and Madame Gerder glided down into the darkness.

I waited till I could no longer hear her footsteps; but I had to put a strong constraint on myself. I so longed to give the miserable coward in this grenier the chastisement he deserved!

When I reached the street I was fairly puzzled. I fancy I must have made the circuit of St. Roque in my efforts after the Hôtel Ste. Barbe; but I reached it at last. When I got to my room Madame Gerder's window was curtained for the night.

V.

"A letter for monsieur."

I went to the curtained door and took the letter from the femme de chambre.

I was going to pocket it till breakfast-time. It was, of course, from Jemima, and would keep, and I wanted to watch for my neighbor's appearance among her flowers—as yet her window remained curtained—but even a hasty glance showed that the letter was not in Jemima's handwriting.

I opened it at once. It was from the very friend I had dined with only a fortnight ago on the eve of his departure for Havre. He writes from Havre now. He has mislaid or lost his passport, and is "in a fix," he says; because he speaks with a decided Yorkshire twang, and has a silky black beard, the fact of his being an Englishman is doubted. Knowing that I have some acquaintance with the authorities here, he asks me in charity to go over to him without delay. I can go by the Arne steamer, he says, which obviates all changes on the way. He knows he is asking a great favor, but what can he do?

"Confound him!" I look over the way. The window has been opened, but the curtain remains drawn. I fear my neighbor is ill, and my heart aches; and then my blood boils over with rage as I think of the little coward yonder, smoking as he lies reading the foul trash he calls "feuilletons."

"If I start by the boat at once, I may get back by the train this evening."

Really, for a man of my deliberate habits, I planned all this with amazing dispatch.

Though I had spent some time in St. Roque, I had never had the curiosity to go and inspect the miserable little steamer that plies daily down the Arne, and then across the mouth of the Seine to Havre. There are circumstances in every one's life which are treated of best in gaps, and my voyage in the Arne steamer is one of these. I will simply state that we carried about a score of Norman peasants, chiefly women, a couple of cows, some sheep, and a large family of pigs, and that the boat rolled horribly when we reached the mouth of the Arne. After this I will only add that by the time I reached Havre, or "Avver," as a British lady

at Frascati called it, I was not in a mood to return to St. Roque the same afternoon.

My friend had actually found his passport, and was at the landing-place when I reached it. I do not think I ever felt so cross in my life. To have been dragged away in the midst of the most interesting adventure I had ever chanced on, to have endured those three hours of disgust and anguish, for the sake of seeing a man grinning at me from the quay and calling me "a capital fellow!"

I got rid of him at last on the plea of a headache, and then I walked out of Frascati and sat down on the beach.

In the quiet, cool spot I had chosen, with the vast empty sea before me, I went over in thought the little drama of the previous night, and I asked myself if it was really I, myself, John Ponsonby, gray-haired and respectable, who had so acted. Had I really followed a woman to a strange house, and actually listened to her conversation? If I had been capable of wearing a paper collar I think it might have ignited, so sudden and intense was the heat of my face and my ears.

I got up and walked about.

"This place is much hotter than St. Roque. I shall go back by the first train to-morrow."

VI.

It seemed like going home as the train sped on between the brilliant fruited trees of the orchards. When I came in sight of the low flat meadows with tall poplar fringes that surround the many-spired city of St. Roque, what a contrast to the noisy bustle of Havre, with its streets full of soldiers and disorder!

The railway station is not far from the Caserne. I saw a crowd there, and I asked a man in a blouse what was going on.

"Only a fresh levy gone off by train—more food for the Prussian guns," he said, sturdily.

I turned away; I began to wish myself back in England.

The street that leads back into St. Roque is full of old gray houses, with here and there a grating under an arched doorway, showing a glimpse of color and verdure, trimly kept flower beds, backed by creeping plants and clustering vines.

Happy homes inside these old walls, and each one had to yield its victim for this accursed war.

The street had looked empty when I turned into it, but suddenly under a recessed doorway I came upon a woman in a dark cloak.

She had not heard my footsteps. She leaned with her face against the hard stones; but she was not crying.

I had no time for reflection. I saw it was Madame Gerder.

"Madame," I said, "pardon me"—I seemed to know the way to her heart by instinct—"is any thing the matter with your husband?"

She gave me such a look! There was keen inquiry and despair, and for a moment revolt, but this only for an instant. The effort to speak brought tears along with her words.

"They have taken him, monsieur. My Achille is dragged away to die with the army."

"I trust not." The words came of themselves, but they nearly choked me. Would it not be the best possible event in Madame Gerder's life if her miserable, cowardly sneak of a husband were put out of the way with as little delay as possible? But common-sense had no chance with sympathy against such eyes as Madame Gerder's. They pierced me through with their agony of sorrow.

"Monsieur is English," she said, clasping her hands, "but monsieur can tell me whether I could follow my husband if he goes on to Paris?"

"I fear not, madame. Very soon, I believe, the capital will be so hemmed in that ingress or egress will be alike impossible. But, madame, if you will point out any way in which I can serve you, I shall be grateful."

She smiled, though tears came fast streaming over her pale face. I have rarely seen a woman look attractive in tears—Madame Gerder was charming.

"Monsieur is very kind"—a little courtesy here—"I don't know how to thank him; but no one but the good God can help me now. Ah, if I can only get to my husband! He is not used to be roughly treated, monsieur. If they will only let me do what I can for him, that is all I hope for, monsieur—all I want; but I thank you always from the bottom of my heart."

A thought came to me.

"You would like to follow your husband to Rouen?"

"Yes, monsieur."

I hurried back to the station, and learned when the next departure would be for Lisieux. I dared not offer money to Madame Gerder—something in her face forbade it—but she looked grateful when I put the railway ticket in her hand, and bade her God-speed.

I wonder whether that miserable little husband was glad to see her sweet face again, and whether he came alive out of the war? When I next visit St. Roque—and I think it will be soon—I must learn these facts from Madame Mérand or my fat friend, Monsieur Le Petit. I often wonder what will happen should I find Madame Gerder a widow. She is the most interesting woman I have ever seen—there is no doubt about it.

FISHING—MAY AND I.

"WE CAME, WITH FISHING LINE AND ROD,
MY BLUE-EYED MAY AND I."

BENEATH the quivering arch of leaves
Where sunlight flickered through,
While birds sang merry songs of love,
Each to its mate so true,
Where just below the mossy bank
The laughing stream flowed by,
We came, with fishing line and rod,
My blue-eyed May and I.

Oh, how her merry laugh rang out,
Startling the birds above!
And I forgot the shining fish
While whispering words of love.
And how the sunlight, falling through
The tangled web of green,
Came trembling down to crown her head—
My blue-eyed May, my queen!

Ah! years have passed since then, and she
Hath with them passed away;
But nature smiles no whit the less
For troubled hearts each day!
The leaves, the birds, the bank, the brook,
Their missions still fulfill;
But memory only cheers *my* heart,
And keeps me happy still.

OLD KENSINGTON.

By MISS THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XIX.

KENSINGTON PALACE CHAPEL.

MEANWHILE Dolly, who has been looking for Rhoda in vain, stands alone in the pew, listening to the opening exhortation, and at the same time wandering alongside of it, as she used to do when she and Rhoda were little girls at Paris long ago. Her thoughts run somewhat in this fashion. "Inner life," thinks Dolly. "What is inner life? George says he knows. John Morgan makes it all into the day's work and being tired. Aunt Sarah says it is repentance. Robert won't even listen to me when I speak of it. Have I got it? What am I?" Dolly wonders if she is sailing straight off to heaven at that moment in the big cushioned pew, or if the ground will open and swallow it up one day, like the tents of Korah and Abiram. This is what she is at that instant —so she thinks at least: Some whitewashed walls, a light through a big window; John Morgan's voice echoing in an odd melancholy way, and her own two hands lying on the cushion before her. Nothing more: she can go no farther at that minute toward "the eternal fact upon which man may front the destinies and the immensities."

So Dolly at the outset of life, at the beginning of the longest five years of her life, stands in the strangers' great pew in Kensington Palace Chapel—a young Pharisee, perhaps, but an honest one, speculating upon the future, making broad her phylacteries; and with these, strange flashes of self-realization that came to puzzle her all her life long—standing opposite the great prayer-books, with all the faded golden stamps of lions and unicorns. It was to please her brother George that Dolly had come to church this Saints' Day. What wouldn't she have done to please him? Through all his curious excursions of feeling he expected her always to follow, and Dolly tried to follow as she was expected.

"For our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life," the reader ran on. Dolly was ready enough to be grateful for all these mercies, only she thought that out-of-doors, in the gardens, she would have felt as grateful as she did now; and she again wondered why it was better to tender thanks in a mahogany box with red stuffings, out of a book, instead of out of her heart, in the open air. "Can this be because I have no inner life?" thought Dolly, with her vacant eyes fixed on the clergyman. A bird's shadow flitted across the sun-gleam on the floor. Dolly looked up and saw the branch of the tree through the great window, and the blue depths shining, dazzling and dominant. Then the girl pushed her hand across her eyes, and tried to forget other thoughts as she stood reading out of the big brown prayer-book. Dolly's gloves had fallen over the side of the pew, and were lying in the oak-matted passage-place, at the feet of a little country cook-maid from one of the kitchens of the Palace, who alternately stared down at the gray gloves and up at the young lady. The little cook, whose mistress was away, had wandered in to the sound of the bell, and sat there with her rosy cheeks like some russet apple that had fallen by chance into a faded reliquary belonging to a sumptuous shrine. Was it because it was Saturday, Dolly wondered, that she could not bring her heart to the altar?—that the little chapel did not seem to her much more than an allegory? Are royal chapels only echoes and allegories? Do people go there to pray real prayers, to long passionately, with beating hearts? Have dried-up tears ever fallen upon the big pages of the old books with their curling *t*'s and florid *s*'s?—books in whose pages King George the Third still rules over a shadowy realm, Queen Charlotte heads the Royal Family!

Dolly had started away from her vague excursions when the Epistle ended. "Of the tribe of Zabulon twelve thousand; of the tribe of Joseph twelve thousand; of the tribe of Benjamin twelve thousand."..... It seemed to Dolly but a part of the state and the ceremony that oppressed her. As the armies

passed before her, she seemed to hear the chant of the multitude, to follow the endless processions of the elect filing past with the seals on their triumphant brows, the white robes and palms in their extended hands!

But listen: what is this? John Morgan thundered out the long lists of the tribes; but his voice softened as he came to the well-loved Gospel of the day: "Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom; blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted; blessed are the merciful, the pure, the peace-makers....."

"Are these the real tribes upon earth for whom the blessing is kept? Am I of the tribe of the merciful, of the peace-makers?" Dolly asked herself again. "How can I make peace?—there is no one angry," thought the girl; "and I'm sure no one has ever done me any harm to be forgiven, except—except Mr. Raban, when he spoke to Aunt Sarah so cruelly about George. Ought I to forgive that?" thought the sister, and yet she wished she had not spoken so unkindly.....

When the end came there was a rustle. The old ladies got up off their knees, the curtains stirred in the big Dugald Dalgetty pew: Dolly was to meet John Morgan in the outer room, but the old clerk gave her a message to say that Mr. Morgan had gone to the chaplain's, and would meet her in the clock court of the Palace.

"There was a gentleman asking for him just a minute by," said the old clerk.

So Dolly, instead of filing off with the rest of the congregation, went sweeping along the dark vaulted passages with the sunlight at either end—a gray maiden floating in the shade.

Dolly's dress was demure enough: for though she liked bright colors, by some odd scruples she denied herself the tints she liked. If she sometimes wore a rose or a blue ribbon, it was Lady Sarah who bought them, and who had learned of late to like roses and blue ribbons by proxy. Otherwise she let Dolly come, go, dress as she liked best; and so the girl bought herself cheap gray gowns and economical brown petticoats: luckily she could not paint her pretty cheeks brown, nor her bright hair gray. Sometimes Rhoda had proposed that they should dress in black with frill caps and crosses, but this Aunt Sarah peremptorily refused to permit. Lady Sarah was a clever woman, with a horror of attitudinizing, and some want of artistic feeling. The poor people whom she visited, Rhoda herself, soon discovered the futility of any of the little performances they sometimes attempted for Lady Sarah's benefit.

Dolly was utterly unconscious. She could afford to be herself, and to say herself out to Aunt Sarah. She had never been repulsed, and had no mistrust.

Dolly stepped out from the dark passage into the Palace court-yard, with its dim rows of windows, its sentinel, its brasses shining, the old doorways standing at prim intervals, with knobs and iron bells, which may be pulled to-day, but which seem to echo a hundred years ago, as they ring across the Dutch court. The little cook-maid was peeping out of her kitchen door, and gave a kind little smile. Some one else was waiting, pacing up and down that quiet place, where footsteps can be heard echoing in the stillness. But as Dolly advanced she discovered that it was not John Morgan, as she imagined. The gentleman, who had reached the end of his walk, now turned, came toward her, looking absently to the right and the left. It was the very last person in the world she had expected or wished to see. It was Frank Raban, with his pale face, who stopped short when he saw her. They had not met since that day when he had talked so strangely.

If Dolly looked as if she was a little sorry to see Mr. Raban, Mr. Raban also looked as if he had rather not have met Dolly. He gave a glance round, but there was no way by which he could avoid her, unless he was prepared, like harlequin in the pantomime, to take a somersault and disappear through one of the many windows. There was no help for it. They both came forward.

"How do you do, Miss Vanborough?" said Raban, gravely, holding out his hand, and thinking of the last time they had met.

"How do you do?" said Dolly, coldly, just giving him her fingers. Then melting a little, as people do who have been overstiff—"Have you seen George lately? how is he?" said Dolly, more forgivingly.

Raban looked surprised. "He is quite well— Don't you—has he not—" He interrupted himself, and then he went on, looking a little confused: "I am only in town for an hour or two. I have been calling at John Morgan's, and they sent me here to find him. Shall I find Lady Sarah at home this afternoon?"

Dolly flushed up. In a moment all her coldness was gone. Something in his manner made her suspect that all was not well. "It is something more about George," she said, frightened, and she fixed her two circling eyes upon the man. Why was he forever coming—evil messenger of ill tidings? She guessed it, she felt it, she seemed to have some second-sight as regards Raban. She almost hated him. A minute ago she had thought she could forgive him.

Dolly's cheeks flushed in vain, her eyes flashed harmless lightning.

"Yes, it is about your brother," said the young man, looking away. "I have at last been able to make that arrangement to help him, as Lady Sarah wished. It has taken me some time and some trouble;" and with-

out another word he turned and walked away toward the passage.

I think this was the first time Dolly had ever been snubbed in all her life, except by George, and that did not count.

A furtive, quick, yet hesitating footstep flutters after Frank. "Mr. Raban," says Miss Vanborough.

He stopped.

"I did not mean to pain you," blushing up (she was very indignant still, and half inclined to cry; but she was in the wrong, and bent upon apology). "I beg your pardon," she said, in a lofty, condoning, half-ashamed, half-indignant sort of way; and she held out her hand.

Frank Raban did not refuse the outstretched hand; he took it in his, and held it tight for an instant, with a grip of which he was scarcely aware, and then he dropped it. "You don't know," he said, with some emotion, "I hope you will never know, what it is to have done another great wrong. I can not forget what you said to me that last evening we met; but you must learn more charity, and believe that even those who have failed once may mean to do right another time."

How little she guessed that, as he spoke, he was thinking what an escape had been his—wondering what infatuation had made him, even for one instant, dream they could ever be any thing to one another.

As the two made it up, after a fashion, a bell tinkled through the court, a door opened, and John Morgan came running down some worn steps, twirling his umbrella like a mill.

"Here I am, Dolly. Why, Raban!" he shouts, "where do you come from? Dr. Thompson is better—he kept me discussing the church-rates. I couldn't get away. You see, where the proportion of Dissenters—Will you have an arm?"

"No, thank you," said Dolly

"—Where the proportion is one-fiftieth of the population."

The curate, always enthusiastic, seized Raban's arm, and plunged with him into the very depths of Dr. Thompson's argument. Dolly lingered behind for a minute, and came after them along the passage again, and out by a different way into an old avenue which leads from the Palace stables, and by a garden inclosed in high brick walls. It used to be Lady Henley's garden, and Dolly sometimes walked there. Now she only skirted the wall. The sun was casting long shadows, the mists were gone, a sort of sweet balmy ripeness was in the air, as they came out upon the green. The windows of the old guard-house were twinkling; some soldiers were lounging on the grass. Some members of the congregation were opening the wicket gates of one of the old houses that stood round about in those days, modest dependencies of the Palace, quaint-roofed, with slanting bricks and tiles, and narrow panes, from whence autumnal avenues could be descried.

There is a side-door leading from Palace Green to Kensington Gardens. Within the door stands an old stone summer-house, which is generally brimming over with little children, who for many years past have sat swinging their legs upon the seat.

As Dolly passed the gate she heard a shout, and out of the summer-house darted a little ragged procession, with tatters flying—Mikey and his sister, who had spied their victim, and now pursued her with triumphant cries.

"Tsus!—hi, Mikey!—Miss Vamper!" (So they called her.)

"Give us a napenny," says Mikey. "Father's got no work, mother was buried on Toosdy! We's so 'ungry."

"Why, Betty," said Dolly, stopping short, and greatly shocked, "is this true?"

"Ess," says little Betty, grinning, and running back through the wicket.

"What did you have for dinner yesterday?" says Dolly, incredulous, and pursuing Betty toward the summer-house.

"Please, miss, mother give us some bread-and-drippin'," says Mikey, with a caper. "I mean father did. We's so—"

"You mean that you have been telling me a wicked story," interrupted Dolly. "I am *very* angry, Mikey. I *never* forgive deception. I shall give you no apples—nothing. I—" She stopped short; her voice suddenly faltered. She stood quite still, watching two people, who came advancing down the avenue that led to the little door, arm in arm, and so absorbed in each other that for a minute they did not see that she was standing in the way. It was a chance. If it had not happened then, it would have happened at some other time and place.

Rhoda had waited until the service was over, and in so doing she had come upon the last person whom she wished to see just then. There stood Dolly by the summer-house, with a pale face, confronting her, with the little ragged crew about her knees. Mikey, looking up, thought that for once "Miss Vamper" was in the tantrums.

Rhoda started back instinctively, meeting two blank wondering eyes, and would have pulled George away, but it was too late.

"Nonsense," said George; and he came forward, and then they all were quite silent for a minute, George a little in advance, Rhoda lingering still.

"What does this mean?" said Dolly, coldly, speaking at last.

"What does it mean!" George burst out. "Don't you see us? don't you guess? It is good news, isn't it? Dolly, she loves me. Have you not guessed it all along—ever since—months ago?"

He was half distracted, half excited, half laughing. His eyes were dim with moisture. Any one might see him. What did he care for the ragged children, the people passing by—those silent crowds that flit through our lives? He came up to Dolly.

"You will be tender to her, won't you, and help her, for my sake, and you will be our friend, Dolly? We had not meant to tell you yet; but you wish us joy, won't you, dear?"

"Tender to her? Help her? What help could she want?" thought Dolly, looking at Rhoda, who stood silent still, but who made a little dumb movement of entreaty. "Was it George who was asking her to befriend him? Was it George who had mistrusted her all this long time, and kept her in ignorance?"

"Why don't you answer? Why do you look like that? Do you wonder that I or that any body else should love her?" he went on, eagerly.

"What do you want me to do?" Dolly asked, still coldly. "I can not understand it."

Her voice sounded hard and constrained: she was hurt and bewildered.

George was bitterly disappointed. Her coldness shocked him. Could it be possible that Rhoda was right, and Dolly hard and unfeeling?

Poor Dolly! A bitter wave of feeling seemed suddenly to rise from her heart and choke her as she stood there. "So! there was an understanding between them? Did he come to see Rhoda in secret, while she was counting the days till they should meet? Was it only by chance that she was to learn their engagement? They had been stopping up the way; as they moved a little aside to let the people pass, Rhoda timidly laid one hand on Dolly's arm. "Won't you forgive me? won't you keep our secret?" she said.

"Why should there be any secret?" cried Dolly, haughtily. "How could I keep one from Aunt Sarah? I am not used to such manœuvrings."

Rhoda began to cry. George, exasperated by Dolly's manner, burst out with, "Tell her, then! Tell them all—tell them every thing! Tell them of my debts! Part us!" he said. "You will make your profit by it, no doubt, and Rhoda, poor child, will be sacrificed." He felt he was wrong, but this made him only the more bitter. He turned away from Dolly, and pulled Rhoda's hand through his arm.

"I will take care of you, darling," he said.

"George! George!" from poor Dolly, sick and chilled.

"Dolly!" cried another voice, from without the gate. It was John Morgan's. He had missed her, and was retracing his steps to find her.

Poor weak-minded Dolly! now brought to the trial and found wanting: how could she withstand those she loved? All her life long it was so with her. As George turned away from her, her heart went after him.

"Oh, George! don't look at me so. My profit! You have made it impossible for me to speak," she faltered, as she moved away to meet the curate and Frank Raban.

"What is the matter? are you ill?" said John Morgan, meeting Dorothea in the doorway. "Why did you wait behind?"

"Mikey detained me. I am quite well, thank you," said Dolly, slowly, with a changed face.

Raban gave her a curious look. He had seen some one disappear into the summer-house, and he thought he recognized the stumpy figure.

John Morgan noticed nothing; he walked on, talking of the serious aspect things were taking in the East—of Dr. Thompson's gout—of the church-rates. Frank Raban looked at Dolly once or twice, and slackened his steps to hers. They left her at the corner of her lane.

CHAPTER XX.

RHODA TO DOLLY.

Dolly heard the luncheon-bell ringing as she walked slowly homeward. It seemed to her as if she had been hearing a story which had been told her before, with words that she remembered now, though she had listened once without attaching any meaning to them. Now she seemed to awake and understand it all—a hundred little things, unnoticed at the time, crowded back into her mind, and seemed to lead up to this moment. Dolly suddenly remembered Rhoda's odd knowledge of George's doings, her blushes, his constant comings of late: she remembered every thing, even to the gloves lying by the piano. The girl was bitterly hurt, wounded, impatient. Love had never entered into her calculations, except as a joke or a far-away impossibility. It was no such very terrible secret, after all, that a young man and a young woman should have taken a fancy to each other; but Dolly, whose faults were the faults of inexperience and youthful dominion and confidence, blamed passionately as she would have sympathized. Then in a breath she blamed herself.

How often it happens that people meaning well as Dolly did undoubtedly slide into some wrong groove from the overbalance of some one or other quality! Dolly cared too much and not too little, and that was what made her so harsh to George; and then, as if to atone for her harshness, too yielding to his wish—to Rhoda's wish working by so powerful a lever.

Lady Sarah came home late for luncheon, and went up to her room soon after. Dolly gave Frank Raban's message. She herself stopped at home all day expecting George, but no George came—not even Rhoda, whom she both longed and hated to see again. Every one seemed changed to Dolly; she felt as if she was wandering lost in the familiar rooms, as if George and her aunt and Rhoda were all different people since the morning.

"Why are you looking at me, child?" said Lady Sarah, suddenly. Dolly had been wistfully scanning the familiar lines of the well-known face; there was now a secret between them, she thought.

Mr. Raban came in the afternoon as he had announced, and Dolly, going into the oak-room, found him there, standing in the shadow, with a bundle of papers under his arm, and looking more like a lawyer's clerk than a friend who had been working hard in their service.

Dolly was leaving the room again, when her aunt called her back for a minute.

"Did George tell you any thing of his difficulties the last time he was in town?" Lady Sarah asked from her chimney-corner. "When was it you saw him, Dolly?"

She was nervously tying some papers together that slipped out of her hands and fell upon the floor. Poor Dolly turned away, and there they lay; Dolly did not attempt to pick them up. There was a minute's silence.

Dolly flushed crimson. "I—I don't—I can't tell you," she said, confusedly.

She saw Frank Raban's look of surprise as she turned away. What did she care what he thought of her? What was it to him if she chose to tell a lie and he guessed it? Oh, George! cruel boy! what had he asked?

Frank Raban wondered at Dolly's silence. Since she wished to keep a secret, he did not choose to interfere; but he blamed her for that, as for most other things; and yet the more he blamed her, the more her stern face haunted him. Those girl's eyes, with their gray lights and clouds; that sweet face, that looked so angry and yet so tender too. When he was away from her he loved her; when he was with her he accused her.

It was a long, endless day. Miss Moineaux was welcome at tea-time, with her flannel bindings and fluttering gossip. It seemed like a little bit of commonplace, familiar every-day coming in. Dolly went to the door with her when she left them, and saw black trees swaying, winds chasing across the dreary sky, light clouds sailing by. The winds rose that night, beating about the house. A chimney-pot fell crashing to the ground; elm branches broke off from the trees and were scattered along the parks. Dolly, in her little room, lay listening to the sobs and moans without, to the fierce hands beating and struggling with her window. She fell into a sleep, in which it seemed to her that she was railing and raving at George again: she awoke with a start to find that it was the wind. She dreamed the history of the day over and over. She dreamed of Raban, and somehow he always looked at her reproachfully. She awoke very early in the morning, long before it was time to get up, with penitent, loving words on her lips. Had she been harsh to George? Jealous—was she jealous? Dolly scorned to be jealous, she told herself. It was her hatred of wrong, her sense of justice, that made her heart so bitter. Perhaps Rhoda might explain it all away, and what had made her tell that lie. Poor Dolly! who had yet to discover how far she fell short of her own ideal. My poor little heroine was as yet on the eve of her long and lonely expedition in life. There might be arid places waiting for her, dreary passes, but there were also cool waters and green pastures along the road. Nor had she yet journeyed from their shade, and from the sound of her companions' voices and the shelter of their protection.

This was Rhoda's explanation. She was standing before Dolly, looking prettier than ever. She held a flower in her hand, which she had offered her friend, who silently rejected it. Rhoda had looked for Dolly in vain in the house. She found her at last, disconsolately throwing crumbs to the fishes in the pond. Dolly stood sulky and miserable, scarcely looking up when Rhoda spoke. They were safe in the garden out of reach of the quiet old guardians of the house. Rhoda began at once.

"He urged it," said Rhoda, fixing her great dark eyes steadily upon Dolly; "indeed he did. I said no at first; I would not even let him be bound. One day I was weak and consented to be engaged. I sinned against my own conscience; I am chastised."

"Sinned," said Dolly, impatiently; "chastised. Rhoda, Rhoda, you use long words that mean nothing. Oh! why did you not tell Aunt Sarah from the beginning? She loves George so dearly—so dearly that she would have done any thing, consented to every thing, and this wretchedness would have been spared. How shall I tell her? How shall I ever tell her? I can't keep such a secret. Already I have had to tell a lie."

"I could not bear to be the means of injuring him," Rhoda said, flushing up. "I dare say you won't understand me or believe me, but it is true. Indeed, indeed, it is true, Dolly. Lady Sarah would never forgive him now if he were to marry me. She does not like me. Dolly, you know it. I have been culpably foolish."

"Of course it is foolish to be engaged," said Dolly; "but there are worse things, Rhoda, a thousand times."

"Yes," said Rhoda. "Dolly, you don't

know half. He has been gambling—dear, foolish boy—borrowing money from the Jews. Uncle John heard of it through a pupil of his. He wrote to Mr. Raban. Oh, Dolly, I love him so dearly that it breaks my heart. How can I trust him? How can I? Oh! how difficult it is to be good, and to know what one should do!"

Rhoda flung herself down upon the wooden bench as she spoke, leaning her head against the low brick wall, with its ivy sprays. Dolly stood beside her, erect, indignant, half softened by the girl's passion and half hardened when she thought of the deception that she had kept up. Beyond the low ivy wall was the lane of which I have spoken, where some people were strolling; overhead the sky was burning deep, the afternoon shadows came trembling and shimmering into the pond. Lady Sarah had had a screen of creepers put up to shelter her favorite seat from the winds; the great leaves were still hanging to the trellis, gold and brown.

"If I thought only of myself, should I not have told every body?" said Rhoda, excitedly, and she clasped her hands; "but I feel there is a higher duty to him. I will be his good angel and urge him to work. I will leave him if I stand in his way, and keep to him if it is for good. Do you think I want to be a cause of trouble between him and Lady Sarah? She might disinherit him. It is you she cares for, and not poor George; I heard Mr. Raban say so only yesterday," cried Rhoda, in a sudden burst of tears. "He told me so."

Dolly waited for a moment, and then slowly turned away, leaving Rhoda still sobbing against the bricks. She couldn't forgive her at that instant; her heart was bitter against her. What had she done to deserve such taunts? Why had Rhoda come making dissension and unhappiness between them? It was hard, oh, it was hard. There came a jangling burst of music from the church-bells, as if to add to her bewilderment.

"Dear Rhoda," said Dolly, coming back, and melting suddenly, "do listen to me. Tell them all. I can not see one reason against it."

"Except that we are no longer engaged," said Rhoda, gravely. "I have set him free, Dolly; that is what I wanted to tell you. I wrote to him, and set him free; for any thing underhand is as painful to me as to you. It was only to please George I consented. Hush! They are calling me."

Engaged or not, poor Dorothea felt that all pleasure in her friend's company was gone: there was a tacit jar between them—a little rift. Dolly for the first time watched Rhoda with critical eyes, as she walked away down the path that led to the house, fresh and trim in her pretty dress and her black silk mantelet, and with her flower in her hand. Dolly did not follow her. She thought over every single little bit of her life after Rhoda had left her, as she sat there alone, curled up on the wooden seat, with her limp violet dress in crumpled folds, and her brown hair falling loose, with pretty little twirls and wavings. Her gray eyes were somewhat sad and dim from the day's emotion. No, she must not tell her aunt what had happened until she had George's leave. She would see him soon; she would beg his pardon; she would *make* him tell Aunt Sarah. She had been too hasty. She had spoken harshly, only it was difficult not to be harsh to Rhoda, who was so cold—who seemed as if she would not understand. All she said sounded so good, and yet, somehow, it did not come right. Dear George, dear, wicked boy, what had he been doing? Then she began to wonder if it could be that Rhoda loved him more than Dolly imagined. Some new glimmer had come to the girl of late—not of what love was, but of what it might be. Only Dolly was fresh and prim and shy, as girls are, and she put the thought far away from her. Love! Love was up in the stars, she thought, hastily. All the same, she could not bring herself to feel cordially to Rhoda. There was something miserably uncomfortable in the new relations between them; and Dolly showed it in her manner plainly enough.

Lady Sarah told Dolly that afternoon that she had written to George to come up at the end of the week. "He has had no pity on us, Dolly," she said. "I have some money that a friend paid back, and with that and the price of a field at Bartlemere I shall be able to pay for his pastimes during the last year."

"Aunt Sarah," said Dolly, suddenly illuminated, "can't you take some of my money? Do, please, dearest Aunt Sarah."

"What would be the use of that?" said Lady Sarah. "I want the interest for your expenses, Dolly." She spoke quite sharply, as if in pain, and she put her hand to her side and went away. If Lady Sarah had not been ill herself and preoccupied, she might have felt that something also ailed Dolly, that the girl was cold and constrained at times, and unlike herself. Dolly only wondered that her aunt did not guess what was passing before her, so patent did it seem, now that she had the key.

One day Marker persuaded her mistress to go to a doctor. Lady Sarah came back with one of those impossible prescriptions that people give. Avoid all anxiety; do not trouble yourself about any thing; live generously; distract yourself when you can do so without fatigue.

Lady Sarah came home to find a Cambridge letter on the table, containing some old bills of George's which a tradesman had

sent on to her, a fresh call from the unlucky bank in which Mr. Francis had invested so much of her money, an appeal from Mikey's fever-stricken cellar, and a foreign scented letter, that troubled her more than all the rest together:

"TRINCOMALEE, *September* 25, 18—.

"DEAREST SARAH,—I have many and many a time begun to write to you of all, only to destroy bitter records of those sorrows which I must continue to bear *alone*. Soon we shall be leaving this ill-fated shore, where I have passed so many miserable years gazing with longing eyes at the broad expanse lying so calm and indifferent before me.

"Before long Admiral Palmer sails for England. He gives up his command with great reluctance, and returns *via* the Cape; but I, in my weak state of health, dare risk no longer delay. Friends—kind, good friends, Mrs. and Miss M'Grudder—have offered to accompany me overland, sharing all expenses, and visiting Venice and Titian's—the great master's glorious works—*en route*, to say nothing of Raphael, and Angelo the divine. We shall rest a week at Paris. I feel that after so long a journey utter prostration will succeed to the excitement which carries me through where I see others, more robust than myself, falling on every side. And then I am in rags—a study for Murillo himself! I can not come among you all until my wardrobe is replenished. How I look forward to the time when I shall welcome my Dorothea—ours, I may say—for you have been all but a mother to her. On my return I trust to find some corner to make my nest; and for that purpose I should wish to spend a week or two in London, so as to be within easy reach of all. Sarah, my first husband's sister, will you help me? For the love of 'auld lang syne,' will you spare a little corner in your dear old house? Expensive hotels I can not afford. My dear friends here agree that Admiral Palmer's ungraciously given allowances are beggarly, and unworthy of his high position. How differently dear Stan would have wished him to act! Silver and gold have I none—barely sufficient for my own dress. Those insurances were most unfairly given against the widow and the orphan. Tell my darlings this; tell them, too, that all that I have is theirs. When I think that for the last six years, ever since my second marriage, a tyrant will has prevented me from folding them to my heart, indignation nearly overcomes the prudence so foreign to my nature. Once more, fond love to you, to my boy, and to *ma fille*, and trusting before long to be once more at home,

"Ever your very affectionate PHILIPPA."

"P.S.—Since writing the above few lines I find that my husband wishes to compass my death. He again proposes my returning with him by the Cape. Sarah, will you spare me the corner of a garret beneath your roof?"

The letter was scented with some faint delicious perfume. "Here, take it away," says Lady Sarah. "Faugh! Of course she knows very well that she can have the best bedroom, and the dressing-room for her maid; and you, my poor Dolly, will have a little amusement, and some one better fitted to—"

"Don't!" cries Dolly, jumping forward with a kiss.

CHAPTER XXI.

CINDERS.

DOLLY went to afternoon-church the day George was expected. When she came home she heard that her brother was up stairs, and she hurried along the passage, with a quick-beating heart, and knocked at his door. It was dark in the passage, and Dolly stood listening—a frightened, gray-eyed, pent-up indignation, in a black dress, with her bonnet in her hand. There was a dense cloud of smoke and tobacco in the room when Dolly turned the lock at last, and she could only cough and blink her eyes. As the fumes cleared away she saw that George was sitting by the low wooden fire-place. He had been burning papers. How eagerly the flames leaped and traveled on, in bright blue and golden tongues, while the papers fell away black and crackling and changing to cinder! Dolly looked very pale and unlike herself. George turned with a bright, haggard sort of smile.

"Is that you, Dolly?" he said. "Come in; the illumination is over. You don't mind the smell of tobacco. I have been burning a box of cigars that Robert gave me. He knows no more about cigars than you do."

"Oh, George," cried Dolly. "Is this all you have to say, after making us so unhappy—"

"What do you want me to say?" said George, shrugging his shoulders.

"I want you to say that you have told her every thing, and that there are no more concealments," Dolly cried, getting angry. "Oh, George, when Aunt Sarah asked me about you last, I felt as if it was written in my face that I was lying."

He was going to answer roughly, but he looked up at Dolly's pale, agitated face, and was sorry for her. He spoke both kindly and crossly.

"Don't make such a talk, Dolly, and a fuss. We have had it out—John Morgan—council of state. She has been—she has been" (his voice faltered a little bit) "a great deal kinder than I deserve or had any reason to expect, judging by *you*, Dolly. It's not *your* business to scold, you know."

"And she knows all?" said Dolly, eagerly, and brightening.

"She knows all about my debts," said George, expressively. "She is going to let me try once more for the next scholarship. If I had been her, I shouldn't have been so good. She sha'n't be disappointed this time. However, the past is past, and can't be helped. I've been burning a whole drawerful of it....." And he struck his foot into the smouldering heap.

People think that what is destroyed is over, forgetting that what has been is never over, and that it is in vain you burn and scatter the cinders of many a past hope and failure, and of a debt to pay, a promise broken. Debts, promises, failures are there still. There were the poems George had tried to write, the account-books he had not filled up, the lists of books he had not

read, a dozen mementoes of good intentions broken. There are the ugly phenixes as well as beautiful ones that rise out of the ashes.

"And did you not tell Aunt Sarah about Rhoda?" repeated Dolly, disappointed. "Oh, George, what does Rhoda mean when she says you are no longer engaged? What does it all mean?"

"It means—it means," said George, impatiently, "that I am an idiot, but I am not a sneak; and if a woman trusts me, I can keep her counsel, so long as you don't betray me, Dolly. Only there are some things one can't do, not even for the woman one loves." Then he looked up suddenly, and seeing Dolly's pained face, he went on. "Dolly, I think you would cut off your head if I were to ask you for it: Rhoda won't snip off one little lock of hair. Poor dear, she is frightened at every shadow. She has given me back this," he said, opening his hand, which he had kept closed before, and showing Dolly a little pearl locket lying in his palm. Then he went on in a low voice, looking into the fire: "I love her enough, God knows, and I would tell the whole world if she would let me. But she says no—always no; and I can trust her, Dolly, for she is nearer heaven than I am. It is her will to be silent," he said, gently: "angels vanish if we would look into their faces too closely. She would like me to have a tranquil spirit, such as her own; she thinks me a thousand times better than I am," said George, "and if I did as she wishes, I could be happy enough, but not contented." Dolly wondered of what he was thinking as he went on pacing up and down the room. "I can not tell lies to myself, not even for her sake. I can not take this living, as she wishes. If I may not believe in God my own way, I should blaspheme and deny him, while I confessed him in some one else's words. You asked me one day if I had an inner life, Dolly," George said, coming back to the oak chimney-piece again. "Inner life is only one's self and the responsibility of this one life which is given me. Sometimes I think that before I loved Rhoda I was not all myself, and though the truth was the same, it did not concern me in the same degree, and I meant to do this or that as it might be most advisable. Now, through loving her, Dolly, I seem to have come to something beyond us, and what is advisable don't seem to matter any more. Can you understand this?"

"Yes, George," said Dolly, looking at him earnestly: his sallow face had flushed up, his closed eyes had opened out. Dolly felt proud of her brother as she listened to him. She had come to blame, she remained to bless him. Ah, if every one knew him as well as she did! She was happier than she had been for many a day, and ready to believe that George could not be wrong. She could not even say no that evening after dinner when George proposed that they should go over to the Morgans'.

"Go, my dears," said Lady Sarah; and Dolly got up with a sort of sigh to get her bonnet. Just as they were starting her cousin Robert walked in unexpectedly, and proposed to accompany them. He had come in with a serious face, prepared to sympathize in their family troubles, and to add a few words in season, if desired, for George's benefit. He found the young man looking most provokingly cheerful and at home, Lady Sarah smiling, and if Dolly was depressed she did not show it, for, in truth, her heart was greatly lightened since she had had that explanation with her brother. The three walked off together.

"We shall not be back to tea," said Robert, who always liked to settle things beforehand. But on this occasion Mrs. Morgan's hospitable tea-pot was empty for once. The whole party had gone off to a lecture and dissolving views in the Town-hall. The only person left behind was Tom Morgan, who was sitting in the study reading a novel, with his heels on the chimney-piece when they looked in.

"Good-night, Tom," said Dolly, with more frankness than necessary. "We won't stay, since there is only you."

"Good-evening," said Robert, affably. And they came out into the street again. He went on: "I am sorry John Morgan was not at home. I want him to fix some time for coming down to Cambridge. You must come with him, Dolly. I think it might amuse you."

"Oh, thank you!" says Dolly, delighted.

This prospect alone would have been enough to make her walk back enjoyable, even if George had not been by her side, if it had not been so lovely a night, if stars had not burned sweet and clear overhead, if soft winds had not been stirring. The place looked transformed, gables and corners standing out in sudden lights. They could see the dim shade of the old church, and a clear green planet flashing with lambent streams of light beyond the square tower. Then they escaped from the crowd, and turned down by the quiet lane where Church House was standing gabled against the great Orion. They found the door ajar when they reached the ivy gate; the hall door too was wide open, and there seemed to be boxes and some confusion.

"Oh, don't let us go in; come into the garden," said Dolly, running to the little iron garden gate inside the outer wall. There was a strange glimmer behind the gate against which the slim white figure was pushing. The garden was dark, and rustling with a trembling in the branches. A great moon had come up, and was hanging

over London, serenely silvering the house-tops and spires. Its light was rippling down the straight walks, of which the gravel was glittering.

"Yes, come," said George; and the three young people flitted along to their usual haunt by the pond.

"What is that?" said Dolly, pointing in the darkness. "Didn't somebody go by?" She was only a girl in her teens, and still afraid of unseen things.

"A rat," cried George, dashing forward.

"Oh, stop!" from Dolly.

"Don't be a goose," said Robert; and as he spoke George met them, flourishing an old garden shawl of Lady Sarah's, which had been forgotten upon the bench. He flung it weirdly down upon the gravel-walk. "'Dead for a ducat, dead!'" said he. Then he started forward, with a strange moonlight gleam upon his face. "'This counselor is now most still, most secret, and most grave,'" he said, "'who was in life a foolish prating knave.'" His voice thrilled—he got more and more excited.

Robert began to laugh. "What is it that you are acting?" he said.

"Acting?" cried George, opening his eyes. "'That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once.' 'Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth—'"

"Those are his Eton speeches," said Dolly; "but, George, you look terrible. Please don't."

"Do be quiet," said Henley, impatiently. "Is not some one calling?"

Some one was calling, lights were appearing and disappearing, the drawing-room window was wide open, and their aunt stood on the terrace making signs, and looking out for them.

"Look! there goes a falling-star," said George.

"Ah, who is that under the tree?" cried Dolly again, with a little shriek. "I knew I had seen some one move;" and as she spoke a figure emerging from the gloom came nearer and nearer to them, almost running, with two extended arms; a figure in long flowing garments, silver in the moonlight; a woman advancing quicker and quicker.

"Children, children," said a voice, "it is I—George—your mother! Don't you know me—darlings? I have come. I was looking for you. Yes, it is I, your mother, children."

Dolly's heart stood still, and then began to throb, as the lady flung her arms round Robert, who happened to be standing nearest.

"Is this George? I should have known him any where!" she cried.

Was this their mother?—this beautiful, sweet, unseen woman, this pathetic voice!

Dolly had seized George's hand in her agitation, and was crunching it in hers. Robert had managed to extricate himself from the poor lady's agitated clutch.

"Here is George. I am Robert Henley," he said. "But, my dear aunt, why—why did you not write? I should have met you. I—"

It was all a strange confusion of moonlight and bewilderment, and of tears presently, for Mrs. Palmer began to cry and then to laugh, and finally went off into hysterics in her son's arms.

When they were a little calmed down, when they had left the moon and the stars outside in the garden, and were all standing in a group in the drawing-room round the chair in which Mrs. Palmer had been placed, Dolly saw her mother's face at last. She vaguely remembered her out of the long ago, a very young and beautiful face smiling at her: this face was rounder and fuller than the picture, but more familiar than her remembrance. Mrs. Palmer was a stout and graceful woman, with a sort of undulating motion peculiar to her, and with looks and ways some of which Dolly recognized, though she had forgotten them before. There was a strong likeness to Dolly herself, and even a little bit of George's look when he was pleased, though poor George's thick complexion and snub nose were far, far removed from any likeness to that fair and delicate countenance. Dolly gazed admiringly at the soft white hand, with the great Louis Quinze ring upon the forefinger. Though Mrs. Palmer had come off a journey in semi-hysterics, she was beautifully dressed in a black silk dress, all over rippling waved flounces, that flowed to her feet. She was leaning back in the chair, with half-closed eyes, but with a tender, contented smile.

"I knew you would take me in," she said to Lady Sarah. "I felt I was coming home—to my dear sister's home. See," she said, "what dear Stan gave me for my wedding-gift. I chose it at Lambert's myself. We spared no expense. I have never taken off his dear ring;" and she put out her soft hand and took hold of Lady Sarah's mitten. "Oh, Sarah, to think—to think—"

Lady Sarah shrunk back as usual, though she answered not unkindly, "Not now, Philippa," she said, hastily. "Of course this house is your home, and always open to you; at least, when we know you are coming. Why did you not write? There is no bed ready. I have had the maids called up. If Admiral Palmer had let me know—"

"He did not know," said Mrs. Palmer, getting agitated. "I will tell you all. Oh, Dolly, my darling, beware how you marry; promise me—"

"He did not know?" interrupted Lady Sarah.

Dolly's mother got more and more excited.

"I had some one to take care of me," she said. "My old friend Colonel Jenkinson

was on board, and I told him every thing as we were coming along. I telegraphed to you, did I not? But my poor head fails me. Oh, Sarah, exile is a cruel thing; and now how do I know that I have not come home too soon?" she said, bursting into tears. "If you knew all—"

"You shall tell us all about it in the morning, when you are rested," said Lady Sarah, with a glance at Robert.

"Yes, in the morning, yes," said Mrs. Palmer, looking relieved, and getting up from her chair, and wiping her eyes. "How good you are to me! Am I to have my old room where I used to stay as a girl? Oh, Sarah, to think of my longings being realized at last, and my darling children—dear Stan's children—there actually before me! I should have known them any where;" and the poor thing, with a natural emotion, once more caught first one, then the other, to her, and sat holding her son's hand in both hers. When he tried to take it away she burst into fresh tears; and, as a last resource, Marker was summoned.

Poor Mrs. Palmer! her surprise had been something of a failure: George was not expansive, nor used to having his hand held; the boy and girl were shy, stiff, taken aback; Aunt Sarah was kind, but cross and bewildered; Mrs. Palmer herself exhausted after twelve hours' railway journey, and vaguely disappointed.

"It was just like her," said Lady Sarah, wearily, to Marker, as they were going up stairs some two hours later, after seeing Mrs. Palmer safe into her room, and bolting the doors, and putting out the lights of this eventful evening. "What can have brought her in this way?"

Marker looked at her mistress with her smiling round face. "The wonder to me, mum, was whatever kept her away so long from those sweet children, to say nothing of you, my lady."

"She has chosen to make other ties," said Lady Sarah; "her whole duty is to her husband. Good-night, Marker; I do not want you to-night."

"Of course you know best, my lady," says Marker, doubtfully. "Good-night, my lady."

And then all was quite silent in the old house. The mice peeped out of their little holes and sniffed at the cheese-trap; a vast company of black beetles emerged from secret places and corners; the clocks began to tick like mad. Dolly lay awake a long time, and then dreamed of her new mamma, and of the moonlight that evening, and of a floating sea. Mrs. Palmer slept placidly between her linen sheets. Sarah Francis lay awake half the night crying her eyes and her aching heart away in bitter tears. Philippa was come. She knew of old what her advent meant. She loved Philippa, but with reserve and pain; and now she would claim her Dolly, she would win her away, and steal her treasure from her again—what chance had she, sad and sorry and silent, with no means of uttering her love? She was a foolish, jealous woman; she knew it, and with all her true heart she prayed for strength and for love to overcome jealousy and loneliness. Once in her life her jealous nature had caused misery so great between her and her husband that the breach had never been repaired, and it was Philippa who had brought it all about. How jealous poor Sarah had been! how unhappy Philippa had made her! Now Sarah knew that to love more is the only secret for overcoming that cruelest madness of jealousy, and to love more was her prayer. The dawn came at last, stealing tranquilly through the drawn curtains; with what peace and tranquillity the faint light flowed, healing and quieting her pain!

CHAPTER XXII.

MRS. PALMER.

DOLLY'S new mamma's account of herself next morning was a little incoherent. Her health was very indifferent; she suffered agonies, and was living upon morphia when the doctor had ordered her home without delay. She had been obliged to come off at a few hours' notice; she didn't write. The Admiral was fortunately absent on a cruise, or he never would have let her go. He knew what a helpless creature she was. She had borrowed the passage-money from a friend. Would Lady Sarah please advance her a little now, as she was literally penniless, and she wished to make George and Dolly some presents, and to engage a French maid at once. She supposed she should hear by the next post, and receive some remittances. She was not sure, for Hawtry was so dreadfully close about money. She did not know *what* he would say to her running away. No doubt he would use dreadful language, pious as he was; *that* she was used to; Colonel Jenkinson could testify to it.....And then she sighed. "I have made my own fate; I must bear my punishment," she said. "I shall try some German baths before his return, to brace my nerves for the—the future."

There was something soft, harmonious, gently affecting, about Dolly's mamma. When Mrs. Palmer spoke she looked at you with two brown, innocent eyes shining out of a faded face: she put out an earnest white hand; there was a charming natural affectation about her. She delighted in a situation. She was one of those fortunate people whose parts in life coincide with their dispositions. She had been twice married. As a happy wife people had thought her scarcely aware

of the prize she had drawn. As an injured woman she was simply perfect. She did not feel the Admiral's indifference deeply enough to lose her self-possession, as he did. Admiral though he was, and extempore preacher, he could not always hold his own before this frail woman. Her gentle impressiveness completely charmed and won the children over.

The conversation of selfish people is often far more amusing than that of the unselfish, who see things too *diffusedly*, and who have not, as a rule, the gift of vivid description. Mrs. Palmer was deeply, deeply interested in her own various feelings. She used to whisper long stories to George and Dolly about her complicated sorrows, her peculiar difficulties. Poor thing! they were real enough, if she had but known them; but the troubles that really troubled her were imaginary for the most part. She had secured two valiant champions before breakfast next morning, at which meal Robert appeared. He had slept upon the crisis, and now seemed more than equal to it; affectionate to his aunt, with whom he was charmed, readily answering her many questions, skillfully avoiding the subject of her difficulties with the Admiral, of which he had heard before at Henley Court. He was pleased by his aunt's manner and affectionate dependence, and he treated her from the first with a certain manly superiority. And yet—so she told Dolly—even Robert scarcely understood her peculiar difficulties.

"How can he, dear fellow? He is prejudiced by Lady Henley—odious woman! I can trace her influence. She was a Palmer, you know, and she is worthy of the name. I dread my visit to Yorkshire. This is my real home."

Mrs. Palmer's mother, Lady Henley, had been an Alderville, and the Aldervilles are all young, beautiful, helpless, poor, and elegantly dressed. Mrs. Palmer took after them, she said. But helpless as Philippa was, her feebleness always leaned in the direction in which she wished to go, and in some mysterious fashion she seemed to get on as well as other stronger people. Some young officer, in a complimentary copy of verses, had once likened her to a lily. If so, it was a water-lily that she resembled most, with its beautiful pale head drifting on the water, while underneath was a long, limp, straggling stalk firmly rooted. Only those who had tried to influence her knew of its existence.

Dolly and George hung upon her words. George felt inclined to go off to Ceylon on purpose to shoot the Admiral with one of his own Colt's revolvers. Dolly thrilled with interest and excitement and sympathy. Her mother was like a sweet angel, the girl said to her brother. It was a wonderful new life that had begun for them. The trouble which had so oppressed Dolly of late seemed almost forgotten for a time. Lady Sarah, coming and going about the house, would look with a strange half-glad, half-sad glance at the three heads so near together in the recess of the window: Philippa leaning back, flushed and pathetic; George by her side, making the most hideous faces, as he was used to do when excited; Dolly kneeling on the floor, with her two elbows in her mother's lap, and her long chin upturned in breathless sympathy. Admiral—jealousy—meanness—cruel—mere necessaries; little words like this used to reach Lady Sarah, creaking uneasily and desolately, unnoticed, round and round the drawing-room.

"Is it not a pity, Philippa, to put such ideas into their heads?" says Lady Sarah, from the other end of the room.

Then three pairs of eyes would be turned upon her with a sort of reproachful wonder, and the trio would wait until she was out of hearing to begin again.

Mrs. Palmer was certainly an adaptable woman in some ways: one husband or another, one life or another. So long as she had her emotions, her maid, her cups of tea, her comfortable sofa, and some one to listen to her, she was perfectly happy. She carried about in herself such an unfailing source of interest and solicitude that no other was really necessary to her; although, to hear her speak, you would imagine her fate to be one long regret.

"My spirit is quite broken," she would say, cheerfully. "Give me that small hand-screen, Dolly. For *your* sake, Sarah, I will gladly chaperon Dolly to Cambridge, as Robert proposes (it must be after my return from Yorkshire); but I do wish you would let me write and ask for an invitation for you. George, poor fellow, wants me to bring Rhoda and the Morgan girls. I do hate girls. It is really wicked of him."

"If that were George's worst offense—" said his aunt Sarah, grimly.

"My poor boy!" said Mrs. Palmer. "Sarah, you are not a mother, and do not understand him. Come here, darling George! How I wish I could spare you from going back to those horrid examinations!"

George flushed up very red. "I should be very sorry to be spared," he muttered.

Mrs. Palmer used to ask Robert endless questions about Henley Court and his aunt, Lady Henley. Was she looking as weather-beaten as ever? Did she still wear plaids? "Vulgar woman!" whispered Mrs. Palmer to Dolly. Robert pretended not to hear. "I shall make a point of going there, Robert," she said, "and facing the Henley buckram." Robert gravely assured her that she would be most welcome.

"Welcome, my dear Robert! You can not imagine what an impertinent letter I have received from Joanna," says Mrs. Palmer. "I shall go when it is convenient to me, if

only to show her that I do not care for anything she can say. Joanna's style is only to be equaled by the Admiral's. The mail will be in on Monday."

So Philippa remained a victim, placidly sipping her coffee and awaiting the Admiral's insulting letters. The only wonder was that they had not burst their envelopes and seals, so explosive were they. His fury lashed itself into dashes and blots and frantic loops and erasures. The bills had come in for her bracelets and mufflers and tinkling ornaments. Had she forgotten the fate of the daughters of Jerusalem, who went mincing and tinkling with their feet? She might take a situation as a kitchen-maid, for all he cared. She was a spendthrift, idle, extravagant, good-for-nothing, etc., etc. Not one farthing would he allow her, etc., etc.; and so on. Mrs. Palmer used to go up to her room in high spirits to lie down to rest on the days they arrived, and send for Colonel Jenkinson to consult upon them.

She would not come down till dinner was just over, and appeared on these occasions in a long gray sort of dressing-gown and a *négligé* little lace cap; she used to dine off almonds and raisins and cups of coffee, to Lady Sarah's secret indignation. "Oh, Sarah, *you* will not turn me away?" Mrs. Palmer would say, leaning back in languid comfort. Lady Sarah was very sorry, but somewhat skeptical. She would meet Pauline carrying French novels to the library after scenes which had nearly unnerved them all.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TERRACE AT ALL-SAINTS COLLEGE.

SOMEWHERE in the fairy-land of Dorothea's imagination rises a visionary city, with towers and gables straggling against the sky. The streets go up hill and down hill, leading by cloisters and gateways and by-walls, behind which gardens are lying, like lakes of green, among the stones and the ivy. A thrush is singing, and the shrill echoes of some boyish, melancholy voices come from a chapel hard by. It is a chapel with a pile of fantastic columns standing in the quiet corner of a lane. All round the side-door are niches and winding galleries, branches wreathing, placed there by faithful hands, crisp saints beatified in stony glory. Are these, one is tempted to ask as one looks at the generous old piles, the stones that cry out nowadays when men are silent? They have, for the last century or two, uttered warnings and praises to many a generation passing by, speaking to some of a by-gone faith, to others of a living one. They still tell of past love and hope, and of past and present charity.

But in these times charity is a destroying angel; even the divine attributes seem to have changed, and Faith, Hope, and Charity have gone each their separate way.

To Dolly Vanborough, who had thought happiness was over forever, it was the first great song of her youth that these old stones sang to her on her eighteenth birthday. She hears it still, though her youth is past. It is the song of the wonder of life, of the divine in the human. As we go on its echoes reach us, repeated again and again, reverberating from point to point: who that has heard them once will ever forget them? To some they come with happiness and the delight of new undreamed-of sympathy, to others with sorrow and the realization of love. .....Its strains came with prayer and long fasting to the saints of old. This song of Pentecost—I know no better name for it—echoes on from generation to generation from one heart to another. Sometimes by chance one has looked into a stranger's face and seen its light reflected. Frank Raban saw its light in Dolly's face that day as she came out of the chapel to where her brother had left her. Just for an instant it was there while the psalm still sung in her heart. And yet the light in Dolly's face dimmed a little when she saw, not the person she had expected to see, but Mr. Raban waiting there.

"I came in Henley's place," said he, hastily, guessing her thought. "He was sent for by the Vice-Chancellor, and begged me to come and tell you this. He will join us directly."

Mr. Raban had stood waiting in the sunshiny street while Dolly deliberately advanced down the worn steps of the chapel, crossed the flagged court, and came out of the narrow iron wicket of which the barred shadow fell upon her white fête-day dress. Miss Vanborough's face was shaded by a broad hat with curling blue feathers; she wore a pink rose in her girdle. It was no saintly costume; she was but a commonplace mortal maiden in sprigged muslin, and saints wear, as we all know, red and blue and green, stained glass and damask and goat-skins; and yet Frank Raban thought there was something saint-like in her bright face, which, for an instant, seemed reflecting all her heart.

"Henley lives on my staircase," said Raban. "Those pink frills are his. He makes himself comfortable, as you see."

"I'm glad of that," said Dolly, smiling. "How nice it must be for you to have him so near!"

"He always takes ladies to see his rooms," Raban continued. "He is a great favorite with them, and gives tea-parties."

"A great favorite!" said Dolly, warmly. "Of course one likes people who are kind and good and clever and true and nice."

"Who are, in short, an addition sum, made

up of equal portions of all the cardinal virtues," said Raban.

He was ashamed of himself, and yet he did not care to hear Henley's praises from Dolly. It seemed to him dishonest to acquiesce.

Dolly stopped for half a second and looked at him.

Dorothea was a tall woman, and their eyes were on a line, and their looks met. My heroine was at no pains to disguise the meaning of her indignant glances. "How can you be so ungenerous?" she said, as plainly as if she had spoken.

Frank answered her silence in words.

"No, I don't like him," he said, "and he don't like me; and I don't care to pretend to better feelings than I really have. We are civil enough, and pull very well together. I beg your pardon. I own he deserves to succeed," said the young man. "There, Miss Vanborough, this is our garden, where we refresh ourselves with cigars and beer after our arduous studies."

Dolly was still too much vexed to express her admiration.

They all began calling to them from under the tree. John Morgan, who was of the party, was lying flat upon his broad back, beaming at the universe, and fanning away the flies. Rhoda was sitting on the grass, in a foam of white muslin and Algerian shawls. George Vanborough, privileged for the day, was astride on a wooden table; a distant peacock went strutting across the lawn; a little wind came blowing gently, stirring all the shadows; a college bell began to tinkle a little, and then left off.

"Glorious afternoon, isn't it?" says John Morgan, from the grass.

"It is like heaven," says Dolly, looking up and round and about.

Rhoda's slim fingers clasp her pearl locket, which has come out again. They were in the shade, the sun was shining hot and intense upon the old garden. The roses, like bursting bubbles, were breaking in the heat against the old baked bricks, upon the rows of prim collegiate flowers that line the side—lilies and stocks and marigolds. There was a multiplicity of sweet scents in the air, of shadows falling on the lawn, that flow from the old gates to the river; a tone is struck, an insect floats away along the garden wall. With its silence and flowers, and tremulous shades and sunshine, I know no sweeter spot than the old garden of All-Saints.

The gardener had placed seats and a bench under the old beech-tree for pilgrims to rest upon, weary with their journeys from shrine to shrine. Mrs. Palmer was leaning back in a low garden-chair; the sweep of her flowing silks seemed to harmonize with her languid and somewhat melancholy grace. Rhoda was helping to open her parasol (the parasol was dove-colored and lined with pink). There was a row of Morgans upon the bench; Mrs. Morgan upright in the midst, nicely curled and trimmed with satin bows, and a white muslin daughter on either side. Mr. Rogers, as befitted a lover, was lying on the grass at his lady's feet.

It all happened in a moment: the sky burned overhead, the sun shone upon the river, upon the colleges, with their green gardens; the rays seemed to strike fire where they met the water. The swans were sailing along the stream in placid state, followed by their gray brood, skimming and paddling in and out among the weeds and the green stems and leaves that sway with the ripple of the waters; a flight of birds high overhead crossed the vault of the heavens and disappeared in the distance. Dorothea Vanborough was standing on the terrace at the end of the old college garden, where every thing was so still, so sweet, and so intense that it seemed as if time was not. as if the clocks had stopped on their travels, as if no change could ever be, nor hours nor seasons sweep through the tranquil old place.

They were all laughing and talking; but Dolly, who was too lazy and too happy to talk, wandered away from them a little bit, to the garden's end, where she stood stooping over the low wall and watching the water flow by; there was a man fishing on the opposite bank, and casting his line again and again. In the distance a boat was drifting along the stream; some insects passed out toward the meadows humming their summer drone; a wasp sailed by. Dolly was half standing, half sitting, on the low terrace wall; with one hand she was holding up her white muslin skirt, with the other she was grasping the ledge of the old bricks upon which the lichens had been at work spreading their gold and gray. So the girl waited, sunning herself—herself a part of the summer's day, and gently blooming and rejoicing in its sweetness like any rose upon the wall.

Some people that day, Frank Raban among them, had thought her not unlike a rose herself.

There are blissful moments when one's heart seems to beat in harmony with the great harmony; when one is one's self light and warmth and the delight of light, and a voice in the comfortable chorus of contentment and praise all round about. Such a minute had come to Dolly, in her white muslin dress, with the Cam flowing at her feet and the lights dazzling her gray eyes.

Mrs. Morgan gave a loud sneeze under the tree, and the beautiful minute broke and dispersed away.

"I wonder what it can be like to grow old," Dolly wonders, looking up at John Morgan; "to remember back for years and years,

"'DOLLY, WILL YOU COME TOO?' HE SAID."

and to wear stiff curls and satinet?" Dolly began to picture to herself a long procession of future selves, each older and more curiously bedizened than the other. Somehow they seemed to make a straight line between herself and Mrs. Morgan under the tree. It was an uncomfortable fancy. Dolly tried to forget it, and leaned over the wall, and looked down into the cool depths of the stream again. Was that fish rising? What was this? Her own face again looking up from the depth. Then Dolly turned, hearing a step upon the gravel, to see Robert Henley coming toward her. He was dressed in his college cap and gown, and he advanced, floating balloon-like, along the terrace. He

looked a little strange, she thought, as he came up to her.

"I couldn't get away before," he said. "I hope you have been well looked after?"

"Yes, indeed. Come and sit down here, Robert. What a delicious old garden this is! We are all so happy! Look at those dear little swans in the river!"

"Do you like the cygnets?" said Robert, abruptly, as he looked her full in the face, and sat down on the low wall beside her. "Do you remember Charles Martindale," he asked, "whom we met once at John Morgan's, who went out to India? He is coming home next October."

"Is he?" said Dolly. "Look at that little gray cygnet scuttling away!"

"Dolly," said Henley, quickly, "they sent for me to offer me his place, and I—I—have accepted it."

"Accepted it?" said his cousin, forgetting the cygnets, and looking up a little frightened. "Oh, Robert, but you will have to go to India and leave every body!"

Her face changed a little, and Robert's brightened, though he tried to look as usual.

"Not every body," he said. "Not if—" He took the soft hand in his that was lying on the wall beside him. "Dolly, will you come too?" he said.

"Me?" cried the unabashed Dolly. "Oh, Robert, how could I?"

"You could come if I married you," said Robert, in his quiet voice and most restrained manner. "Dearest Dorothea, don't you think you can learn to love me? It will be nearly five months before I start."

It was all so utterly incomprehensible that the girl did not quite realize her cousin's words. Robert was looking very strange and unlike himself. Dolly could hardly believe that it was not some effect of the dazzle of light in her own eyes. He was paler than usual; he seemed somehow stirred from his habitual ways and self. She thought it was not even his voice that she heard speaking. "Is this being in love?" she was saying to herself. A little bewildered flush came into her cheeks. She still saw the sky, and the garden, and the figures under the tree; then, for a minute every thing vanished, as tangible things vanish before the invisible—just as spoken words are hushed and lose their meaning when the silent voices cry out.

It was but for a moment. There she stood again, staring at Robert with her innocent, gray-eyed glance.

Henley was a big, black-and-white, melancholy young man, with a blue shaved chin. To-day his face was pale, his mouth was quivering, his hair was all on end. Could this be Robert, who was so deliberate, who always knew his own mind, who looked at his watch so often in church while music was going on? Even now, from habit, he was turning it about in his pocket. This little trick made Dolly feel more than any thing else that it was all true—that her cousin loved her—incredible though it might appear; and yet even still she doubted.

"*Me*, Robert?" repeated Dorothea, in her clear, childish tones, looking up with her frank yet timid eyes. "Are you *sure*?"

"I have been sure ever since I first saw you," said Henley, smiling down at her, "at Kensington three years ago. Do you remember the snow-ball, Dolly?"

Then Dolly's eyes fell, and she stood with a tender, puzzled face, listening to her first tale of love. She suddenly pulled away her hand, shy and blushing.

The swans had hardly passed beyond the garden terrace; the fisherman had only thrown his line once again; Dolly's mother had time to shift her parasol: that was all. Henley waited, with his handsome head a little bent. He was regaining his composure; he knew too much of his cousin's uncompromising ways to be made afraid by her silence. He stood pulling at his watch, and looking at her—at the straight white figure amidst dazzling blue and green, at the line of the sweet face still turned away from him.

"I thought you would have understood me better," he said, reproachfully.

Still Dolly could not speak. For a moment her heart had beat with an innocent triumph, and then came a doubt. Did she love him—could she love him? Had he, then, cared for her all this time, when she herself had been so cold and so indifferent, and thinking so little of him? Only yesterday she had told Rhoda she should never marry. Was it yesterday? No, it was to-day—an hour ago.....What had she done to deserve so much from him—what had she done to be so overprized and loved? At the thought, quick upspringing into her two gray eyes came the tears, sparkling like the diamonds in Rhoda's cross.

"I never thought you thought—" Dolly began. "Oh, Robert, you have been in earnest all this time, and I only—only playing!"

"Don't be unhappy," said her cousin. "It was very natural; I should not have wished it otherwise. I did not want to speak to you till I had something worth your acceptance."

"All this long time!" repeated Dolly.

Did the explanations of true love ever yet run smooth? "Dolly!" cried Mrs. Palmer, from under the tree.

"Hulloa, Robert!" shouted George, coming across the grass toward them.

"Oh, Robert!" said Dorothea, earnestly, unexpectedly, with a sudden resolution to be true—true to him and to herself, "thank you a thousand times for what you have told me: only it mustn't be—I don't care enough for you, dear Robert! You deserve—"

Henley said not a word. He stood with

a half-incredulous smile; his eyes were still fixed on Dolly's sweet face; he did not answer George, who again called out something as he came up. As for Dolly, she turned to her brother and sprang to meet him, and took his arm as if for protection, and then she walked quickly away without another look, and Henley remained standing where she had been. Instead of the white muslin maiden, the cygnets may have seen a black silk young man, who looked at his watch, and then walked away too, while the fisherman quietly baited his line and went on with his sport.

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Fifth Paper.]

THE SCLAVIC PEOPLES.—(*Continued.*)

IT is truly remarkable that among the most ardent advocates of the reformation of modern society, and its radical reorganization, are to be met so many children of that Russian nation which is regarded as the keystone of absolute authority. In this transformation of the Muscovite spirit Hertzen represented the idea and the sentiment, and his old companion and friend, Bakonine, action and combat. Hertzen was a republican like Rousseau, eloquent, sentimental, somewhat of a dreamer, a consummate man of letters, an agreeable novelist, a fancy that fluttered lightly over all the arts, an intelligence most susceptible to the influence of all revolutionary ideas, communicating by his speech, warm with the fire of faith, his own ardor to all who read his writings, which were dictated by that passion and enthusiasm which seem to create new souls by the contact of new thoughts. Bakonine certainly is nothing like this. On the contrary, he represents the reality, aims to modify life, struggles, organizes, governs; when insurrection is necessary, revolts; and when he has roused a people to revolt, he sustains, with arms in his hands, at the risk of his life, the work of his conspiracies.

It is rare that one encounters in the world a man more imbued with his own ideas, more devoted to their realization, with a doctrine so rigorously logical, and a life so harmonious with the doctrine. The world, according to Bakonine, will not be improved until it has accepted his Sclavic ideal, and his Sclavic ideal consists in the death of every governmental organism; in the absence of every state, even the most democratic; in the absorption of the family by the municipality, which, according to him, is the true human family; in the absorption of property by socialism — a reminiscence of the Russian tribes encamped on the steppes in the fashion of the ancient tribes of Asia.

This idea, in my opinion completely erroneous and injurious to modern democracy, has been sustained by a life, in my own opinion, pure and entirely devoted with admirable perseverance to the defense of the people. We understand all the damage which the theories of Bakonine have done to the progress of democracy in the West, but we also understand and assert that his intentions have been good, and that his errors take their rise in the sincerity of his attachment to his system, which has its origin in a long education, and has been nourished by his hot and reckless Sclavic blood. Bakonine frightens the proprietary classes of the West with his communist revolutions, and he discourages the popular class with his contempt for the proceedings of our republicanism and his repulsion for all our political solutions. But Bakonine has found his inspiration in the spectacle of his Russian municipalities, which are the proprietors in common of all landed property, and he believes in good faith that this is the germ of the new human society. In the congresses of European democracy, in their great controversies, when the athletic Russian, of almost gigantic stature, raises his Oriental head above all those which surround him, as those Cimbrian chiefs caught by Marius in the fields of slaughter raised their heads above the Roman trophies, it is clearly shown by the contemptuous smile with which he hears our discourses, to him full of sophistries, and in the concentrated flash of his eyes, full of wrath against our individualist ideas, that there is in his soul, even unknown to himself, something of the rancorous hate against the West which sustained the Goth Alaric when he besieged Rome, and destroyed it, and slaughtered it, scattering its children and sacking its monuments with fire and sword.

Bakonine would be incapable of burning our modern society in material fire, like the barbarous chief, but he would be easily capable of melting it in the crucible of his intelligence. I oppose, but I understand, this political conception, which is now appropriately called in Europe the Muscovite idea. One of the greatest benefits of liberty is its wealth of education, and one of the greatest benefits of education is the ability it gives to take account of existing facts in all our political solutions. Talk with a citizen of Switzerland or of the United States, and the first thing which will strike you in him will be

his practical sense, the sense of the real, his serene confidence that every reform will be realized when the people shall have become familiar with it in the school of politics, in the press and public meetings, and shall be ready to incarnate it in the form best suited to their sovereignty at the polls. But a man born in the shadow of despotism, reared among the terrors of his own family and the suspicions of arbitrary authority, educated under the lash of a religious and political dogmatism—as soon as the idea buds in his conscience, gagged by the censorship—as soon as the citizen character is developed by maturity, stretched on the rack of slavery, with the spectacle always before his eyes of the omnipotence of one man, and the shame always in his heart of his own slavery, his own impotence, hampered by spies in his speech and writing and most intimate reunions, apprehensive, restless, seeing every thing possible and easy to a tyrant —he creates in his silent soul a fantastic idea which he loves with delirious exaltation, and ends by opposing to the pride of despots the plots of conspiracy, the mysteries of the secret society, the supreme efforts of revolutions. For this reason I do not wonder that the republican party of Russia is the least practical and the most violent of all the republican parties of Europe. For this reason I do not wonder that Bakonine should be a socialist in respect to social problems and an anarchist in respect to political problems. In the present state of men's minds, amidst the electric currents of ideas, the government which does not give birth to free citizens must of necessity give birth to furious demagogues. Liberty is a universal aspiration, and to defend it those spirits which are cast out of their rights take refuge in Utopia, and those intellects which are deprived of sovereignty take refuge in conspiracies. It is thus that I explain the Utopian ideal and the revolutionary temperament of the Russian Bakonine.

He was by profession an officer of artillery, but his inclinations were always those of the conspirator and apostle. His mind delighted in philosophy—in that philosophy which calmed a little the violence of his character and tempered his thirst for reform. The chair of philosophy was nevertheless closed in Moscow since 1826. Despots know very well that free thought forms free characters, and that in the world the intelligent force of ideas is stronger than the brute force of governments. They know that those abstract, purely ideal thoughts which arise from the depths of the conscience, and are communicated to a few disciples in the retirement of schools, expand silently and mysteriously in the intellect like gases, like electricity through the air. It is much easier to persecute a gas and imprison a sunbeam than to persecute or imprison an idea. And so it is in this way that the idea has conquered the rack and the stake, has extinguished the Inquisition which burned to destroy it, and from the scaffold, which it has converted into a sacred symbol, like the cross, it has broken the power and overthrown the pride of the Cæsars.

Through this mysterious diffusion of ideas penetrated into the heart of Russia, and especially into the literary city of Moscow, the German philosophy. The chair of philosophy was vacant, but the teaching of philosophy survived in the chair of physics. Pauloff, master of this science, defined it as the knowledge of nature. When this definition was formulated rose these two questions—first, What is knowledge? second, What is nature? The answer to the first question contained the whole moral world, the answer to the second the whole world of physics. The professor then entered with this prologue in the chair of physics, and with all sails spread, launched out on the ocean of philosophy and thought. The system of Schelling was no longer fashionable in Germany when it obtained favor in Russia. But if in Germany it was a reaction from the point where it was substituted by another system much more rigorous and scientific, in Russia it marked a progress superior to the scholastic dogmatism and the Greek orthodoxy. Men's spirits entered into the sphere of nature like paralytics who recover the use of their limbs, like blind men recovering the light—plunged with unutterable pleasure into the tumultuous waves, into the splendid ether, into the sweet harmonies of universal life, with all its marvelous perspectives, with all its illimitable horizons, revealing not only its own existence, but the presence every where of the Infinite, of the Eternal.

The philosophy of Schelling is the philosophy of the absolute, and the absolute is the identity of the subjective with the objective. By a reaction against the former philosophy this new system drew man from his isolation, from concentration in himself, and launched him into the universe. The laws of nature are ideal laws in the consciousness; the ideal laws of consciousness are real laws of nature. The absolute is developed, is incarnated in matter and its organisms, in society and its institutions, in philosophy and its ideas, where it acquires the plenitude of life with the plenitude of consciousness. The spirit is dormant in the rock, is awake in the plant, dreams in the animal, thinks in the man. The ether, diluted in infinite space, an essence of essences, was the first manifestation of life. Into the ether, like a rock in a lake, fell the Divine word—the word of creation. At the vibrations of this word in the ether sprang forth organisms, and broke out into open conflict the natural antagonisms of the universe.

There was an antagonism between the centrifugal and the centripetal forces, which nevertheless constitute the celestial mechanism; an antagonism between the chemical agencies, which constitute new affinities in life; an antagonism between positive and negative electricity, which produces a fluid necessary to the planet; an antagonism between azote and oxygen, which form the atmosphere we breathe; antagonisms like that between the subjective and the objective, which in its harmony forms knowledge; antagonisms which give for their result nature, the universe. The universal life dispersed, diffused every where is only known in its organisms, as the dew dispersed invisibly in the air is known only when it concentrates in a tremulous drop upon the petals of the flowers. But life does not end in the real; it continues in the ideal. Nature is the development of the real, and history is the development of the ideal. In nature the infinite radiates into the finite; and in history, on the contrary, the finite radiates into the infinite. But if nature is the development of the real, and history that of the ideal, philosophy is the identity of the real and the ideal, of the objective with the subjective, the great, the supreme equation.

This philosophy, subjecting the life and the spirit, history and nature, to fixed laws and normal developments, inspired a certain resignation to the present social state, as a consequence of the former social state, and a promise of that which was to come. It is evident that, possessing such a character, this philosophy could not long retain by its magical attraction the restless, unquiet spirit of Bakonine. An indefatigable soldier, he could say, like the doctor of the German legend when he was examining the origin of things, "In the beginning was not the Word; in the beginning was Action, Action, always Action." His strong, sanguine, athletic temperament needed the exercise of combat in those years of 1840 and 1841 in which he was in the full enjoyment of all his vital faculties. The system of Schelling was a mystic, contemplative system, although the object of his mysticism and his contemplations was nature, as the policy of Schelling was the policy of compromises, of gradual and successive emancipation, although it rested upon a sentiment so liberal as that of progress.

But if Pauloff bore to Moscow the philosophy of Schelling, Stanekevitch bore another philosophy more original, more systematic, less mystic—the philosophy of Hegel. Stanekevitch was at the time a youth of twenty-seven years, weak as a child and impressible as a woman. The fever of consumption consumed his broken frame, the fever of inspiration his ecstatic soul. In the nervous agitations which swept like tempests through all his organization; in the enthusiastic words which bubbled out each instant from his lips like the boiling lava of ideas; in the profound, fixed glance of his melancholy eyes; in the almost fantastic aureole of artistic inspiration which crowned his brow, spacious as a sky—in his whole nature, it was to be seen that this youth was one of those favorite children of art for whom the world is merely a resting-place, and who seem always ready to fly on the wings of ecstasy and the magnetic dream of idealism to their natural habitation and home—to heaven. Such a man was necessarily the complete antithesis of the revolutionist. The tumult of action annoyed him, and the severe realities of life made him ill. For this feverish youth, attacked by bitter pains of body and of soul, there was only one exercise worthy of man—that of thought; and there was only one refuge against tyranny—the refuge of science. His study was meditation; his works were discourses; his ministry, to teach; his passion, the idea; his monument, art; his life, the company and communion of his disciples; his ambition, to transform minds, sure that when this was accomplished they would transform society. The predominant sentiment in the Hegelian philosophy professed by this young man was the historic sentiment. Never did history have so clear a consciousness of itself as in the system of Hegel. Logic had clearly demonstrated the idea of Schelling that the laws of the understanding are the laws of fact, as the calculations of Galileo demonstrated the system of Copernicus. The principle that the history of philosophy is the philosophy of history, which has been stigmatized by many as a verbal quibble, contained in a happy formula the intimate relation between the ideal and the real in human life. The great thought that the history of the world is the history of liberty explained how the personality, asleep in the breast of an Asiatic pantheism whelmed in the ocean of darkness formed by universal slavery, rises through an interior development and growth, producing religion, art, science, and the various applications of its faculties, till it arrives at the highest grade of life, the full consciousness of itself. It is no wonder that this system should engender in Russia a most eloquent professor of history, Granovski, who brought it to the cathedral of Moscow, and an eminent critic, who applied it to the study of ideas and to the examination of the arts. The critic of whom we speak is Belinski, who exercised, by his bitter sarcasms against all theologic error and social castes, a ministry in the middle of the nineteenth century in Russia like that which Voltaire exercised in France in the middle of the former century. This great Russian critic, who had propagated with such success the revolutionary spirit, had his moments of vacillation, and even of reaction. He was the intimate friend, al-

most the brother, of Bakonine, who cherished for him that affectionate enthusiasm which only grows up among temperaments and characters radically different. Belinski was, in private life, taciturn, melancholy, timid, querulous. His timidity and his modesty prevented him from exercising that controlling influence which demands great confidence in one's self as the basis of character, and great dogmatic force as the basis of thought. But when his dearest ideas were combated, when his political and scientific sentiments were opposed by some servile book, some court writer, his timidity turned to heroism, his taciturnity to eloquence, his melancholy to wit and humor, and with a vein worthy of Cervantes and an irony worthy of Heinrich Heine, he lashed those unreasoning and spiritless authors who were capable of throwing under the wheels of the imperial car, like the superstitious Hindoos, something more than body and life, the conscience and the immortal soul. In these combats for the vindication of human dignity, at least in the republic of letters, the eminent critic not only destroyed his opponents, but, by opposing ideas to ideas, system to system, he rose often on the wings of his genius, lyrical and logical at the same time, to the summit of the ideal, whence he poured out torrents of the purest poetry.

For a while Bakonine and Belinski were estranged. It arose from the fact that the latter, dazzled by the thought of Hegel, which he did not fully comprehend, began to justify despotism and resignation. This thought was, "All that is real is rational." The disciple drew the inference that if the czar had wounded and slaughtered fourteen nations—if, with the sceptre in one hand and the sabre in the other, he ruled in Asia, in Europe, and even in America, entire races subjected to his domination, like a flock to the shepherd, it was because this authority was necessary for the progress of the human race and its final education. Thus separating himself from the actual world like a mystic, refusing to hear the complaints of human misery, impassive in the face of universal slavery, he gave himself up to the contemplation of his own spirit, enjoying his intellectual selfishness, before whose dreams and abstractions the world and society vanished like the smoke of sacrifices.

An active and enterprising nature like that of Bakonine, little given to abstractions, and devoted to realities, could not assent to this indifference between good and bad, between liberty and slavery, which for a time chilled the ardent soul of the critic. But, in fact, this coldness was but temporary, and Belinski returned with renewed vigor to vindicate, as far as the Muscovite censorship permitted it, the right of thought to independence, and of the citizen to liberty. Around this great writer was grouped a company of youth eager for reform. Under obscure symbols, in allegories often unintelligible, through tortuous ways, with scalpel in his hand to analyze the religious orthodoxy and the imperial authority, the fire of the new faith in a soul faint with infinite and indomitable aspirations, the great writer transformed the conscience of the youth about him, affronted by that half-divine emperor and those half-bestial serfs, and eager to change every thing, even to property and the church, fitting them to receive rather the inspirations of reason than the livery of the court. The military governor of St. Petersburg frequently said to him, when he met the critic on the promenade of the Perspective, "I have a fortress prepared for you, and a good dungeon in it." And, in fact, his writings were prohibited in his life, and the government denied to his disciples after his death the privilege of raising him a monument, which never would have been so durable as his memory.

Existence being thus reduced to pure thought, and thought in its expression to mere allegory, Bakonine could not find in Russia sufficient room for the development of his character. The political and intellectual agitation of the West tempted him with irresistible seductions. Paris attracted him as the capital of thought, the focus of revolution. At Paris he passed several years before the movement of February. In the capital of Europe the revolutionary Russian became the advocate of the unhappy Poles. We can not comprehend the effort it was necessary for the Russian to make to rise above the prejudices of his native country in the wretched affairs of Poland. According to the most fundamental ideas of Russian education, the Poles are a people who have merited their terrible chastisement by their internal divisions, their radical incapacity to govern themselves; a people who sold themselves to their foreign enemies rather than reconcile their internal dissensions; a people who agitated all Europe with their scandalous elections of kings, and afterward reduced all their kings to nullity and impotence; a people whose better classes held all authority in the hands of a powerful oligarchy, and whose lower classes were the fettered victims of aristocratic privileges; a people who had conquered the Russians, and had held them long ages in irons and under the lash; a people who, destroyed and dismembered, their most illustrious sons scattered, their most ancient provinces divided among foreign nations, still preserve such a character that they can not free themselves from intolerant Catholicism, from intellectual and moral slavery, from their proud aristocracy, from their seditious and hostile parties, from their two eternal faults, the monstrous union of anarchy and despotism. When a man has raised himself in this way

above the whole education of his life, such a man has genuine merit, and renders services to humanity which can not be easily blotted out by other faults or other errors.

Meanwhile thundered the revolution of February. With the revolutionary February broke out simultaneous insurrections in all Europe. Germany, the focus of scientific light, became in turn the volcano of ardent revolutionary flame. The Russian apostle traversed the fields of Germany, filled with combats, visited the cities, the prey of exaltation and delirium. His soul dilated in the fight. Organization was his work, combat his passion, insurrection his purpose, the establishment of a revolutionary dictatorship his ambition. He wished no state, no government. In his idea authority is reduced to the administration of a mercantile company. In his system social direction must lose all political character. Anarchy could not be more crudely formulated. But this man, who desired no form of government himself, governed imperiously. Reared in absolutism, he had a passion for secret societies and their cabalistic formulas, like that of night birds for darkness. Although he protested against all authority, it is evident in his acts that he had a great idea of power and authority. He exercised it, at least, with genuine imperiousness. For the laboring classes I do not know but that there was some mysterious power in his gigantic stature, in the patriarchal aspect given by his thick white beard, in the athletic form reminding one of those Goths placed at the head of the empire by the degenerate Romans, in his attitude and air of an Eastern priest, in the concentrated light of his small eyes and the ironic smile of his shrewd lips—in his whole person, which seemed to unite the German perseverance with the Sclavic mobility, all the contrasted characteristics of Russia. I have seen him exercise a powerful attraction over working-men, who received his formulas like luminous doctrines, and his plans of organization like works of emancipation. And this magnetism which he unquestionably exercised over the working classes explains to me the suddenness of his fortune and his failure in Dresden. He is still called in Germany, in memory of his exploits in the revolution, the Dictator of Dresden. Captured with arms in his hands, condemned to death, his punishment was commuted into perpetual imprisonment.

The Austrian empire, which has always enjoyed these charges of executioner and jailer, assumed the custody of the prisoner. The Emperor Nicholas claimed him, and he was given up after a year of severe imprisonment. When the Russian soldiers received him in their hands he was loaded with chains, which had made deep wounds in his flesh. They immediately freed him from this torture. He gratefully threw himself on the necks of his compatriots, and embraced them with effusion. This patriotic enthusiasm did not gain him his liberty, but did gain him some mitigation of his captivity. From 1849 to 1855 he was a prisoner, but at the accession of Alexander II. his imprisonment was commuted into exile to Siberia. He was sent to the bank of the river Amoor, but escaped to Japan, and thence to the United States, and from there went to Switzerland, where he installed himself to devote his life, in the shadow of its republican liberties, to the propaganda of what he styles "collectivism."

This collectivism is in its essence nothing more than communism. No society which springs from the Renaissance in its art, from the Reformation in its conscience, from the criticism of pure reason in its philosophy, from the dogma of responsibility in its morals, from the idea of liberty in its law, from the American and French revolutions in its institutions, and which is moving on to the completion of all these forms of progress by the consecration of the human personality in its inviolable essence and the sum total of its relations—no such society, profoundly democratic, but at the same time profoundly liberal, can adopt for its rule of life, for its hope of progress and growth, the Asiatic communism which was the beginning of society, the epoch of its gestation, in which the rich variety of human nature as yet had not begun its development any more than the boughs, the leaves, the flowers, and the fruits find their development in the rough kernel, which nevertheless contains all the plant. Communism is the most natural form of the ancient patriarchate, of the nomad and wandering tribe which bears in its warcarts family, property, government, laws, and gods. But as soon as the personality is developed, with it springs forth the law of variety, and with the law of variety the diversity of aptitudes, a result of the diversity of faculties, which form by their very contradictions the harmonies of life. Man has a right to live in society where all his faculties may find free development and growth in his individual responsibility, through the counsels of his free conscience and the impulses of his independent will. But man has not, can have no right to, an equal reward for the unequal employment of his faculties, the product of his own will. To attain this end it is necessary to create a state which shall outrage nature; and for this it is necessary to create a state which shall assassinate liberty. Only force can destroy the individualism innate in the human person. Only force can discipline and control human aptitudes, and distribute their products with equality. The scissors of the gardener of Versailles reduced to equality the trees which nature in its spontaneity produced of different sizes for the

accomplishment of the laws of variety; and as the gardener reduced to equality the trees in the mathematical but lifeless combinations of Le Notre, the monarchy crushed all classes under the yoke of Louis XIV. An authority as strong, therefore, as that of *le Roi Soleil* is necessary to distribute property equally, and preserve it in common. And one of the greatest faults of communism is its mechanical character, by which it destroys the spontaneity of the mind. If you ask of Bakonine, he will tell you that the Sclavic communist municipality is the beau ideal of human society. And if you tell him you prefer the Saxon municipality or the American, he will say that inequality and selfishness reign in them. But I would ask him, how has the Sclavic municipality never produced a Fulton, nor a Franklin, nor a Morse? It does not produce them, because nature only yields to genius, and genius only is revealed in liberty.

In fact, the whole idea of Bakonine is a Utopia, and one destitute of fancy, a Utopia which has never been warmed by the fire of imagination. I comprehend the great Utopians who have written and published a social poem, a poem of cosmogony. I comprehend them, and their theories appear to me like the galaxy of ideas in which all the undecided vanishes and new worlds are condensed. If these Utopians, who have sought in their consciences a new society, have done no more than sustain, console, and open new horizons, they have done much for humanity. They have joined to our sorrows their hopes. In this way their ideality is raised above all times, and maintains high aspirations toward progress, and revives the thirst for the infinite. The social prophet is like the poet, the inseparable companion of man, and, like the poet, he covers beneath the roseate wings of his prophetic thoughts the griefs of each pulsation of life, and the pains of every day of toil. In the biblical world the prophet created the idea of Israel which gave sustenance to a hundred generations. In like manner the sibyl of the pagan world survived above the altars of Christianity when all the gods were dead. This mysterious woman outlived the divinities, and still stands resplendent beneath the vault of the Sistine Chapel in the sanctuary of Catholicism, because she hoped much. In every epoch, joined to every reality, there is an iris of these illusions, which promise not only the reform which changes society, but the reform which changes the world. After having read one of those apocalyptic books, I feel my temples beating with new force, and my sentiments widening into magic hopes. If I look to the heavens, it seems that the infinite expands within my eyes, that I hear in my dull ears the vibrations of the life of the universe; and when I consider the luminous orbs, the wandering comets, the stars, which are suns of suns, the luminary of our terrestrial days, accompanied by its rolling planets, which in turn drag after them their placid satellites and swarms of aerolites, I feel that the cosmogonic forces are aiding me powerfully in my individual progress, and that the mysteries of nature and of the spirit reveal themselves to my feeble reason, that the heavens are blooming as if in a universal spring, that the Milky Way rains drops of mysterious dew upon our celestial zones, illuminating them with new stars, and that light wings of resistance are growing upon our shoulders, that we may fly, with ecstasy in our eyes and the truth in our thought, from world to world, from sun to sun, in communication with all their inhabitants, devising aspects of beauty and of eternal truth before unknown, hearing the ineffable harmonies of the stars and the combinations of their movements, until all the life of the cosmos flows back upon me without whelming me; and without feeling my reason dazzled, I can see the transformations of my being in new forms of the spirit, and above my spirit, God, animating and reproducing life and its creations eternally.

But what is the ideal of Bakonine? A communist municipal council, subjected in politics to an irresponsible czar, and in administration to an unfeeling bureaucracy. I have myself seen him mount the tribune of the Congress of Berne and coldly explain his Utopias in easy but jejune language. A legion of workmen followed him, bent on believing that their position could not be ameliorated until men were made equal beneath the yoke of a strong state, which would cut them uniformly by the pattern of communist combinations. Several Russian youths surrounded him, pale as death, feverish and hectic, excited almost to insanity, proposing the proclamation of atheism as a dogma of democracy, and an official armed public opposition by all the powers of the government to the idea of God. Some of these raving nihilists desired to see an inquisition of materialism like that of Philip II., which should persecute the deists, a moral slavery of conscience, a violent war against ideas which can no more be coerced than light and heat. The Russian communist passed his keen and sparkling glance over his disciples, like a priest over his believers, and directed sardonic sarcasms at all those who did not regard as the best of all governments the government of our convents, and as the most privileged region of the earth the sad and sterile steppes of Russia. "I desire," he said, turning to the democrats of Europe, "a clear and decisive resolution; I desire the leveling of individuals and of classes, because without this there can be no justice. I am a collectivist, and therefore demand the abolition of inherit-

ance. If you have any other measures, give them to us; in default of this, we will believe that you have only called the laboring-men together to fasten new chains upon them. The remedy for the evils of this society is found in the collective possession of the soil." Jaclart was still more fanatical. His words were uttered in great excitement: "If you are not atheist, you are logically tyrants. Far from being leagued to emancipate the peoples, you would form a holy alliance against revolutions. Rather than preserve any thing of the ancient social organization, I would prefer an irruption of barbarians."

The Congress of Berne, faithful representative of democracy and of the federal republic, could in no way accede to such doctrines. It would have destroyed the work which had among its prophets Dante and Luther, among its philosophers Descartes and Locke, among its Baptists Voltaire and Rousseau, among its soldiers Washington and Hoche. It would have trampled these in the dust of nihilist materialism. When the democrats rejected these doctrines the Muscovite publicist rose angrily, called together his adherents, directed a few threats at those whom he called formalist republicans, and abandoned the hall, saying that he would from that day devote himself exclusively to the workmen, and to the solution of the social problem which he thought comprised in collectivism.

One year later an important congress of laborers took place in Basle. Bakonine had fulfilled his threats, had infused his Muscovite ideas in the veins of the Western laboring-men. His theories are reduced to the following:

1. The destruction of every political state.
2. Substitution of associations of workmen for the political state.
3. Social liquidation.
4. Collective property in lands.
5. The appropriation in common of all the instruments of labor.
6. Atheism in religion, materialism in philosophy.

These theories are accepted by a large portion of the European working-men. Do they proceed from any of those nations which have passed through all the phases of civilization, or any one of those universities which have sounded all the depths of science? No; they proceed from the steppes of Russia, from tribes rotten before they were ripe, without intelligence, tormented by shadows which chill all they touch—from Russian sectaries lost in the desert, removed from all our scientific movements, and who, fleeing from the intolerance of their church and the tyranny of their barbarous czars, plunged resolutely into nihilism, the suicide of the soul.

The theory of Bakonine obeys in its foundation a sentiment analogous to the sentiment of the Sclavophilists. These sectaries believe their race the chosen race of liberty, as the Jews believed their people the chosen people of God. In the heart of such patriots exist ideas which repel not only the domination but the influence of foreigners. It would appear as if they had been conquered like the Hungarians and the Italians, quartered like the people of Poland, they, the conquerors and the tyrants of so many dead nationalities. The idea of the Russian Sclavophilists arose in mysticism, in the bosom of the Holy Alliance, when the kings, excited by their victories, and the peoples, feverish after their battles, thought revolutionary ideas extinguished, and imagined it was possible to restore the Middle Ages with their theocratic and military aristocracies, their soldier kings, their pontiffs mediating between God and man, between heaven and the great powers of earth. At the same time arose the so-called romantic school, coinciding with this tendency of despots, and devoting itself in Germany to raising above the invention of printing, the discovery of the New World, the preaching of Luther and the irony of Cervantes, the statues of Michael Angelo and the paintings of Raphael—above that Renaissance which had restored to the spirit its life, to nature its just empire—a society which the romanticists called catholic and chivalrous, when in its essence it was military and slavish. Seduced by these archaic tendencies, the Bohemians, oppressed by Austria, stretched out their arms to the Emperor Alexander in the name of community of blood, in the name of the Sclavic race. At this appeal the Russians remembered that they were also Sclaves, brothers of the oppressed, and Alexander a German, the brother of the oppressors. A movement toward the times preceding the German dynasty revealed itself in Russia. In the view of these archæologists, the Russian religion, heir of the Greek spirit, which has been the metaphysical and dogmatic spirit of Christianity; the Sclavic race, with its enterprising character, its nervous and feminine sensibility united to energies truly masculine, with its talent for assimilation, in which all ideas penetrate without losing their character, as the juices of the earth and the oxygen of the air penetrate the blood; the municipal traditions of the Russian peasantry, who govern themselves with genuine independence, and live in perfect community of interests—are bases of the true political and social growth interrupted by Germanism, whose emperors, with their mechanical soldiers and their bureaucrat machines, have placed upon the shoulders of a people stunted in their growth the leaden covering of a culture already touched with irremediable decadence. The most truly Russian city is

Moscow, a city of the East, with its gilded cupolas, the chief city of the ancient Muscovy; while St. Petersburg, founded by the sea on the banks of the Neva, to breathe more readily the ideas and receive more promptly the blood of the Germans, is the city which has set above the Sclavic institutions and the Sclavic life an empire of foreigners, which makes of a race of freemen, in its aristocracy, a crowd of courtiers, and in its democracy a herd of serfs. To restore Sclavism—this is the whole idea of the Russian traditionalist. And the idea of Bakonine is analogous to this—to impose upon the West, upon that land where the loftiest institutions have been given form by philosophers, and put in practice by peoples, the nihilist doctrine born in the inert immensity of the steppes, which have never yet produced one of those marvelous prophets like Christ and Moses and Mohammed, born in the warm deserts of Asia and of Africa, by the luminous rivers of the Mediterranean, the sea of the arts and of ideas; and under the reign of nihilism—a sort of dogmatic theology of the despair produced by slavery—to extend the Russian municipality, with its community of land, or its division of land by lot, like that existing in India, which might serve as the beginning of a civilization in leading-strings, but not as the ideal or the hope of a civilization like ours, which has arrived at its complete maturity, and which has acquired, or has nearly acquired, that supreme benefit, the alliance of order with liberty, of stability with progress, of democracy with law, of the individual with society, in the serene air of the modern principles of justice.

This party of the Sclavophilists, or Sclavonophilists, as others call them, is a party which has very great influence in the destinies of Russia. In Russia Sclavism is directed against the influence of St. Petersburg and its court. Outside of Russia it is directed against the Austrians, who rule over the Czechs, and the Hungarians, who govern another branch of the Sclavic family. Whenever there is a conflict between France and Germany the Sclavophilists place themselves on the side of France, because Germany is the target of their historic resentments. But in reality they detest the whole civilization of the West, on account of its contrast with their patriarchal tribes. Moscow was the natural residence of this sect. In the year 1840 came to the holy city a Croat adventurer named Gay, appealing to the Russian sentiment to defend and protect him against the oppressors of Dalmatia and Croatia. An enormous sum was given to this apostle, and at a splendid banquet offered to him were pronounced in verses, amidst the clanging of glasses, these terrible words: "Let us drink till we are drunk the blood of Magyars and of Germans." A waggish fellow, hearing this proposition, took it into his head to ridicule it with the following sally: "Gentlemen, excuse me; I am going to leave you for a few moments. My landlord is a German; I am going to kill him with this table-knife, and will return in a moment." This buffoonery, while it provoked some to anger, provoked others to great indignation, so deeply rooted is this national fanaticism in Russia.

Against these reactionary tendencies appeared a man of extraordinary talent—Tchedayeff. It was in the summer of 1838. This man, depressed, melancholy, unable to forget the multitude of exiles buried in the mines of Siberia, whose lamentations were always in his ears, whose sorrows in his heart, feeling himself, like them, smothered under the exhausted receiver of despotism, nervously seized his pen and traced by the light of his anger an elegy of Russian desperation. In his eyes this Russia, so flattered by the Sclavophilists, was nothing more in the European world than a horrible exception, a poisonous lake at whose miasmatic borders the reason of a whole people had fallen asleep and the blood of a whole race had been corrupted. This sufferer in the Russian hell, who had the courage to write an audacious protest against the eternity of his punishment, merited what has been said of him by a great poet: "In Rome he would have been Brutus, in Athens Pericles, but under the yoke of despotism he was not, he could not be, more than a simple officer of hussars." The emperor, at the sight of a man of such audacity, who dared to insult the nation which was the heir-loom of his despotism, had him officially declared insane. Every Sunday a doctor and a policeman came to certify that the great writer continued in a state of dangerous monomania. This madman was a man of tall stature, of aristocratic air and refined manners, dressed with elegance, saluted by all with respect. In his face, of a waxen pallor, in his eyes, sombre as a Northern sky, in his lips, always contracted by a bitter smile, in his epigrammatic conversation, you could see the image of a great melancholy, which sometimes separated him from society like a hermit, and at other times plunged him like a shipwrecked man in the wave of passions and the storms of the world. Wandering in the streets of Moscow with the sinister aspect of a ghost, he sometimes took refuge in silence, as if he had renounced all communication of his thoughts, and at other times gave free rein to his satirical spirit, and laughed at every thing in the Muscovite life, its religious and social servitude. There is in Moscow a great bell, which cracked at the first blow, and made it necessary to take away the clapper. This great and tongueless bell was, in the fancy of the liberal writer, a symbol of this immense Russian people,

occupying a vast portion of the earth, but mute, forbidden to hold an idea in its intelligence or a word on its lips, sealed by despotism. Thus Tchedayeff, attributing this Russian slavery to the orthodox religion, deserted the Byzantine altars and embraced the democratic catholicism preached by Lamennais and Lacordaire, modifying it with the naturalism of Schelling, which was full of religious and mystical ideas. The Word had been the incarnation of the Divine idea in human life; the Word, the eternal revelation of thought by speech, had elevated the darkened human conscience like a luminous Host in the temple of space, over the gigantic altar of earth. "And this immense Russian territory," said the writer, "is peopled by an innumerable race who are forbidden to speak, and yet give themselves the name of Sclave—a name which in its most genuine etymology means the Word." And, in fact, it is not possible to comprehend all the virtue of human speech—all the force and efficacy for the progress of the world—which is possessed by those sounds merely articulated by the lips and vanishing in the air; it can not be understood how it penetrates to the depths of the intellect, how it moves and elevates the will, how it opens new horizons in time and inaugurates new ages in history, how it converts into men the petrifactions of races sunk in despotism—this miracle can not be comprehended until we look at the means employed by tyrants for impeding the diffusion of this generating light and heat, and the power with which, in the end, human speech overcomes every thing, and, although so fragile, so light, so ethereal, buries its persecutors with all their bravos and all their armies. The Word spoken in the desert always raises a Moses, and the Pharaohs who persecute it, who think that with their swords they can reach the prophet, are miserably drowned in the tide raised by the Word.

Therefore, when men can not exercise their faculty of speech, and communicate with each other with regard to political and religious problems, they seek a historical problem, an archæological problem, and devote to it the conflicts of their intellects, and around it spring up the strifes of party, and in it are included all discussions of social systems. It is in this manner that I explain to myself the existence of the Sclavophilists in Russia, and that of their opponents. The orthodox Sclavophilists are like our traditionalist party, and this existence of a traditionalist party in Russia has an advantage, because it occasions the rise of an opposition party of progress. It is the essential condition of human nature. An idea never is planted without its opposing idea being planted immediately afterward. From the opposition of ideas and the opposition of forces results at the same time the equilibrium of the celestial mechanism and of the human reason. Thus history marches among radical oppositions until contradictions are resolved and raised to mysterious harmonies. Our breath and the breath of the plants, which are the opposite of each other, need and complete each other. With the antagonisms of ideas the same thing happens. The peoples may cherish Utopias, but despots also dally with Utopias of authority, and one of the wildest Utopias of authority is that of attaining a unity of faith, of religious and metaphysical belief. For this they have employed their theocratic aristocracies, supported often by their legions of inquisitors. And nature has avenged itself of these criminal dreams, raising up by the side of every dogma its heresy, by the side of every church its sect of dissenters, by the side of every priest his tribune, by the side of every idea, through the irrepressible force of discussion, the radically opposite idea. And so by the side of the orthodox and reactionary Sclavophilists appear the republican and socialist Sclavophilists.

They have three men prominent above all others—Komekof, the dialectician; Kireyefski, the mystic; Aksakof, the fanatic. Komekof was a Muscovite of vigorous intellect and character, of prodigious memory; a fanciful poet, strong in argument, indefatigable in debate; always ready for the combat, and last in the retreat; armed with syllogisms and invectives, with poetical traditions and insoluble dilemmas; now fortified in science, and now wandering in mysticism; whose only object seemed to be to demonstrate in all his conversation that human reason was attacked with incurable blindness for understanding the truth, and the human will with incurable impotency for accomplishing good, there being no resource on earth but the invocation of the help of God, whose organ is the Greek Church, depository of the Divine spirit and Divine word. Kireyefski, with his brother, represented mysticism, ecstasy. Humanitarian philosophers at one time, a series of terrible misfortunes had thrown them at the foot of the altar, where they suffered and despaired like lost sailors on desert reefs who have fled from a sudden death to meet a lingering one. They were like two monks; they wandered from church to church, kneeling at the feet of images, absorbed in contemplation, lost in mystic prayers; and when they had concluded their pious exercises, looking at each other with eyes red with weeping, they would say, "Soon our only desires will be fulfilled; soon we shall arrive at the eternal rest of death." Aksakof represented action. His enthusiasm was so great that he believed he found in the fields of Russia the granite for the foundation of a perfect society, and in reaction toward the times,

which were truly Russian, the only means of strengthening the character and enlightening the intelligence of his race. To show the hate he bore to every thing Western he went dressed in the Muscovite fashion, with flowing pantaloons gathered in high boots, a tunic buttoned after the manner of the peasantry, a tall fur cap, which gave him, like Rousseau in his later extravagancies, the aspect of an Armenian or a Persian. It is not difficult to conceive what must have been his hate of the West which carried him to such puerile extremes. Peter I., who had traveled in England and Holland in the track of civilization and of labor, was to him an object of invincible repugnance. He saw nothing in him but the disturber of the Russian life, the assassin, like Philip II., of his own son, the cruel executioner who delighted in the torments and the death of his victims, the plagiarist of the West, the founder of St. Petersburg, the anti-Muscovite city, the seraglio of courtesans, the workshop of the Germans. And this horror which he felt for Peter I. was still more intense toward Peter III., toward Catherine II., Germans by disposition and origin, the founders of the German dynasty which still oppressed the Russians. The entire life of Aksakof was passed in the vindication of the national spirit. The more he studied history the more his fanaticism grew. His passion disturbed him; his excessive zeal for his country darkened his clear intelligence. He believed that the development of popular life was exclusively Russian, and there could have been no greater illusion. The Scandinavians formed Russia into a principality, the Mongols into an empire. The city of Novgorod enjoyed a power which afterward passed to Moscow, and Moscow retained it until compelled to cede it to St. Petersburg. The Tartar, the Cossack, the Asiatic Scythian, have brought a great variety into the Russian life. And these influences of the East were not the only ones which formed a people so great, an empire so vast as the Russian people and empire. We have been in the habit of thinking that it is only among Southern peoples that great invasions take place. It has seemed to us that conquest is attracted by the aroma of our orange flowers, by the clearness of our skies, by the magic of our coasts sparkling with dazzling brilliancy, by the plastic beauty of those sirens whose names are Greece, Italy, Spain, crowned with lofty mountain ranges, and cradled by the sounding waves of the artistic Mediterranean. But history teaches us that the glacial steppes, the eternal nights, the dull shadows of the North, have also been traversed by continual invasions; that from this translation of races, and this incessant communication of commerce or war, sooner or later results the vivid quickening of new peoples. Consequently to re-establish Russia in its earliest existence, as the Sclavophilists wish, was mere madness.

The constellation in which Belinski was philosophy, Granovski history, Ogareff the apostolate, Hertzen fancy, and Bakonine action, desired something else. They desired to bring to Russia the liberal, democratic institutions of the West, and to the West the social solutions and the spirit of Russia. We must say this in honor of the Russian revolutionist. He has traversed all the spheres of life, and has brought to all an equal passion for his ideal. From secret societies to the public saloons of Russia, thence to the Parisian clubs; from the clubs of Paris to the barricades of Germany, to the Austrian prisons, to the Russian fortresses, the mines of Siberia; from the mines of Siberia across the Pacific to the United States, thence to Switzerland and its congress, to Belgium, to London and the International, to the late revolutions of Lyons and Marseilles—his one thought has been to found the Sclavic communist tribe in the midst of civilized Europe. In vain have we told him that communism is the beginning and not the end of civilization; that this social form is only found in the origin of societies and in the cradle of sects; that we are going to re-establish the human personality in all its essence and all its right, and not to imprison it in the bosom of nature like an embryo; that collective property is the property of the first Christian churches and of the latest Catholic convents; that no emancipation is possible for the people unless liberty is saved in all its extent, and, as the root of our liberties, property in all its purity. Bakonine continues to infuse into the veins of the West a Utopian idea, an idea, in my opinion, fundamentally reactionary, which, if admitted, would carry us back to ancient times, and reduce us to a lot which is to-day that of the Russian peasant—perpetual infancy.

There is a general belief that revolutionary ideas had not during the previous reign in Russia penetrated farther than the salons and among the few émigrés who had become Western in thought and spirit. The common impression is that repression had triumphed over the human spirit. Nevertheless, there is nothing which shows more clearly the uselessness of repression than the study of the inefficacy of despotism in Russia against the force of ideas. Those mysterious rays of light have traversed all obstacles; against them the thick walls of Muscovite tyranny become transparent as crystal; at every step a secret republican society is discovered, and in every society a political conspiracy. Mr. Lipraud, speaking of the discoveries of the years 1849 and 1850 in a secret report, said, "The scholars of the different colleges have lost their heads; saturated with extravagant systems, every word,

every line which issues from them is full of those pernicious doctrines whose terrible consequences they themselves do not understand." In another document presented to General Nabokoff with regard to the same conspiracies occur these words: "Abandoning themselves blindly to Utopias, they believed themselves called to found anew all the social life of humanity. Ready to convert themselves into apostles and martyrs of this unhappy deception, every thing may be expected from such men; no obstacles stand in their way, because in their opinion they are not working for themselves but for humanity, and in their labors they look not to the present, but to the future." "I was surprised," says a certain officer of the guard, "in a visit made to my nephew in a large school of St. Petersburg, to find him reading the 'Economic Contradictions' of Proudhon. Having asked him in a tone of severity how he procured such a book, he said, 'I received it from one of my comrades; every body has it.'" We read this statement in a pamphlet signed *Iscander:* "Russia seems tranquil because she is immovable under a shroud. It is not possible to fix the precise day of the rise of revolutionary ideas in Russia, but they are about to assume greater scope, to take on a new and peculiar form." Bakonine said, in one of the pamphlets published after his captivity, "The Russian people does not consider itself happy; it is governed by a foreign hand, by sovereigns of German origin who do not understand either the needs or the character of the country, and whose policy, a mixture of Mongolian brutality and German pedantry, excludes every national sentiment; so that, deprived of political rights, we have not even those natural liberties enjoyed by civilized peoples, and which permit men to live in harmony with their own native character, and to gratify fully the instincts of their race."

"IL BACIO."

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

MR. ADOLPHUS RANTHORPE was one of the magnates of London literature. He was a romancist and a dramatist. He was in every way an immense success. He was born in the purple of literature. His father had been a wealthy patron of poor poets and story-tellers; the son became a story-teller on his own account. Now Adolphus Ranthorpe would have been a wealthy man though all his novels had followed the fate of Jean Paul's first, and "gone off like wild-fire as waste paper." But to him who hath shall be given, and Mr. Ranthorpe's novels and plays were a great success. Money rolled in to him as to Dumas. He had the critics and the public too—the critics because they all knew him personally and were attached to him, and perhaps, too, because he kept open house and gave such splendid dinners. At his little festivals, I am told, you have twelve wine-glasses beside each plate. The true Amphitryon, the really great novelist, beyond doubt, is the novelist who sets twelve wine-glasses beside your plate. For myself, I don't care much about Ranthorpe's novels; I don't see any thing in them. But I confess to having heard that he disparaged one of my own little works, and I don't dine at his house—in fact, I have not been asked.

The public admire Ranthorpe's novels because he tells a fine story, with a vigorous current of life rushing through it like a healthy breeze, and full of that old romantic emotion about true love and courage surmounting difficulty, and passion stronger than death, and all that sort of thing, which sets the great child-like heart of the big public throbbing, and fills its great soft eyes with tears. To say the truth, although I myself disparage the merit of Ranthorpe's works in an intellectual point of view, yet if I take one up I can't put it down until I have got to the end of it; and whenever the hero does something splendid for love of the heroine, or *vice versa*, I find myself positively wishing I was that hero. But, of course, to compare that sort of thing with the thoughtful and intellectual masterpieces of Slowboy, or the profound psychological studies of Barnacles, or the less appreciated but still more refined and impressive works of—well, it's no use mentioning names! Ranthorpe is anyhow a great success and a rich man, with a country house and a mansion in Berkeley Square, London.

In his study in this mansion sat Ranthorpe one spring day. He was a big man, some fifty-four years of age, dark-haired, with a large beard, and not one faintest shadow of gray in hair or beard. He wore a shabby old velvet coat with big pockets, and he was now waiting for an idea.

His servant told him a young man wished to see him. The young man would not give his name, but declared he must see the great author. The great author grumbled, groaned, turned uneasily in his chair, threw down his pen, and, as usual, consented to be interrupted.

A slender young man of four or five and twenty, with a pale, eager face, deep, dark eyes, and a small mustache—the brand of the race of artist stamped on every lineament and member from forehead to fingers—entered the room. He was carelessly dressed, but there was an ease about him which banished every appearance of shabbiness. He carried a book in his hand, at the sight of which Mr. Ranthorpe shuddered.

"Mr. Ranthorpe," the visitor began, "I am one of your devoted admirers. Your works have *made* me! They have aroused

in me an ambition and a knowledge of what I can do. You have brought me up to London, through your books."

Mr. Ranthorpe bowed, but could not say he felt very glad of this.

"My name," the young man went on, "is Hayward—Philip Hayward. I am alone in the world, and I have come up to London to make a fame! Therefore I have presented myself at once to you as my teacher and chief."

Mr. Ranthorpe bowed again, and asked, "Have you any friends in London?"

"None—except *you*."

Ranthorpe smiled, but was rather touched by this boyish kind of confidence.

"Have you no one to give you a helping hand?"

"No one but God and you."

Ranthorpe was tempted to repeat the old *bonmot* to the effect that no one could have two patrons who had less influence in London. But he did not, for the thing was becoming rather serious.

"Excuse the bluntness of my question: have you any money?"

"Oh yes, plenty. I never would have come even to *you* if I had any fear of being taken for a beggar. I have sold every thing I could spare, and I have a hundred and odd pounds left. I live on very little, and I hope to be in the way to make a fortune and fame before all that is spent."

Ranthorpe smiled sadly. Fortune and fame so soon! A fortune to be made in literature by a novice before he had spent one hundred pounds!

"You have already published something?" Ranthorpe said, glancing at the book which his young visitor carried.

"Yes; I have published this—a sort of philosophical story, or prose poem."

"Was it a success?"

"No," said the young man, boldly. "I didn't expect it to be."

"Ah, too good for the dull world! I see. We all begin that way. Did the critics attack it?"

"No; not exactly."

"Was it reviewed at all?"

"Hardly; two or three short notices; faint praise."

"No condemnation, no censure, no sensation at all?"

"None."

Ranthorpe thought this a very desperate case.

"Tell me frankly," he said, "why you think you are likely to succeed in literature. Remember, you have actually been in the field; you have had your chance. I have known fellows whose first attempt lay for years mouldering, from mere want of a publisher; but when the thing came out at last it made a hit. Now your first attempt has been out—how long?"

"More than a year."

"Yes; and I, who am concerned in nothing but literature, never heard of it or you. Excuse me if I speak plainly; it's best and honestest. Come, now; this first attempt is clearly a failure. Why do you think the next is likely to be a success, or the next?"

"Will you look at my book?"

"My good fellow, what's the use of *my* looking at your book? I can't order a new edition, and make it pay. If you have to live by literature, you must write for the public or the critics, or both. The public and the critics would not have this book, it seems."

"I only came to ask you to look at my book, Mr. Ranthorpe."

"I suppose so. I guessed as much from the first. Well, hand it over. Let's have a look."

Ranthorpe took the little volume. He had a wonderful way of getting the meaning and value of a book into his mind in a moment. He used to say, "I haven't time to read. I tear the heart out of a book, and then put it away."

The young man watched him with a glowing cheek and eager, kindling eyes. The confidence which had carried him on so far seemed to desert him during this awful ordeal. The great author was actually looking at the pages of his first effort. Ranthorpe was thus occupied for about twenty minutes.

Suddenly the door of the study opened, and a pretty, brown-haired girl came in. She was so pretty and graceful, her eyes were so animated and sparkling, her hair was so rich in its curling masses, that our poor Hayward forgot even his first literary venture and its ordeal as he looked at her. He rose from his chair. She was about to draw back, seeing the stranger, when her father, without looking at her, made a peculiar motion with his hand. She smiled, blushed, looked a little embarrassed, but remained standing just as she was, and said not a word. She kept the very attitude of attempted retreat, and looked as graceful as Canova's "Dancing Girl." The young man assumed that he had better keep silence too, and remain standing, and he did so; but, instead of fixing his eyes now on the great author, he glanced every moment furtively at the pretty girl. The moment was delicious, but embarrassing.

"There!" said Ranthorpe, after five minutes more had passed, and he put down the volume. "That will do, Charlie; I release you.—I am great in discipline in this room, Mr. Hayward. If my daughter ventures in while I am reading any thing that requires attention I make a sign, and then she knows that she isn't to speak, she isn't to go away—for that would only distract me again—and she isn't to rustle her dress. She is a good girl, and does as she is told. Charlie,

this gentleman is Mr. Hayward, a new friend of mine."

"I am afraid you thought me very rude and awkward, Mr. Hayward," said Charlie (otherwise Charlotte); "but papa's orders are imperative in this room. Any where else I can generally have my own way, but here he is supreme."

"Well, Charlie, now that you may speak, what is it, love?"

"I only came to ask you about luncheon, dear. Shall you be at home?"

"Yes, certainly. Mr. Hayward will take luncheon with us."

"Charlie" bowed to the visitor, gave him a friendly smile which meant welcome, and escaped. Her smile was wonderfully like that of her father. The young author had not been able to say a word. For the first time in his life he thought himself a fool.

"Well, Mr. Hayward," said the great author, "I think I have read enough of this to form an opinion."

For a moment Charlie ceased to inhabit the mind of our youth. He awaited the sentence in eagerness and awe.

"Yes, I think I can judge. I don't wonder it failed. You affect obscurity, thinking it fine, no doubt—young men always do; a great mistake, for young men have no thoughts that are worth people's groping after. All the thinking parts, the philosophic parts, of the book are poor and thin stuff, mere rubbish. Every body who isn't a downright idiot has thought all the same kind of thing, but that isn't any reason why it should be put into print. I indorse the verdict of the public as to this book—as a book, observe. It ought to be a failure; but—don't be alarmed—I don't say that *you* ought to be a failure."

The young man's heart had almost stood still with a shock of grief and pain. A faint gleam of hope now bade it beat again.

"No; there are sparkles of fancy here and there—and of humor too, when you are off your philosophy—which *do* promise. Try your hand next at a mere story—a story of common life, but with a lyric dash of passion in it. I shouldn't wonder if you were to succeed. I am not too hopeful, for I have seen rather too much of this sort of thing; but, at least, I know of no reason which forbids you to succeed. Come, I can't say any thing more: and now what do you want me to do for you?"

"Nothing more, Mr. Ranthorpe. You have done enough already. You confirm my faith in myself—you encourage me to live!"

Ranthorpe smiled. Some people are easily encouraged, he thought, especially when they have made up their minds beforehand. "Well, then," he asked, "what are you going to do for yourself?"

"To begin a new work this very evening."

"What is it to be about?"

"I don't know yet. The idea will come, I am sure."

"Good! If you have any genius, trust to it. When the first three chapters are done, let me see them. Now let us have luncheon, and then we must both of us set to our work."

That was a wonderful day for young Philip Hayward. To have spoken with the great author would have been something—indeed, a pride and delight; to have been encouraged to go on in literature by him was the rich fulfillment of a wild dream; to sit at his table and be talked to by Ranthorpe as a friend was beyond words; but to sit next to Ranthorpe's daughter was simply ecstasy. Poor Philip Hayward was in a dream for the hour which thus passed away.

Ranthorpe was a charming companion—fresh, boyish, full of humor and good spirits. As for the daughter, young Hayward was madly in love with Charlie before he left the house. She was Ranthorpe's only child, and he was a widower.

The successful author took a great liking to the young man, and invited him to his house again and again. He could have found him ample opportunity of making a little money by writing for the magazines, but Philip Hayward firmly declined doing any thing of the kind. He said he had made up his mind to try one book more, and do his very best, and that nothing should distract him from that purpose. "If this is a failure, Mr. Ranthorpe," he said, "I'll supplicate you then to get me a chance on the magazines."

"Your withered serving-man makes your fresh tapster, eh?" said Ranthorpe. "Your unsuccessful novelist turns out your excellent magazinist! Good for the magazines!" But he liked Hayward's spirit and resolve all the same.

Philip took a small room in a suburban house, and worked away there. He spent many of his evenings at Ranthorpe's. The hundred pounds were nearly out, but the book was on the verge of publication, and the hopes and fears of the young author were almost distracting. For they were not now hopes and fears bound up only with his literary success: they were bound up by his very heart-strings. O dullest of great romancists! most blundering student of human nature! Ranthorpe, how could you go on from day to day evolving love-entanglements out of your moral consciousness and not see what was certain to happen, what was actually happening under your own bright, brown, blinded eyes? If any where else Ranthorpe had seen a pretty poetic girl and a handsome romantic youth thrown together, he would have at once seen material for love chapters in them. At home he only saw a devoted daughter, who was a little child the other day, and a

spirited, manly young fellow, who was merely trying to make his way in the world. Let us see how things were getting on.

One evening Philip Hayward came to Ranthorpe's house and found that his great patron was not at home. But Charlie was, and of course Charlie saw him.

"I have written the last line of the last chapter," said Philip.

"Oh, how delighted I am! What a success it will be! But you look depressed and melancholy. Why is that? Tell me. You ought to be full of hope and joy." She laid her hand gently upon his arm.

"I am afraid now; I am a coward! I have no confidence; I only think of failure. Charlie, if it should fail!"

"But it sha'n't fail; it won't fail! And if it did, you must only try again."

"Try again! With what chance? My whole life is staked on this venture. If I lose this, Charlie, I lose *you!*"

"Oh, for shame! How can you speak so? Philip! to think that I could change to you because of a book! Have I not given you my whole heart? I didn't give it to your book."

"I never doubted you, dearest" (and he took her hand); "I am not such a miserable wretch. But your father. Can I ask him to give his daughter to a pauper and a failure?"

Charlie did look sad and dashed for a moment. "I can't imagine papa doing any thing which would make me unhappy," she said; "and he has money enough, I am sure. But he is a little hard on failures; and then you are proud; but oh, please, don't let us think of dreadful things that never shall or will occur. If I tell papa that I can not live happily without you—"

"But then I shall be only a pensioned pauper. What woman could respect such a husband?"

"No, but fancy *your* being a pensioned pauper! As if you *could* fail to make a way for yourself in life! I know you too well for that."

"But suppose—"

"I won't suppose. I can't suppose any thing but your being clever and successful. But if you are not, well, then, do you think I could care the less for you because the world didn't appreciate you? *I* appreciate you—that's enough for me."

"And enough for me," cried Philip, in ecstasy.

The arrival of a visitor cut short this conversation, which has only been introduced to give the reader an idea of how things were going. We may add, however, that both Charlie and her lover were a little remorseful at the idea of having all this profound secret from her father, and that they determined only to wait for the success of the forth-coming *chef-d'œuvre* in order that Philip should boldly tell Mr. Ranthorpe how much he loved his daughter.

The book came out. It was in one sense a complete success. It had the approval, nay, the enthusiastic admiration, of the highest critics. It won for its author a name to be respected wherever literature was talked of. It gave him an individual celebrity. It placed him well up among rising authors—that is, in the estimation of the literary class. But the public did not much care about it. The libraries did not clamor for it. A few copies sufficed all demands. The book paid very little to the author or the publisher. Poor Philip was, in a pecuniary point of view, now exactly where he started. His original hundred pounds were all gone, and his great work gave him another hundred pounds. Our young author was almost crushed with disappointment. Mr. Ranthorpe could not understand this, for in his mind the book was a genuine success. It had won the wise, and he felt no doubt that in time the foolish would follow. The wise appreciate, and the foolish pay.

"You silly boy," Ranthorpe said, "you have made a great hit. Don't you see that if you only keep up your reputation it will soon become the 'right sort of thing' to buy your books? People will buy them because the critics say every educated person reads them. Then you are all right. You will have the admiration of the appreciative and the guineas of the rest. It is not given to many men in a century to have the sincere admiration of all. You have done very well, and ought to be delighted. I didn't know that you cared so much about mere money."

Poor Philip thereupon burst out with a full confession. He told of his love, of his hopes, and of the reason why he so wanted money. Mr. Ranthorpe was absolutely bewildered. This return for his kindness he had never expected. In language of grave anger he rebuked the audacious young man, showed him how it was impossible his daughter could live in poverty, and equally impossible that a man of any spirit could consent to live as a pensioner. He flatly refused to hear any more on the subject; and Hayward left the house like one utterly crushed.

Mr. Ranthorpe was very sorry for all this. He had grown to like the companionship of Hayward, and to take an interest in him. The sincere devotion of the young man was grateful to him; and Philip was brimful of ideas and fancies which refreshed the elder author, and sometimes even came to his aid as he toiled, now perhaps somewhat mechanically and perfunctorily, over his books. He had had great ideas of employing Philip permanently as a secretary and *collaborateur;* and now all this was shivered to pieces by the young man's preposterous folly. The idea of handing over Charlie as a wife to a

poor youth, simply because a lad and a girl chose to fancy they were fond of each other, seemed to the love romancist simply absurd.

He had a sad time, too, with Charlie. For the girl told him in the plainest language that she loved Philip Hayward, and never could love any one else. She defended her lover plaintively and passionately, denied that he had ever been ungrateful to Ranthorpe, insisted that *she* had done all the love-making and was to blame for all, and, in a word, much bewildered and tormented the kindly heart of her father. Still he thought he saw his duty as a parent, and he would not give way. But he was very unhappy.

Days and weeks went on and made no change. There were times when, as Ranthorpe kissed his daughter and looked with sad and anxious eye upon her pale cheek, she thought she could see signs of yielding on his part—symptoms that seemed to show that he would be glad to be even compelled to yield. But he said nothing, and she said nothing; and each knew that the other was wretched.

Charlie was always accustomed to act as a sort of secretary to her father. None but she was ever allowed to put his papers in order, and when he was out of the house she generally set things to rights in his study. One of his whims was that no servant must touch the smallest scrap of paper belonging to him, and that the shelves must not even be brushed free of dust unless Charlie was present to direct and control the operations. Charlie, of course, remained faithful to her functions even in her unhappiness. One of Mr. Ranthorpe's literary peculiarities was to endeavor to take all the incidents of his stories from real life. When any striking little event attracted his attention in a newspaper narrative, he often cut out the scrap and pasted it in a memorandum-book, ready for possible use, with perhaps a note of his own affixed. Now on one of her saddest days after the separation of her lover and herself she entered her father's study, and almost mechanically went to work to arrange his papers. An open memorandum-book caught her eye. It contained a printed scrap of paper, pasted in, and with a few words written by Mr. Ranthorpe. "Not a bad notion," Ranthorpe wrote; "might be used for a little comedy or proverb, or an incident in a novel. Clever, but, I should say, can't be true. A French girl would never do it."

What was the scrap? It was an account of the manner in which a French girl, daughter of a distinguished statesman, whose name was broadly hinted at, compelled her father to accept the proposal of a brilliant but poor young foreigner whom she loved for her hand. We shall not tell just yet what the stratagem was.

Charlie dropped the book, and her face reddened, her eyes sparkled; she clapped her hands in wild delight. She sat down and trembled, got up and paced the room with renewed courage, and, in fact, seemed beside herself with agitation and excitement. At last she made up her mind. "I'll do it!" she exclaimed; "I'll do it! Perhaps you are right, my wise papa; perhaps a French girl wouldn't venture. But you shall see that an English girl would!"

She ran to her own room and covered her face with her hands—timid but firmly resolved.

Next day poor Philip Hayward, drudging sadly in his lonely den, received a letter, the very sight of which made him start and tremble. It was in the handwriting of Charlie. Since her father had rejected his prayer the two young lovers had been loyal, and had not striven to meet or even interchange letters. This little scrawl, which made him wild with joy, contained only a few hasty lines. It told him that on the following night her father and she were to be at the opera with an elderly lady and gentleman of great dignity and high social position, whom Mr. Ranthorpe greatly reverenced; and it begged Philip, if he truly loved her, to come to their box at nine o'clock, to tap at the door, and when admitted to express no surprise at any thing that might occur, but adapt himself at once to whatever should happen. "If you love, love, love me, do this, and don't fail your devoted Charlie."

Think of the day and night our lover spent—his wonder, his hope, his feverish longing and dread, his torturing anxiety to know what it all could mean! It seemed humiliating to go, for any purpose, to Mr. Ranthorpe's box; but if Charlie had bidden him to walk into Buckingham Palace or into the Thames, he would have obeyed without remonstrance.

Mr. Ranthorpe and his party are in their box at the opera. Miss Charlie is palpitating and *distrait;* her father can not but see it; he pities the child and is tender to her, and almost wishes he hadn't seen his paternal duty quite so clearly. She draws back from the front of the box, and says she prefers to sit a little behind; and Ranthorpe looks anxiously at her, fearing that tears are in her eyes. She can hardly speak, so he endeavors to do all the talking for his guests. Nine o'clock comes, and Charlie's bosom heaves "like a little billow." "Will *he* come?" she thinks; "and shall I ever have the courage? If he comes and I *fail*, we are lost!"

A light, hesitating tap is heard at the box door. Oh, he comes! She half rises from her seat, and looks all crimson toward the door. Ranthorpe calls, "Come in," and glances round. The door opens, and Mr.

Philip Hayward, pale and embarrassed-looking, stands in the box.

And before Ranthorpe can say a word his daughter springs from her seat, takes both hands of the astonished Philip in her own, reaches up to him, kisses his lips, and exclaims, "My dearest Philip!"

Then she looks round, turns pale, and faints in her lover's arms.

Here was a pretty scene for Ranthorpe's party and for the theatre! The novelist saw the whole thing at a glance. He remembered having left his memorandum-book open with the fatal scrap of paper; he saw by the bewildered looks of Philip that the young man was as much amazed and innocent of complicity as himself; he was conquered by the girl's devotion and by the humor of the whole scene. He was equal to the situation.

"Let us bring her into the cofridor, Philip," he said. "Don't be alarmed, pray" (to his guests). "Let me introduce my intended son-in-law, Mr. Philip Hayward. This foolish child has been wild all the night lest he should not come. What people these young lovers are, Lady Harriet!"

In a very few moments Miss Charlie revived, and she saw instantly how things had gone. She crept tenderly to her father and touched his hand. He answered with an affectionate pressure; and she knew that all was well.

"Now, my love," said Ranthorpe, "since you are well again, sit with Philip and explain to him why you fainted, and let us elders enjoy our music."

"You see, papa," she said, in the faintest whisper, "I wanted to show you how much more courage an English girl has than you would allow to a French girl."

Ranthorpe only said, "*Comme l'esprit vient aux filles!*" and shrugged his shoulders good-humoredly. The *coup de baiser* was a relief to him too, and put him out of pain.

The young pair were married; and Mr. Philip, I know, is already making a name and a decent income in literature.

EDWIN M. STANTON.

AT the time Mr. Stanton died he was probably the object of more bitter personal hatred, and therefore the victim of grosser misrepresentation as regards his real character, than any of his contemporaries. Nor has death, which proverbially tempers and finally destroys personal animosities, up to this time materially softened this intense dislike on the part of his enemies, for his memory has been pursued with ruthless cruelty beyond the grave. He died surrounded by the members of his devoted family, and received, up to the last moment, the constant professional attention of his warm personal friend, the Surgeon-General of the United States army, and the religious consolation of his chosen pastor; yet it has been published, and by some believed, that Mr. Stanton, borne down by remorse of conscience, found life unendurable, and, to escape its torments, filled a suicide's grave.

Mr. Stanton, as Secretary of War, held the most responsible position under Mr. Lincoln's administration, and he was throughout the term of his office vehemently in earnest; but there were other men just as sincere and just as determined, who went through the trying ordeal without provoking such personal animosity, or having the purity of their motives questioned. There must have been, therefore, some constitutional or acquired peculiarity of character, which invited and fostered unjust criticism, created opposition, and made great masses of people, in spite of Mr. Stanton's admitted devotion to his country, incapable of appreciating his real character and unparalleled services.

It was a great misfortune to Mr. Stanton that he was not, in the American sense, popular; that this was not so, marred his personal comfort, embarrassed his usefulness as a statesman and an administrative officer, and, undoubtedly, more or less imbittered his sensitive mind. As much as we may affect to be above worldly applause, the assumption is groundless that any one can ever be wholly indifferent to personal sympathy, for it is a proper incentive and a just reward to every honest statesman and hard-working official of any grade to know that his services are kindly spoken of and justly appreciated.

Mr. Stanton's lack of this grateful recognition while he lived grew out of causes which are worthy of investigation, and which, being pointed out, may serve as rocks for succeeding American statesmen to avoid; since, most unfortunately for our country, too many of our "modern great men" have Mr. Stanton's infirmities of character, without the slightest claim to his intellectual abilities, conscientious fidelity, and devoted patriotism.

Mr. Stanton's permanent residence in the city of Washington was forced upon him against his will. His constantly increasing practice, as he approached the meridian splendor of his legal attainments, finally occupied all his time before the Supreme Court of the United States. On his arrival at the national capital he quietly procured an unostentatious suit of rooms, and putting on the door-post to their street entrance the modest and well-worn sign he brought from Steubenville, Ohio, he was prepared for business; and the sign was never taken down while Mr. Stanton lived. It was in this culminating era of his studious life (1859), when nothing but the absorbing routine of a lawyer's life interested him, that he was one morning, while in his office, and always be-

fore his clerks made their appearance, confronted by a tall, ungainly-looking Western man, who, upon holding out his hand, was first greeted with a look from those strange, dreamy eyes which habitually glanced through Mr. Stanton's spectacles, and the next instant Abraham Lincoln and Edwin M. Stanton warmly greeted each other. They were associate counsel in the great "M'Cormick Reaper Case," which at the time, from the large pecuniary interest involved, attracted public attention.

How little these two men at that instant understood the mighty future in which they were to be associated as prominent actors! But Providence ordained that in this humble and unromantic way Mr. Lincoln should become intimately acquainted with the sympathetic heart, unflinching patriotism, and iron firmness of Mr. Stanton, upon which last-named quality Mr. Lincoln, in the darkest hours of his tribulations at the White House, was destined to lean for support.

It would be sadly interesting, now that both these men sleep in the grave, if the casual conversations of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton at this time could be read by living men. It is not difficult to imagine how Mr. Lincoln's common-sense and practical knowledge of the value of the M'Cormick reaper, which had aided so much in the development of the wealth of the prairies of Illinois, illuminated the hard, dry, legal experience of Mr. Stanton, and gave the Washington attorney new views of the relations and dependencies of practical farming life with jurisprudence. It was, no doubt, at this time that Mr. Lincoln discovered that Mr. Stanton, though, like himself, a native of a Slave State, "was always an abolitionist."

To appreciate Mr. Stanton thoroughly, and truly understand his real character, we must for an instant refer to the very commencement of his intellectual life. From his boyhood to the end of his earthly career he was remarkable for his untiring industry, which accounts for the fact that, after being admitted to the practice of the law, in ten years (though coming daily in contact with the best legal minds of the nation) he was acknowledged to be at the head of his profession. Ten years later this position was so thoroughly recognized that, as we have already stated, his business before the United States Supreme Court occupied his entire time.

All this was accomplished at the sacrifice of his health. The providing of nutritious food, of regular hours of refreshment, of proper rest at right, and of judicious relaxation from toil, Mr. Stanton never regarded as of the least importance, if it interfered with his professional pursuits. A constitution naturally the very best would, under such constant outrage, give way. And what a catalogue of ills did Mr. Stanton thus entail upon himself! And who can imagine the long, lingering hours of suffering, including days and years, resulting from these abuses of the natural laws of our existence? But there also naturally followed a distaste for general society, since he had no time to enjoy it; and he underestimated the value of personal popularity.

Suddenly there was a revolution in public sentiment. Aroused by the distant rumbling of the approaching storm, Mr. Buchanan, at the eleventh hour, called upon Mr. Stanton to accept a seat in his cabinet. Mr. Stanton's instinctive patriotism was as true as the needle to the pole. He took a place in the President's cabinet, and opposed the surrender of Fort Sumter. He battled for the right, on every measure, with the courage of a patriot, and the intelligence of a cultivated and comprehensive mind. Mr. Buchanan went out of office, and Mr. Stanton returned to his dusty tomes; but their charm was gone. A new revelation had worked its way to his logical, grasping mind. An appeal from his country to be saved to liberty had touched his soul with the spear of Ithuriel. The chains which bound him to the law fell to pieces. He sighed for more active life. Labor for his clients would fill his purse; but he owed every thing to his country, and he desired to devote himself to her salvation.

To obtain the gratification of his newly acquired ambition, if Mr. Stanton had been obliged to go through the discipline of seeking a nomination for office from the people, and winning his place by pliancy to the voters, he might possibly have worn off some of the unhappy manner which made him so many enemies; but he reached the apex of sublime political power through the aristocratic channel of appointment, the only opening to him for official position. Once Secretary of War, the natural industry, the ceaseless energy, and the firmness of purpose which had won for him his legal triumphs characterized the administration of his new office. But it was the flashing up of the rays of the sun before it sets. With the burden and responsibility of keeping a million of men in the field, he was a confirmed invalid, suffering from painful, lingering bodily infirmities, which made him irritable, impatient, and, to the superficial observer, out of humor with himself and the world.

Relieved of all responsibility but the performance of his new duties, the necessity of conciliating the public was forgotten. He knew nothing but to carry on the vast machinery of his office; and to do this he sacrificed and—except to a few—disregarded all the usual amenities of social life. He could have been equally earnest in saving the country, equally hostile to the grasping

army contractor, equally denunciatory of the shirking officer who was in Washington when needed in the front, equally condemnatory of all who failed in the hour of need to do their duty, and been popular; but he felt the necessity of this appreciation when it was too late, and he went on, did his duty nobly, and continued to be misrepresented and misconceived to the melancholy end.

The charm of a kind manner in our public men—who can fully comprehend its value? The recipient of rudeness knows none of the palliating secrets which give rise to the heartless rebuff, the cold look, the chilling stare. Suffering under the infliction of disappointed pride, the indignant constituent does not see or understand the causes of this discourtesy; and the ambitious politician, all unconscious of the fact, has made an enemy for life. The days of Mr. Clay's courtly manners and Mr. Van Buren's bland attentions have passed away. Both of these men would recall faces and names of persons to whom they were introduced a score of years before, and whom they had never met again in all that time. They inquired after the health and interests of their humblest constituents and casual acquaintances with the earnestness of sanguine friends; they made those who came within the circle of their voice remember them kindly, and compelled them to go away under the impression that they were personally of some importance to these remarkable men. Of Clay it was said that he made an active friend for life, even when he refused a solicited favor; of John Quincy Adams that he most frequently made a bitter foe of the person to whom he granted one.

When Mr. Stanton's nomination for Secretary of War was sent to the Senate by Mr. Lincoln, the faces of many of the earnest friends of the President blanched with surprise that Mr. Stanton, a "life-long Democrat," should be thus honored. At this critical moment, when it seemed to many earnest men as if the very foundations upon which were erected the fabric of the government were giving way, when it appeared to others as if Mr. Lincoln himself had lost confidence in the future and his friends, then it was that Mr. Sumner rose in his place, and calmly meeting the bewildered gaze of the members on his own side of the Senate, and defiantly challenging the hardly concealed triumph of the opposition, with an emphasis and manner that made him the impersonation of fate, said:

"I urge that confirmation. Mr. Stanton, within my knowledge, *is one of us.*"

Then commenced Mr. Stanton's career as a public man. His triumphs before the courts had affected only a limited circle. Outside of his gratified clients and a very few personal friends he was comparatively unknown; but henceforth the eyes of the country and the world were upon him. And what a history does that short public life present!

The manner of Mr. Stanton's intercourse with the general public while he was Secretary of War, up to the time of Lee's surrender, was repellent. He had so much work to perform, so much responsibility constantly to assume, that he had no time to think of aught else; and he seemed to feel that every one who even addressed him occupied a precious moment of time that could be more profitably employed. He acted like one out of humor with the ordinary methods of giving and receiving ideas. And laboring under the constant feeling that he had not half the time he desired to do his work, he fretted under the infliction, and probably found some apparent relief in venting his irritation on those who came into his presence. He was such a terrible task-master to himself that he never thought of the feelings of others. He was successful — why should others fail? He was quick of perception— why should any be dull? He never wanted relaxation—who should complain of being overwrought? During the greater part of the war he defied the demands of nature for repose. Through the livelong day he would toil in his office, and when the multitude were gone, would labor on until two and three o'clock in the morning, snatching a few moments for sleep, to be again at work at early dawn.

Commanding the ablest assistants the nation afforded, as secretaries, these one after another broke down under the protracted labor demanded by him, and inspired by his own example. He turned the library of the War Department into a telegraph-office; a corps of clerks relieved each other every few hours in receiving and sending messages. Mr. Stanton read these messages and dictated their answers—and they numbered hundreds a day—as a mere incident of the routine of his daily work. What time had he for the amenities of life?

The real character of Mr. Stanton, however, was exactly the reverse of that which was presented to the outside world. He was a man, by nature, of the finest sensibilities, where he could indulge them without sacrificing his sense of justice. In this last quality he was literally of Roman firmness. The few who knew him intimately were attached to him by ties of the warmest friendship and admiration. The simplicity of his natural manner made him fond of children, and he would relax in their presence, and charm them by his freedom. After General Grant was President elect, Mr. Stanton, with others, made an excursion to Fortress Monroe. On the steamer he sat apart from the gay throng of excursionists, absorbed in his own thoughts, this temporary relief from care probably only forcing upon him a keener sense of his ill

health. Presently he made the acquaintance of a bright little girl some four years old, and so charmed the child by his efforts to please her that the little innocent was content with no other company. The result was that this demonstrative friendship brought the father of the child and Mr. Stanton into conversation. The result was that the most powerful journalist of the opposition press and the severest toward Mr. Stanton throughout the war became a personal friend of the great Secretary.

The only relaxation Mr. Stanton indulged in while Secretary was characteristic of the natural amiability of his nature. Every morning he appeared in the street with a basket on his arm, intent upon doing his own marketing. On this important occasion he was wont to throw aside the cares of his official position. He walked slowly, and if ever, when out-of-doors, he indulged in a moment of gossip, or gave expression to the language of courtesy, it was on this journey to and from the market. Having selected his dealer, he gave the man his patronage, and this person was probably the only man in Washington who had no hesitation in saying what he pleased to Mr. Stanton, with the certainty of being patiently listened to, and getting a kind answer in return. Very little examination into the under-currents of Mr. Stanton's life will show how little he was really understood, not only by his enemies, but by the majority of his personal friends.

A visitor at Washington going to the War Department will find on the second-story range of offices a small room, possibly fifteen by twenty feet in dimensions, over the entrance of which he will find the figures "19," and in addition the words, "West Point Academy." This small office was through the war a point of the grandest interest; it was Mr. Stanton's public reception-room. The furniture was of the simplest kind, consisting of one or two lounges, some chairs, and a high office desk, situated in the rear of the room, and directly opposite its entrance. The room was punctually opened at ten A.M., and was soon filled with an audience of excited people, generally made up of claim agents, contractors, friends of rebel prisoners asking for exchange, "army widows," anxious relatives of wounded and missing soldiers, uninfluential United States Senators and Representatives, who were not allowed interviews at Mr. Stanton's private office.

Mr. Stanton, accompanied by an amanuensis, made his appearance punctually at eleven o'clock. His approach was always heralded by the noise of the rapidly disappearing feet of messengers and idlers, who were by some fascination always hanging about the vicinity.

Mr. Stanton passed on to and behind the high desk without recognizing any one, and having poised himself, he cast a glance around the room which, while it sent a cold chill through the very bones of the speculators in the sufferings of the war, gave assurance of succor and redress to the widows and wounded soldiers.

Instantly a tall gentleman, supported by a bundle of papers, fawning and gushing, but with very weak knees and a stereotyped smile, would approach, and, with a vulgar salute of presumed familiarity, would hurriedly utter, "Good-morning, Mr. Secretary; fine morning, Sir."

Mr. Stanton would give a nervous twitch as the familiar voice met his ear, and, turning abruptly to the speaker, would growl between his teeth:

"Sit down, Sir. I'll attend to you by-and-by." And Mr. Senator Mealymouth, with his papers about some "job," would disappear.

Next, in presumed importance, a gentleman with a brand-new suit of military clothing, glistening like an ignited pin-wheel with stars and stripes:

"My card, Mr. Secretary—'Major-General Brassbuttons.'"

Mr. Stanton would turn on the new speaker like a tiger at bay, would examine the caricature of Mars from head to foot, and thunder out:

"Come, Sir; what are you doing in Washington? If you are not needed at the front, I'll see about mustering you out." General Brassbuttons would gasp for breath, and his capacious boots, less sensitive than the man, would retain self-possession enough to carry the discomfited soldier from the field.

Consternation would now reign supreme in the room; even the widows and wounded soldiers would grow pale. When they beheld such great men as Senators and generals in good health so suddenly squelched out, they naturally asked themselves, "What is to become of us?".

By this time Mr. Stanton literally had his audience in hand; no one was now venturesome enough to obtrude especially his person or wants upon his notice; so, at his leisure, he would glance around the room, then suddenly stopping to examine attentively a sick or wounded soldier, the poor fellow would attempt to rise from his seat in acknowledgment of the honor, when Mr. Stanton would mildly, musically say, "Keep your seat, my good man." And the iron Secretary would leave his place, walk over to the silent but eloquent applicant for relief, and taking him kindly by the hand, would ask, "What brings you here?"

The story was the same so often told. Soldier in one of the Washington hospitals, suffering from a severe wound; can not identify himself, as his regiment is on the move, and no descriptive list can be obtained.

Can consequently get no pay, draw no clothing; wants a furlough, and leave to go home. The hospital regulations keep him with the strictest severity in the narrow whitewashed walls, which have now become more offensive than a prison.

Order from Mr. Stanton. Advance of two months' pay, transportation home, and thirty days' furlough.

Soldier retires, his face beaming with satisfaction, and realizing keenly for the first time that he has a country worth fighting for, and men in the government who have a paternal care for its defenders.

"What do you desire?" would be Mr. Stanton's next question, addressed to one who was a soldier's widow or a soldier's mother, seeking information of relatives lost in the great national struggle.

"It is impossible, madam, to serve you as we could wish.—Take down the name of the soldier asked for, and see what can be done."

And thus, in relieving the suffering, was this precious public hour consumed which Mr. Stanton remorselessly appropriated of the short-lived day, every moment of which, however industriously occupied, failed to meet the pressing responsibilities which each instant accumulated to challenge his personal notice. At the instant of twelve o'clock the audience ended. Contractors and rebel sympathizers had been overlooked.

Unreasonable requests with an aching heart he refused to gallant men, but kindly words of praise and hopes of promotion he gave to all, however humble, who were worthy of their country's gratitude; nor did he ever forget to say (circumstances favoring) that the soldier should remember that he fought to sustain no State lines or State laws, but offered himself as a defender of the whole country, one and indivisible.

Is it not possible to imagine that a man situated as Mr. Stanton was could be curt and harsh with some excuse? The fearful infringement on his time by place-hunters for army promotion, more frequently than any other thing, stung him to indignation.

A "Congressman elect" from one of the largest States, in the budding pride of his newly fledged position, made his appearance at Washington as an applicant for the promotion of a volunteer colonel from his—the Congressman's—district to the more commanding position of a brigadier-general. The capital, turned into a military post, afforded no opportunity for the display of Congressional importance, and the Congressman elect, after a few days' experience, became satisfied that his personal and official consequence became small by degrees and beautifully less just in proportion to his distance from home. But he was an indefatigable man. He had forced himself on his constituents, and he decided to force himself into the notice of the obdurate Secretary of War. Long waitings in the anteroom, kept up with unfaltering pertinacity, at last gained an audience with the arbiter of military fate. Stanton listened impatiently—heard but little of the introductory remarks; but when the request came to commission a new brigadier-general, an expression of disgust and ill-concealed anger flashed across his face.

"Another brigadier!" he slowly muttered; and then, with his peculiar bitterness, he added, "I wish the whole army was composed of brigadiers; we wouldn't have any draft riots then."

With this significant remark, "the papers of recommendation" were received, and, as was often the case, consigned to a dusty pigeon-hole—that official grave in the national capital of so many recommendations.

After "duly waiting," and perceiving no favorable result, the fledgeling Congressman, in accordance with custom, appealed to the man of untold sorrows who occupied the White House. Here pertinacious efforts were so far successful as to secure from Mr. Lincoln the indorsement that, "as a matter of judicious policy, I think it would be well to grant this application; therefore let the appointment be made."

This seeming order was sent over to the War Department; and under a tacit but not arranged agreement existing between the kind-hearted President and his ever-faithful Secretary, that the latter should, except in special cases, have control of his department, the order was deposited along with the other similarly indorsed papers in the obscurity of a pigeon-hole.

But the Congressional applicant for favor was as tenacious as Stanton was firm; and having circulated broadcast over "his district" the "Presidential promise," and gloried upon his victory over the stubborn Secretary, retreat with justification was impossible, and all this was in due time explained to Mr. Lincoln. The result was a personal request from the President that the Congressman's wishes should be gratified.

Returning from a cabinet meeting, more than usually exhausted, Mr. Stanton summoned the proper attendant officer, and in substance said,

"We shall have to appoint Judge ——'s man; let his nomination go in."

"Very well, Sir," replied the subordinate; and continued, "please give me the papers."

Mr. Stanton hurriedly rushed his hand through the compartments of his desk, and not at once finding the now odious documents, suddenly concluded he could never have had them in his custody, and sternly and emphatically ordered his assistant to look for them on the files, and make out the nomination.

Not daring to question, the officer retired and bethought himself, as he remembered the given name of the colonel, to hunt up

the necessary information from the muster-rolls of the State to which he belonged. The name was found, the nomination sent in, and duly confirmed. The colonel was discharged from his regimental commission, and the vacancies occasioned by his promotion instantly filled. Then, when all this was done, and not before, it was discovered that there were two officers of the same name and rank from the same State, and that, in accordance with the sport of chance, *the wrong colonel* had been made a brigadier.

The "indefatigable Congressman," then at home, heard the result of his hard work with dismay. His political opponents, and personal friends, who envied him his popularity, professed to be highly delighted with the way he, the Congressman, had been overreached by the superior ability of Mr. Stanton; and that unhappy parent of a putative brigadier-general again posted to Washington.

Ever short, sharp, and decisive in his measures when action was demanded, and without thought of the consequences to the "innocent party," Mr. Stanton, after hearing what had occurred, revoked the appointment of the newly fledged brigadier, and that person found himself suddenly reduced from a distinguished position among the defenders of his country to a private citizen, the victim of a most cruel and unhappy mistake.

Again the indefatigable Congressman returned to his home, but not to a peaceful triumph. The displaced colonel and removed brigadier, it seems, had gone to the war in an earnest spirit, and by modest merit, and the display of unquestioned valor in the field, had won an enviable reputation from his companions in arms, and marks of approbation from his friends at home; and from them was showered untold abuse upon the meddling Representative, who, it was charged, to further the interests of a personal favorite, had meanly gone to work to strike down a meritorious officer at the very time he was serving with distinguished success before the enemy.

This assault upon the reputation and motives of the meddling Representative was more than he could stand. He could make no defense that would relieve him of the charges. The public mind was too much excited to care for any thing else than defending the fortunes of a brave soldier; and the unhappy man again started for Washington, and in a state of despair sought the presence of the dreaded Secretary of War. The petition now was to restore the deposed brigadier to his accidentally gained position.

This time Secretary Stanton listened patiently, for he himself had caught the distant rumbling of the coming storm of indignation which had already quite overwhelmed the time-serving Representative; and as the Secretary quietly wrote the words rescinding the revocation of a gallant officer's well-earned though unintentional promotion, he remarked, with that equivocal expression of humor that sometimes sparkled in his eyes,

"You see, Sir, this department can not make a mistake, even when it tries."

And he was right; for the brave man who had been for the moment the sport of fortune again put on his armor of a brigadier, and with joyful and eager steps sought the battle-field, from the bloody scenes of which he never returned. But he lived long enough to indicate the justice of his appointment, by a display of valor before the enemy that ended in death.

But the sacrifice did more—it thoroughly restored the popularity of the zealous Congressman; for that gentleman, with the true instinct of a "servant of the people," modestly accepted the credit, as the crowning act of his official life, of having restored this departed hero to his justly entitled place in the army after having been *arbitrarily removed* by Mr. Stanton.

The lamented General Sedgwick, the thorough, warm-hearted soldier, who had passed most of his life in the dangerous service of the frontier, arrived in Washington in the darkest days of 1861. Receiving on his arrival the appointment of a brigadier-general, with utter impersonality save where duty led, without even paying his respects to the Secretary of War, he crossed the Potomac, and took command of a brigade of undisciplined volunteers. During the long winter of 1861–62 none of the attractions of Washington enticed him to the city. The consequence was that he rose in the army to the responsible command of a major-general by sheer merit, and from service in the terrible fields of the peninsular war, under Pope, and in the Antietam campaigns, to an enviable fame throughout the country as the commander of the Sixth Army Corps; yet, personally, from the time he crossed the Potomac he had never been seen in Washington. Indulgent as a father, when necessary discipline was not infringed, to his officers and men, from his division commanders to his drummer-boys, he never indulged himself with an hour's relaxation from the duties of the camp.

In 1863 he was summoned to Washington to appear before a "committee on the conduct of the war" relative to the Fredericksburg disaster. He found himself in the national capital, individually unknown. Taking modest quarters at Willard's, his West Point training suggested the propriety of calling at the War Department to pay his respects to one who bitterly lamented that, while he could make generals, he couldn't make commanders.

Sedgwick inquired his way to the War-office, and was fortunate in finding in Colonel

Hardy, of the staff of the Secretary, an old commander in the M'Clellan campaign. Here he was informed that room 19 was the place of public receptions, and, refusing the advantages of a private office for a waiting-room, General Sedgwick modestly presented himself with the crowd.

Mr. Stanton that morning was prompt as usual. He had now become more than ever annoyed and restive when he saw the shoulder-straps of a major-general in his anteroom, and he turned his eyes suspiciously, and with some expressed indignation, toward the commander of the Sixth Army Corps. Whatever of reproof might have been on his tongue was fortunately not uttered when he looked full in the war-worn face of that modest commander, and the customary query to major-generals in Washington was omitted, while he contented himself with sedulously ignoring the presence of Sedgwick until every one in the room had been sent about their business.

The two alone, Mr. Stanton turned toward his imperturbable visitor, and, looking him full in the face, ejaculated,

"Well, Sir?" To which expression came the reply:

"Mr. Secretary, I am General Sedgwick; I have called to pay my respects to you as the head of this department. I have neglected this duty up to this time, because I have not been here since I came from the frontier in 1861; and," Sedgwick added, with some emotion, "I shouldn't have been here now, Sir, if I had not been ordered to do so by a committee of Congress."

The Secretary's face instantly changed. The harsh voice that put the equivocal "Well, Sir?" softened into a cordial greeting.

"Give me your hand, General," said Mr. Stanton, his face beaming with pleasure; "I am glad to see you—I would be glad to see more soldiers like you. Come into my private room; I don't see *you* very often."

The emphasis, the look, and the pantomime Mr. Stanton associated with the simple "you" was understood by General Sedgwick, and the two great men were from that time fast friends.

A little wounded drummer-boy, who had been sent from the front to the hospital surgeon at Washington, after languishing for months on his narrow cot, was finally discharged for "disability." He worked around the "Soldier's Rest" and the railway station, doing such work as his feeble health permitted, waiting, meantime, for his "descriptive papers," which would entitle him to his pay and transportation home. For many days and weeks he called at the "medical headquarters," but no papers came; instead, the stereotype answer, "The papers haven't come; the army is now on the move, and there is no telling when they will come." If the boy protested, the thoughtless official would reiterate, "I can't do any thing for you until these papers come."

Ragged, shoeless, suffering, and without any prospect of relief, he would tell his pitiful tale to whoever would listen, when one day a gentleman, probably from ignorance of the magnitude of the proposition, advised the hapless drummer-boy to apply personally to the Secretary of War.

Despair made the suffering applicant bold, and, with the effrontery of ignorant boyhood, he went to Mr. Stanton's house. He, the drummer-boy, was now in a most abject condition, his clothing not even fully answering the purposes of common decency. Ringing the door-bell, the servant who answered it declined either to admit the applicant or take a message to the Secretary, advising him to go to the War Department with his complaints. The boy answered back pertly, and said, "There was nobody in that building who would listen to him."

While this discussion was going on, Mr. Stanton's carriage came up to the door, and the Secretary, in endeavoring to reach it, came in contact with the applicant for official favor.

Mr. Stanton stopped and heard the story so often told, for the wretched appearance of the boy's apparel, and his wan face, were most eloquent witnesses of his neglected state. At this instant Senator Sherman came up the steps, and was about to address the Secretary, when Mr. Stanton, with illy concealed impatience, said:

"Mr. Senator, I have no time to attend to you now, Sir; look at this poor child," pointing at the drummer-boy. "He has been in this condition for weeks; he has no money, no clothing; his health is broken down; he has been discharged from the service, and some fond mother in her distant home is now waiting for him. He says he can't get his pay, that he can't get transportation, and that he can't get away from this city. But I'll see why he can not."

His next impulse was to put the boy in his carriage; then, noticing that the boy was shivering with cold, he was about sending him into the house by the fire, but fearing that he would be forgotten in the press of the day's business, Mr. Stanton said,

"My child, follow my carriage to the War-office;" and turning to the coachman, he added, "Drive more slowly than usual." The Secretary and the humble drummer-boy arrived at the entrance of the War-office at the same moment. Mr. Stanton beckoned the child to follow him, and, entering the door of the first room he came to, his excited manner and strange attendant apparently consumed the clerks as by fire. The Secretary seated himself at a vacant desk; he seized a pen, and driving it into the inkstand as if it had been a bayonet, he wrote a

peremptory order to have the drummer-boy's account ascertained from the best data at command, and then paid. This done, the Secretary rose from his seat, shook the little fellow's hand earnestly, and said,

"Give my regards, my boy, to your mother, and to all good mothers in her neighborhood who have their sons in the front. God bless you! Good-by!"

The grandest illustration of Mr. Stanton's broad comprehensive patriotism, of his goodness of heart, and a really Napoleonic fondness for dramatic display was given on one memorable occasion, when a chosen number of Custer's cavalry brigade, who in some one of Sheridan's brilliant fights had, under peculiar circumstances, captured a flag, came on to Washington to deliver it personally into the possession of the War Department.

Mr. Stanton that morning was at his reception-desk, apparently unconscious that there was to be any variation of his daily routine, unless the presence of Adjutant-General Townsend, with a lady, veiled, leaning upon his arm, denoted the promise of some unusual event. The room at the moment was more than usually crowded. Senator Ira Harris, of New York, on presenting himself, received a cordial greeting from the Secretary; but before that gentleman could make his wishes known, there was heard in the hall the rattling of sabres, and the heavy awkward tread so peculiar to veteran cavalry. The audience instinctively opened a passage to the desk, and in another instant Custer's heroes, rough and bronzed from the victorious field, in charge of an officer particularly distinguished for his gallant services, filed in, bearing the banner, and giving a military salute, halted before the Secretary.

OFFICER. "Mr. Secretary, Sergeant John Smith, of the Michigan cavalry, who bears to you this battle-flag, captured by his own hand."

Mr. Stanton surveyed the heroes a moment, then rushed from his desk, and, to Sergeant Smith's evident consternation, commenced shaking him by the hand; then, turning to the men, he went through the same ceremony, saying, as he went from man to man, "Most happy to shake hands with brave men;" and then, stopping before the sergeant, he animatedly asked, "Sergeant, how came you by that flag?"

The sergeant, now thoroughly abashed, and looking as if he had pilfered it at some country barbecue, rather than won its possession by the sword, most awkwardly told his story, yet made it up of details of such eloquent action that few dry eyes remained tearless witnesses of the effort.

"You are a brave fellow," said Mr. Stanton, finally; and then turning to the lady with General Townsend, who had exhibited great interest in the proceedings, he said,

"Let me introduce you to Mrs. Custer, the wife of your brave commanding officer. We would be glad to see him here to-day, but he is better employed elsewhere."

Mrs. Custer, almost overcome with emotion, but with a face beaming with unalloyed pleasure, pressed the hands of these brave companions of her husband's toils.

"This is Senator Harris, of the great State of New York, soldiers. Your own brave Senator is not here; but no matter; you are fighting for our country, and every Senator loves you."

Each hero tells his tale, until the last, a pale, slender young man, whose exploits were of more than common interest; for even his comrades, who had witnessed the event and often heard the tale, crowded around that they might catch every word of the thrilling recital.

The soldier seems to study to leave himself out of the eventful recital; the contest with the bearer of the enemy's standard was hand to hand. At last a fearful home thrust achieved the victory. So intent was the standard-bearer on maintaining his charge, that Custer's men, who now came to the rescue, could only capture a shattered staff and a torn flag from that last grip of death.

The crowd which listened to that recital for a moment were so full of inspiration that they seemed immortal. The pale, emaciated hospital patient, on whose face was the shadow of the grave, lighted up, for the feeble and almost paralyzed heart sent for one instant a glow of health to those attenuated cheeks. Strong men turned to children in the abandonment of unreserved admiration.

The apparently cold, iron-hearted Secretary opened the inmost recesses of his soul. He let the world for a moment witness the expression of that natural sympathy which embraced all mankind, which, left to itself, would have made him a philanthropist, but which, by the stern sense of just duty, had been steel-bound, chained, and imprisoned, so that nothing should materially interfere with his duties as Secretary of War.

Again and again Mr. Stanton shook these warriors by the hand; he found something electrical in their touch which quieted and disciplined his own soul. Of all in the room he was the first to thoroughly recover his presence of mind; for, in his abrupt way, he finally said:

"General Townsend, give each of these brave fellows thirty days' furlough; give them transportation to their homes, and for their return; give them an order for one month's pay, and, as soon as possible, cause the proper medals of honor to be prepared for them, and sent to their address."

Thus ended this thoroughly emotional and most dramatic scene in the reception-room.

of Secretary Stanton: one of many constantly occurring, and more than usually interesting, because it was on occasions of this kind only that Mr. Stanton, even for a few moments, relieved himself of the weight of care arising from his official position.

In time the infirmities of Mr. Stanton's manner will be forgotten. If, when young, had he understood that the body and mind require judicious recreation to preserve them in perfection, and that gentleness of manners, arising either from the natural impulses of the heart or from careful cultivation, are essential to perfect success, the probabilities are he would be living to-day, in the enjoyment of health, and the recipient of ovations accorded him by a grateful country. Honest he was, for the bitterest enmity never charged him with private speculations, or with being pecuniarily benefited by the power of his office. As Secretary of War, his indorsements disbursed millions; beyond his salary, he was never benefited a cent. Patriotic he was, for his public record shows the greatest possible devotion to his country.

It may be difficult with the living thousands of the present generation to realize the prominent place he will eventually occupy in the history of the country; but to realize this somewhat, we have but to recollect that the world cordially cherishes only those in vital remembrance who achieve success; the misfortunes, the failures, and the mistakes of public men are too numerous to create any lasting interest. When the victims of these misfortunes, failures, and mistakes, who now clamor against Mr. Stanton, are forgotten, the fame of the great Secretary will be surrounded by a halo of national veneration.

A LITTLE STORY FOR GENTLEMEN.

"POH, poh, poh!" quoth Mr. Corporal to Mrs. Ponderit, at whose house he and his family were spending a social evening. "All talk, my dear madam, mere talk: the women don't believe it themselves. Ask my wife, ask my daughters, who they are that rule in my house."

"In *whose* house?" said the soft voice of Mrs. Ponderit.

"A mere figure of speech, ma'am—a form of convenience for tax-collectors, landlords, etc. Say their house, if you'd rather: I know I didn't dare to take it till I brought them all down from the country to look at it. Here, Betty, my duck, come over here; Julia, Annie, come here and testify that you're not the wasting victims of a tyrannical husband and father."

Mrs. C. arose with a smile; the young ladies shook their naughty curls and remained at the other end of the room. Of course they did, for we all know how profound and absorbing a thing is parlor croquet when you are playing it with Mr. Tillinghurst and young Mr. Ponderit.

"Do you hear me?" roared Mr. Corporal, swelling with triumph at this opportune disobedience.

"Yes, pa, to-morrow," said Julia, smiling placidly at him over her gauze-covered shoulder.

"Go it alone, papa," suggested the skittish young Annie.

"Do you hear that, ma'am? There's a specimen of slavish subserviency! Now, Mrs. Corporal, I want you to answer as if you were under oath: Am I a severe husband?"

"No."

"Am I a selfish husband?"

"No."

"Am I an ungenerous husband?"

"No."

"It seems to me, Mrs. Ponderit, that you are answered."

"I should like to remark," said that lady, "that when I expressed my opinion on the abstract question, I had no idea of making a personal application."

"Oh! I don't like abstractions. Put your theories to the test, say I, and see if they stand or fall."

"But I haven't finished my answers," said Mrs. Corporal, looking earnestly at her husband.

It was a loving, half-troubled, yet determined look that she gave him as she went on to say:

"Firstly, you are not severe, but you are overbearing: taking for granted that the head of the family carries the brains of the family, it seldom occurs to you to consult me in matters of mutual interest, and so your very kindness takes the form of tyranny; the very thing I may want to do or have is less acceptable to me for being imposed upon me at the decision of another."

"Really!" exclaimed Mr. Corporal, taken all aback: "*I* overbearing! Well!"

"Secondly," continued his wife, "you are not by nature selfish, and yet you are inconsiderate—that is to say, there are some things that you have never been taught to consider. You have been brought up to look upon women's tastes, women's plans, and women's household theories or rules as whimsies to be indulged out of kindness, but never taken into serious account in deciding your own movements."

"Well, well, well!" sighed the bewildered husband: "*I* inconsiderate!"

"Thirdly, you are not ungenerous, but you are unjust: you will buy me a silk dress that I do not need, or a set of jewelry that I would rather not have; in fact, you are continually wasting money upon me: and yet in all the years of our married life I have never had a dollar that did not come in the shape of a gift."

"Good Heavens!" cried Mr. Corporal, rising vehemently, then sinking back, overcome, into his chair: "*I* an unjust husband, when she knows that I never in all my life refused to open my purse at her desire!"

"*Whose* purse?" again insinuated the musical voice of Mrs. Ponderit.

"Oh, poh, poh!—*her* purse, if she likes it better; the little receptacle which my wife and daughters find it convenient for me to keep—well filled—in my pocket. Besides, Elizabeth, if you have harbored this sense of wrong for so many years, why conceal it? Why cherish a secret resentment against your husband until we have nearly reached our silver wedding?"

"Perhaps I ought not to have spoken here and now," said Mrs. Corporal, "in the presence even of this our nearest friend. I have never spoken before, because I was educated to be subservient to my husband, and have labored faithfully to conquer the sense of humiliation and the disposition to rebel, which I thought peculiar to myself, and coming from some fault in my own character. But very lately my eyes have been opened to the fact that a large proportion of the women in Christendom feel the same discontent, which a sense of duty or fear or a dread of ridicule has induced them to suppress; and I now begin to think that if we had all freed our minds long ago, the world would be far happier to-day."

"But I don't believe it," said Mr. Corporal, relapsing into indignation. "A woman who can get whatever she wants for the asking to be unhappy because she has to ask! It is unreasonable—more than that, it's petty—to be so anxious about one's position and personal dignity: one who has all these years been cared for and sheltered and guided, scarcely allowed to know, much less to be hurt by, the rough ways of the world. Have I not spared you all care and responsibility? Do I not bear alone every business anxiety? By the New Jerusalem, if I could only live such an easy, guarded life, I'd gladly give you my lot, and my independence with it."

"*Would* you?" said Mrs. Corporal.

"I would."

"Very well, we will try it; you shall be tenderly guided and guarded for a week, and if at the end you plead for another, well."

"Agreed," said Mr. Corporal. "I say, Betty, in regard to the outside business, how could you, you know?"

"I will allow you to manage the business, and to handle money in strictly business operations; but out of the office you spend not a cent save what I give you, and take no step in any way affecting the household interest. Only make all your wishes known to me."

The evening closed, but the young folks were (by the merest accident) delayed in their preparations.

"Don't let it detain you a moment," said Frederick Ponderit, magnanimously; "Charlie and I will see the young ladies home."

"I don't know," began Mr. Corporal; but his wife put her arm through his, and drew him quietly away.

"Well, but, mother," again began Mr. Corporal.

"We'll talk as we go along," said his wife, stopping not for a moment until they were fairly in the street.

"Why, how queer of you, Betty! You know I don't want Fred Ponderit to get so intimate with Annie—a fellow without a cent but what he earns. But you didn't give me time to think."

"Oh, I do the thinking, you know," said Mrs. Corporal; "and as for being poor, I never intend to marry my daughters for money."

"*Your* daughters, Mrs. Corporal? Oh! ah! I forgot."

"Well, father," said Materfamilias next morning, "what have you in your portemonnaie?"

"I'm sure I don't know; some fifty dollars—seventy-five, perhaps. Why?"

"Dear, dear, that's bad! You ought always to know how much you are carrying. Well, let me have it, and the key of the desk. I'll put it with the rest. Do you want any change?"

"Change! why, how can I tell yet? and what *are* you doing with my money? Oh, I forgot again. All right; just leave me ten dollars, please: I might want it for something."

"Bless his little heart!" said Mrs. Corporal, pulling his ear, "I'll lay any wager he spends it before he gets home. Or stay—I believe I'll go with you as far as the office. I have some business that way."

"I'll get what I want at the office," chuckled Mr. Corporal. "Hum! I promised not, though. Whew! what predicaments this may lead me into!—My dear, excuse me a moment; I want to cross over and speak to Jack Hepburn."

He came back in a couple of minutes. "Have you any money with you? Just give me twenty dollars. Let me have the pocket-book."

"Twenty dollars! What do you want to do with it?"

"Do with it! Oh yes; I am going to lend it to Jack."

"I guess I wouldn't do that, father. I know that Hepburn well enough to doubt if you ever get it back again."

"Bless her prudent little heart! Come, I'm rather in a hurry."

But Materfamilias was not. "I don't know whether to let him have it or not.—

Well, if you've set your heart on it, I'll give him fifteen." And she counted it out deliberately in ones and twos and smaller notes, which proceeding the gentleman on the opposite curb-stone watched with a lively interest.

Mr. C. flushed, choked a little; then in silence hastened across with the fifteen dollars.

"Really, my love," said the matron, on his return, "I gave you the money this time because I didn't want to hurt your feelings; but I must say that I don't approve this promiscuous generosity; in fact, it isn't generosity —it's weakness. Men are so undiscriminating. Don't think I'm scolding, dear; only remember another time."

Mr. Corporal opened his mouth to speak, and as suddenly closed it. He would have expostulated, but the words sounded strangely familiar. Could it be that he had uttered them yesterday? And could they have been as offensive to her as they now appeared to him?

Soon after they parted, to meet no more until dinner.

After such a meal as would be a triumph to any housekeeper, the lady remarked, as she led the way to the library:

"My dear, I've bought you a new carriage. I've just ordered it round to the window for you to see."

"A new carriage! Why, Betty, what are you thinking of, when I have—we have—a first-class carriage already?"

"Oh, I've made a trade. The fact is, there was too much money in that carriage. Now this is equally well made and comfortable; the difference is merely a matter of style; and I left off the coat of arms."

"And that was just the beauty of it," said Mr. C., disconsolately. "I'm sure I don't care for show in a general way, but if I have a vanity, it is my coat of arms: something so substantial about it."

"Ah, I've been thinking it over, and have come to the conclusion that in this country, where families disappear in two or three generations, a coat of arms is snobbish; and I never will bring up my family to be snobbish. Sooner than that I will keep no carriage at all. Besides, I have made something handsome by the operation."

"Ha, ha, ha! This is really dramatic," said Mr. Corporal, laughing loudly, if not joyously. Go on, go on; you won't catch *me* taking offense at what is done for my good." And he betook himself to silence and the evening paper—that is to say, to a nap.

"Pa, may Will and I study German this fall?" cried Molly, the youngest Corporal, bouncing into the room and whirling like a cyclone. "Oh, just see what a big cheese I made! Could you make such big ones, ma, when you were my size?"

"Bigger; my skirts were fuller. Well, now, about this German?"

"Oh, it's splendid," exploded Molly. "Maggie Maxwell and Jane Purdy and Cousin Hal and Cousin Josephine and Will and me and one or two of Jane's cousins and one or two of Maggie's cousins and they've got a splendid teacher real German and a long pipe and related to the Von Deckels and—"

"Poh, poh, poh!" said Mr. Corporal, half wakened by the clatter. "I'm not going to have my girls—"

"I'll attend to it, father," said Mrs. Corporal. "Finish your nap, dear; it's a most injurious thing to be wakened suddenly. Molly, you should be careful. Now about this German—is he young or old?"

"Old as Beersheba and bald and a large silk handkerchief and meet once a week and if we study hard till about nine for instance what would you say to a little of the—you know—the *other* German to top off with?"

"I want a little of the other German too," cried Will, who had just come up, also bouncing and explosive. "Pa, may I?"

"I'll attend to it," put in ma, quietly but decidedly. "My son, I wouldn't keep my hands in my pockets; it's awkward."

"Dancing teaches young people to be graceful," soliloquized William, audibly.

"Now in regard to the language, if you are in earnest, and things appear right on inquiry, I haven't the slightest objection. In regard to the *other* German, no."

"Well, we didn't much think you would," said the young philosopher, shrugging her chubby shoulders. "Will and I just thought we'd try."

"But it's the language we want," said Will, "really and truly; isn't it, Moll? Poh, *you* can't hop worth a cent."

"Can, too—see here. Oh, Will, let's you and I make guys of ourselves, and pay a visit to Maggie. May we, ma?"

"How about to-morrow's lessons, puppets?"

"All but one," replied both voices; and both Young Americas scampered to the little study-room, whence proceeded for some twenty minutes a loud, dull, double-voiced droning, followed by a sudden simultaneous upsetting of chairs and scuttling from the room.

During the above discussion Mr. Corporal had preserved a silence only broken now and then by a muffled snort. Turning now to his wife, his face was perfectly tranquil.

"Do you forget, mother," he said, in well-modulated tones, "that I disapprove of girls pursuing these useless studies? I'm not at all sure that it tends to their happiness, as—"

"I know you're not sure, my dear," replied the matron, soothingly, "and so I don't think it best to puzzle your brain with the matter; only have confidence in me; I'll bring it out all right. Why, my dearest,

sooner than bring a wrinkle of anxiety to that pure brow, I'd keep you from thinking altogether."

Mr. Corporal glared at her for a moment, undecided; then, bursting into a laugh, took his hat and went out for the evening.

"One day gone," he remarked, as he walked down the street. "Whew! what a singular sense of relief comes over me! I wonder how it would feel to be a fly rolled up in a spider's web? The thing wouldn't hurt any where, but it would suppress every where. Not to act for myself; not to think for myself; not to have any money; but—By-the-way, I haven't a cent in my pocket-book. I must go back and ask for some. Well, now, it's curious, but although I know it to be a joke, and a joke of my own proposing, I can't bear to go and ask her. Confound it! I won't—I'll do without first." And he pursued his penniless and somewhat sulky way.

"Well, my dears," said the mother, bustling into breakfast, all beaming, "I'm going to give you a treat this morning. Get out your bathing rigs, and we'll all run down and take a dip in the sea before we go to the mountains for the summer."

Will and Molly looked at each other; so did Annie and Julia. The first look expressed surprise, the second mischief.

"Really," exclaimed Mr. Corporal, almost upsetting his coffee, "I honor your kind intention, but you oughtn't to spring it upon me so suddenly. How do you know it will be convenient? In fact, it isn't: I engaged to go with Jorkin this afternoon to try his new horse."

"Tut, tut, tut! you mustn't make engagements in that wild way without my knowledge. How can I plan for you if you interfere with me this way? Now get your hat and run right over to Jorkin and tell him you didn't know you were going to the shore this morning, and don't be long, dear; I want to take the ten o'clock train."

"But I am not—ah! I mean, let us stop and talk about it. You see, I really couldn't go and tell Jorkin that; it would make me look so foolish."

"My love," said Mrs. Corporal, gravely, "what I have done I have done for the best, and it's childish to argue about it now. And let this little disappointment be a lesson to you for the future not to make engagements without my knowledge. Don't think I'm scolding, dear; only remember another time."

"I'm in for it," groaned the head of the family, taking down his hat; "and this is only the second day! Can it be that I have ever treated her in this way? Verily, I remember something like it a year ago. But if I could have imagined—"

It took so long to compose his excuse to Jorkin that on his return, although every thing needful was laid to his hand, he found it impossible to be ready to start with the party, and barely succeeded in reaching the train in time.

"Jump in," said Mrs. Corporal; "I have the tickets. Not there! come on to the next car."

"Here are good seats," said Mr. C., preparing to take them.

"Next car," repeated Mrs. C., placidly; and on he went, feeling like a horse with his first experience of the bearing-rein.

"Goodness! what *are* you at now?" For no sooner was he fully ensconced and comfortable than madam leaned across and quietly lowered his window.

"Can't you let me—I mean I want it open."

"The cinders are blowing in on you; the wind is on this side. My dear, you don't feel in a right good temper this morning, do you? Never mind, it 'll be all right when you begin to feel the sea-breeze."

"Mother," said the gentleman after a while, emerging from his paper.

"Well, Billy?"

"Do you know, I haven't a cent of money."

"Money? Oh yes; I gave you ten dollars yesterday."

"It's gone."

"Gone! Oh, well, if you enjoyed yourself with it, I'm sure it's all right. How much do you want now?"

"How much? oh, really—I suppose you will allow me to pay the bills?"

"You may, if it would amuse you. I'll give you two hundred dollars, and if you want more, you know where to get it." And madam began counting it out in fives and tens.

"Stay," said Mr. C., nervously; "there's Thompson and his wife on the other side. They're looking at us."

"Are they? I'll speak to them directly. Thirty, and ten is forty, and ten—"

"Do give me the porte-monnaie," said the gentleman, reddening. "Don't dribble it out in that way. They'll think I'm an idiot under guardianship."

"Oh no," said Mrs. Corporal, cheerfully; "it's done every day to persons who are not idiots. However, here are two more fifties. I'm only afraid you'll meet some more of your borrowing friends, and I know what you are with money in your pocket. Don't think I'm scolding, dear; only—" But here Mr. Corporal flounced away.

In time, however, the day passed, and the next, and on the fourth the family returned to their homes.

"Any letters for me, Nan?" said her father.

"Lots for you, dear papa," said Annie, fetching them; "and—and"—growing all in a moment flushed and agitated—"and one for ma."

Mrs. Corporal read it through with ever-increasing gravity.

"Did you know this was coming, my daughter?" she said, at the end.

"Yes, ma," faltered Miss Annie. "He was coming to you himself; but I felt as if I couldn't bear it, and so I told him to write."

"A most important letter," said Mrs. Corporal: "it is but right that you should hear it, father." And ma, adjusting her spectacles, read as follows:

"'DEAR MADAM,—Kind and truly like a mother as you have always been to me, it is yet almost with trembling that I come to you now. I would fain, from cowardice, use a little circumlocution, but am unskilled at it, and must therefore say at once that I am devotedly attached to your daughter, and that she—well, that she has referred me to her mother.'"

"To her *what?*" said Pater, with a little jump.

"To her mother.

"'Dear Mrs. Corporal, you know I have no inheritance, but I am strong, and very much in earnest, and Annie is willing to put up with my income, and thinks she knows how to add to it. And indeed I love her as I never loved before. [He was then twenty-three.] If you think it best, we are prepared to wait a while, but it is our own conviction that early marriages are desirable. Dear Mrs. Corporal, pray believe that next to the necessity of being Annie's husband is the hope of calling myself your son.

"'Yours in great suspense,

"'FREDERICK PONDERIT.

"'P.S.—Dear Mr. Corporal, I count upon your influence with Annie's mother.'"

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the head of the family: "and there are yet two days!"

"Father," said Annie, piteously, "do plead for me. See how solemn she looks! Do speak!"

"My child," said the mother, drawing Annie toward her, "are you sure you love this young man well enough to live with him, if need be, in poverty?"

"Stop!" exploded the father, growing desperate. "Young woman, do you know that this chick of yours has not a cent to rent a house with?"

"He has five thousand dollars," said Annie; "and you know I have five thousand dollars."

"Five thousand straws! Do you think I will allow—"

"My love," said Mrs. Corporal, "you are getting excited: sit down and compose yourself. Annie, I confess that I should greatly prefer the husband of my child to be a little forehanded; but if you truly love him, there is no power in money, or in the lack of it, that can influence me to interfere with your choice. All I ask of you is to wait a year to test the quality of your attachment."

"Oh, thanks, mother, thanks!" and Annie rushed, sobbing, from the room, shortly followed by her mother.

"Aha, my lady," muttered the slighted parent, "what's done in a week may be undone in a year. The impertinent jackanapes! I never was treated so; I never treated any one so; I wouldn't— Good gracious! I *did:* when I proposed to Elizabeth's father I did it almost in that identical way, and if any one had told me her mother would be hurt, I shouldn't have known what was meant. Well, well, I'll think more about these things. I had no idea so much could be said on their side."

Half in dread of what the twelve hours might bring forth, and half in joyous anticipation of freedom, Mr. Corporal began the seventh day of his experiment. Through much inconvenience, chagrin, and a constant sense of mild suffocation, as of a lobster submerged in lukewarm water, he had faithfully kept the conditions of his bargain, and he was rewarded by finding on the dinner-table a letter after his own heart—or, to speak with correctness, after the heart of his eldest daughter, Julia.

"Here's good news for you, mother," he announced, with a burst of triumph. "Mr. Alfred Stringer, of the house of Stringer and Stringer, has proposed—to *me*—for the hand of my daughter Julia.—My duck, you will be one of the richest women, and belong to one of the best families, in Philadelphia, and I freely give my consent."

"Hold!" cried Mrs. Corporal, rising with stern demeanor. "Does that man have the insolence to propose to my daughter? Alfred Stringer—a man suspected of dishonor in business, a man known to be drunk at evening parties, a man who has wasted and staled his nature in the deepest flirtations till he is thirty-five years old—to dare attempt to gain the fresh heart of my daughter! Tell him, No! and never let me hear his name again."

"Elizabeth!" cried the father, aghast, "you are beside yourself! You can not mean what you say!"

"I forbid you, husband, I forbid you, children, ever to breathe the name of that man in my house. It is enough; the subject is dead." She arose and left the room.

"There," soliloquized Mr. Corporal, exultation mingled with his anger. "Now that she *may* call tyranny, and that is just the thing I never would do. Why, she gave me no time to speak, or even to think! As if either parent could have a right to give or refuse to give a child in marriage without the concurrence of the other! It's monstrous! And yet—and yet I have known good men to do it, and good women to acquiesce in it; and as sure as I live it never till this moment struck me as an insufferable assumption. Well, well, well. I must overhaul my whole theory, if I ever had any, on these subjects. Betty, come here.—Why, there I go again! Why should I call her to me?—Elizabeth, my wife" (sitting tenderly down by her side), "can it be possible that I have made you suffer all these years the

sense of helplessness and subordination that I have endured for a week?—I who love you so dearly, I who would give my life, or my health, or my peace of mind to save yours?"

"My husband," said his wife, with shining eyes, "I have never doubted your love, and I have never blamed you for what was amiss in our relations together. I know how nearly impossible it is for us to act, or even to think, in a direction varying from the current of our age. But I feel very sure that of late this current is changing, and I know that you, with your generous heart and keen sense of justice, will be among the first to take the new direction."

"I will, my love, I will. I only needed to see. And now about these chicks of ours, what had we better do?"

At this moment in steps Annie, with a face in which hope and fear and a sense of guilt and a sense of fun are combined in equal proportions.

"Young woman," said her father, "what does that jackanapes mean by this remarkable beginning of his domestic career?"

"Father," said Annie, laughing and crying, "he didn't."

"Didn't! What's this evidence in black and white?"

"A base forgery, my papa. The fact is, he gave me the letter to read and hand to you, and as I was naturally working in mother's interest, and thought you would rather not have the joke go beyond the family, I said nothing to him, but just—copied it, with a few variations. And oh, father and mother both, I am strong and healthy, and can work if need be; and you were poor when you were married. And so," added this irrepressible young female, "you know how it is yourselves."

"Have your own way," replied these ridiculous parents. "And now about Julia; and here, of course, she comes."

"In regard to this Mr. Stringer, Elizabeth, you know the position he could give our daughter; and as to the little reports about him, there never was any thing verified. I never found him more than a little sharp in business, and I never saw him drunk."

"William," said the mother, "remember that this matter never came to your knowledge until yesterday, whereas I noticed his attentions months ago, and have been quietly watching and inquiring ever since. You little know a mother's sympathetic heart if you suppose that such a state of things could exist without her cognizance."

"Parents both," remarked Julia, with her usual serenity, "to spare you any farther excitement this warm weather, I will state that neither the great fortune nor the small habits of the gentleman are of the slightest importance to your daughter, who does not intend to marry him. This indifference may possibly result," continued the imperturbable young female, "from what Mr. Weller would call a 'priory attachment.'"

"A *what?*" cried the much-tried parents, again in terror.

"Priory attachment: party of the name of Tillinghurst, well known to you both as sober, honest, and sufficiently well-to-do."

"Charlie Tillinghurst!" cried Mrs. C., astounded. "Little Charlie! Why, I embroidered his first trowsers! Well, he's just the one person I never did think of in that connection."

"I 'little know a mother's sympathetic heart,'" quoted the delighted father.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD STAGER.

Notices of conspicuous Public Men, with characteristic Anecdotes illustrating their Peculiarities.—Accounts of Congressional and other Duels, and personal Collisions in Congress, including a Glance at Washington Public Life during several Administrations.

III.

MR. WEBSTER was full of fun and humor at times, and when in company with a few intimate friends he unbent, and exhibited his wonderful versatility of talent, to the delight of all listeners. He had marvelous narrative powers, was a capital mimic, and imitated a broken dialect to perfection. He was not an unamiable man, and never said a malicious thing in all his life; but when perturbed or uncomfortable, either from indisposition or the effect of exuberant conviviality, he was as unapproachable as a porcupine, and often indulged in peevish exclamations and satirical remarks.

I once heard him describe a visit that he made to the elder Adams, at Quincy, a few months before his death. The venerable sage, then ninety years of age, received him with cordiality, thanking him for his civility in coming to see him. He was lying in bed, supported by pillows, a heavy, plethoric man, inclining to dropsy, and drawing his breath with much difficulty. He seemed to pump up his words, Mr. Webster said, from a great depth, and spoke in short sentences.

"How are you, Mr. Adams?" inquired his visitor.

"Feeble and nearly worn out," was the reply. "The old tenement is in a state of dilapidation, and from what I can judge of the intentions of the landlord, he is not likely to lay any thing more out in repairs."

Meeting him at the Astor House in 184–, I mentioned that Nathaniel P. Tallmadge, lately Governor of Wisconsin, was dead. "Ah! is Tallmadge dead? Well, all the tears that will be shed on the occasion lie in an onion."

Managing politicians who assumed to control the movements of the people were his aversion. Mr. Webster went down to his grave with the firm conviction that he had

been defrauded of the Presidency by the jealousy and intrigues of his rivals. He entertained no doubt that the great mass of his countrymen were anxious to make him President, but were overruled and thwarted by the party leaders.

He accosted me once on Pennsylvania Avenue: "How long have you been in town?"

"A couple of days."

"Why have you not been to see me?"

"I don't know where you live."

"At the old place, on Louisiana Avenue."

"Near the church on Sixth Street?"

"Yes; directly under the droppings of the sanctuary."

Rejoining rather irrelevantly, I said, "I did not know there was much sanctity in the droppings from a Unitarian church."

"I used the phrase as descriptive merely. Have you seen Uncle Truman since you arrived?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Is he now, as usual, responsible for all mankind?"

I said there seemed to be a heap of trouble on the old man's mind.

"The last time I saw him," said he, "he fairly staggered under the weight of empire."

In the midst of the quarrel between Mr. Clay and President Tyler, and while it seemed doubtful whether or not Mr. Webster would be able to stay in the cabinet, a New England admirer of his was execrating the New York *Herald*, and wondering that such an infamous sheet should be tolerated by decent people. Mr. Webster said it was more generally read than any other paper in the country, besides being the organ of the administration. The friend inquired if he knew the correspondent of the *Herald* who had so much to say about every thing, and what place he held under Tyler. Mr. Webster said he was "a committee to fulfill prophecies, an office created expressly for him. He foretold events, and then made Tyler carry out his predictions."

There was a strong feeling of mutual jealousy and dislike between Mr. Adams and Mr. Webster. They were too great men, and too conscious of their own powers, and appreciated each other too accurately, to admit of their harmonious co-operation in the public councils. After serving several years in Congress, where he attained to greater distinction than he had ever achieved in the cabinet or the White House, Mr. Adams desired to be transferred to the Senate, as a more suitable field for the exercise of his talents in his advancing years than the House, a more numerous and disorderly body. A vacancy occurred in the Senatorial representation of Massachusetts, and the Legislature would have spontaneously selected Mr. Adams to fill it. But Mr. Webster interposed very strenuously to prevent that result. He did not relish the idea of having Mr. Adams as a colleague. The wonderful knowledge of the old gentleman, as comprehensive as it was minute and exact, his commanding intellect, and his long experience in public life, made it certain that Mr. Webster would no longer be *the* Senator from Massachusetts if Mr. Adams should be elected to the Upper House. Mr. Webster was at that time the idol of Boston, and Boston was then as much the State as Paris was France. He appealed to the "merchant princes," alleging the importance of the services of Mr. Adams in the House, and represented that he could look after the interests of Massachusetts, assisted by a colleague less conspicuous for his ability and experience than Mr. Adams. The obsequious Bostonians deferred to his wishes, and the respectable, wealthy, and dull Mr. Silsbee, of Salem, was elected instead of Mr. Adams. This was a mortal offense, and it was never forgiven. Mr. Adams, although an eminently just man, was neither placable nor amiable in disposition. He was not malignant nor specially vindictive, but he never forgot an injury, and he was sure to get even with an adversary in the long-run. Patient and watchful, he never made the mistake of striking prematurely, and thus missing his mark. He knew his man, and biding his time, with his wrath carefully bottled up, he was prepared to take advantage of the first grave error into which Mr. Webster might fall. He had not long to wait. Mr. Webster, usually sedate and self-contained, occasionally forgot himself and spoke inadvertently, without counting the cost of his enunciations. Pending our dispute with Great Britain about the northwestern boundary, and when timid men feared hostile measures on the part of John Bull, a bill passed the House of Representatives appropriating five millions of dollars, to be placed at the disposal of President Van Buren, to be used at his discretion for the defense of our territory. The bill was warmly discussed in the House, and only passed after vigorous opposition. Coming to the Senate, it had the usual reference, and was reported favorably by the committee. Mr. Webster opposed it in an elaborate and powerful speech. He said the bill contemplated a violation of the Constitution, and he would not consent to a violation of that sacred compact—no, not if the guns of the enemy were thundering at the gates of the capital.

Mr. Adams made a powerful speech soon after, intended as a rebuke to Mr. Webster. It was characterized by all his wealth of learning, and the arguments by which he confuted the propositions of his great rival were conclusive and impregnable. He concluded by saying that a man capable of uttering such doctrines had only to go one step further, and aid the enemy in battering down the walls of the capital. Mr. Webster made no public allusion to this attack, but it was

known that he was severely stung by the hostile criticism. He had warm, devoted, and able friends, and it was determined that the attack of Mr. Adams, gratuitous and unprovoked, it was alleged, should not pass without notice and rebuke. George Evans, then in the House of Representatives, a bold, outspoken, and determined man, was a warm friend and admirer of Mr. Webster. His indignation at the assault on Mr. Webster was intensified and exasperated by a wrong and grievance which he had suffered at the hands of Mr. Adams. So he lay in wait for an opportunity when he might legitimately avenge the indignity offered to himself, and at the same time carry the war into Africa in behalf of Mr. Webster. Mr. Adams was bad-tempered, bad-mannered, and often aggressive; but he was the best equipped man in Congress, and his power of invective and denunciation was so great that he was a bold man who should voluntarily provoke his wrath. But Mr. Evans knew his man thoroughly, and was sure to penetrate the joints of his harness whenever he laid his lance in rest against him. The gentleman had been in the House ever since Mr. Adams came to Washington as the representative of the Quincy district. Mr. Evans had been pronounced by Mr. Webster the ablest lawyer in New England—of course with a mental reservation in favor of himself—and he had rare skill as a dialectician. His voice was of the finest, and his elocution admirable, and as a gladiatorial debater he was scarcely ever overmatched. When excited he spoke in short, pregnant sentences, piling up accusations and epithets with overwhelming force. Mr. Adams had a high opinion of his ability, and although he feared no man on earth in an argumentative contest, and generally enjoyed a wordy duel, had no special inclination for an encounter with Mr. Evans.

Some time elapsed before a suitable opportunity occurred for Mr. Evans to execute his plan of holding Mr. Adams responsible for certain sins of commission and omission, and on which he intended to arraign him at the bar of public opinion. The time came at last, and the work was thoroughly done. His preparation was elaborate and ample. He commenced with the early history of Mr. Adams, and stated concisely the circumstances under which he deserted the faith of his fathers and joined the Republican party, then led by his father's great enemy and traducer, Thomas Jefferson. The mercenary motives that prompted him to abandon his principles and betray his New England supporters were portrayed with graphic power, and the price of his alleged treachery was set forth in vivid colors. He traced his career in diplomacy, in the cabinet of Mr. Monroe, and his four years' Presidency, with a luminous pencil. Then touching upon the obligations he was under to Massachusetts, he described his gratuitous and malignant attack upon her honored Senator, winding up with a sentence of concentrated bitterness: "I leave him to the pity of his friends and the contempt of his enemies."

A reply in kind was anxiously expected by the House, for the best of men relish controversial discussion, and many of the listeners had been subjected to the unsparing sarcasm of Mr. Evans. His speech gave great delight to the enemies of Mr. Adams, and they were prepared to enjoy the castigation which was undoubtedly in store for his assailant. But Mr. Adams, to the surprise of every body, made no reply. A few months afterward Mr. Adams became involved in one of his periodical quarrels with the slaveholders. Wise, Mark Cooper of Georgia, and several other hot-headed Southerners assailed him with uncommon virulence. He defended himself with characteristic vigor and effect; but the attacks were continued with increasing violence, until Mr. Evans finally mixed in the quarrel, and dealt the fire-eaters a series of telling blows that brought the contest to an end. Mr. Adams was so grateful for this timely reinforcement that he apparently forgave Mr. Evans. The impression produced upon him by the presentment of the charges and specifications of Mr. Evans may be inferred from the reply he made to a disparaging remark of a gentleman from New York, who had listened to some observations of Mr. Evans in the House, and had been introduced to Mr. Adams by John M'Kean. "Is that your famous member from Maine?" said the gentleman. "He disappoints me altogether." Mr. Adams said the subject was not one that admitted of any eloquence or display, being a mere question of finance and statistics. "I don't think there is much in him, anyway," was the rejoinder. Mr. Adams, writhing and twisting as though he felt the lash on his back, replied, "If you had been in my place one day, you would have thought there was something in him."

In the Twenty-ninth Congress a dispute suddenly and unexpectedly sprung up on the floor between William A. Duer, of Oswego, and Richard K. Meade, of Virginia. In the course of debate some angry words passed, when Duer promptly called Meade a liar, evidently with the intent of putting the *onus* on his antagonist, and thus securing the choice of weapons in case a resort to the field became unavoidable. A challenge followed, as a matter of course. Mr. Conrad, afterward Secretary of War under Mr. Fillmore, was selected as his second by Mr. Duer. Conrad was experienced in affairs of honor, having killed his man in New Orleans. He determined to prevent a fight, if possible, but Duer was as firm as a rock. Some of the Virginians were anxious that the affair should proceed, and they braced up Meade

to insist upon satisfaction. The matter was pending several days, negotiations being all the time in progress. Major Dade, a well-known citizen of Virginia, then in Washington, made himself conspicuous on the occasion. He said these devilish Yankees had grown insolent, and it was necessary to give them a lesson. Kidder (as he called Meade) was just the man for the duty. He did not thirst for blood, but if Duer should get winged, the effect would be salutary in the highest degree. But further information changed Dade's views on the subject. "Bless my soul!" said he, "this thing must be stopped at once. They say Duer is a cool hand, expert with the pistol, and sure to knock Kidder over. Jack" (addressing John Pendleton, a member from Virginia, afterward minister to Buenos Ayres), "you must get Kidder out of this scrape, even if you have to procure his arrest by the police." The programme was thereupon changed, and a duel prevented, Duer coming off with flying colors.

It was during the Twenty-eighth Congress that the famous debate took place in the Senate on the tariff of 1846. The discussion was a very able, comprehensive, and exhaustive one. All the arguments capable of being adduced on the subject were presented on both sides. George Evans was the champion of the protectionists, and George M'Duffie was the principal advocate of free trade. They were among the very ablest men in Congress, and the Senate was crowded for days with eager listeners during the whole debate. On the subject of political economy and all cognate topics Mr. Evans was perhaps the best-equipped man in the Senate. His style as a speaker was compact, perspicuous, and forcible, while his logic was invincible. He understood all the details of the tariff question, and no man excelled him in presenting the strong points of his case. He was really the author of the tariff of 1846, and he told me that one of the chief difficulties that he had to encounter while maturing it was in familiarizing the mind of the chairman of the Finance Committee of the House with the structure and operations of the bill.

General M'Duffie was fully the equal of Mr. Evans in the power of his intellect, and his reasoning faculties were of the highest order. But although he had what I regarded as the right side of the question, it seemed that Mr. Evans had the best of the argument. And such was the general impression in the Senate. Indeed, Mr. Rives told the writer that he had been converted from a free trade to a tariff man by the arguments of Mr. Evans, and he was ready to make public avowal of the fact when the proper occasion should arise.

Mr. Rives was one of the most accomplished gentlemen in the Senate. He spoke with great fluency, in the choicest language, and rarely was overmatched in debate. Mr. Jefferson told Francis Granger, at Richmond, in 1821, that William C. Rives was the only thoroughly educated young gentleman of his acquaintance in the State of Virginia.

Of the four members from the city of New York in the Twenty-seventh Congress, three are now living—to wit, Judge Roosevelt, Fernando Wood, and John M'Keon. Charles G. Ferris, of the Seventh Ward, died many years ago. Mr. Roosevelt was popular in the House and in Washington society. He lived pleasantly, entertained his friends in genial, hospitable style, and his house was one of the pleasantest places of resort in the city. Mr. M'Keon had a good position in Congress, and although in the minority, was always well esteemed as an intelligent, fair-minded man. Mr. Wood then gave no indication of the real ability and effective force which he has since displayed. He was not a floor member, nor did he take much part in current legislation.

Of their predecessors in the House, Mr. Grinnell is the only one alive. Ogden Hoffman was a gentleman of much brilliancy, and a charming orator. Edward Curtis, afterward collector of the port, was a skillful, adroit man, full of resources, and always exercising a great deal of influence. John J. Morgan, appointed collector on the removal of Jesse Hoyt, was a man of excellent repute, an intelligent business man, but he was quiet, reserved, and not much felt in the House.

OCTOBER'S SONG.

"O deep brown eyes," sang gay October,
"Deep brown eyes running over with glee;
Blue eyes are pale, and gray eyes are sober;
Bonnie brown eyes are the eyes for me.

"Black eyes shine in the glowing summer
With red of rose and yellow of corn;
But cold they close when the still late-comer,
Silvery Frost, creeps over the morn.

"Blue eyes shimmer with angel glances,
Like spring violets over the lea—
But oh, my Grapes, my Wines, and my Dances,
What have angels in common with me?

"Go, Gray Eyes! What know ye of laughing,
Giddy with glee from the mere sunshine?
Go to your books! What know ye of quaffing
Luscious juice from the riotous vine?

"All the earth is full of frolicking;
Growing is over; harvest is done;
All the trees are ready for rollicking,
Glowing scarlet with rustical fun.

"Stay, Brown Eyes, in the purple weather,
A crown of oak leaves with maple blent
Shall deck your brow, while gayly together
We two will wander to heart's content."

Thus October's wild voice was singing,
While on his pipe he cunningly played;
All the red woods with music were ringing,
And Brown Eyes listened, with footsteps stayed—

Waited to hear the song beguiling,
Listened and laughed through the sunny day;
And earth and sky fell to merry smiling,
As hand in hand they wandered away.

THE NEW MAGDALEN.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

First Scene.

THE COTTAGE ON THE FRONTIER.

PREAMBLE.

THE place is France.

The time is autumn, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy—the year of the war between France and Germany.

The persons are, Captain Arnault, of the French army; Surgeon Surville, of the French ambulance; Surgeon Wetzel, of the German army; Mercy Merrick, attached as nurse to the French ambulance; and Grace Roseberry, a traveling lady on her way to England.

CHAPTER I.

THE TWO WOMEN.

IT was a dark night. The rain was pouring in torrents.

Late in the evening a skirmishing party of the French and a skirmishing party of the Germans had met, by accident, near the little village of Lagrange, close to the German frontier. In the struggle that followed the French had (for once) got the better of the enemy. For the time, at least, a few hundreds out of the host of the invaders had been forced back over the frontier. It was a trifling affair, occurring not long after the great German victory of Weissenbourg, and the newspapers took little or no notice of it.

Captain Arnault, commanding on the French side, sat alone in one of the cottages of the village, inhabited by the miller of the district. The captain was reading, by the light of a solitary tallow candle, some intercepted dispatches taken from the Germans. He had suffered the wood fire, scattered over the large open grate, to burn low; the red embers only faintly illuminated a part of the room. On the floor behind him lay some of the miller's empty sacks. In a corner opposite to him was the miller's solid walnut-wood bed. On the walls all round him were the miller's colored prints, representing a happy mixture of devotional and domestic subjects. A door of communication leading into the kitchen of the cottage had been torn from its hinges, and used to carry the men wounded in the skirmish from the field. They were now comfortably laid at rest in the kitchen, under the care of the French surgeon and the English nurse attached to the ambulance. A piece of coarse canvas screened the opening between the two rooms in place of the door. A second door, leading from the bed-chamber into the yard, was locked; and the wooden shutter protecting the one window of the room was carefully barred. Sentinels, doubled in number, were placed at all the outposts. The French commander had neglected no precaution which could reasonably insure for himself and for his men a quiet and comfortable night.

Still absorbed in his perusal of the dispatches, and now and then making notes of what he read by the help of writing materials placed at his side, Captain Arnault was interrupted by the appearance of an intruder in the room. Surgeon Surville, entering from the kitchen, drew aside the canvas screen, and approached the little round table at which his superior officer was sitting.

"What is it?" said the captain, sharply.

"A question to ask," replied the surgeon. "Are we safe for the night?"

"Why do you want to know?" inquired the captain, suspiciously.

The surgeon pointed to the kitchen, now the hospital devoted to the wounded men.

"The poor fellows are anxious about the next few hours," he replied. "They dread a surprise, and they ask me if there is any reasonable hope of their having one night's rest. What do you think of the chances?"

The captain shrugged his shoulders. The surgeon persisted. "Surely you ought to know?" he said.

"I know that we are in possession of the village for the present," retorted Captain Arnault, "and I know no more. Here are the papers of the enemy." He held them up, and shook them impatiently as he spoke. "They give me no information that I can rely on. For all I can tell to the contrary, the main body of the Germans, outnumbering us ten to one, may be nearer this cottage than the main body of the French. Draw your own conclusions. I have nothing more to say."

Having answered in those discouraging terms, Captain Arnault got on his feet, drew the hood of his great coat over his head, and lit a cigar at the candle.

"Where are you going?" asked the surgeon.

"To visit the outposts."

"Do you want this room for a little while?"

"Not for some hours to come. Are you thinking of moving any of your wounded men in here?"

"I was thinking of the English lady," answered the surgeon. "The kitchen is not quite the place for her. She would be more comfortable here; and the English nurse might keep her company."

Captain Arnault smiled, not very pleas-

antly. "They are two fine women," he said, "and Surgeon Surville is a ladies' man. Let them come in, if they are rash enough to trust themselves here with you." He checked himself on the point of going out, and looked back distrustfully at the lighted candle. "Caution the women," he said, "to limit the exercise of their curiosity to the inside of this room."

"What do you mean?"

The captain's forefinger pointed significantly to the closed window-shutter.

"Did you ever know a woman who could resist looking out of window?" he asked. "Dark as it is, sooner or later these ladies of yours will feel tempted to open that shutter. Tell them I don't want the light of the candle to betray my head-quarters to the German scouts. How is the weather? Still raining?"

"Pouring."

"So much the better. The Germans won't see us." With that consolatory remark he unlocked the door leading into the yard, and walked out.

The surgeon lifted the canvas screen and called into the kitchen:

"Miss Merrick, have you time to take a little rest?"

"Plenty of time," answered a soft voice with an underlying melancholy in it, plainly distinguishable though it had only spoken three words.

"Come in, then," continued the surgeon, "and bring the English lady with you. Here is a quiet room all to yourselves."

He held back the canvas, and the two women appeared.

The nurse led the way—tall, lithe, and graceful—attired in her uniform dress of neat black stuff, with plain linen collar and cuffs, and with the scarlet cross of the Geneva Convention embroidered on her left shoulder. Pale and sad, her expression and manner both eloquently suggestive of suppressed suffering and sorrow, there was an innate nobility in the carriage of this woman's head, an innate grandeur in the gaze of her large gray eyes and in the lines of her finely proportioned face, which made her irresistibly striking and beautiful, seen under any circumstances and clad in any dress. Her companion, darker in complexion and smaller in stature, possessed attractions which were quite marked enough to account for the surgeon's polite anxiety to shelter her in the captain's room. The common consent of mankind would have declared her to be an unusually pretty woman. She wore the large gray cloak that covered her from head to foot with a grace that lent its own attractions to a plain and even a shabby article of dress. The languor in her movements, and the uncertainty of tone in her voice as she thanked the surgeon, suggested that she was suffering from fatigue. Her dark eyes searched the dimly lighted room timidly, and she held fast by the nurse's arm with the air of a woman whose nerves had been severely shaken by some recent alarm.

"You have one thing to remember, ladies," said the surgeon. "Beware of opening the shutter, for fear of the light being seen through the window. For the rest, we are free to make ourselves as comfortable here as we can. Compose yourself, dear madam, and rely on the protection of a Frenchman who is devoted to you!" He gallantly emphasized his last words by raising the hand of the English lady to his lips. At the moment when he kissed it the canvas screen was again drawn aside. A person in the service of the ambulance appeared, announcing that a bandage had slipped, and that one of the wounded men was to all appearance bleeding to death. The surgeon, submitting to destiny with the worst possible grace, dropped the charming Englishwoman's hand, and returned to his duties in the kitchen. The two ladies were left together in the room.

"Will you take a chair, madam?" asked the nurse.

"Don't call me 'madam,'" returned the young lady, cordially. "My name is Grace Roseberry. What is your name?"

The nurse hesitated. "Not a pretty name like yours," she said, and hesitated again. "Call me 'Mercy Merrick,'" she added, after a moment's consideration.

Had she given an assumed name? Was there some unhappy celebrity attached to her own name? Miss Roseberry did not wait to ask herself those questions. "How can I thank you," she exclaimed, gratefully, "for your sisterly kindness to a stranger like me?"

"I have only done my duty," said Mercy Merrick, a little coldly. "Don't speak of it."

"I must speak of it. What a situation you found me in when the French soldiers had driven the Germans away! My traveling carriage stopped; the horses seized; I myself in a strange country at night-fall, robbed of my money and my luggage, and drenched to the skin by the pouring rain! I am indebted to you for shelter in this place—I am wearing your clothes—I should have died of the fright and the exposure but for you. What return can I make for such services as these?"

Mercy placed a chair for her guest near the captain's table, and seated herself, at some little distance, on an old chest in a corner of the room. "May I ask you a question?" she said, abruptly.

"A hundred questions," cried Grace, "if you like." She looked at the expiring fire, and at the dimly visible figure of her companion seated in the obscurest corner of the room. "That wretched candle hardly gives

any light," she said, impatiently. "It won't last much longer. Can't we make the place more cheerful? Come out of your corner. Call for more wood and more lights."

Mercy remained in her corner and shook her head. "Candles and wood are scarce things here," she answered. "We must be patient, even if we are left in the dark. Tell me," she went on, raising her quiet voice a little, "how came you to risk crossing the frontier in war-time?"

Grace's voice dropped when she answered the question. Grace's momentary gayety of manner suddenly left her.

"I had urgent reasons," she said, "for returning to England."

"Alone?" rejoined the other. "Without any one to protect you?"

Grace's head sank on her bosom. "I have left my only protector—my father—in the English burial-ground at Rome," she answered, simply. "My mother died, years since, in Canada."

The shadowy figure of the nurse suddenly changed its position on the chest. She had started as the last word passed Miss Roseberry's lips.

"Do you know Canada?" asked Grace.

"Well," was the brief answer—reluctantly given, short as it was.

"Were you ever near Port Logan?"

"I once lived within a few miles of Port Logan."

"When?"

"Some time since." With those words Mercy Merrick shrank back into her corner and changed the subject. "Your relatives in England must be very anxious about you," she said.

Grace sighed. "I have no relatives in England. You can hardly imagine a person more friendless than I am. We went away from Canada, when my father's health failed, to try the climate of Italy by the doctor's advice. His death has left me not only friendless but poor." She paused, and took a leather letter-case from the pocket of the large gray cloak which the nurse had lent to her. "My prospects in life," she resumed, "are all contained in this little case. Here is the one treasure I contrived to conceal when I was robbed of my other things."

Mercy could just see the letter-case as Grace held it up in the deepening obscurity of the room. "Have you got money in it?" she asked.

"No; only a few family papers, and a letter from my father, introducing me to an elderly lady in England—a connection of his by marriage, whom I have never seen. The lady has consented to receive me as her companion and reader. If I don't return to England soon, some other person may get the place."

"Have you no other resource?"

"None. My education has been neglected—we led a wild life in the far West. I am quite unfit to go out as a governess. I am absolutely dependent on this stranger, who receives me for my father's sake." She put the letter-case back in the pocket of her cloak, and ended her little narrative as unaffectedly as she had begun it. "Mine is a sad story, is it not?" she said.

The voice of the nurse answered her suddenly and bitterly in these strange words:

"There are sadder stories than yours. There are thousands of miserable women who would ask for no greater blessing than to change places with You."

Grace started. "What can there possibly be to envy in such a lot as mine?"

"Your unblemished character, and your prospect of being established honorably in a respectable house."

Grace turned in her chair, and looked wonderingly into the dim corner of the room.

"How strangely you say that!" she exclaimed. There was no answer; the shadowy figure on the chest never moved. Grace rose impulsively, and drawing her chair after her, approached the nurse. "Is there some romance in your life?" she asked. "Why have you sacrificed yourself to the terrible duties which I find you performing here? You interest me indescribably. Give me your hand."

Mercy shrank back, and refused the offered hand.

"Are we not friends?" Grace asked, in astonishment.

"We can never be friends."

"Why not?"

The nurse was dumb. Grace called to mind the hesitation that she had shown when she had mentioned her name, and drew a new conclusion from it. "Should I be guessing right," she asked, eagerly, "if I guessed you to be some great lady in disguise?"

Mercy laughed to herself—low and bitterly. "I a great lady!" she said, contemptuously. "For Heaven's sake, let us talk of something else!"

Grace's curiosity was thoroughly roused. She persisted. "Once more," she whispered, persuasively. "Let us be friends." She gently laid her hand as she spoke on Mercy's shoulder. Mercy roughly shook it off. There was a rudeness in the action which would have offended the most patient woman living. Grace drew back indignantly. "Ah!" she cried, "you are cruel."

"I am kind," answered the nurse, speaking more sternly than ever.

"Is it kind to keep me at a distance? I have told you my story."

The nurse's voice rose excitedly. "Don't tempt me to speak out," she said; "you will regret it."

Grace declined to accept the warning. "I have placed confidence in you," she went

on. "It is ungenerous to lay me under an obligation, and then to shut me out of your confidence in return."

"You *will* have it?" said Mercy Merrick. "You *shall* have it! Sit down again." Grace's heart began to quicken its beat in expectation of the disclosure that was to come. She drew her chair closer to the chest on which the nurse was sitting. With a firm hand Mercy put the chair back to a distance from her. "Not so near me!" she said, harshly.

"Why not?"

"Not so near," repeated the sternly resolute voice. "Wait till you have heard what I have to say."

Grace obeyed without a word more. There was a momentary silence. A faint flash of light leaped up from the expiring candle, and showed Mercy crouching on the chest, with her elbows on her knees, and her face hidden in her hands. The next instant the room was buried in obscurity. As the darkness fell on the two women the nurse spoke.

CHAPTER II.

MAGDALEN—IN MODERN TIMES.

"WHEN your mother was alive were you ever out with her after night-fall in the streets of a great city?"

In those extraordinary terms Mercy Merrick opened the confidential interview which Grace Roseberry had forced on her. Grace answered, simply, "I don't understand you."

"I will put it in another way," said the nurse. Its unnatural hardness and sternness of tone passed away from her voice, and its native gentleness and sadness returned, as she made that reply. "You read the newspapers like the rest of the world," she went on; "have you ever read of your unhappy fellow-creatures (the starving outcasts of the population) whom Want has driven into Sin?"

Still wondering, Grace answered that she had read of such things often, in newspapers and in books.

"Have you heard—when those starving and sinning fellow-creatures happened to be women—of Refuges established to protect and reclaim them?"

The wonder in Grace's mind passed away, and a vague suspicion of something painful to come took its place. "These are extraordinary questions," she said, nervously. "What do you mean?"

"Answer me," the nurse insisted. "Have you heard of the Refuges? Have you heard of the Women?"

"Yes."

"Move your chair a little farther away from me." She paused. Her voice, without losing its steadiness, fell to its lowest tones. "*I* was once of those women," she said, quietly.

Grace sprang to her feet with a faint cry. She stood petrified—incapable of uttering a word.

"*I* have been in a Refuge," pursued the sweet, sad voice of the other woman. "*I* have been in a Prison. Do you still wish to be my friend? Do you still insist on sitting close by me and taking my hand?" She waited for a reply, and no reply came. "You see you were wrong," she went on, gently, "when you called me cruel—and I was right when I told you I was kind."

At that appeal Grace composed herself, and spoke. "I don't wish to offend you—" she began, confusedly.

Mercy Merrick stopped her there.

"You don't offend me," she said, without the faintest note of displeasure in her tone. "I am accustomed to stand in the pillory of my own past life. I sometimes ask myself if it was all my fault. I sometimes wonder if Society had no duties toward me when I was a child selling matches in the street—when I was a hard-working girl fainting at my needle for want of food." Her voice faltered a little for the first time as it pronounced those words; she waited a moment, and recovered herself. "It's too late to dwell on these things now," she said, resignedly. "Society can subscribe to reclaim me; but Society can't take me back. You see me here in a place of trust—patiently, humbly, doing all the good I can. It doesn't matter! Here, or elsewhere, what I *am* can never alter what I *was*. For three years past all that a sincerely penitent woman can do I have done. It doesn't matter! Once let my past story be known, and the shadow of it covers me; the kindest people shrink."

She waited again. Would a word of sympathy come to comfort her from the other woman's lips? No! Miss Roseberry was shocked; Miss Roseberry was confused. "I am very sorry for you," was all that Miss Roseberry could say.

"Every body is sorry for me," answered the nurse, as patiently as ever; "every body is kind to me. But the lost place is not to be regained. I can't get back! I can't get back!" she cried, with a passionate outburst of despair—checked instantly the moment it had escaped her. "Shall I tell you what my experience has been?" she resumed. "Will you hear the story of Magdalen—in modern times?"

Grace drew back a step; Mercy instantly understood her.

"I am going to tell you nothing that you need shrink from hearing," she said. "A lady in your position would not understand the trials and the struggles that I have passed through. My story shall begin at the Refuge. The matron sent me out to service with the character that I had honestly earn-

ed—the character of a reclaimed woman. I justified the confidence placed in me; I was a faithful servant. One day my mistress sent for me—a kind mistress, if ever there was one yet. 'Mercy, I am sorry for you; it has come out that I took you from a Refuge; I shall lose every servant in the house; you must go.' I went back to the matron—another kind woman. She received me like a mother. 'We will try again, Mercy; don't be cast down.' I told you I had been in Canada?"

Grace began to feel interested in spite of herself. She answered with something like warmth in her tone. She returned to her chair—placed at its safe and significant distance from the chest.

The nurse went on:

"My next place was in Canada, with an officer's wife: gentlefolks who had emigrated. More kindness; and, this time, a pleasant peaceful life for me. I said to myself, 'Is the lost place regained? *Have* I got back?' My mistress died. New people came into our neighborhood. There was a young lady among them—my master began to think of another wife. I have the misfortune (in my situation) to be what is called a handsome woman; I rouse the curiosity of strangers. The new people asked questions about me; my master's answers did not satisfy them. In a word, they found me out. The old story again! 'Mercy, I am very sorry; scandal is busy with you and with me; we are innocent, but there is no help for it—we must part.' I left the place; having gained one advantage during my stay in Canada, which I find of use to me here."

"What is it?"

"Our nearest neighbors were French Canadians. I learned to speak the French language."

"Did you return to London?"

"Where else could I go, without a character?" said Mercy, sadly. "I went back again to the matron. Sickness had broken out in the Refuge; I made myself useful as a nurse. One of the doctors was struck with me—'fell in love' with me, as the phrase is. He would have married me. The nurse, as an honest woman, was bound to tell him the truth. He never appeared again. The old story! I began to be weary of saying to myself, 'I can't get back! I can't get back!' Despair got hold of me, the despair that hardens the heart. I might have committed suicide; I might even have drifted back into my old life—but for one man."

At those last words her voice—quiet and even through the earlier parts of her sad story—began to falter once more. She stopped, following silently the memories and associations roused in her by what she had just said. Had she forgotten the presence of another person in the room? Grace's curiosity left Grace no resource but to say a word on her side.

"Who was the man?" she asked. "How did he befriend you?"

"Befriend me? He doesn't even know that such a person as I am is in existence."

That strange answer, naturally enough, only strengthened the anxiety of Grace to hear more. "You said just now—" she began.

"I said just now that he saved me. He did save me; you shall hear how. One Sunday our regular clergyman at the Refuge was not able to officiate. His place was taken by a stranger, quite a young man. The matron told us the stranger's name was Julian Gray. I sat in the back row of seats, under the shadow of the gallery, where I could see him without his seeing me. His text was from the words, 'Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.' What happier women might have thought of his sermon I can not say; there was not a dry eye among us at the Refuge. As for me, he touched my heart as no man has touched it before or since. The hard despair melted in me at the sound of his voice; the weary round of my life showed its nobler side again while he spoke. From that time I have accepted my hard lot, I have been a patient woman. I might have been something more, I might have been a happy woman, if I could have prevailed on myself to speak to Julian Gray."

"What hindered you from speaking to him?"

"I was afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid of making my hard life harder still."

A woman who could have sympathized with her would perhaps have guessed what those words meant. Grace was simply embarrassed by her; and Grace failed to guess.

"I don't understand you," she said.

There was no alternative for Mercy but to own the truth in plain words. She sighed, and said the words. "I was afraid I might interest him in my sorrows, and might set my heart on him in return." The utter absence of any fellow-feeling with her on Grace's side expressed itself eloquently in one word.

"You!" she exclaimed, in a tone of blank astonishment.

The nurse rose slowly to her feet. Grace's expression of surprise told her plainly—almost brutally—that her confession had gone far enough.

"I astonish you?" she said. "Ah, my young lady, you don't know what rough usage a woman's heart can bear, and still beat truly! Before I saw Julian Gray I only knew men as objects of horror to me.

Let us drop the subject. The preacher at the Refuge is nothing but a remembrance now—the one welcome remembrance of my life! I have nothing more to tell you. You insisted on hearing my story—you have heard it."

"I have not heard how you found employment here," said Grace, continuing the conversation with uneasy politeness, as she best might.

Mercy crossed the room, and slowly raked together the last living embers of the fire.

"The matron has friends in France," she answered, "who are connected with the military hospitals. It was not difficult to get me the place, under those circumstances. Society can find a use for me here. My hand is as light, my words of comfort are as welcome, among those suffering wretches" (she pointed to the room in which the wounded men were lying) "as if I was the most reputable woman breathing. And if a stray shot comes my way before the war is over—well! Society will be rid of me on easy terms."

She stood looking thoughtfully into the wreck of the fire—as if she saw in it the wreck of her own life. Common humanity made it an act of necessity to say something to her. Grace considered—advanced a step toward her—stopped—and took refuge in the most trivial of all the common phrases which one human being can address to another.

"If there is any thing I can do for you—" she began. The sentence, halting there, was never finished. Miss Roseberry was just merciful enough toward the lost woman who had rescued and sheltered her to feel that it was needless to say more.

The nurse lifted her noble head and advanced slowly toward the canvas screen to return to her duties. "Miss Roseberry might have taken my hand!" she thought to herself, bitterly. No! Miss Roseberry stood there at a distance, at a loss what to say next. "What can you do for me?" Mercy asked, stung by the cold courtesy of her companion into a momentary outbreak of contempt. "Can you change my identity? Can you give me the name and the place of an innocent woman? If I only had your chance! If I only had your reputation and your prospects!" She laid one hand over her bosom, and controlled herself. "Stay here," she resumed, "while I go back to my work. I will see that your clothes are dried. You shall wear my clothes as short a time as possible."

With these melancholy words—touchingly, not bitterly spoken—she moved to pass into the kitchen, when she noticed that the pattering sound of the rain against the window was audible no more. Dropping the canvas for the moment, she retraced her steps, and, unfastening the wooden shutter, looked out.

The moon was rising dimly in the watery sky; the rain had ceased; the friendly darkness which had hidden the French position from the German scouts was lessening every moment. In a few hours more (if nothing happened) the English lady might resume her journey. In a few hours more the morning would dawn.

Mercy lifted her hand to close the shutter. Before she could fasten it the report of a rifle-shot reached the cottage from one of the distant posts. It was followed almost instantly by a second report, nearer and louder than the first. Mercy paused, with the shutter in her hand, and listened intently for the next sound.

CHAPTER III.

THE GERMAN SHELL.

A THIRD rifle-shot rang through the night air, close to the cottage. Grace started and approached the window in alarm.

"What does that firing mean?" she asked.

"Signals from the outposts," the nurse quietly replied.

"Is there any danger? Have the Germans come back?"

Surgeon Surville answered the question. He lifted the canvas screen, and looked into the room as Miss Roseberry spoke.

"The Germans are advancing on us," he said. "Their van-guard is in sight."

Grace sank on the chair near her, trembling from head to foot. Mercy advanced to the surgeon, and put the decisive question to him.

"Do we defend the position?" she inquired.

Surgeon Surville ominously shook his head.

"Impossible! We are outnumbered as usual—ten to one."

The shrill roll of the French drums was heard outside.

"There is the retreat sounded!" said the surgeon. "The captain is not a man to think twice about what he does. We are left to take care of ourselves. In five minutes we must be out of this place."

A volley of rifle-shots rang out as he spoke. The German van-guard was attacking the French at the outposts. Grace caught the surgeon entreatingly by the arm. "Take me with you," she cried. "Oh, Sir, I have suffered from the Germans already! Don't forsake me, if they come back!" The surgeon was equal to the occasion; he placed the hand of the pretty Englishwoman on his breast. "Fear nothing, madam," he said, looking as if he could have annihilated the whole German force with his own invincible arm. "A Frenchman's heart beats under your hand. A Frenchman's devotion protects you." Grace's head sank on his shoulder. Monsieur Surville felt that he had as-

serted himself; he looked round invitingly at Mercy. She, too, was an attractive woman. The Frenchman had another shoulder at *her* service. Unhappily the room was dark—the look was lost on Mercy. She was thinking of the helpless men in the inner chamber, and she quietly recalled the surgeon to a sense of his professional duties.

"What is to become of the sick and wounded?" she asked.

Monsieur Surville shrugged one shoulder—the shoulder that was free.

"The strongest among them we can take away with us," he said. "The others must be left here. Fear nothing for yourself, dear lady. There will be a place for you in the baggage-wagon."

"And for me, too?" Grace pleaded, eagerly.

The surgeon's invincible arm stole round the young lady's waist, and answered mutely with a squeeze.

"Take her with you," said Mercy. "My place is with the men whom you leave behind."

Grace listened in amazement. "Think what you risk," she said, "if you stop here."

Mercy pointed to her left shoulder.

"Don't alarm yourself on my account," she answered; "the red cross will protect me."

Another roll of the drum warned the susceptible surgeon to take his place as director-general of the ambulance without any further delay. He conducted Grace to a chair, and placed both her hands on his heart this time, to reconcile her to the misfortune of his absence. "Wait here till I return for you," he whispered. "Fear nothing, my charming friend. Say to yourself, 'Surville is the soul of honor! Surville is devoted to me!'" He struck his breast; he again forgot the obscurity in the room, and cast one look of unutterable homage at his charming friend. "*A bientôt!*" he cried, and kissed his hand and disappeared.

As the canvas screen fell over him the sharp report of the rifle-firing was suddenly and grandly dominated by the roar of cannon. The instant after a shell exploded in the garden outside, within a few yards of the window.

Grace sank on her knees with a shriek of terror. Mercy, without losing her self-possession, advanced to the window and looked out.

"The moon has risen," she said. "The Germans are shelling the village."

Grace rose, and ran to her for protection.

"Take me away!" she cried. "We shall be killed if we stay here." She stopped, looking in astonishment at the tall black figure of the nurse, standing immovably by the window. "Are you made of iron?" she exclaimed. "Will nothing frighten you?"

Mercy smiled sadly. "Why should I be afraid of losing my life?" she answered. "I have nothing worth living for!"

The roar of the cannon shook the cottage for the second time. A second shell exploded in the court-yard, on the opposite side of the building.

Bewildered by the noise, panic-stricken as the danger from the shells threatened the cottage more and more nearly, Grace threw her arms round the nurse, and clung, in the abject familiarity of terror, to the woman whose hand she had shrunk from touching not five minutes since. "Where is it safest?" she cried. "Where can I hide myself?"

"How can I tell where the next shell will fall?" Mercy answered, quietly.

The steady composure of the one woman seemed to madden the other. Releasing the nurse, Grace looked wildly round for a way of escape from the cottage. Making first for the kitchen, she was driven back by the clamor and confusion attending the removal of those among the wounded who were strong enough to be placed in the wagon. A second look round showed her the door leading into the yard. She rushed to it with a cry of relief. She had just laid her hand on the lock when the third report of cannon burst over the place.

Starting back a step, Grace lifted her hands mechanically to her ears. At the same moment the third shell burst through the roof of the cottage, and exploded in the room, just inside the door. Mercy sprang forward, unhurt, from her place at the window. The burning fragments of the shell were already firing the dry wooden floor, and in the midst of them, dimly seen through the smoke, lay the insensible body of her companion in the room. Even at that dreadful moment the nurse's presence of mind did not fail her. Hurrying back to the place that she had just left, near which she had already noticed the miller's empty sacks lying in a heap, she seized two of them, and, throwing them on the smouldering floor, trampled out the fire. That done, she knelt by the senseless woman, and lifted her head.

Was she wounded? or dead?

Mercy raised one helpless hand, and laid her fingers on the wrist. While she was still vainly trying to feel the beating of the pulse, Surgeon Surville (alarmed for the ladies) hurried in to inquire if any harm had been done.

Mercy called to him to approach. "I am afraid the shell has struck her," she said, yielding her place to him. "See if she is badly hurt."

The surgeon's anxiety for his charming patient expressed itself briefly in an oath, with a prodigious emphasis laid on one of the letters in it—the letter R. "Take off her cloak," he cried, raising his hand to her neck. "Poor angel! She has turned in falling; the string is twisted round her throat."

Mercy removed the cloak. It dropped on

the floor as the surgeon lifted Grace in his arms. "Get a candle," he said, impatiently; "they will give you one in the kitchen." He tried to feel the pulse: his hand trembled, the noise and confusion in the kitchen bewildered him. "Just Heaven!" he exclaimed. "My emotions overpower me!" Mercy approached him with the candle. The light disclosed the frightful injury which a fragment of the shell had inflicted on the Englishwoman's head. Surgeon Surville's manner altered on the instant. The expression of anxiety left his face; its professional composure covered it suddenly like a mask. What was the object of his admiration now? An inert burden in his arms—nothing more.

The change in his face was not lost on Mercy. Her large gray eyes watched him attentively. "Is the lady seriously wounded?" she asked.

"Don't trouble yourself to hold the light any longer," was the cool reply. "It's all over—I can do nothing for her."

"Dead?"

Surgeon Surville nodded, and shook his fist in the direction of the outposts. "Accursed Germans!" he cried, and looked down at the dead face on his arm, and shrugged his shoulders resignedly. "The fortune of war!" he said, as he lifted the body and placed it on the bed in one corner of the room. "Next time, nurse, it may be you or me. Who knows? Bah! the problem of human destiny disgusts me." He turned from the bed, and illustrated his disgust by spitting on the fragments of the exploded shell. "We must leave her there," he resumed. "She was once a charming person—she is nothing now. Come away, Miss Mercy, before it is too late."

He offered his arm to the nurse; the creaking of the baggage-wagon, starting on its journey, was heard outside, and the shrill roll of the drums was renewed in the distance. The retreat had begun.

Mercy drew aside the canvas, and saw the badly wounded men, left helpless at the mercy of the enemy, on their straw beds. She refused the offer of Monsieur Surville's arm.

"I have already told you that I shall stay here," she said.

Monsieur Surville lifted his hands in polite remonstrance. Mercy held back the curtain, and pointed to the cottage door.

"Go," she said. "My mind is made up."

Even at that final moment the Frenchman asserted himself. He made his exit with unimpaired grace and dignity. "Madam," he said, "you are sublime!" With that parting compliment the man of gallantry—true to the last to his admiration of the sex—bowed, with his hand on his heart, and left the cottage.

Mercy dropped the canvas over the doorway. She was alone with the dead woman.

The last tramp of footsteps, the last rumbling of the wagon wheels, died away in the distance. No renewal of firing from the position occupied by the enemy disturbed the silence that followed. The Germans knew that the French were in retreat. A few minutes more and they would take possession of the abandoned village: the tumult of their approach would become audible at the cottage. In the mean time the stillness was terrible. Even the wounded wretches who were left in the kitchen waited their fate in silence.

Alone in the room, Mercy's first look was directed to the bed.

The two women had met in the confusion of the first skirmish at the close of twilight. Separated, on their arrival at the cottage, by the duties required of the nurse, they had only met again in the captain's room. The acquaintance between them had been a short one; and it had given no promise of ripening into friendship. But the fatal accident had roused Mercy's interest in the stranger. She took the candle, and approached the corpse of the woman who had been literally killed at her side.

She stood by the bed, looking down in the silence of the night at the stillness of the dead face.

It was a striking face—once seen (in life or in death) not to be forgotten afterward. The forehead was unusually low and broad; the eyes unusually far apart; the mouth and chin remarkably small. With tender hands Mercy smoothed the disheveled hair and arranged the crumpled dress. "Not five minutes since," she thought to herself, "I was longing to change places with *you!*" She turned from the bed with a sigh. "I wish I could change places now!"

The silence began to oppress her. She walked slowly to the other end of the room.

The cloak on the floor—her own cloak, which she had lent to Miss Roseberry—attracted her attention as she passed it. She picked it up and brushed the dust from it, and laid it across a chair. This done, she put the light back on the table, and going to the window, listened for the first sounds of the German advance. The faint passage of the wind through some trees near at hand was the only sound that caught her ears. She turned from the window, and seated herself at the table, thinking. Was there any duty still left undone that Christian charity owed to the dead? Was there any further service that pressed for performance in the interval before the Germans appeared?

Mercy recalled the conversation that had passed between her ill-fated companion and herself. Miss Roseberry had spoken of her object in returning to England. She had mentioned a lady—a connection by marriage, to whom she was personally a stranger—who was waiting to receive her. Some one capable of stating how the poor creature had

met with her death ought to write to her only friend. Who was to do it? There was nobody to do it but the one witness of the catastrophe now left in the cottage—Mercy herself.

She lifted the cloak from the chair on which she had placed it, and took from the pocket the leather letter-case which Grace had shown to her. The only way of discovering the address to write to in England was to open the case and examine the papers inside. Mercy opened the case—and stopped, feeling a strange reluctance to carry the investigation any further.

A moment's consideration satisfied her that her scruples were misplaced. If she respected the case as inviolable, the Germans would certainly not hesitate to examine it, and the Germans would hardly trouble themselves to write to England. Which were the fittest eyes to inspect the papers of the deceased lady—the eyes of men and foreigners, or the eyes of her own countrywoman? Mercy's hesitation left her. She emptied the contents of the case on the table.

That trifling action decided the whole future course of her life.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TEMPTATION.

Some letters, tied together with a ribbon, attracted Mercy's attention first. The ink in which the addresses were written had faded with age. The letters, directed alternately to Colonel Roseberry and to the Honorable Mrs. Roseberry, contained a correspondence between the husband and wife at a time when the Colonel's military duties had obliged him to be absent from home. Mercy tied the letters up again, and passed on to the papers that lay next in order under her hand.

These consisted of a few leaves pinned together, and headed (in a woman's handwriting), "My Journal at Rome." A brief examination showed that the journal had been written by Miss Roseberry, and that it was mainly devoted to a record of the last days of her father's life.

After replacing the journal and the correspondence in the case, the one paper left on the table was a letter. The envelope, which was unclosed, bore this address: "Lady Janet Roy, Mablethorpe House, Kensington, London." Mercy took the inclosure from the open envelope. The first lines she read informed her that she had found the Colonel's letter of introduction, presenting his daughter to her protectress on her arrival in England.

Mercy read the letter through. It was described by the writer as the last effort of a dying man. Colonel Roseberry wrote affectionately of his daughter's merits, and regretfully of her neglected education—ascribing the latter to the pecuniary losses which had forced him to emigrate to Canada in the character of a poor man. Fervent expressions of gratitude followed, addressed to Lady Janet. "I owe it to you," the letter concluded, "that I am dying with my mind at ease about the future of my darling girl. To your generous protection I commit the one treasure I have left to me on earth. Through your long lifetime you have nobly used your high rank and your great fortune as a means of doing good. I believe it will not be counted among the least of your virtues hereafter that you comforted the last hours of an old soldier by opening your heart and your home to his friendless child."

So the letter ended. Mercy laid it down with a heavy heart. What a chance the poor girl had lost! A woman of rank and fortune waiting to receive her—a woman so merciful and so generous that the father's mind had been easy about the daughter on his death-bed—and there the daughter lay, beyond the reach of Lady Janet's kindness, beyond the need of Lady Janet's help!

The French captain's writing materials were left on the table. Mercy turned the letter over so that she might write the news of Miss Roseberry's death on the blank page at the end. She was still considering what expressions she should use, when the sound of complaining voices from the next room caught her ear. The wounded men left behind were moaning for help—the deserted soldiers were losing their fortitude at last.

She entered the kitchen. A cry of delight welcomed her appearance—the mere sight of her composed the men. From one straw bed to another she passed with comforting words that gave them hope, with skilled and tender hands that soothed their pain. They kissed the hem of her black dress, they called her their guardian angel, as the beautiful creature moved among them, and bent over their hard pillows her gentle compassionate face. "I will be with you when the Germans come," she said, as she left them to return to her unwritten letter. "Courage, my poor fellows! you are not deserted by your nurse."

"Courage, madam!" the men replied; "and God bless you!"

If the firing had been resumed at that moment—if a shell had struck her dead in the act of succoring the afflicted, what Christian judgment would have hesitated to declare that there was a place for this woman in heaven? But if the war ended and left her still living, where was the place for her on earth? Where were her prospects? Where was her home?

She returned to the letter. Instead, how-

ever, of seating herself to write, she stood by the table, absently looking down at the morsel of paper.

A strange fancy had sprung to life in her mind on re-entering the room; she herself smiled faintly at the extravagance of it. What if she were to ask Lady Janet Roy to let her supply Miss Roseberry's place? She had met with Miss Roseberry under critical circumstances, and she had done for her all that one woman could do to help another. There was in this circumstance some little claim to notice, perhaps, if Lady Janet had no other companion and reader in view. Suppose she ventured to plead her own cause—what would the noble and merciful lady do? She would write back, and say, "Send me references to your character, and I will see what can be done." Her character! Her references! Mercy laughed bitterly, and sat down to write in the fewest words all that was needed from her—a plain statement of the facts.

No! Not a line could she put on the paper. That fancy of hers was not to be dismissed at will. Her mind was perversely busy now with an imaginative picture of the beauty of Mablethorpe House and the comfort and elegance of the life that was led there. Once more she thought of the chance which Miss Roseberry had lost. Unhappy creature! what a home would have been open to her if the shell had only fallen on the side of the window, instead of on the side of the yard!

Mercy pushed the letter away from her, and walked impatiently to and fro in the room.

The perversity in her thoughts was not to be mastered in that way. Her mind only abandoned one useless train of reflection to occupy itself with another. She was now looking by anticipation at her own future. What were her prospects (if she lived through it) when the war was over? The experience of the past delineated with pitiless fidelity the dreary scene. Go where she might, do what she might, it would end always in the same way. Curiosity and admiration excited by her beauty; inquiries made about her; the story of the past discovered; Society charitably sorry for her; Society generously subscribing for her; and still, through all the years of her life, the same result in the end—the shadow of the old disgrace surrounding her as with a pestilence, isolating her among other women, branding her, even when she had earned her pardon in the sight of God, with the mark of an indelible disgrace in the sight of man: there was the prospect! And she was only five-and-twenty last birthday; she was in the prime of her health and her strength; she might live, in the course of nature, fifty years more!

She stopped again at the bedside; she looked again at the face of the corpse.

To what end had the shell struck the woman who had some hope in her life, and spared the woman who had none? The words she had herself spoken to Grace Roseberry came back to her as she thought of it. "If I only had your chance! If I only had your reputation and your prospects!" And there was the chance wasted! there were the enviable prospects thrown away! It was almost maddening to contemplate that result, feeling her own position as she felt it. In the bitter mockery of despair she bent over the lifeless figure, and spoke to it as if it had ears to hear her. "Oh!" she said, longingly, "if you could be Mercy Merrick, and if I could be Grace Roseberry, *now!*"

The instant the words passed her lips she started into an erect position. She stood by the bed, with her eyes staring wildly into empty space; with her brain in a flame; with her heart beating as if it would stifle her. "If you could be Mercy Merrick, and if I could be Grace Roseberry, now!" In one breathless moment the thought assumed a new development in her mind. In one breathless moment the conviction struck her like an electric shock. *She might be Grace Roseberry if she dared!* There was absolutely nothing to stop her from presenting herself to Lady Janet Roy under Grace's name and in Grace's place!

What were the risks? Where was the weak point in the scheme?

Grace had said it herself in so many words—she and Lady Janet had never seen each other. Her friends were in Canada; her relations in England were dead. Mercy knew the place in which she had lived—the place called Port Logan—as well as she had known it herself. Mercy had only to read the manuscript journal to be able to answer any questions relating to the visit to Rome and to Colonel Roseberry's death. She had no accomplished lady to personate: Grace had spoken herself—her father's letter spoke also in the plainest terms—of her neglected education. Every thing, literally every thing, was in the lost woman's favor. The people with whom she had been connected in the ambulance had gone, to return no more. Her own clothes were on Miss Roseberry at that moment—marked with her own name. Miss Roseberry's clothes, marked with *her* name, were drying, at Mercy's disposal, in the next room. The way of escape from the unendurable humiliation of her present life lay open before her at last. What a prospect it was! A new identity, which she might own any where! a new name, which was beyond reproach! a new past life, into which all the world might search, and be welcome! Her color rose, her eyes sparkled; she had never been so irresistibly beautiful as she looked at the moment when the new future disclosed itself, radiant with new hope.

She waited a minute, until she could look at her own daring project from another point of view. Where was the harm of it? what did her conscience say?

As to Grace, in the first place. What injury was she doing to a woman who was dead? The question answered itself. No injury to the woman. No injury to her relations. Her relations were dead also.

As to Lady Janet, in the second place. If she served her new mistress faithfully, if she filled her new sphere honorably, if she was diligent under instruction and grateful for kindness—if, in one word, she was all that she might be and would be in the heavenly peace and security of that new life—what injury was she doing to Lady Janet? Once more the question answered itself. She might, and would, give Lady Janet cause to bless the day when she first entered the house.

She snatched up Colonel Roseberry's letter, and put it into the case with the other papers. The opportunity was before her; the chances were all in her favor; her conscience said nothing against trying the daring scheme. She decided then and there—"I'll do it!"

Something jarred on her finer sense, something offended her better nature, as she put the case into the pocket of her dress. She had decided, and yet she was not at ease; she was not quite sure of having fairly questioned her conscience yet. What if she laid the letter-case on the table again, and waited until her excitement had all cooled down, and then put the contemplated project soberly on its trial before her own sense of right and wrong?

She thought once—and hesitated. Before she could think twice, the distant tramp of marching footsteps and the distant clatter of horses' hoofs were wafted to her on the night air. The Germans were entering the village! In a few minutes more they would appear in the cottage; they would summon her to give an account of herself. There was no time for waiting until she was composed again. Which should it be—the new life, as Grace Roseberry? or the old life, as Mercy Merrick?

She looked for the last time at the bed. Grace's course was run; Grace's future was at her disposal. Her resolute nature, forced to a choice on the instant, chose the daring alternative. She decided on taking Grace's place.

The tramping footsteps of the Germans came nearer and nearer. The voices of the officers were audible, giving the words of command.

She seated herself at the table, waiting steadily for what was to come.

The ineradicable instinct of the sex directed her eyes to her dress, before the Germans appeared. Looking it over to see that it was in perfect order, her eyes fell upon the red cross on her left shoulder. In a moment it struck her that her nurse's costume might involve her in a needless risk. It associated her with a public position; it might lead to inquiries at a later time, and those inquiries might betray her.

She looked round. The gray cloak which she had lent to Grace attracted her attention. She took it up, and covered herself with it from head to foot.

The cloak was just arranged round her when she heard the outer door thrust open, and voices speaking in a strange tongue, and arms grounded in the room behind her. Should she wait to be discovered? or should she show herself of her own accord? It was less trying to such a nature as hers to show herself than to wait. She advanced to enter the kitchen. The canvas curtain, as she stretched out her hand to it, was suddenly drawn back from the other side, and three men confronted her in the open doorway.

CHAPTER V.

THE GERMAN SURGEON.

THE youngest of the three strangers—judging by features, complexion, and manner—was apparently an Englishman. He wore a military cap and military boots, but was otherwise dressed as a civilian. Next to him stood an officer in Prussian uniform, and next to the officer was the third and the oldest of the party. He also was dressed in uniform, but his appearance was far from being suggestive of the appearance of a military man. He halted on one foot, he stooped at the shoulders, and instead of a sword at his side he carried a stick in his hand. After looking sharply through a large pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, first at Mercy, then at the bed, then all round the room, he turned with a cynical composure of manner to the Prussian officer, and broke the silence in these words:

"A woman ill on the bed; another woman in attendance on her, and no one else in the room. Any necessity, major, for setting a guard here?"

"No necessity," answered the major. He wheeled round on his heel and returned to the kitchen. The German surgeon advanced a little, led by his professional instinct, in the direction of the bedside. The young Englishman, whose eyes had remained riveted in admiration on Mercy, drew the canvas screen over the doorway, and respectfully addressed her in the French language.

"May I ask if I am speaking to a French lady?" he said.

"I am an Englishwoman," Mercy replied.

The surgeon heard the answer. Stopping

short on his way to the bed, he pointed to the recumbent figure on it, and said to Mercy, in good English, spoken with a strong German accent,

"Can I be of any use there?"

His manner was ironically courteous, his harsh voice was pitched in one sardonic monotony of tone. Mercy took an instantaneous dislike to this hobbling, ugly old man, staring at her rudely through his great tortoise-shell spectacles.

"You can be of no use, Sir," she said, shortly. "The lady was killed when your troops shelled this cottage."

The Englishman started, and looked compassionately toward the bed. The German refreshed himself with a pinch of snuff, and put another question.

"Has the body been examined by a medical man?" he asked.

Mercy ungraciously limited her reply to the one necessary word "Yes."

The present surgeon was not a man to be daunted by a lady's disapproval of him. He went on with his questions.

"Who has examined the body?" he inquired next.

Mercy answered, "The doctor attached to the French ambulance."

The German grunted in contemptuous disapproval of all Frenchmen and all French institutions. The Englishman seized his first opportunity of addressing himself to Mercy once more.

"Is the lady a countrywoman of ours?" he asked, gently.

Mercy considered before she answered him. With the object she had in view, there might be serious reasons for speaking with extreme caution when she spoke of Grace.

"I believe so," she said. "We met here by accident. I know nothing of her."

"Not even her name?" inquired the German surgeon.

Mercy's resolution was hardly equal yet to giving her own name openly as the name of Grace. She took refuge in flat denial.

"Not even her name," she repeated, obstinately.

The old man stared at her more rudely than ever, considered with himself, and took the candle from the table. He hobbled back to the bed, and examined the figure laid on it in silence. The Englishman continued the conversation, no longer concealing the interest that he felt in the beautiful woman who stood before him.

"Pardon me," he said; "you are very young to be alone in war-time in such a place as this."

The sudden outbreak of a disturbance in the kitchen relieved Mercy from any immediate necessity for answering him. She heard the voices of the wounded men raised in feeble remonstrance, and the harsh command of the foreign officers, bidding them be silent. The generous instincts of the woman instantly prevailed over every personal consideration imposed on her by the position which she had assumed. Reckless whether she betrayed herself or not as nurse in the French ambulance, she instantly drew aside the canvas to enter the kitchen. A German sentinel barred the way to her, and announced, in his own language, that no strangers were admitted. The Englishman, politely interposing, asked if she had any special object in wishing to enter the room.

"The poor Frenchmen!" she said, earnestly, her heart upbraiding her for having forgotten them. "The poor wounded Frenchmen!"

The German surgeon advanced from the bedside, and took the matter up before the Englishman could say a word more.

"You have nothing to do with the wounded Frenchmen," he croaked, in the harshest notes of his voice. "The wounded Frenchmen are my business, and not yours. They are *our* prisoners, and they are being moved to *our* ambulance. I am Ignatius Wetzel, chief of the medical staff—and I tell you this. Hold your tongue." He turned to the sentinel, and added in German, "Draw the curtain again; and if the woman persists, put her back into this room with your own hand."

Mercy attempted to remonstrate. The Englishman respectfully took her arm, and drew her out of the sentinel's reach.

"It is useless to resist," he said. "The German discipline never gives way. There is not the least need to be uneasy about the Frenchmen. The ambulance under Surgeon Wetzel is admirably administered. I answer for it, the men will be well treated." He saw the tears in her eyes as he spoke; his admiration for her rose higher and higher. "Kind as well as beautiful," he thought. "What a charming creature!"

"Well!" said Ignatius Wetzel, eying Mercy sternly through his spectacles. "Are you satisfied? And will you hold your tongue?"

She yielded: it was plainly useless to persist. But for the surgeon's resistance, her devotion to the wounded men might have stopped her on the downward way that she was going. If she could only have been absorbed again, mind and body, in her good work as a nurse, the temptation might even yet have found her strong enough to resist it. The fatal severity of the German discipline had snapped asunder the last tie that bound her to her better self. Her face hardened as she turned her back proudly on Surgeon Wetzel, and took a chair.

The Englishman followed her, and reverted to the question of her present situation in the cottage.

"Don't suppose that I want to alarm you," he said. "There is, I repeat, no need to be anxious about the Frenchmen, but there is

serious reason for anxiety on your own account. The action will be renewed round this village by daylight; you ought really to be in a place of safety. I am an officer in the English army—my name is Horace Holmcroft. I shall be delighted to be of use to you, and I *can* be of use, if you will let me. May I ask if you are traveling?"

Mercy gathered the cloak which concealed her nurse's dress more closely round her, and committed herself silently to her first overt act of deception. She bowed her head in the affirmative.

"Are you on your way to England?"

"Yes."

"In that case I can pass you through the German lines, and forward you at once on your journey."

Mercy looked at him in unconcealed surprise. His strongly felt interest in her was restrained within the strictest limits of good-breeding: he was unmistakably a gentleman. Did he really mean what he had just said?

"You can pass me through the German lines?" she repeated. "You must possess extraordinary influence, Sir, to be able to do that."

Mr. Horace Holmcroft smiled.

"I possess the influence that no one can resist," he answered—"the influence of the Press. I am serving here as war correspondent of one of our great English newspapers. If I ask him, the commanding officer will grant you a pass. He is close to this cottage. What do you say?"

She summoned her resolution—not without difficulty, even now—and took him at his word.

"I gratefully accept your offer, Sir."

He advanced a step toward the kitchen, and stopped.

"It may be well to make the application as privately as possible," he said. "I shall be questioned if I pass through that room. Is there no other way out of the cottage?"

Mercy showed him the door leading into the yard. He bowed—and left her.

She looked furtively toward the German surgeon. Ignatius Wetzel was still at the bed, bending over the body, and apparently absorbed in examining the wound which had been inflicted by the shell. Mercy's instinctive aversion to the old man increased tenfold now that she was left alone with him. She withdrew uneasily to the window, and looked out at the moonlight.

Had she committed herself to the fraud? Hardly, yet. She had committed herself to returning to England—nothing more. There was no necessity, thus far, which forced her to present herself at Mablethorpe House, in Grace's place. There was still time to reconsider her resolution—still time to write the account of the accident, as she had proposed, and to send it with the letter-case to Lady Janet Roy. Suppose she finally decided on taking this course, what was to become of her when she found herself in England again? There was no alternative open but to apply once more to her friend the matron. There was nothing for her to do but to return to the Refuge!

The Refuge! The matron! What past association with these two was now presenting itself uninvited, and taking the foremost place in her mind? Of whom was she now thinking, in that strange place, and at that crisis in her life? Of the man whose words had found their way to her heart, whose influence had strengthened and comforted her, in the chapel of the Refuge. One of the finest passages in his sermon had been especially devoted by Julian Gray to warning the congregation whom he addressed against the degrading influences of falsehood and deceit. The terms in which he had appealed to the miserable women round him—terms of sympathy and encouragement never addressed to them before—came back to Mercy Merrick as if she had heard them an hour since. She turned deadly pale as they now pleaded with her once more. "Oh!" she whispered to herself, as she thought of what she had purposed and planned, "what have I done? what have I done?"

She turned from the window with some vague idea in her mind of following Mr. Holmcroft and calling him back. As she faced the bed again she also confronted Ignatius Wetzel. He was just stepping forward to speak to her, with a white handkerchief—the handkerchief which she had lent to Grace—held up in his hand.

"I have found this in her pocket," he said. "Here is her name written on it. She must be a countrywoman of yours." He read the letters marked on the handkerchief with some difficulty. "Her name is—Mercy Merrick."

His lips had said it—not hers! *He* had given her the name.

"'Mercy Merrick' is an English name?" pursued Ignatius Wetzel, with his eyes steadily fixed on her. "Is it not so?"

The hold on her mind of the past association with Julian Gray began to relax. One present and pressing question now possessed itself of the foremost place in her thoughts. Should she correct the error into which the German had fallen? The time had come—to speak, and assert her own identity; or to be silent, and commit herself to the fraud.

Horace Holmcroft entered the room again at the moment when Surgeon Wetzel's staring eyes were still fastened on her, waiting for her reply.

"I have not overrated my interest," he said, pointing to a little slip of paper in his hand. "Here is the pass. Have you got pen and ink? I must fill up the form."

Mercy pointed to the writing materials on the table. Horace seated himself, and dipped the pen in the ink.

"Pray don't think that I wish to intrude myself into your affairs," he said. "I am obliged to ask you one or two plain questions. What is your name?"

A sudden trembling seized her. She supported herself against the foot of the bed. Her whole future existence depended on her answer. She was incapable of uttering a word.

Ignatius Wetzel stood her friend for once. His croaking voice filled the empty gap of silence exactly at the right time. He doggedly held the handkerchief under her eyes. He obstinately repeated, "Mercy Merrick is an English name. Is it not so?"

Horace Holmcroft looked up from the table. "Mercy Merrick?" he said. "Who is Mercy Merrick?"

Surgeon Wetzel pointed to the corpse on the bed.

"I have found the name on the handkerchief," he said. "This lady, it seems, had not curiosity enough to look for the name of her own countrywoman." He made that mocking allusion to Mercy with a tone which was almost a tone of suspicion, and a look which was almost a look of contempt. Her quick temper instantly resented the discourtesy of which she had been made the object. The irritation of the moment—so often do the most trifling motives determine the most serious human actions—decided her on the course that she should pursue. She turned her back scornfully on the rude old man, and left him in the delusion that he had discovered the dead woman's name.

Horace returned to the business of filling up the form.

"Pardon me for pressing the question," he said. "You know what German discipline is by this time. What is your name?"

She answered him recklessly, defiantly, without fairly realizing what she was doing until it was done.

"Grace Roseberry," she said.

The words were hardly out of her mouth before she would have given every thing she possessed in the world to recall them.

"Miss?" asked Horace, smiling.

She could only answer him by bowing her head.

He wrote, "Miss Grace Roseberry"—reflected for a moment—and then added, interrogatively, "Returning to her friends in England?" Her friends in England? Mercy's heart swelled: she silently replied by another sign. He wrote the words after the name, and shook the sand-box over the wet ink. "That will be enough," he said, rising and presenting the pass to Mercy; "I will see you through the lines myself, and arrange for your being sent on by the railway. Where is your luggage?"

Mercy pointed toward the front-door of the building. "In a shed outside the cottage," she answered. "It is not much; I can do every thing for myself if the sentinel will let me pass through the kitchen."

Horace pointed to the paper in her hand. "You can go where you like now," he said. "Shall I wait for you here or outside?"

Mercy glanced distrustfully at Ignatius Wetzel. He was again absorbed in his endless examination of the body on the bed. If she left him alone with Mr. Holmcroft, there was no knowing what the hateful old man might not say of her. She answered, "Wait for me outside, if you please."

The sentinel drew back with a military salute at the sight of the pass. All the French prisoners had been removed; there were not more than half a dozen Germans in the kitchen, and the greater part of them were asleep. Mercy took Grace Roseberry's clothes from the corner in which they had been left to dry, and made for the shed—a rough structure of wood, built out from the cottage wall. At the front-door she encountered a second sentinel, and showed her pass for the second time. She spoke to this man, asking him if he understood French. He answered that he understood a little. Mercy gave him a piece of money, and said, "I am going to pack up my luggage in the shed. Be kind enough to see that nobody disturbs me." The sentinel saluted, in token that he understood. Mercy disappeared in the dark interior of the shed.

Left alone with Surgeon Wetzel, Horace noticed the strange old man still bending intently over the English lady who had been killed by the shell.

"Any thing remarkable," he asked, "in the manner of that poor creature's death?"

"Nothing to put in a newspaper," retorted the cynic, pursuing his investigations as attentively as ever.

"Interesting to a doctor—eh?" said Horace.

"Yes. Interesting to a doctor," was the gruff reply.

Horace good-humoredly accepted the hint implied in those words. He quitted the room by the door leading into the yard, and waited for the charming Englishwoman, as he had been instructed, outside the cottage.

Left by himself, Ignatius Wetzel, after a first cautious look all round him, opened the upper part of Grace's dress, and laid his left hand on her heart. Taking a little steel instrument from his waistcoat pocket with the other hand, he applied it carefully to the wound, raised a morsel of the broken and depressed bone of the skull, and waited for the result. "Aha!" he cried, addressing with a terrible gayety the senseless creature under his hands. "The Frenchman says you are dead, my dear—does he? The

Frenchman is a Quack! The Frenchman is an Ass!" He lifted his head, and called into the kitchen. "Max!" A sleepy young German, covered with a dresser's apron from his chin to his feet, drew the curtain, and waited for his instructions. "Bring me my black bag," said Ignatius Wetzel. Having given that order, he rubbed his hands cheerfully, and shook himself like a dog. "Now I am quite happy," croaked the terrible old man, with his fierce eyes leering sidelong at the bed. "My dear dead Englishwoman, I would not have missed this meeting with you for all the money I have in the world. Ha! you infernal French Quack, you call it death, do you? I call it suspended animation from pressure on the brain!"

Max appeared with the black bag.

Ignatius Wetzel selected two fearful instruments, bright and new, and hugged them to his bosom. "My little boys," he said, tenderly, as if they were two children; "my blessed little boys, come to work!" He turned to the assistant. "Do you remember the battle of Solferino, Max—and the Austrian soldier I operated on for a wound on the head?"

The assistant's sleepy eyes opened wide; he was evidently interested. "I remember," he said. "I held the candle."

The master led the way to the bed.

"I am not satisfied with the result of that operation at Solferino," he said; "I have wanted to try again ever since. It's true that I saved the man's life, but I failed to give him back his reason along with it. It might have been something wrong in the operation, or it might have been something wrong in the man. Whichever it was, he will live and die mad. Now look here, my little Max, at this dear young lady on the bed. She gives me just what I wanted; here is the case at Solferino once more. You shall hold the candle again, my good boy; stand there, and look with all your eyes. I am going to try if I can save the life and the reason too this time."

He tucked up the cuffs of his coat and began the operation. As his fearful instruments touched Grace's head, the voice of the sentinel at the nearest outpost was heard, giving the word in German which permitted Mercy to take the first step on her journey to England:

"Pass the English lady!"

The operation proceeded. The voice of the sentinel at the next post was heard more faintly, in its turn:

"Pass the English lady!"

The operation ended. Ignatius Wetzel held up his hand for silence and put his ear close to the patient's mouth.

The first trembling breath of returning life fluttered over Grace Roseberry's lips, and touched the old man's wrinkled cheek. "Aha!" he cried. "Good girl! you breathe —you live!" As he spoke, the voice of the sentinel at the final limit of the German lines (barely audible in the distance) gave the word for the last time:

"Pass the English lady!"

THE END OF THE FIRST SCENE.

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS.

ALL writers are, to some extent, robbed of their beauties by translation into another language. By what process of skill can the copyist present in their full splendor the silvery lights of Livy or the picture passages of Æschylus? The sweet and almost forgotten verses of Boccaccio lose their fragrance, and the bloom of Petrarch melts under the touch. The polish is removed from Massillon and Molière, and the beauties of Béranger's spirited *chansons* are utterly lost in the process, even when done by so skillful a translator as the late Francis Mahony, better known as "Father Prout." An elegant writer remarks that "another obstacle may be noticed to the success of the carefulest version—a home feeling generally injures the truth of a description. I am taught by the pencil sketch of Twickenham which Pope drew on the fly-leaf of his Homer. The trim grass-plot runs up to the door of Hector. The character of a poem and a history suffers from the same cause—the complexion and the garb are no longer national. Cato addresses the Senate in a wig; and Æneas, on the arm of Dryden, has the lounge of Pall Mall."

A most entertaining volume might be made from the amusing and often absurd blunders perpetrated by translators. For instance, Miss Cooper tells us that the person who first rendered her father's novel, "The Spy," into the French tongue, among other mistakes, made the following. Readers of the Revolutionary romance will remember that the residence of the Wharton family was called "The Locusts." The translator referred to his dictionary, and found the rendering of the word to be *Les Sauterelles*, "The Grasshoppers." But when he found one of the dragoons represented as tying his horse to one of the locusts on the lawn, it would appear as if he might have been at fault. Nothing daunted, however, but taking it for granted that American grasshoppers must be of gigantic dimensions, he gravely informs his readers that the cavalryman secured his charger by fastening the bridle to one of the grasshoppers before the door, apparently standing there for that purpose.

Much laughter has deservedly been raised at French *littérateurs* who professed to be "*doctus utriusque linguæ*." Cibber's play of "Love's Last Shift" was translated by a Frenchman who spoke "Inglees" as "*Le Dernière Chemise de l'Amour*;" Congreve's "Mourn-

ing Bride," by another, as "*L'Épouse du Matin;*" and a French scholar recently included among his catalogue of works on natural history the essay on "Irish Bulls" by the Edgeworths. Jules Janin, the great critic, in his translation of "Macbeth," renders "Out, out, brief candle!" as "*Sortez, chandelle.*" And another, who *traduced* Shakspeare, commits an equally amusing blunder in rendering Northumberland's famous speech in "Henry IV." In the passage

> "Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
> So dull, so dead in look, *so woe-begone,*"

the words italicized are rendered, "*ainsi douleur! va-t'en!*"—"so grief, be off with you!" Voltaire did no better with his translations of several of Shakspeare's plays; in one of which the "myriad-minded" makes a character renounce all claim to a doubtful inheritance, with an avowed resolution to *carve* for himself a fortune with his sword. Voltaire put it in French which, retranslated, reads, "What care I for lands? With my sword I will make a fortune cutting meat."

The late centennial celebration of Shakspeare's birthday in England called forth numerous publications relating to the works and times of the immortal dramatist. Among them was a new translation of "Hamlet," by the Chevalier De Chatelain, who also translated Halleck's "Alnwick Castle," "Burns," and "Marco Bozzaris." Our readers are, of course, familiar with the following lines:

> "How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
> Seem to me all the uses of this world!
> Fie on't! Oh, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden
> That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
> Possess it merely."

The chevalier, less successful with the English than with the modern American poet, thus renders them into French:

> "*Fi donc! fi donc! Ces jours qu'on nous montrons superbes*
> *Sont un vilain jardin rempli de folles herbes,*
> *Qui donnent de l'ivraie, et certes rien de plus*
> *Si ce n'est les engins du cholera-morbus.*"

The French translator of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, knowing nothing of that familiar name for toasted cheese, "a Welsh rabbit," rendered it literally by "*un lapin du pays de Galles,*" or a rabbit of Wales, and then informed his readers in a foot-note that the lapins or rabbits of Wales have a very superior flavor, and are very tender, which cause them to be in great request in England and Scotland. A writer in the Neapolitan paper, *Il Giornale della due Sicilie,* was more ingenuous. He was translating from an English paper the account of a man who killed his wife by striking her with a poker; and at the end of his story the honest journalist, with a modesty unusual in his craft, said, "*Non sappiamo per certo se questo pokero Inglese sia uno strumento domestico o bensi chirurgico*"—"We are not quite certain whether this English poker [*pokero*] be a domestic or surgical instrument."

Monsieur Bouchette, in writing the life of the German theosophist and mystic visionary, Jacob Boehm, gives a list of his numerous works, among which he sets down as one "Reflections on Isaiah's Boots." Now these said reflections were applied by Boehm to a theological and controversial treatise written by a learned divine called Isaiah Stiefel; but Stiefel, as well as being a family name, is the German word for the English *boot,* French *botte,* hence, with the help of a little blundering, came M. Bouchette's "Reflections sur les Bottes d'Isai."

We recently met with a *brochure* by the well-known writer, Edmond About, in which there figures an English character who gives utterance to some charming phrases in his own language. Here is one of them. Arriving at a château in the country, he exclaims: "Park and mansion are indeed beautiful. How much they remind me [query, of?] the shady avenues and lofty turrets of Walsing Hall!" To this M. About, by way of displaying his familiar acquaintance with English as it is spoken at home, appends a note at the foot of the page to show how it should be pronounced. Observe: "*Prononcer à peu près:* 'Park and maunshone ere innded beautifoul. Haow meutch zey reminde mi ze shede avenious annd lofte turrets of Walsinng-haul!'"

A capital lesson in English pronunciation for the French student, certainly. But by far the raciest specimens of foreign English it has ever been our fortune to encounter are to be found in a "Guide to Portuguese and English," published in Paris. The countrymen of Camoens and Lope de Vega must have about as correct an idea of the English language, judging from this little manual, as John Chinaman, whose "pigeon talk" has been so often reported in the volumes of Eastern travel. One might reasonably suppose that if no other tie existed between England and Portugal, the commercial relations existing by the enormous consumption of port-wine in the former country would have so brought the two peoples together as to give the Portuguese a better acquaintance with English idiom. The fact that such Lusitanian ideas of what *is* correct English as this guide presents do prevail convinces us that by far the greater part of the port-wine sold in England has never seen Oporto. Take, for example, this little sentence, concluding the preface, wherein the author sets forth his own reasonable expectations with regard to the success of the volume: "We expect, then, who the little book (for the care what we wrote him, and for her typographical correction) that may be worth the acceptation of the studious persons, and

especially of the Youth, at which we dedicate him particularly."

We naturally look forward to some remarkable dialogues after reading this, and accordingly we have them. For instance: "'Do you study?' 'Yes, Sir, i attempts to translate of french by portuguese.' 'Do you know already the principal grammars rules?' 'I am appleed myself at to learn it by heart.'" We continue by quoting some horse-talk that is enough to excite a horse-laugh: "Here is a horse who have a bad looks. Give mi another: i will not that. He not sall to know to march; he is pursy, he is foundered. Dont you are ashamed to give me a jade as like? he is undshoed, he is with nails up: it want to lead to the farrier. He go limp, he is disable, he is blind. That saddle shall hurt me. The stirrups are too long, very shorts."

The anecdotes, however, constitute the most diverting portion of the manual. The old story of Dr. Franklin and the oysters for his horse takes a new form here: "A traveler, which a storm had benumb of cold, he come in a fields inn, and find it so full of companies that he can not to approach of the chimney. 'What carry to the my horse a oyster's basket,' tell him to the host. 'To your horse cry out this. Do you know that he wake eating them?' 'Make what i command you,' reply the gentleman. At the words, all the assistants run to the stable, and our traveler he got warm him self. 'Gentlemen,' tell the host coming again, i shall have it upon my head the horse will not it. So, take again the traveler, which was very warmed one's then it must that i eat them.'"

Joe Miller himself would hardly recognize this second anecdote, could he come back to read it, familiar to him as it was of old: "Two friends who from long they not were seen meet one's selves for hazard. 'How do is thou?' told one of the two. 'No very well,' told the other, 'and i am married from that i saw thee.' 'Good news?' 'Not quit, because i had married with a bad woman.' 'So much worse!' 'Not so much great deal worse, because her dower was from two thousand louis.' 'Well, that comfort.' 'Not absolutely: why i had emploid this sum for to buy some muttons, which are all dead of the rots.' 'That is indeed very sorry!' 'Not so sorry, because the selling of hers hide have bring me above the price of the muttons.' 'So you are then indemnified?' 'Not quit, because my house where i was deposed my money, finish to be consumed by the flames.' 'Oh! here is a great misfortune!' 'Not so great nor i either, because my wife and my house are burned together.'"

To quote the enthusiastic reviewer of another publication, "This book is an unmixed delight from beginning to end, except, of course, that it has an end," and we regret extremely our inability to bid the reader judge for himself by straightway procuring it; but, alas! this treasure of philology has been considered too precious for the vulgar eye, and ruthlessly withdrawn from circulation by the Parisian publishers. We have therefore availed ourselves of this opportunity of rescuing from oblivion a few of its flowers of rhetoric, and making them up into the nosegay we present for our readers' acceptance. In bidding adieu to this *brochure* we would offer our best thanks to the Senhor José de Fonseca for having invented and introduced to us, by means of his unpretending little work, a language pre-eminently calculated to fulfill the object of all language, according to Talleyrand—that of concealing our meaning.

The tribulations that English books have to undergo in being translated into Russian are fearful: and in cases where a work like "Pickwick," pre-eminently renowned for pithy and sparkling dialogue, filled with racy popular jokes, is to be reproduced in a language unelliptical, wordy, and utterly wanting in equivoque, the Eastern translator fails, as we should expect him to fail, ignominiously. Instancing the contrast between the English and the Russian Sam Weller, a writer familiar with the Russian language gives the following corresponding passages:

ENGLISH.	RUSSIAN.
"Instead of saying."	"Instead of that, so as to say."
"He can do nothing but talk."	"He can do nothing except that, so as to talk."
"It is missing."	"It has disappeared, God knows whither."
"One of his best friends."	"One of the very best of the friends of him."

In addition to considerations upon idiom, it seems there is a further "insurmountable difficulty" in the fact that to a Russian a joke, in the real sense of the word, is a sealed book, witticisms only serving to bewilder him.

One of the famous Japanese embassy that visited the United States, on his return to his native land published a work on this country, which, as the Irishman said of the Hebrew Bible, "begins at the end." Last year the author issued in Japan an abridgment of the work, to which he appends English translations of the Japanese text descriptive of the numerous illustrations:

"No 1. The fisherman of a American land in a fishing boat to fish with a hook and line."

"No 2. The foreigner at in the ocean to fish a hook and line and He to make a dried fish."

"No 3. And now He the fish put on a horseback and going to sell off but that is horse very small horse."

"No 4. The children of the American in the Sunday He to assemble and He is a picture at play to blow the flute."

"No 5. American fisherman is a picture to catch of the whale."

"No 6. This picture is a Duch men walk out to ocean and He to fishing and to catch with a net of a fish."

"No 8. The ocean of the north pole the hippopotomas walk in the great ocean and He up set the steamer and ship men perhaps will to be dead men."

"No 9. The women in the all West land to make the coffee and he will dring and eat."

"No 13. The American hunter killed with a gun of the tiger after than he to skin an tiger and the skin came to sell in to the Japanese."

"No 16. Two little children of the American land the women is a picture of that to selld off the splendid fruit of plants."

It is, perhaps, unnecessary for us to mention that we are guiltless of any knowledge of the Japanese language, and therefore we may be in error in stating that punctuation is an unknown science to the Japs; but we are not mistaken in announcing that the learned traveler from whose work we have made extracts is evidently of the opinion that the art of pointing is not known to Americans, as his English translations are entirely free from commas, colons, or semicolons. We may remark, in taking leave of this amusing book, that the illustrations are as entertaining as its English translations.

A SIMPLETON.

A STORY OF THE DAY.

By CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER IV.

ROSA cried "Oh!" and put up her hands to her face in lovely confusion, coloring like a peony.

"I beg your pardon," said Christopher, stiffly, but in a voice that trembled.

"No," said Rosa; "it was I ran against you. I walk so fast now. Hope I did not hurt you."

"Hurt me?"

"Well, then, frighten you?"

No answer.

"Oh, please don't quarrel with me in the *street*," said Rosa, cunningly implying that he was the quarrelsome one. "I am going on the beach. Good-by." This adieu she uttered softly, and in a hesitating tone that belied it. She started off, however, but much more slowly than she was going before; and, as she went, she turned her head with infinite grace, and kept looking askant down at the pavement two yards behind her: moreover, she went close to the wall, and left room at her side for another to walk.

Christopher hesitated a moment; but the mute invitation, so arch yet timid, so pretty, tender, sly, and womanly, was too much for him, as it has generally proved for males, and the philosopher's foot was soon in the very place to which the simpleton with the mere tail of her eye directed it.

They walked along side by side in silence, Staines agitated, gloomy, confused; Rosa radiant and glowing; yet not knowing what to say for herself, and wanting Christopher to begin. So they walked along without a word.

Falcon followed them at some distance to see whether it was an admirer or only an acquaintance—a lover he never dreamed of; she had shown such evident pleasure in his company, and had received his visits alone so constantly.

However, when the pair had got to the beach, and were walking slower and slower, he felt a pang of rage and jealousy, turned on his heel with an audible curse, and found Phœbe Dale a few yards behind him with a white face and a peculiar look. He knew what the look meant; he had brought it to that faithful face before to-day.

"You are better, Miss Lusignan."

"Better, Doctor Staines? I am health itself, thanks to— Hem!"

"Our estrangement has agreed with you." This very bitterly.

"You know very well it is not that. Oh, please don't make me cry in the streets."

This humble petition, or rather meek threat, led to another long silence. It was continued till they had nearly reached the shore. But, meantime, Rosa's furtive eyes scanned Christopher's face, and her conscience smote her at the signs of suffering. She felt a desire to beg his pardon with deep humility, but she suppressed that weakness. She hung her head with a pretty, sheepish air, and asked him if he could not think of something agreeable to say to one after deserting one so long.

"I am afraid not," said Christopher, bluntly. "I have an awkward habit of speaking the truth; and some people can't bear that, not even when it is spoken for their good."

"That depends on temper and nerves and things," said Rosa, deprecatingly; then softly, "I could bear any thing from you now."

"Indeed!" said Christopher, grimly.

"Well, then, I hear you had no sooner got rid of your old lover, for loving you too well and telling you the truth, than you took up another: some flimsy man of fashion, who will tell you any lie you like."

"It is a story, a wicked story," cried Rosa, thoroughly alarmed. "Me, a lover! He dances like an angel; I can't help that."

"Are his visits at your house like angels', few and far between?" And the true lover's brow lowered black upon her for the first time.

Rosa changed color, and her eyes fell a moment. "Ask papa," said she. "His father was an old friend of papa's."

"Rosa, you are prevaricating. Young men do not call on old gentlemen when there is an attractive young lady in the house."

The argument was getting too close, so Rosa operated a diversion. "So," said she, with a sudden air of lofty disdain, swiftly and adroitly assumed, "you have had me watched."

"Not I; I only hear what people say."

"Listen to gossip, and not have me watched! That shows how little you really cared for me. Well, if you had, you would have made a little discovery, that is all."

"Should I?" said Christopher, puzzled. "What?"

"I shall not tell you. Think what you please. Yes, Sir, you would have found out that I take long walks every day, all alone; and what is more, that I walk through Gravesend hoping—like a goose—that somebody really loved me, and would meet me, and beg my pardon; and if he had I should have told him it was only my tongue and my nerves and things: my heart was his, and my gratitude; and, after all, what do words signify, when I am a good, obedient girl at bottom? So that is what you have lost by not condescending to look after me—fine love!—Christopher, beg my pardon."

"May I ask for what?"

"Why, for not understanding me; for not knowing that I should be sorry the moment you were gone. I took them off the very next day, to please you."

"Took off whom?—oh, I understand. You did? Then you *are* a good girl."

"Didn't I tell you I was? A good, obedient girl, and any thing but a flirt."

"I don't say that."

"But I do. Don't interrupt. It is to your good advice I owe my health; and to love any body but you, when I owe you my love and my life, I must be a heartless, ungrateful, worthless— Oh, Christopher, forgive me! No, no; I mean beg my pardon."

"I'll do both," said Christopher, taking her in his arms. "I beg your pardon, and I forgive you."

Rosa leaned her head tenderly on his shoulder, and began to sigh. "Oh dear, dear, I am a wicked, foolish girl: not fit to walk alone!"

On this admission Christopher spoke out, and urged her to put an end to all these unhappy misunderstandings, and to his new torment, jealousy, by marrying him.

"And so I would this very minute if papa would consent. But," said she, slyly, "you never can be so foolish to wish it. What! a wise man like you marry a simpleton!"

"Did I ever call you that?" asked Christopher, reproachfully.

"No, dear; but you are the only one who has not: and perhaps I should lose even the one if you were to marry me—oh, husbands are not so polite as lovers; I have observed that, simpleton or not."

Christopher assured her that he took quite a different view of her character: he believed her to be too profound for shallow people to read all in a moment; he even intimated that he himself had experienced no little difficulty in understanding her at odd times. "And so," said he, "they turn round upon you, and instead of saying, 'We are too shallow to fathom you,' they pretend you are a simpleton."

This solution of the mystery had never occurred to Rosa, nor, indeed, was it likely to occur to any creature less ingenious than a lover. It pleased her hugely; her fine eyes sparkled, and she nestled closer still to the strong arm that was to parry every ill, from mortal disease to galling epithets.

She listened with a willing ear to all his reasons, his hopes, his fears, and when they reached her father's door it was settled that he should dine there that day, and urge his suit to her father after dinner; she would implore the old gentleman to listen to it favorably.

The lovers parted, and Christopher went home like one who has awakened from a hideous dream to daylight and happiness.

He had not gone far before he met a dashing dog-cart driven by an exquisite. He turned to look after it, and saw it drive up to Kent Villa.

In a moment he divined his rival, and a sickness of heart came over him. But he recovered himself directly, and said, "If that is the fellow, she will not receive him now."

She did receive him, though: at all events, the dog-cart stood at the door, and its master remained inside.

Christopher stood and counted the minutes: five—ten—fifteen—twenty minutes—and still the dog-cart stood there.

It was more than he could bear. He turned savagely, and strode back to Gravesend, resolving that all this torture should end that night, one way or other.

Phœbe Dale was the daughter of a farmer in Essex, and one of the happiest young

women in England till she knew Reginald Falcon, Esq.

She was reared on wholesome food, in wholesome air, and used to churn butter, make bread, cook a bit now and then, cut out and sew all her own dresses, get up her own linen, make hay, ride any thing on four legs; and, for all that, was a great reader, and taught in the Sunday-school to oblige the vicar; wrote a neat hand, and was a good arithmetician; kept all the house accounts and farm accounts. She was a musician too—not profound, but very correct; she would take her turn at the harmonium in church, and when she was there you never heard a wrong note in the bass, nor an inappropriate flourish, nor bad time. She could sing too, but never would, except her part in a psalm. Her voice was a deep contralto, and she chose to be ashamed of this heavenly organ because a pack of envious girls had giggled, and said it was like a man's.

In short, her natural ability, and the range and variety of her useful accomplishments, were considerable; not that she was a prodigy, but she belonged to a small class of women in this island who are not too high to use their arms, nor too low to cultivate their minds; and, having a faculty and a habit, deplorably rare among her sex, viz., Attention, she had profited by her miscellaneous advantages.

Her figure and face both told her breed at once: here was an old English pastoral beauty; not the round-backed, narrow-chested cottager, but the well-fed, erect rustic, with broad, full bust and massive shoulder, and arm as hard as a rock with health and constant use; a hand finely cut, though neither small nor very white, and just a little hard inside compared with Luxury's soft palm; a face honest, fair, and rather large than small; not beautiful, but exceedingly comely; a complexion not pink and white, but that delicately blended, brick-dusty color which tints the whole cheek in fine gradation, outlasts other complexions twenty years, and beautifies the true Northern even in old age. Gray, limpid, honest, point-blank, searching eyes; hair true nut-brown, without a shade of red or black, and a high smooth forehead, full of sense. Across it ran one deep wrinkle that did not belong to her youth; that wrinkle was the brand of trouble, the line of agony. It had come of loving above her, yet below her; and of loving an egotist.

Three years before our tale commenced a gentleman's horse ran away with him, and threw him on a heap of stones by the roadside, not very far from Farmer Dale's gate. The farmer had him taken in: the doctor said he must not be moved. He was insensible; his cheek like delicate wax; his fair hair like silk stained with blood. He became Phœbe's patient, and, in due course, her convalescent: his pale, handsome face and fascinating manners gained one charm more from weakness; his vices were in abeyance.

The womanly nurse's heart yearned over her child, for he was feeble as a child; and when he got well enough to amuse his weary hours by making love to her, and telling her a pack of arrant lies, she was a ready dupe. He was to marry her as soon as ever his old uncle died and left him the means, etc., etc. At last he got well enough to leave her, and went away, her open admirer and secret lover. He borrowed twenty pounds of her the day he left.

He used to write her charming letters, and feed the flame: but one day her father sent her up to London, on his own business, all of a sudden; and she called on Mr. Falcon at his feigned address. She found he did not live there—only received letters. However, half a crown soon bought his real address, and thither Phœbe proceeded, with a troubled heart, for she suspected that her true lover was in debt or trouble, and obliged to hide. Well, he must be got out of it, and hide at the farm meantime.

So the loving girl knocked at the door, asked for Mr. Falcon, and was shown in to a lady rather showily dressed, who asked her business, and introduced herself as Mrs. Falcon.

Phœbe Dale stared at her, and then turned pale as ashes. She was paralyzed, and could not find her tongue.

"Why, what is the matter now?" said the other, sharply.

"Are you married to Reginald Falcon?"

"Of course I am. Look at my wedding-ring."

"Then I am not wanted here," faltered Phœbe, ready to sink on the floor.

"Certainly not, if you are one of the by-gones," said the woman, coarsely; and Phœbe Dale waited to hear no more, but found her way, Heaven knows how, into the street, and there leaned, half fainting, on a rail, till a policeman came and told her she had been drinking, and suggested a cool cell as the best cure.

"Not drink; only a breaking heart," said she, in her low mellow voice that few could resist.

He got her a glass of water, drove away the boys that congregated directly, and she left the street. But she soon came back again, and waited about for Reginald Falcon.

It was night when he appeared. She seized him by the breast and taxed him with his villainy.

What with her iron grasp, pale face, and flashing eyes, he lost his cool impudence, and blurted out excuses. It was an old and unfortunate connection; he would give the

world to dissolve it, if he could do it like a gentleman.

Phœbe told him to please himself; he must part with one or the other.

"Don't talk nonsense," said this man of brass; "I'll un-Falcon her on the spot."

"Very well," said Phœbe. "I am going home, and if you are not there by to-morrow at noon—" She said no more, but looked a great deal. Then she departed, and refused him her hand at parting. "We will see about that by-and-by," said she.

At noon my lord came down to the farm, and, unfortunately for Phœbe, played the penitent so skillfully for about a month that she forgave him, and loved him all the more for having so nearly parted with him.

Her peace was not to endure long. He was detected in an intrigue in the very village.

The insult struck so home that Phœbe herself, to her parents' satisfaction, ordered him out of the house at once.

But when he was gone she had fits of weeping, and could settle to nothing for a long time.

Months had elapsed, and she was getting a sort of dull tranquillity, when one evening, taking a walk she had often taken with him, and mourning her solitude and wasted affection, he waylaid her, and clung to her knees, and shed crocodile tears on her hands, and after a long resistance, violent at first, but fainter and fainter, got her in his power again, and that so completely that she met him several times by night, being ashamed to be seen with him in those parts by day.

This ended in fresh promises of marriage, and in a constant correspondence by letter. This pest knew exactly how to talk to a woman, and how to write to one. His letters fed the unhappy flame: and, mind you, he sometimes deceived himself and thought he loved her; but it was only himself he loved. She was an invaluable lover, a faithful, disinterested friend: hers was a vile bargain; his an excellent one, and he clung to it.

And so they went on. She detected him in another infidelity, and reproached him bitterly; but she had no longer the strength to break with him. Nevertheless, this time she had the sense to make a struggle. She implored him on her very knees to show her a little mercy in return for all her love. "For pity's sake, leave me!" she cried. "You are strong, and I am weak. You can end it forever; and pray do. You don't want me; you don't value me: then leave me once and for all, and end this hell you keep me in."

No; he could not or he would not leave her alone. Look at a bird's wings!—how like an angel's! Yet so vile a thing as a bit of bird-lime subdues them utterly: and such was the fascinating power of this mean man over this worthy woman. She was a reader, a thinker, a model of respectability, industry, and sense; a business woman, keen and practical; could encounter sharp hands in sharp trades; could buy or sell hogs, calves, or beasts with any farmer or butcher in the country; yet no match for a cunning fool. She had enshrined an idol in her heart, and that heart adored it and clung to it, though the superior head saw through it, dreaded it, despised it.

No wonder three years of this had drawn a tell-tale wrinkle across the polished brow.

Phœbe Dale had not received a letter for some days: that roused her suspicion and stung her jealousy; she came up to London by fast train, and down to Gravesend directly.

She had a thick veil that concealed her features; and, with a little inquiring and bribing, she soon found out that Mr. Falcon was there with a showy dog-cart. "Ah!" thought Phœbe, "he has won a little money at play or pigeon-shooting; so now he has no need of me."

She took lodgings opposite him, but observed nothing till this very morning, when she saw him throw off his dressing-gown all in a hurry, and fling on his coat. She tied on her bonnet as rapidly, and followed him until she discovered the object of his pursuit. It was a surprise to her, and a puzzle, to see another man step in, as if to take her part. But, as Reginald still followed the loitering pair, she followed Reginald, till he turned and found her at his heels, white and lowering.

She confronted him in threatening silence for some time, during which he prepared his defense.

"So it is a *lady* this time," said she, in her low, rich voice, sternly.

"Is it?"

"Yes, and I should say she is bespoke. That tall, fine-built gentleman. But I suppose you care no more for his feelings than you do for mine."

"Phœbe," said the egotist, "I will not try to deceive you. You have often said you are my true friend."

"And I think I have proved it."

"That you have. Well, then, be my true friend now. I am in love—really in love—this time. You and I only torment each other; let us part friends. There are plenty of farmers in Essex that would jump at you. As for me, I'll tell you the truth; I have run through every farthing; my estate mortgaged beyond its value—two or three writs out against me—that is why I slipped down here. My only chance is to marry Money. Her father knows I have land, and he knows nothing about the mortgages; she is his only daughter. Don't stand in my way, that is a good girl; be my friend as you always were. Hang it all, Phœbe, can't you say a word to a fellow that is driven into a corner, instead of glaring at me like that: there, I

know it is ungrateful—but what can a fellow do? I must live like a gentleman, or else take a dose of prussic acid; you don't want to drive me to that. Why, you proposed to part, last time, yourself."

She gave him one majestic, indescribable look that made even his callous heart quiver, and turned away.

Then the scamp admired her for despising him, and could not bear to lose her. He followed her, and put forth all those powers of persuading and soothing which had so often proved irresistible. But this time it was in vain. The insult was too savage and his egotism too brutal for honeyed phrases to blind her.

After enduring it a long time with a silent shudder, she turned and shook him fiercely off her like some poisonous reptile.

"Do you want me to kill you? I'd liever kill myself for loving such a thing as *thou*. Go thy ways, man, and let me go mine." In her passion she dropped her cultivation for once, and went back to the thou and thee of her grandam.

He colored up, and looked spiteful enough; but he soon recovered his cynical egotism, and went off whistling an operatic passage.

She crept to her lodgings and buried her face in her pillow, and rocked herself to and fro for hours in the bitterest agony the heart can feel, groaning over her great affection wasted, flung into the dirt.

While she was thus she heard a little commotion. She came to the window and saw Falcon, exquisitely dressed, drive off in his dog-cart, attended by the acclamations of eight boys. She saw at a glance he was going courting; her knees gave way under her, and, such is the power of the mind, this stalwart girl lay weak as water on the sofa, and had not the power to go home, though just then she had but one wish, one hope, to see her idol's face no more, nor hear his wheedling tongue, that had ruined her peace.

The exquisite Mr. Falcon was received by Rosa Lusignan with a certain tremor that flattered his hopes. He told her, in charming language, how he had admired her at first sight, then esteemed her, then loved her.

She blushed and panted, and showed more than once a desire to interrupt him, but was too polite. She heard him out, with rising dismay, and he offered her his hand and heart.

But by this time she had made up her mind what to say. "Oh, Mr. Falcon," she cried, "how can you speak to me in this way? Why, I'm engaged. Didn't you know?"

"No; and I am sure you are not, or you would never have given me the encouragement you have."

"Oh, all engaged young ladies flirt—a little; and every body here knows I am engaged to Dr. Staines."

"Why, I never saw him here."

Rosa's tact was a quality that came and went; so she blushed and faltered out, "We had a little tiff, as lovers will."

"And you did me the honor to select me as cat's-paw to bring him on again. Was not that rather heartless?"

Rosa's fitful tact returned to her.

"Oh, Sir, do not think so ill of me. I am not heartless, I am only unwise. And you are so superior to the people about you I could not help appreciating you, and I thought you knew I was engaged, and so I was less on my guard. I hope I shall not lose your esteem, though I have no right to any thing more. Ah! I see by your face I have behaved very ill: pray forgive me."

And with this she turned on the waters of the Nile, better known to you perhaps as "crocodile tears."

Falcon was a gentleman on the surface, and knew he should only make matters worse by quarreling with her. So he ground his teeth and said, "May your own heart never feel the pangs you have inflicted. I shall love you and remember you till my dying day."

He bowed ceremoniously, and left her. "Ay," said he, to himself, "I *will* remember you, you heartless jilt, and the man you have jilted me for. Staines is his d——d name, is it?"

He drove back crest-fallen, bitter, and, for once in his life, heart-sick, and drew up at his lodgings. Here he found attendants waiting to receive him.

A sheriff's officer took his dog-cart and horse under a judgment; the disturbance this caused collected a tidy crowd, gaping and grinning, and brought Phœbe's white face and eyes swollen with weeping to the window.

Falcon saw her, and brazened it out. "Take them," said he, with an oath. "I'll have a better turn-out by to-morrow, breakfast-time."

The crowd cheered him for his spirit.

He got down, lit a cigar, chaffed the officer and the crowd, and was, on the whole, admired.

Then another officer, who had been hunting him in couples with the other, stepped forward and took *him* for the balance of a judgment debt.

Then the swell's cigar fell out of his mouth, and he was seriously alarmed. "Why, Cartwright," said he, "this is too bad. You promised not to see me this month. You passed me full in the Strand."

"You are mistaken, Sir," said Cartwright, with sullen irony, "I've got a twin brother; a many takes him for me, till they finds the difference." Then, lowering his voice, "What call had you to boast in your club you had made it right with Bill Cartwright, and he'd never see you? That got about,

and so I was bound to see you or lose my bread. There's one or two I don't see, but then they are real gentlemen, and thinks of me as well as theirselves, and doesn't blab."

"I must have been drunk," said Falcon, apologetically.

"More likely blowing a cloud. When you young gents gets a-smoking together you'd tell on your own mothers. Come along, colonel; off we go to Merrimashee."

"Why, it is only twenty-six pounds. I have paid the rest."

"More than that; there's the costs."

"Come in and I'll settle it."

"All right, Sir; Jem, watch the back."

"Oh, I shall not try that game with a sharp hand like you, Cartwright."

"You had better not, Sir," said Cartwright; but he was softened a little by the compliment.

When they were alone Falcon began by saying it was a bad job for him.

"Why, I thought you was a-going to pay it all in a moment."

"I can't: but I have got a friend over the way that could, if she chose. She has always got money somehow."

"Oh, if it is a she, it is all right."

"I don't know. She has quarreled with me; but give me a little time. Here, have a glass of sherry and a biscuit, while I try it on."

Having thus muffled Cartwright, this man of the world opened his window and looked out. The crowd had followed the captured dog-cart, so he had the street to himself. He beckoned to Phœbe, and, after considerable hesitation, she opened her window.

"Phœbe," said he, in tones of tender regret, admirably natural and sweet, "I shall never offend you again; so forgive me this once. I have given that girl up."

"Not you," said Phœbe, sullenly.

"Indeed I have. After our quarrel I started to propose to her, but I had not the heart: I came back and left her."

"Time will show. If it is not her, it will be some other, you false, heartless villain."

"Come, I say, don't be so hard on me in trouble. I am going to prison."

"So I suppose."

"Ah, but it is worse than you think. I am only taken for a paltry thirty pounds or so."

"Thirty-three, fifteen, five," suggested Cartwright, in a muffled whisper, his mouth being full of biscuit.

"But once they get me to a sponging-house, detainers will pour in, and my cruel creditors will confine me for life."

"It is the best place for you. It will put a stop to your wickedness, and I shall be at peace. That's what I have never known, night or day, this three years."

"But you will not be happy if you see me go to prison before your eyes. Were you ever inside a prison? Just think what it must be to be cooped up in those cold grim cells all alone; for they use a debtor like a criminal now."

Phœbe shuddered; but she said, bravely, "Well, tell *them* you have been a-courting. There was a time I'd have died sooner than see a hair of your head hurt; but it is all over now: you have worn me out."

Then she began to cry.

Falcon heaved a deep sigh. "It is no more than I deserve," said he. "I'll pack up my things and go with the officer. Give me one kind word at parting, and I'll think of it in my prison night and day."

He withdrew from the window with another deep sigh, told Cartwright, cheerfully, it was all right, and proceeded to pack up his traps.

Meantime Phœbe sat at her window and cried bitterly. Her words had been braver than her heart.

Falcon managed to pay the trifle he owed for the lodgings, and presently he came out with Cartwright, and the attendant called a cab. His things were thrown in, and Cartwright invited him to follow. Then he looked up and cast a genuine look of terror and misery at Phœbe. He thought she would have relented before this.

Her heart gave way; I am afraid it would, even without that piteous and mute appeal. She opened the window, and asked Mr. Cartwright if he would be good enough to come and speak to her.

Cartwright committed his prisoner to the subordinate, and knocked at the door of Phœbe's lodgings. She came down herself and let him in. She led the way up stairs, motioned him to a seat, sat down by him, and began to cry again. She was thoroughly unstrung.

Cartwright was human, and muttered some words of regret that a poor fellow must do his duty.

"Oh, it is not that," sobbed Phœbe. "I can find the money. I have found more for him than that many's the time." Then, drying her eyes, "But you must know the world, and I dare say you can see how 'tis with me."

"I can," said Cartwright, gravely; "I overheard you and him, and, my girl, if you take my advice, why, let him go. He is a gentleman skin deep, and dresses well, and can palaver a girl, no doubt; but bless your heart, I can see at a glance he is not worth your little finger, an honest, decent young woman like you. Why, it is like butter fighting with stone. Let him go; or I will tell you what it is, you will hang for him some day, or else make away with yourself."

"Ay, Sir," said Phœbe, "that's likelier; and if I was to let him go to prison I should sit me down and think of his parting look, and I should fling myself into the water for him before I was a day older."

"Ye mustn't do that, any way. While there's life there's hope."

Upon this Phœbe put him a question, and found him ready to do any thing for her, in reason—provided he was paid for it. And the end of it all was, the prisoner was conveyed to London; Phœbe got the requisite sum; Falcon was deposited in a third-class carriage bound for Essex. Phœbe paid his debt, and gave Cartwright a present, and away rattled the train conveying the handsome egotist into temporary retirement, to wit, at a village five miles from the Dales' farm. She was too ashamed of her young gentleman and herself to be seen with him in her native village. On the road down he was full of little practical attentions; she received them coldly. His mellifluous mouth was often at her ear, pouring thanks and praises into it; she never vouchsafed a word of reply. All she did was to shudder now and then, and cry at intervals. Yet whenever he left her side her whole body became restless, and when he came back to her a furtive thrill announced the insane complacency his bare contact gave her. Surely of all the forms in which love torments the heart, this was the most terrible and pitiable.

Mr. Lusignan found his daughter in tears.

"Why, what is the matter now?" said he, a little peevishly. "We have had nothing of this sort of thing lately."

"Papa, it is because I have misconducted myself. I am a foolish, imprudent girl. I have been flirting with Mr. Falcon, and he has taken a *cruel* advantage of it—proposed to me—this very afternoon—actually!"

"Has he? Well, he is a fine fellow, and has a landed estate in Norfolk. There's nothing like land. They may well call it real property—there is something to show; you can walk on it, and ride on it, and look out of window at it: that *is* property."

"Oh, papa! What are you saying? Would you have me marry one man, when I belong to another?"

"But you don't belong to any one—except to me."

"Oh yes, I do. I belong to my dear Christopher."

"Why, you dismissed him before my very eyes; and very ill you behaved, begging your pardon. The man was your able physician and your best friend, and said nothing that was not for your good; and you treated him like a dog."

"Yes, but he has apologized."

"What for? for being treated like a dog?"

"Oh, don't say so, papa! At all events, he has apologized, as a gentleman should whenever—whenever—"

"Whenever a lady is in the wrong."

"Don't, papa; and I have asked him to dinner."

"With all my heart. I shall be downright glad to see him again. You used him abominably."

"But you need not keep saying so," whined Rosa. "And that is not all, dear papa; the worst of it is, Mr. Falcon proposing to me has opened my eyes. I am not fit to be trusted alone. I am too fond of dancing, and flirting will follow somehow. Oh, think how ill I was a few months ago, and how unhappy you were about me. They were killing me. He came and saved me. Yes, papa, I owe all this health and strength to Christopher. I did take them off the very next day, and see the effect of it, and my long walks; I owe him my life, and, what I value far more, my good looks—la! I wish I had not told you that—and after all this, don't I belong to my Christopher? How could I be happy, or respect myself, if I married any one else? And oh, papa! he looks wan and worn. He has been fretting for his simpleton. Oh dear, I mustn't think of that—it makes me cry; and you don't like scenes, do you?"

"Hate 'em!"

"Well, then," said Rosa, coaxingly, "I'll tell you how to end them. Marry your simpleton to the only man who is fit to take care of her. Oh, papa, think of his deep, deep affection for me, and pray don't snub him if—by any chance—after dinner—he should *happen* to ask you—something."

"Oh, then it is possible that, by the merest chance, the gentleman you have accidentally asked to dinner may, by some strange fortuity, be surprised into asking me a second time for something very much resembling my daughter's hand—eh?"

Rosa colored high. "He might, you know. How can I tell what gentlemen will say when the ladies have retired, and they are left alone with—with—"

"With the bottle. Ay, that's true: when the wine is in, the wit is out."

Said Rosa, "Well, if he should happen to be so foolish, pray think of *me;* of all we owe him, and how much I love him, and ought to love him." She then bestowed a propitiatory kiss, and ran off to dress for dinner: it was a much longer operation to-day than usual.

Dr. Staines was punctual. Mr. Lusignan commented favorably on that.

"He always is," said Rosa, eagerly.

They dined together; Mr. Lusignan chatted freely, but Staines and Rosa were under a feeling of restraint, Staines in particular: he could not help feeling that before long his fate must be settled. He would either obtain Rosa's hand, or have to resign her to some man of fortune who would step in; for beauty such as hers could not long lack brilliant offers. Longing, though dreading, to know his fate, he was glad when dinner ended.

Rosa sat with them a little while after

dinner, then rose, bestowed another propitiatory kiss on her father's head, and retired with a modest blush, and a look at Christopher that was almost divine.

It inspired him with the courage of lions, and he commenced the attack at once.

IMPROVISATIONS.—III.

COME to me, Lalage!
Girl of the flying feet,
Girl of the tossing hair
And the red mouth, small and sweet
Less of the earth than air,
So witchingly fond and fair,
Lalage!

Fondle me, Lalage!
Girl of the soft white hand,
Girl of the low white brow
And the roseate bosom-band;
Bloom from an orchard bough
Less downy-soft than thou,
Lalage!

Kiss me, Lalage!
Girl of the fragrant breath,
Girl of the sun of May;
As a bird that flutters in death,
My fluttering pulses say:
If thou be Death, yet stay,
Lalage!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN one of Charles Lamb's essays he sings "The Praise of Chimney-sweepers," and in his most delightful and characteristic strain. His vivid touch gives, episodically, one of the clearest glimpses of early morning in London fifty years ago, before chimneys were swept with machinery, and that strange music of the sweep at the chimney-top had not forever ceased. "I reverence these young Africans of our own growth," says Elia—"these almost clergy imps who sport their cloth without assumption, and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind." Did the respected reader ever hear that sermon? Did he ever—say thirty years ago, if his memory reaches into that dim and fabulous antiquity—see the little figure with its brush at that awful and unfriendly height, and hear that thin, sad song?

The fate of poor children is hard at best, but that of the young sweep seemed a peculiar refinement of hardship. Not only was he poor and friendless—not only did the anxious imagination see him horribly belabored by a drunken master, but the cruel condition of his calling was that he should lose his very identity. As a white child, he was obliterated. By that awful middle passage through the chimney he, who was not born of the servile color, became as black as a mid-African barbarian. It was pitiful. And now that those little sermons from those airy pulpits are ended, and that thin, sad song is heard no more, it somehow seems as if, by that very fact, the condition of poor children were improved, and the probable average of happiness greater than ever before. Or does the terrible law rule here also, and, like matter, is misery never lost, but only changed in form?

How Charles Lamb would have beamed and smiled could he have read the story of the newsboys' and boot-blacks' picnic, and of all the picnics for all the poor children which have been the happy care of the New York *Times* during the last summer! But especially how Charles Lamb's friend, James White, would have rejoiced—Jem White, who "instituted an annual feast of chimney-sweepers, at which it was his pleasure to officiate as host and waiter. It was a solemn supper held in Smithfield upon the yearly return of the fair of St. Bartholomew." A Bartholomew's eve of another kind than that across the Straits of Dover. No other record of it survives than this mention of Lamb's, and that is perfect. Even one such glimpse is so pregnant, so suggestive! How many heroes are there like Agamemnon White who have had no Elia to sing them? Is society full of such happy thoughts so quaintly realized? Is it the whim of multitudes of whom we never hear to make poor children happy? Was it not last year that a kind gentleman, who has a beautiful place near Irvington, invited some ragged school, or the boys of a lodging-house, to keep holiday under his trees and on his lawns? Actually inviting an irruption of young Goths and Vandals to his fair Italy! Perhaps that was not his view of it. Perhaps he walked among them like the good bishop among the young British slaves: "Angles—nay, angels," quoth his reverence.

Some good genius whispered to the *Times*—and henceforth let us not deny souls to corporations—that there was a diffused sentiment of good-will in the community, like solar rays, which, like those rays also, needed only to be brought to a focus to kindle a fire which would warm many a cold life—yes, and cook many a chowder for hungry younglings. The *Times* did not put the whisper by, but listened and smiled, and itself concentrated those wandering, kindly rays, and cooked that veritable chowder. It proposed a subscription for picnics for poor children, and instantly, in little sums and large, nearly twenty thousand dollars were poured into its hand. The *Times* undertook the management, happily knowing that there are among us Jem Whites who do not preside at one annual feast of chimney-sweepers only, but whose whole lives are a faithful service of poor children. Charles O'Conor, George Calder, John Gourley, Samuel Lovel—these are some of the names of Jem White to-day, names very well known and blessed by the tender sleepers at the lodging-houses; and to their superintendence, with that of other benevolent gentlemen, the newsboys' and boot-blacks' picnic was intrusted.

The roisterers assembled in what remains of

the City Hall Park in the early morning. There was a swarming multitude, but only about a thousand of the most juvenile were selected for happiness, the older and tougher, those who were already in the shadow of manhood, being left for another time. Only nine hundred and thirteen were taken. Think of that, friendly shade of James White! and not a whole pair of trowsers among them. At eight o'clock, with a national band going before, which the commandant of the post at Governor's Island permitted to come, and with banners flying, the army of happy ragamuffins marched away, shouting, chaffing, and cheering. They marched to the river-side, at the foot of Market Street, and then embarking upon a barge, were off for Oriental Grove, up the East River, where they were to go ashore to enjoy themselves. The sport was immense and rough, but not ill-natured. Every boy stood to his guns. Boys who begin life for themselves at the age of six must do that, or they will never be known, as boys of fifteen. Nature, according to Mr. Darwin, selects for men only boys who stand to their guns. There were nine hundred and thirteen boys, and each received a ticket, and passed down to the lower deck and exchanged his ticket for a huge sandwich, and came immediately up on the other side and ate his huge sandwich for breakfast. The jolly rascals ate sixty-one dollars and fifty-five cents' worth of sandwiches. But confiscation of a neighbor's share was unknown.

They came to Oriental Grove like the Spanish sailors of Columbus to San Salvador. The country was a new world to them. One of the little pilgrims had never seen a tree but twice or thrice, and then upon the Battery! They climbed; they cut sticks; they roamed far and wide; they ate green fruit; they swam in the river; they tumbled, and tripped, and danced, and played ball, and all in the most boisterous way; but, it was remarked, all in good humor, and without "using language." The dialect of the lodging-house is not choice, but it was not offensive this happy day. Scarcely were they ashore, however, before chowder was served; and the unconscionable revelers consumed two hundred and eighty-four dollars' worth of that delicious dish. And after chowder infinite frolic, and after the frolic more chowder! The last chowder was served on barge-board, so that the host might not scatter, and while it was busily feeding the barge cast off, and every boy was on board safe and sound, and ready for another. The passengers in all the steamers and craft they passed cheered, and were terrifically cheered in response. As they neared the city the ladies bound for Newport and *their* chowder waved their handkerchiefs, and the boys roared in chorus with delight. Mr. Hatch's yacht fired a salute, as if they had been conquerors returning from a victorious campaign, and the newsboys and boot-blacks bawled back again with enthusiasm. Never did a barge hold more happiness, and the Argonauts returning with the Golden Fleece were not a merrier crew.

There were many of these picnics, and at some, although it will not be believed, there was ice-cream! At Jem White's feast the entertainment was sausages. But new times, new manners. At those Smithfield orgies also we read that the guests assembled at seven in the evening, and sat at three tables, at one of which Jem White himself presided, and Lamb and another friend ministered at the other two. But there was a memorable grace at the beginning of the banquet. "After some general expression of thanks for the honor the company had done him, his inaugural ceremony [who but Jem?] was to clasp the greasy waist of old Dame Ursula (the fattest of the three) that stood frying and fretting, half blessing, half cursing 'the gentleman,' and imprint upon her chaste lips a tender salute, whereat the universal host would set up a shout that tore the Concave, while hundreds of grinning teeth startled the night with their brightness." We find no such incident in the modern history. Indeed, no such appetizer was needed, as two hundred and eighty-four dollars' worth of chowder attests!

But the same kindly spirit appears in these poor-children's picnics as in the Smithfield supper of the sweeps. That was a happy fancy, but this is not less worth because it is a thoughtful charity. Certainly it was a most original and felicitous illustration of "the power of the press." Publicity was essential to success, both to collect the money and to diffuse the inspiring story; and a responsible agent was indispensable to organize the details. All this was found when a great journal undertook the work. Let us hope that no strict constructionist quarrels with the means of producing this happiness upon the theory of the limited function of journalism. 'Tis the business of a newspaper to tell the news and to comment upon it, says the severe critic, as it is the business of government to defend individual liberty and not to keep a soup-house.

Mercy! mercy! 'Twas the business of Jem White to mind his business, doubtless; but his business happened to be in part that benevolence of a supper. Cain was not his brother's keeper, but it were better for him if he had been. 'Tis the business of a newspaper to do all the good it can, and remain a newspaper. True, those taxes which you pay in the form of subscription entitle you to the full equivalent; and if you get it not, then plant yourself with the immortal Hampden, and declare, "Not a penny for ship-money!" even though it be a barge for the joy of boot-blacks. Doubtless Jem White was a better man for those sausage feasts, and the *Times* is no worse a newspaper for the happiness it has so amply bestowed upon thousands of the poorest and most friendless of children.

They will long and long remember those days of picnic and that savory chowder. Traditions of these feasts, enlarging ever and more succulent, will linger and linger in the lodging-house. And some day many of these young beneficiaries, become men of mark and substance, will happen, in some book seldom read, upon a passage which will strangely recall a half-forgotten delight:

"James White is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world, at least. His old clients look for him among the pens; and, missing him, reproach the altered feast of St. Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed forever."

Another striking incident in the history of the American press is the expedition sent out by the *Herald* to discover Dr. Livingstone. In the strictly professional and technical sense, it sent a reporter to the interior of Africa, as it would send one to Saratoga or to the Adirondack. But

African travel from the time of Bruce and Mungo Park has been romantic, and among African travelers Dr. Livingstone is very eminent. He had also been so long absent, and there were such vague rumors of his loss and general doubt as to his fate, that the search for Livingstone gave a point to the reporter's exploration which would have been wanting to a mere journey of investigation. And again, the newspaper could invest it with that continuous and emphatic publicity which is of itself a kind of renown. There are those who smiled at the story as a good advertisement, but who had very little faith in an actual expedition. Indeed, the usual African haze enveloped the whole affair, until suddenly it was announced that Mr. Stanley had found Dr. Livingstone.

It was a great feat. No part of the world is more unknown—more fabulously unknown, so to speak—than the interior of Africa; and to penetrate it through every kind of exposure and peril, of climate, of beasts, and of inhabitants, and to follow through the labyrinth a clew which must necessarily be shadowy and illusive, until one man wandering somewhere in Africa, if still alive, was found, is one of the most memorable incidents in all the romance of African travel. Indeed, the improbability of success was so great that when the news came it was hardly credited; nor until the British government announced that it had letters from the long-lost traveler, and his son declared that there could be no question that the letters brought to him by Mr. Stanley were from his father, was there general conviction that Livingstone had been found. Even now there are those who shake their heads in newspapers and in conversation, and who relegate the letters of Livingstone to the apocrypha. But at this moment of writing there is no general doubt. It was a great feat and a remarkable event. How Mungo Park and the Landers and Bruce, and still more the earlier travelers, would have been puzzled had it been said to them that one day the discovery in the heart of Africa of an African explorer supposed to be lost would be a signal triumph of the American press!

The letters of Livingstone show that men are called to be African explorers as they are to be poets and inventors. The research into that dim region, that world still lying obscure while all other worlds roll into light, and even Japan breaks the seals of its mystic seclusion, is a passion, an enthusiasm, a mania. The earliest and most fascinating reading of many boys who are graybeards now were the African books. There is no passage in all the vast library of travel more familiar and more touching than Mungo Park's description of the negro woman singing by his sick-bed; and the actual source of the Nile, hidden somewhere in midmost Africa, is one of the oldest and most securely guarded of geographical secrets. Yet the desire to master that secret is a magic like that of the lotus which grew upon the Nile shores.

"Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them,
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores: and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave:
And deep asleep he seemed, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make."

How truly Livingstone has tasted of that lotus of African desire is curiously shown in his letter of gratitude to Mr. Bennett. For years he has been away from England. His wife has died. He has been long believed to be dead. He has suffered every hardship and disappointment, and had reached, apparently, a point beyond which nothing remained but starvation, if not assassination, with all clew to his later life and death absolutely and forever lost, when he is suddenly greeted in his own language, by a man of his own race, who has come straight from the outer world to find him. But even in that moment, which was indeed a resurrection, he still turns the lotus upon his tongue, and its taste is sweeter than the hope of home and family and fame.

"Now I know about six hundred miles of the water-shed," he says, "and unfortunately the seventh hundred is the most interesting of the whole; for in it, if I am not mistaken, four fountains arise from an earthern mound, and the last of the four becomes, at no great distance off, a large river.....

"I have heard of them so often and at great distances off that I can not doubt their existence, and in spite of the sore longing for home that seizes me every time I think of my family, I wish to finish up by their rediscovery."

How perfectly these words of Livingstone, written under the well-known circumstances, reproduce the legend of the Odyssey and repeat the words of Tennyson:

"Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam;
Then some one said, 'We will return no more:'
And all at once they sang, 'Our island home
Is far beyond the wave: we will no longer roam.'"

In a subsequent letter to Mr. Bennett Dr. Livingstone gives the best and clearest account that we have of the native African of the interior. There are some things in the letters which the friends of the Doctor declare that he could not have written. These may be interpolations, but the intrinsic evidence of the main portion of the letters seems to be conclusive. Livingstone is not a traveler only, but a missionary and a moralist—or, to express them all in one sufficient monosyllable, he is a man. His heart is fixed upon finding the fountains of the Nile and upon the extinction of the slave-trade. He touches at once one of its worst aspects in saying that it is not only a curse because of the incalculable immediate evils that it inflicts, but because it impedes friendly intercourse between different races and nations. Indeed, it has been seldom considered that the very degradation and inferiority of the Africans, which were urged as an excuse for enslaving them, were greatly due to slavery itself.

"Most people imagine," says Livingstone, "that negroes, after being brutalized by a long course of servitude, with but few of the ameliorating influences that elevate the more favored races, are fair average specimens of the African man. Our ideas are derived from slaves of the west coast, who have for ages been subject to domestic bondage and all the depressing agencies of a most unhealthy climate. These have told most injuriously on their physical frames, while fraud and the rum trade have ruined their moral natures so as not to discriminate the dif-

ference of the monstrous injustice. The main body of the population live free in the interior, under their own chiefs and laws, cultivating their own farms, catching fish in their own rivers, or fighting bravely with the grand old denizens of the forests, which, in more recent continents, can only be reached in rocky strata or under perennial ice. Winwood Reade hit the truth when he said the ancient Egyptian, with his large, round, black eyes, full, luscious lips, and somewhat depressed nose, is far nearer the typical negro than the west-coast African, who has been debased by the unhealthy land he lives in. The slaves generally, and especially those of the west coast of Zanzibar and elsewhere, are extremely ugly. I have no prejudice against their color; indeed, any one who lives long among them forgets they are black, and feels they are just fellow-men."

There is the right man for an African explorer. The lotus has not drugged his conscience nor his heart. He speaks of the entire reasonableness and good sense of "the uncontaminated African" as remarkable, and he tells a pathetic story in illustration of the pride of manhood, which has been sometimes thought peculiar to the European people. There had been a fight in consequence of the coming of slave-traders, and "a very large number of fine young men were captured," to be enslaved. They were yoked and chained; but when the gyves were loosened by reason of the distance from their home, twenty-two instantly fled to the mountains. Others died absolutely of heart-break. "They had no complaint but pain in the heart; and they pointed out its seat correctly, though many believe the heart situated underneath the top of the sternum, or breast-bone. This, to me, was the most startling death I ever saw. They evidently die of broken-heartedness, and the Arabs wondered, seeing they had plenty to eat. I saw others perish, particularly a very fine boy ten or twelve years of age. When asked where he felt ill, he put his hand correctly and exactly over his heart. He was kindly carried, and, as he breathed out his soul, was laid gently on the side of the path." The Doctor treats heart-break very literally. But the point is that the captives died of what are called moral causes.

These letters of Dr. Livingstone are full of interest. The *Herald* expedition would have been a public benefit had it borne no other fruit; and the book which we may expect from the explorer, if he escapes the further perils of his task, will probably contain the most valuable information about the mysterious continent and its people. "I wait here at Unyanyembe," he says, last November, "only until Mr. Stanley can send me fifty free men from the coast, and then I proceed to finish up the geographical part of my mission. I come back to the slavery question; and if I am permitted in any way to promote its suppression, I shall not grudge the time and toil I have spent. It would be better to lessen human woe than discover the sources of the Nile."

Let us hope that the heroic man will do both. His life has now become very precious to civilization, for his words of counsel in regard to African endeavor would be more weighty than those of any other. And should his hope of discovery be fulfilled, and he should finally solve the problem of the Nile fountains, it will be apparently wholly due to the timely succors of Mr. Stanley, and an American newspaper will have linked its name with one of the great and most interesting explorations and discoveries.

PADDLING a canoe is one of the modern forms of muscular Christianity, and very entertaining books have been published of canoe voyages: and a woman who can paddle a canoe sends a few hints, which will be of general interest. She writes from "West of Pittsburg," and the editor is of opinion that a sketch of her brother's voyage might be acceptable if it were well done. But editors promise nothing, and every contribution will be judged upon its intrinsic merits.

"WEST OF PITTSBURG, *July* 29, 1872.

"DEAR EASY CHAIR,—We have been reading about the new fancy for canoes and solitary excursions that has taken possession of a number of the superior sex in New York and elsewhere, and have been wondering why they did not try canoeing long ago, and why they need such expensive boats. Mr. M'Gregor's account of his voyages in Europe are very interesting, and the *Dolly Varden* canoe had a very 'nice time;' but I do think that what we people here know about canoeing is quite as interesting and more funny.

"Two years ago my brother went from New York by the Erie Railroad to a place near the source of the Alleghany River, and having bought a canoe from some of the 'Corn-planter Indians,' he made the trip down to the mouth of the river, and twenty miles down the Ohio. He did have a most charming time; met with all sorts of comical adventures, and passed through beautiful scenery. His canoe was only an Indian 'dug-out,' and all the 'traps' he had were his valise, gun, and fishing-tackle; but his account of it is—at least it seems so—as good as other people's.

"All the canoes we have read about cost from one to two hundred dollars, and the owners thereof are supposed to take long trips—say from New York up the Hudson *via* Lake Champlain to the St. Lawrence. Now it seems to me that there are young men who like to canoe (if there is no such verb I make it now), and have not a hundred dollars to spare, nor can be long away from business. For that class would it not be interesting to know that they can buy a canoe for five dollars, paddle included, and make the trip down the river in a little over a week? F—— said it cost him about twenty-five dollars to come from New York here, including the canoe, of course. And people have no idea what lovely mountain views there are on that trip, nor what hungry bass can be caught by trolling, nor what nice farm-houses are hospitably opened to cook the trout and dry the boatman; for he tips out sometimes.

"I have a special interest in the canoe, for F—— was going to take me with him, but I could not go. But I can paddle it, I must tell you that; for I know many men who have tried to paddle it, and straightway tipped themselves out—then voted it a 'moist, unpleasant' affair. *Scribner's* for August has an article on the canoe, which says that M'Gregor's *Rob Roy* was 'excessively crank.' Crank! Why, that's just the fun of it! Any one can paddle a keel-boat. And the club canoe has a double paddle, so that the boatman can change it from one side of the boat to the other. Any one can do that! But when one can paddle a 'dug-out,' with the paddle on the left side alone, keeping the boat straight as an arrow, and at racing speed, why, then, he deserves the name of a voyageur—I was going to say a canoeist; but I will not.

"These last two summers, as soon as I came here from New York, I have gone and looked at the canoe, and sailed with F—— in it, and longed to get in myself; but this summer I really did get into it alone and paddled it. I wasn't afraid of drowning, for I can swim, but I was afraid of F——'s laughing at me. He sat watching me from the bank for that purpose. Well, I made it go down stream beautifully, while F—— looked half admiring, half skeptical. Then it occurred to me to turn back. F—— began to get interested, and gave half a dozen directions. But it did not occur to that canoe to turn back. The more I 'angled' the paddle and sculled the worse it was. Round and round the thing went—for I would not put the paddle in on the opposite side—while F——, a champion of the canoe, kept laughing at me. Oh dear! I did feel so feminine and inferior as I waltzed up to the landing. And when I did get there I had—

oh, humiliating fact!—to paddle on both sides till F—— could reach the chain, when he hauled me in like a trout on a trolling-hook.

"I can paddle it all right now; but, you see, my first attempt gave me a great respect for the 'dug-out;' and I do think there is as much enjoyment to be found in a five-dollar canoe as in a two-hundred-dollar canoe-yacht—à la *Scribner*."

Editor's Literary Record.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

IF we are not greatly mistaken, Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S *Yale Lectures on Preaching* (J. B. Ford and Co.) will not only add to his reputation, but will go far to correct a popular impression concerning him as widespread as it is egregiously erroneous. The detractors and defamers of Mr. Beecher have conceded him to be a man of brilliant parts, but have denied him the possession of solid judgment. His best friends, with the exception of a comparatively small circle who know him personally, have admired his genius, but few of them have conceded to him the merit of patient study. In fact, however, Mr. Beecher's greatness is not altogether a gift—it is largely an acquisition; and this book, if it does no other service, will be exceedingly useful if it suffices to teach young ministers that success in the pulpit, like success in every thing else, is the fruit only of much thought and much study. Men imagine because Mr. Beecher's rhetoric is inartificial and unstudied in appearance, that it is therefore not the fruit of study; that because his oratory is natural, and free from the trammels of the professional elocutionist, that the proper way to acquire pulpit oratory is to give the study of elocution and rhetoric a wide berth. Indeed, the most common direction to young ministers is, "Be natural," which is very well as a guard against the artificial habits of the profession, but very ill if it teaches the young clergyman to take no pains and devote no study to improve his nature. Mr. Beecher tells us what a reader he has been of the old sermonizers—Barrow, Howe, Sherlock, Butler, and Edwards; what a student and practitioner of elocution—a study which he keeps up, by-the-way, to the present time; and how his own method of sermonizing is the result of deep, anxious, prayerful study of the best—*i. e.* the most powerful—sermons of all time, those recorded in the New Testament.

This autobiographical element, while it discloses one of the secrets of ministerial success, viz., assiduous study of ministerial instruments, also lends to the book a peculiar fascination, and will win for it a large circle of readers outside the clerical profession, to which it is more peculiarly addressed.

But Mr. Beecher is not only a student—he is a thinker; he is not only a genius, carrying his audiences with him by the power of his rare endowments—oratory is with him an art, and he has thought out the secrets of pulpit success as well as studied the best pulpit models. His book, therefore, possesses the merit, exceptionally rare in treatises on homiletics, of presenting not merely a discussion of methods and forms, but a statement of the foundations on which permanent pulpit success must be built.

In his system—for though the book is not systematic in the common acceptation of that term, it presents a well-defined system—there are two cardinal principles: first, that the power of the pulpit is personal power, "the living force of the human soul brought to bear on living souls for the sake of their transformation;" and second, that the sermon is only an instrument to this end, that it is to be measured by its power over men's minds and hearts; that the criterion of a sermon is not its accuracy of statement or its elegance of diction, but its power of "building men" so as to bring them into the condition of children of God. Simple as is this idea, it is radical, and, to some extent, revolutionary of the old methods of sermonizing, and its statement and elucidation is one of the best results of Mr. Beecher's fruitful life. It is hardly necessary to add that the style of these lectures, which Mr. Beecher describes as "familiar conversations," is lively and vivacious, though never forced or flippant. This volume only opens the subject. Two more courses of lectures are to be furnished during the two coming years. We shall look for their publication with large expectations of their interest and usefulness.

Dr. L. BÜCHNER is the representative of the most advanced school of infidel thought in Germany; he presents in a scholarly way, and free from passion, though not from partisanship, the extreme materialistic and socialistic theories of the age, and this gives a peculiar value to his *Man in the Past, Present, and Future* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.). This volume is divided into three books, whose character is sufficiently indicated by their titles—"Our origin," "What are we?" "Where are we going?" The first advocates the doctrine of the antiquity of the human race, and its development from a barbarous beginning. It sums up the arguments for this position clearly and briefly, but it is the work of an advocate, and gives no hint of the arguments on the other side. Thus it asserts that "the flint hatchets are undoubtedly the work of human hands," whereas, in fact, grave doubts are entertained on this subject by able scientists; and even Sir Charles Lyell admits, if we mistake not, the difficulty of explaining the fact that they were found in such great numbers in a single locality. The second book advocates substantially the Darwinian hypothesis in respect to the scientific place which man occupies in the animal creation. We are, according to Mr. Büchner, not only of simian origin, but also of simian nature. At the same time he denies the unity of the human species, though we are at a loss to understand how he reconciles his apparently conflicting conclusions. The third book discusses the future of man and of the human race. It has no particular relations to the preceding books; indeed, it is somewhat difficult to reconcile its conclusions respecting education and morality with some of the preceding theories. He holds that government

should be republican; apparently denies the right of hereditary property, though he admits that it is impracticable at present to get rid of the principle of inheritance; insists on the equal distribution of capital, and the consequent reorganization of society, as essential to the working classes; would take education out of the family, and intrust it to the state; would give to woman legal and political rights equal to those of man; would "make marriage dependent for its continuance upon the continuance of mutual affection;" and would dispense with religion altogether, though not with morality. His intense partisanship leads us to question his accuracy even in his statements of scientific facts; and in his discussions, religious and sociological, he makes some curious blunders, as in attributing the destruction of the library of Alexandria to Christian fanaticism, and in adopting the golden rule as a code of morals superior to "the quintessence of all the religious systems in the world," in seeming ignorance of the fact that it was laid down by Christ as the quintessence of Christian ethics.

The first canon of criticism is said to be, Ascertain the object of the author, then consider whether the object is one worthy of accomplishment, and has been worthily accomplished. It is not easy to apply this first canon to such a work as *Paul of Tarsus* (Roberts Brothers). The title-page would lead one to suppose that the work was, if not a biography of the great apostle, at least a treatise on his character and influence; and this idea receives some confirmation from the preface, though title-page and preface indicate a broader scope to the book, which is said to embody "a sketch of the times in which St. Paul lived, of the religious systems with which he was brought in contact, of the doctrine which he taught, and of the work which he ultimately achieved." In fact, however, we are carried half-way through the book before we come to St. Paul, and then the author gives to us, not a portrait of the apostle, but a disjointed sketch of isolated features, out of which the reader is left to construct a portrait for himself. If the writer be not the author of "Ecce Homo," it is hardly possible to doubt that that remarkable treatise has suggested this, and been in some sense the model upon which this one has been formed; if he is the author of "Ecce Homo," he falls far behind himself in philosophical breadth, in originality of conception, and in vividness and vigor of treatment. The first five chapters of his book are occupied mainly with an inquiry into the times of the apostle—the rules and principles of Judaism, the philosophy and government of Rome, the origin and nature of Gnosticism and the Gnostic sects, the organization and government of the early church, the character and influence of Jesus Christ. These chapters are full of information; but the wealth of the author's learning has been too much for him; he lacks the power to arrange his various stores in such a way as to present results clearly to the unlearned reader; he pursues no straight path to a predetermined goal, but wanders off in perpetual excursions, so that the reader is perplexed to understand the connection of his thoughts or the points to which they tend; and like most writers on the times and teachings of Paul, he attempts to portray the scholasticism of the first century—a scholasticism so abstruse, so far removed from modern forms of thought, and so disconnected with modern life, that the endeavor is almost necessarily a failure. The theologian and the scholar will find much in these chapters that is valuable and interesting if he reads them with care. The common reader, who is more concerned with the problems of the nineteenth century than in studying the problems of the first, will hardly read these chapters at all. He will find more to interest and instruct him in the latter half of the book; yet its discursive character greatly lessens its value. The author implies that a life of the apostle can not be constructed; he asserts that such a life never has been written, and his own object appears to be not so much to depict the life or even to portray the character of Paul as to make him the occasion for inculcating the author's philosophy, which may in general terms be characterized as that of the Broad-Church. To the readers of religious literature this book is almost wholly lacking in that personal magnetic enthusiasm which gave to "Ecce Homo" such a hold upon the popular mind; but its free though kindly criticism, generous catholic spirit, and wealth of classic learning render it a valuable book to the student who is willing and able to supply the connecting links which are missing, and so construct out of the information here afforded his own picture of the life and times of the apostle.

FICTION.

The death of Dr. Norman Macleod imparts a special interest to *Character Sketches* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.). In Scotland Dr. Macleod was widely known and largely influential in ecclesiastical circles. Though not a great debater, his speeches in the General Assembly always commanded attention and exerted perceptible influence. Though in no sense an ecclesiastical manager, he was a leading man in his church. He may fairly be taken as a representative Scotchman: and one needs no better evidence than this little book contains of the falseness of the average caricaturist's representative of the Scottish theologian. For the last twelve years of his life Dr. Macleod was the editor of *Good Words*. No one but a man of broad mind and genial spirit could have given to that journal its almost unparalleled circulation. Most of these "Character Sketches" are taken, if we mistake not, from the pages of that magazine. They are singularly simple, both in structure and in diction; there are neither any complicated plots, nor is there any unnaturally fine writing; the characters are drawn with a few powerful but masterly touches. The book gives proof of the possession by the author of a delicate appreciation of hidden traits of character, such as escape the observation of the most careful on-looker, and reveal themselves only to the sympathetic in-looker. In their alternations of humor and pathos these sketches are a very April contribution to literature, but in the richness of the sympathy for the humble and the lowly they are full of the ripened fruits of perfect summer. Certainly one need only read the first story, "Billy Buttons," with its indescribably pathetic and humorous account of the nursing of the little babe by the rough ship captain and his crew, to be convinced that Dr. Macleod's theology did not teach him that there

was nothing good in human nature, nor yet that all Christian virtue was confined to the men of his own creed and church.

The marks of HAWTHORNE'S inimitable genius are on *Septimius Felton* (J. R. Osgood and Co.). It is a story of the search for the elixir of life—a story of a wild, weird imagination, diseased yet pure, chaste, morally free from every thing that can contaminate. Certainly neither life nor literature affords any such characters as walk in shadowy forms upon this stage—Septimius Felton, Dr. Portsoaken, Aunt Keziah, and Sybil Dacy; certainly, outside of the lunatic asylum, no such imaginings were ever indulged in as those in which Septimius Felton indulges just as he is about to drink what he imagines to be the elixir of life; and certainly the consummation of the plot in the death of Sybil and the flight of Septimius is as unexpected as its course is unparalleled in fiction. Yet with all the genius which characterizes the book, it can hardly be popular; not even the pen of Hawthorne can give a semblance of reality to so weird and ghostly a story; every thing is, as it were, a shadow; the very characters are impalpable spectres; their aims and thoughts and purposes are those of dream-land, not of actual life; and we judge the book will achieve its reputation rather as a literary curiosity than as a popular romance.

No one would suspect "Gail Hamilton" of writing any thing that is not entertaining. Her *Little Folk Life* (Harper and Brothers) is, however, more than entertaining. It is a series of photographs of child life, very natural, very simple, very true not only to nature, but also to the higher verities, so that no child, on the one hand, will read it with a silent protest against the morbid piety which so often disfigures juvenile literature, and none can read it, on the other, without being strengthened against the common temptations of childhood, and helped to carry, through all its vexations and its disappointments, a kindlier and a more courageous spirit.

We hardly needed to be told by the title-page that *By His Own Might* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) is by the author of "Only a Girl." WILHELMINE VON HILLERN has a hobby. It is the mismanagement of misunderstood children. Her chosen mission in life is to correct the misunderstanding and rebuke the mismanagement. In her former romance the victim was a girl, and her sufferings were those inflicted by a cruel despotism. In this romance the victim is a boy, and he suffers from overcare and solicitude. Weak, sickly, a cripple, his anxious mother and his three old-maid aunts make his life a perpetual torment to him: they deny him air, sunlight, recreation, playmates; they dose and doctor him within an inch of his life. All the while against their tender machinations there is at work the influence of Herr Feldhein, Alfred's tutor. He teaches the lad that the age of physical prowess has passed, and that even a cripple may achieve great things by his own might. The boy grows up to realize his tutor's instructions, and to prove in his own person the power of a strong spirit in a weak physique. This is the moral which underlies the story. Its complicated plot we shall not attempt to unfold. The unfaithfulness of the wife leads to tragical consequences, which cast a shadow over the whole story. Incidentally it bears strong testimony against anti-negro prejudice, for, next to Alfred, the negro Frank may almost be called the hero of the romance; and certainly the most graphic and powerful picture in the book is that of the scene in which he rescues poor Annchen, by the use of the lasso, from her perilous position after the explosion of the mill. Whether it be judged by its character-drawing, its incidents, or its moral teaching, "By His Own Might" must be pronounced decidedly superior to the average novel.

Ombra (Harper and Brothers) will be pronounced by the novel-readers, if we mistake not, one of Mrs. OLIPHANT'S best. We say this without claiming to have read all the writings of this voluminous but never prosy author. It is, however, thoroughly English, not only in its tone, but in its substance. We suspect that one reason why we go abroad for our novels is that we lack the materials out of which to construct a love romance here. If in America two hearts tend to each other, there is nothing to keep them apart; there are no artificial barriers; neither difference in wealth nor in social position constitutes a hedge so high that love finds any difficulty in vaulting over it. Does a rich man marry a governess or a school-teacher? It is quite as likely her friends as his that object. If he marries his cook, she steps presently into the best society, where she holds her own without difficulty, if she can master the English grammar, and yield her own questionable taste to the requirements of fashion. Indeed, the American reader finds it difficult to understand why Katherine Courtenay, even if she is an heiress, should not marry Bertie Hardwicke, the rector's son, if she loves him and he loves her. However, though we do but half understand and not at all appreciate these artificial barriers of English society, they are quite essential to the English novel. Without them the occupation of half of the professional romancers would be gone. In "Ombra" the barrier between Kate and her Bertie is not very great. The misunderstanding between the other Bertie and Ombra herself leads to no very terrible consequences. The course of love in both cases is very much as such a course is apt to run, and we pursue the thread of the story with interest, without being hurried on to an uncomfortable pace by the too eager excitement to learn the dénouement, or being turned from the perusal altogether by any extraordinary and unreal incidents. Both Kate and Ombra are exceedingly well drawn—Kate especially, whose character is remarkably fresh in conception, and exceedingly well maintained through the story. And when finally she proposes to Bertie, it seems quite the most rational thing, and we rather like her the better for it.

Let not the reader who opens *Love and Valor* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) be deluded by the early chapters into the belief that it is a mere story of college life and college pranks, or be turned from following the course of the story by the too great abundance of college vernacular. It is a story of very much more than ordinary merit: the college boys develop into men; life widens out into a larger current as it flows; the flirtation ripens into love; and the boys and girls are carried beyond the honey-moon, through the actual battles of manhood. There are no stage

villains, no stage villainies. The characters are well drawn, and possess a somewhat remarkable individuality. The writer displays no mean dramatic power in his pictures of the Sepoy rebellion, though we suspect if the Sepoys could write a novel they would give us a different picture. Incidentally, too, there is given a portraiture of the trials of the life of a clergyman of the Established Church, and the petty tyrannies to which he is subjected by a base patron, which will not tend to enamor the American reader of the Church Establishment.

We do not expect a sermon to be always as good as the text. Mrs. HOEY is not equal to Shakspeare, nor *A Golden Sorrow* (Harper and Brothers) equal to the motto which interprets its enigmatical title:

> "I swear 'tis better to be lowly born,
> And range with humble livers in content,
> Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
> And wear a golden sorrow."

But though the authoress does not carry out all the expectations which her title and her text awaken, she carries out her own idea well, and her story is, both in interest and moral power, above the average. The contrast between marriage for love and marriage for money is well brought out by the contrasted lives of Miriam and her brother. If the young ladies only believed the novels, marriages for money would be abrogated by this time. The most serious defect in the book is the forgery. No woman not hardened in crime—and Miriam is represented as very far from that—would have coerced a sick brother into forging the will of a husband who lay dead in the adjoining room. At this scene the reader practically parts with Mrs. St. Quentin, who no longer has any measure of his sympathy, and in whose subsequent fortunes he no longer has any great concern.

FLORENCE MONTGOMERY has opened a new vein of fiction. The novel generally depends for its interest upon love affairs between young men and maidens. In *Thrown Together* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.), as in "Misunderstood," the dependence is on love between parent and child. To write a story on this foundation so as to impart interest not merely or mainly by the moral teachings involved, but rather by the course of that love itself, with the record of its impediment, its stayed current, and its final, full, and perfect flow, requires something more than talent; and it is not accrediting this comparatively unknown writer overmuch if we say that she has a real though a peculiar genius. We shall not essay even the bare outline of the story, because it will seem meagre and poor, the interest being almost wholly dependent, not on any plot, nor much on any startling incident, but on the impetuous passion which gives to incidents of a very common character—a sick child whom the mother can not quiet and the sister can, a fall, a sprained ankle, and the harmless accidental shot of a gun—quite as much power as more ordinary writers get out of a railroad accident, a steamboat explosion, or a fire in a mine. Though the story is not intended for children, they will be inclined to read it, possibly in some few cases to their detriment. Nina is not a healthful example to follow. Mrs. Middleton's training can hardly be expected to make healthful characters. We do not imagine, however, that any child who lives in an atmosphere of parental sympathy can be harmed by this story. Nevertheless, it is a better book for young mothers than for little maidens.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IN these days of professional book-making it is refreshing to fall upon such a volume as CHARLES L. BRACE'S *Dangerous Classes of New York* (Wynkoop and Hallenbeck), a book written not because the market demanded it, but because it was demanded by the heart of the author; a book not "got up" by a short process of crude study, but evoked from more than twenty years of personal experience among the neglected, the outcast, and the criminal classes of New York city. The motto of this book might well be, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Its object, the author tells us, is "to prove to society that the cheapest and most efficacious way of dealing with the 'dangerous classes' of large cities is not to punish them, but to prevent their growth; to so throw the influences of education and discipline and religion about the abandoned and destitute youth of our large towns, to so change their material circumstances, and draw them under the influence of the moral and fortunate classes, that they shall grow up as useful producers and members of society, able and inclined to aid in its progress." Mr. Brace might have added, did not his modesty forbid, that this has been the object of his life; and rarely is it given to any man to carry out so consistently so noble a mission. He treats first of the causes of crime, as chief of which he mentions ignorance, weakness of the marriage tie, overcrowding, and intemperance, and then details, not the hypothetical remedies of a theoretical philanthropist, but the actual remedial experiments that have been tried, and the failures and successes which have resulted. To enter into any analysis of this portion of the book would be to open a theme whose interest would carry us far beyond the limits of a book notice. We must content ourselves with saying that there is not any subject of greater practical importance to the American philanthropist than the proper treatment of the "dangerous classes" in our great cities; that there is not within our knowledge any work on this topic which in fullness of information and in practical suggestiveness compares with this work of Mr. Brace's; and that, in our judgment, not only every worker among the outcast and every student of sociology, but also every American who means to contribute any thing to the elevation and education of the lower classes in America, ought to study its pages.

A charming book of travels is LAURENT LAPORTE'S *Sailing on the Nile* (Roberts Brothers). All the glow and glamour of the Orient, which the prosaic English and American travelers have taken off that they might present us with a picture of life in the East in its sober and dirty and uncomfortable reality, is restored. The land is not the East of real life, but that of the poet and the artist. Who, for example, would ever identify this description of the donkey with any known to English literature: "You can not imagine, indeed, the ardor—I was going to say nerve—of these pretty beasts, so spirited, alert, and gay. With their wide-awake, ani-

mated expression, they win all hearts from the very first. A shrewd, sagacious physiognomy; eyes tender, although keen, set in the sides of the head; well-shaped, clean-cut hind-quarters; and, above all, the most coquettish ears in the world—these attractions soon complete the conquest of the stranger." One longs to get off our commonplace steamboats to luxuriate in the Egyptian dahabilh, and out of our prosaic palace cars on to the back of one of these marvelous donkeys. But is it true? asks the reader. Ah! we did not say it was true; we only said it was charming. For truth go to the Englishman; for glow, and romance, and an imagination that sifts out all the disagreeable recollections of a jaunt and throws them away, and retains only the delightful remembrances, go to the Frenchman. M. Laporte has accomplished his purpose, which is to enchant, not to instruct, his readers. For him the Orient is a "magical Orient;" and whatever the reality may be, "sailing on the Nile" with him is a delightful pastime.

During the late musical Jubilee in Boston J. R. Osgood and Co. published a daily illustrated paper. The numbers of this journal are now bound and laid on our table, bearing the name which the daily bore, *Jubilee Days*. This is, we believe, the first attempt in this country to issue a daily illustrated paper. It is a novelty and curiosity in art, the pictures being drawn from day to day by Mr. Hoppin, and engraved by a chemical process in three hours after the receipt of the drawings. The process evidently needs improvement before it can compete with the engraver's burin; yet some of the illustrations are more than curiosities—"the oak," for example, which closes the volume. Generally, however, the pictures have a mazy appearance, the lines are not clear and well-defined, and the volume is valuable—apart from its local interest as a contribution to the history of the Jubilee—chiefly as an indication of what American art will do in the future, when the daily illustrated journal becomes as much a part of our literature as the weekly illustrated paper has already become.—A good cook-book does not make a good cook, and a good treatise on gardening does not make a good gardener. The originator of the motto, "Practice makes perfect," must have been a tiller of the soil. The readers of *Every Woman her own Flower Gardener*, by Mrs. S. O. Johnson, and of *Window Gardening*, a treatise devoted especially to the culture of flowers and ornamental plants for in-door use and parlor decoration (both from the press of H. T. Williams), need not expect to achieve all the results indicated in the illustrations with which the latter book abounds without many trials and some disappointments; but in those trials any intelligent reader may get a good deal of useful information from both books, which are rather more specific and practical than such treatises usually are.—*Caper Sauce* (G. W. Carleton and Co.) is described by the authoress, "Fanny Fern," as "a volume of chit-chat about men, women, and things." Most of this "chit-chat" has already entertained the American public in the columns of the New York *Ledger* and other journals. Every body is presumed by this time to know Fanny Fern; and we need only say that she shows no sign as yet of losing the freshness and vivacity of her youth, while her maturer thoughts are comparatively free from the crudeness which sometimes marred her earlier writings.

What we have heretofore said of David B. Scott's "History of the United States" might be repeated of his *Smaller School History of the United States* (Harper and Brothers). It is an admirable compendium, though condensed to the last degree of brevity; its attractiveness is enhanced by its illustrations, and its usefulness by its numerous maps.

A Hand-Book of Politics for 1872, is the title of a volume prepared by Edward Macpherson, Clerk of the House of Representatives, the object of which is to afford a record of the important political action in this country, both State and national, from July, 1870, to July, 1872. It embraces official reports of the most important state papers, Presidential messages, acts of Congress, treaties, governmental receipts and expenditures, election returns, and party platforms. It appears to be impartial and full, and can hardly fail to be an exceedingly useful book of reference, especially to those who take an active interest in the Presidential campaign.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF WORK DONE BY THE "HASSLER."

DR. THOMAS HILL, in a letter to Mr. Salisbury, of Worcester, dated at Panama, gives a brief summary of the general results accomplished by Professor Agassiz and party on the *Hassler*. The programme of operations, as originally laid out before starting, was greatly interfered with by the defective character of the machinery on board, and the necessity of frequent stops for repairs, both at the beginning of the voyage and throughout its continuance. For this reason the projected stay in the South Atlantic, at the Falkland Islands and elsewhere, had necessarily to be abandoned. Of the twenty-nine weeks that had elapsed since starting from Boston, ten were spent in port, for the reasons named. They were therefore unable, to any extent, to prosecute deep-sea soundings or dredgings, to take the temperature, to make chemical analyses of the deep waters, or to determine the penetration of light and actinic force. The only deep-sea dredgings of importance were a few in the West Indies, one or two off the coast of Brazil, and several near San Juan Fernandez. Near this island the doctor had an opportunity of making one experiment on the penetration of photographic force, and obtained evidence of the existence of force enough to make an image on a collodion plate at a depth of 300 feet, after an exposure of 45 minutes.

As a compensation for the necessary lack of physical observations, the opportunities for shore and zoological collecting have been multiplied,

and Professor Agassiz had obtained, up to the time of Dr. Hill's letter, and sent home, specimens enough to fill 137 barrels, boxes, and cases. Numerous sea-weeds and marine plants had been procured; and the collections of the Cambridge Museum will undoubtedly receive a very important accession from these treasures.

TETRONERYTHRIN IN TROUT, ETC.

The red coloring matter first detected in the red comb of the grouse and ptarmigan, and known as tetronerythrin, has also been found in the reddish spots of the trout and the crab, and in the *Phialopsis rubra*. This coloring matter is soluble in chloroform, and is unchanged by caustic potash, while concentrated sulphuric acid turns it indigo blue, then black. It is also soluble in bisulphide of carbon and ether. It appears to be different from the coloring matter of blood.

ANALYSIS OF METEORIC SAND.

A meteoric sand which accompanied a heavy rain storm in Sicily, on the 9th of March, 1872, has been reported upon by Silvestri, who states that the sand strained out from the water consisted of about 75 per cent. of a clayey substance, colored yellow by oxide of iron, 11 per cent. of carbonate of lime, and about 14 per cent. of organic matter. In this the microscope revealed numerous vegetable fragments, such as hairs of plants, membrane, scales, seeds, etc., with various diatoms and living infusoria, while the water contained carbonate of lime, carbonate of magnesia, carbonate of iron, sulphate of lime, chloride of potassium, sulphate of soda, etc.

IMITATION MARBLE.

Mr. J. Terwer, of Trier, announces that he has succeeded in making a most perfect imitation of marble in a new and very simple manner. He uses carbonate of lime, without any cement or high pressure, and the product is as hard and easily polished as the best marble, and is readily colored in any shade, even to the most intense black. As the mass, while in a plastic state, is readily worked into any shape and form, its applicability for ornamental walls, floors, furniture, etc., is very great; but the inventor especially directs attention to its value in furnishing material for the finer mosaics, which often consist of 150 pieces to the square inch. Convenient forms, brilliant colors in all shades, greatest durability, even in the thinnest stratum of inlaid-work, etc., are promised.

CAST-STEEL FROM THE IRON SAND OF NEW ZEALAND.

According to the London *Times*, iron sand, as found on the beaches in New Zealand, is used in the manufacture of steel. The process consists in mixing the sand with an equal quantity of clay and of the ordinary sea sand, containing a large percentage of shells, and then working this into bricks, which are hardened in a kiln, broken up into irregular pieces, and smelted in an ordinary cupola furnace. The result is a cast-steel, from which some beautiful specimens of the finest cutlery have been manufactured.

These experiments were conducted by a mechanic in government employ, who was restricted to an expenditure of £100. With the apparatus he was able to construct with this sum, he succeeded in producing 500 pounds of steel in the manner described above.

DISCOVERY OF LIVINGSTONE BY STANLEY.

The successful accomplishment by Mr. Stanley of the mission intrusted to him by the New York *Herald*, namely, that of finding and succoring Dr. Livingstone, has created an excitement throughout the civilized world; and the European and American press vie with each other in their commendations of the enterprise undertaken by the journal, and the ability and energy with which it was satisfactorily accomplished by the agent.

Mr. Stanley, after receiving his instructions from the *Herald* to find Dr. Livingstone, "dead or alive," proceeded to Zanzibar, and thence penetrated the African continent, as nearly as possible by the route that Dr. Livingstone was thought to have taken, and arrived at Unyanyembe on the 23d of June, 1871, which was the date of the last advices previously received from him. He experienced drawbacks in the sickness and death of his men, which weakened his company very considerably, so that he was glad to join some Arabian caravans on their way to the west. Their progress, however, was impeded by the opposition of Mirambo, an African king, who first insisted on levying black-mail upon the caravans, and finally absolutely refused permission to pass. This involved a war with the potentate named, in which the combined forces of Stanley and the Arabs were at first successful; but in consequence of an ambush on the part of Mirambo, the party was demoralized and put to flight, leaving Stanley ill with a fever, and with only nine attendants.

Finding so much difficulty in traveling by the route originally contemplated, Stanley made a detour, and, after various adventures, finally succeeded in reaching Ujiji, where, to his delight, he found Dr. Livingstone, in good health and condition, and greatly rejoiced at the meeting. The precise date of the arrival of Stanley at Ujiji is not mentioned in his dispatches, although he states that on the 16th of October, in company with Livingstone, he left Ujiji, and arrived, November 2, at Unyanyembe, where they spent twenty-eight days in exploration, returning to Ujiji and passing Christmas-day in company, and then leaving again for Unyanyembe on the 26th of December, where they arrived after fifty-four days of travel. This journey was for the special purpose of enabling Dr. Livingstone to obtain supplies of goods and provisions, which had been sent him from the British consulate at Zanzibar, but which had been detained on the way a very unnecessary length of time.

Stanley himself, in parting with Livingstone, turned over to him large quantities of material for presents, and also a portable boat, tools, fire-arms, and ammunition, leaving him on the 14th of March, on his return to Zanzibar. He was commissioned by Dr. Livingstone to forward to him fifty well-armed men to act as soldiers and servants to accompany him on a new expedition that he is organizing, which will occupy about a year and a half, to complete the problems which remain to be solved before his return. His plan is to proceed to the copper mines of Katanga, then eight days south, to discover the fountains

of Herodotus, returning by Katanga to the under-ground houses of Rua; thence to Lake Kamolondo, and after making some explorations in that vicinity to go back to Lualaba, and by way of Uguhha to Ujiji, and thence to the coast. In this work he expected to examine the north shore of Tanganyika Lake, and the 180 miles of the Chambezi River not visited by him.

An abstract of Dr. Livingstone's explorations up to the time that Stanley met him, published in the New York *Herald*, informs us that in March, 1866, he left the coast of Eastern Africa below Zanzibar, and was proceeding up the Boyuma River, when the report of the existence of hostile tribes farther on reached the party, which caused most of his twenty-eight men to desert; and as an excuse for their cowardice they spread the report of his death, which was so widely circulated. The Doctor, however, in spite of this defection, continued his journey around by the south end of Nyanza Lake, and finally reached the Chambezi River, which he skirted for 700 miles, and became satisfied that this was the real source of the Nile, making the total length of that river 2600 miles. He also ascertained that Lake Tanganyika was not a tributary of this river. After arriving within 180 miles of the head of the Chambezi, he was obliged to return to Ujiji for want of supplies, and was there met by the commander of the *Herald* expedition.

It was Livingstone's intention, when Stanley left, in March, 1872, to explore the north shore of the Tanganyika Lake, and the remaining 180 miles of the Chambezi, which he expected would occupy him for the next two years.

ACTION OF GAS JET ON WATER.

It is said that if a thin thread of water is passed through the jet from a blow-pipe, it is but slightly warmed, the increase in temperature being but three degrees, although its heat is sufficient to melt almost any metal. When passed through an ordinary flame, the increase in temperature is considerably greater, possibly owing to the incandescent particles being carried away by the liquid in smoke. If the blow-pipe jet is directed against a sheet of water, it is not pierced, nor does it produce any sensible heating effect. It is suggested that if, instead of the metallic curtains used in theatres, a sheet of running water were interposed, it would be a great improvement as a fire guard.

IMITATION OF MAHOGANY.

A method is now in use in Paris by which almost any kind of wood of close grain can be made to imitate mahogany so closely as to render it almost impossible to distinguish between the real and false article. The wood is first planed so as to render it perfectly smooth, and is then rubbed with dilute sulphuric acid. Afterward an ounce and a half of dragon's-blood dissolved in a pint of alcohol, and half that quantity of carbonate of soda, are mixed together and filtered, and this liquid is then rubbed, or rather laid, on to the wood with a soft brush. This process is repeated until in a short time the wood will be found to have the appearance of mahogany. A little cold-drawn linseed-oil will restore the polish, which becomes dimmed. It is said that this substitute is now applied with success in Paris to all purposes for which mahogany was formerly used.

MICROSCOPICAL COMPOSITION OF SLATE.

Zirkel has been studying the microscopic constitution of clay and roofing slate, and finds that these are not composed simply of elastic and dialitic mineral constituents, nor of the hardened and finely ground mud of pre-existing rocks; but that they embrace within their texture microscopical crystalline and crystallized constituents which vary in amount, and often play the principal part in the composition of the strata.

DANK'S PUDDLING FURNACE.

Iron manufacturers in Great Britain are congratulating themselves upon the introduction into Great Britain of the invention of Mr. Dank, of Cincinnati, by which machine puddling has become practicable. Heretofore the operation of puddling, or the conversion of ores or cast iron into wrought iron, has been one so severe and trying as to make it extremely difficult to find hands willing to engage in the work, and the rapid increase in the demand for wrought iron has rendered it impossible to find competent men in sufficient number for the purpose.

Numerous efforts had been made to relieve iron manufacturers from this dependence upon manual labor, but without success; and the announcement made last autumn by Mr. Dank, before the iron and steel workers, that he had successfully solved the problem, was received at first with incredulity. A committee was, however, appointed to proceed to Cincinnati to examine Mr. Dank's furnaces, which was done; and on their return they reported that every thing promised could be accomplished, and that the interest of the trade was closely connected with the acceptance of Mr. Dank's offers.

It is now stated that two hundred furnaces on Mr. Dank's plan are to be shortly put up in various districts, and that he is to receive the sum of £50,000 as his premium, whether the furnaces are in operation or not.

GENESIS OF HIPPOCAMPUS.

Canestrini, of the University of Padua, has lately discovered that the young hippocampus, or sea-horse, a small fish well known on our coast, is provided with a rudimentary caudal fin, the adult lacking this appendage, the tail being converted into a prehensile organ. A fossil fish (*Calamostomus*), however, from Monte Bolca, agrees with the young *Hippocampus* in the character of this tail, and suggests the idea of a genetical relationship between the two genera. A similar relation exists between the genera *Nerophis* and *Syngnathus;* the latter, the pipe-fish of our coast, being provided with a caudal fin, while the former is without it.

ACTION OF THE MAGNET ON ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Professor Houston calls attention, in the journal of the Franklin Institute, to the action of the magnet upon electrical light, first noticed by him in the course of an experiment upon the rotation of light by the magnet. In this he approached a compound bar magnet to the light, holding it with one end pointing directly to the arch, in a horizontal plane, equidistant between

the carbon electrodes. When the nearest end of the magnet was four inches from the electrodes, the light was instantly extinguished.

The cause of this phenomenon, he thinks, is to be attributed to the tendency of the flame to rotate on the approach of the magnet. This might cause the extinguishing of the light in two ways: either by the irregularities on the surface of the carbon electrodes offering greater resistance to the passage of the current from some points than from others, or by the current being unable to pass through the greater distance of the arched path which is always assumed by the light on the approach of a magnet.

Another assumption, which is perhaps as probable as any, is that on the approach of the magnet there is a slight increase in the non-conducting power of the medium between the electrodes, produced by their polarization, and which, though always acting, can only manifest itself in a striking manner when the distance between the electrodes is near a maximum, and the tension of the current is exerted to its utmost in passing through the non-conducting medium. This assumption of the polarization of the medium between the electrodes, and its consequently diminished power of conducting the current, seems to be somewhat sustained by the fact that a powerful electro-magnet, in the form of a horseshoe, when approached did not extinguish the light, although it produced rotation of the current; for we may conceive that the two poles, acting simultaneously on the medium, would each neutralize the effect of the other.

NEW MINERALS.

The discovery of several new minerals has lately been announced. Among them may be mentioned *Julianite*, a species somewhat resembling fahlerz, occurring in small groups of cubic crystals of a dark gray color, and containing $As_2 Cu_3 S_6$, part of the arsenic being replaced by antimony and iron, and part of the copper by silver. The ore was formerly found in the Friederike-Juliane Mine, at Rudelstadt, in Silesia. Another species is *Beyrichite*, from the Westerwald. This occurs in groups of maculed prisms, of a lead-gray color, with a faint metallic lustre. A native silicate, hitherto undescribed, has been called *Bismuthoferrite* by Frenzel. This occurs at Schneeberg, in Saxony. Other new species, described by Weisbach, are *Trögerite* and *Walpurgine*.

NEW LACUSTRINE VILLAGES ON LAKE BIENNE.

Nature records an interesting archæological discovery which has recently been made on the shores of the lake of Bienne, in Switzerland. The Swiss government has been for a long time endeavoring to drain a considerable tract of land between the two lakes of Morat and Bienne, but in order to do this effectually it has been found necessary to lower the level of the latter by cutting a canal from it to the lake of Neufchatel. At the beginning of the present year the sluices were opened, and the waters of the lake of Bienne allowed to flow into that of Neufchatel. Up to the present time the level of the Bieler See has fallen upward of three feet, and this fall has brought to light a number of stakes driven firmly into the bed of the lake. This fact becoming known, a number of Swiss archæologists visited the spot, and it was decided to remove the soil round these stakes to see whether any remains of a lacustrine village, which they suspected had been raised upon them, could be traced. At a distance of between five and six feet from the present bed of the lake the workmen came upon a large number of objects of different kinds, which have been collected, and are at present under the custody of Dr. Gross, of Locrass. Among them are pieces of cord made from hemp, vases, stags' horns, stone hatchets, and utensils used apparently for cooking. The most precious specimen is, however, a hatchet made of nephrite. This hatchet is sixteen centimeters long by seven broad, and is by far the largest yet discovered in any part of Switzerland, no other collection having any measuring more than eight centimeters in length. A quantity of the bones found at the same time have been sent to Dr. Uhlmann, of Münchenbuchsee, and he finds that they belong to the following animals, viz., stag, horse, ox, wild-boar, pig, dog, beaver, goat, mouse, etc., together with a number of human bones. If the level of the lake continues to sink, it is hoped that further discoveries will be made, and the scientific world in Europe is waiting the result of the engineering operations with keen interest.

CHANGE OF VOLUME IN SOLUTIONS.

Mr. Bolson has presented to the Academy of Sciences of Paris the results of a series of experiments upon the change of volume accompanying solution, and has arrived at the following general conclusions:

1. In every case there is a diminution in volume when an anhydrous salt is dissolved in water; that is, the volume of the solution is less than the sum of the volume of the water and salt. Of all salts tried, ammonium chloride gives the least contraction.

2. The first portions of the anhydrous salt correspond to the maximum of contraction. As the strength of the solution increases, the contraction diminishes, until, with very soluble salts, when the solution is nearly saturated, the contraction is almost insensible.

3. Viewed with regard to their energy of contraction, the substances experimented on may be ranged in the following order, beginning with the greatest contraction: (*a.*) With respect to the *non-metallic radicals*—carbonates, sulphates, chlorides, nitrates, iodides; (*b.*) With respect to the *metals*—iron, zinc, copper, magnesium, strontium, barium, calcium, sodium, lead, potassium, ammonium.

4. Hydrated salts give far less contraction than the corresponding anhydrous salts; the contraction is smaller as the number of molecules of water of crystallization becomes greater.

5. Salts which crystallize in the anhydrous state are those in which the co-efficient of contraction is smallest.

INFLUENCE OF THE PLANETS ON SUN SPOTS.

Messrs. De La Rue, Stewart, and Loewy presented to the Royal Society of London the result of investigations made by them on planetary influences upon solar activity, and give as one of several conclusions reached that, in examining the tables for the planets Mercury and Venus, they find in them indications of a behavior of

sun spots appearing to have reference to the position of these planets, and which seems to be of the same nature for both. This behavior may be characterized as follows: The average size of a spot would appear to attain its maximum on that side of the sun which is turned away from Venus or from Mercury, and to have its minimum in the neighborhood of Venus or of Mercury.

METHOD OF REPRODUCING DRAWINGS.

Mr. Renault announces a new process for reproducing drawings, which consists in tracing a design upon a stout and rather polished sheet of paper with a gummy ink, over which is to be shaken a metallic powder like the bronze powder of the arts. In this way a kind of plate is obtained, by means of which the drawing can be transferred to sensitized paper, this being colored black by the pulverulent metal.

THE REFRACTION OF LIGHT.

An elaborate series of observations has recently been made at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, to settle the disputed question in optics whether the thickness of the object-glass has any influence on the position of a star seen through it, in consequence of a change in the aberration of the light. It is well known that the refraction which a ray of light undergoes on entering a medium depends on the angle of incidence, so that if it strike the refracting surface perpendicularly, it will suffer no refraction at all. It is also known that the stars appear displaced from their true position about twenty seconds whenever the earth in its motion round the sun moves in a direction nearly at right angles to that of the star. The true direction of the star is then twenty seconds from the apparent direction. The disputed question amounts to this: in order that a ray of light from a star may suffer no refraction on entering a lens, must the surface of the latter be perpendicular to the true or to the apparent direction of the star? This question Professor Airy has sought to answer by mounting a zenith telescope, of which the entire tube between the eye-piece and objective was filled with water, and observing the zenith distance of the star γ Draconis at different times of the year.

The result was that the apparent position of the star fluctuated exactly as if there had been no water in the telescope, thus showing that the thickness of the object-glass was without influence on the amount of the aberration. Applied to the question we have suggested, this proves that to have no refraction the surface must be perpendicular to the apparent and not to the true direction of a star. The result is expected to throw some light on the various questions of the ethereal medium, and especially of its density in transparent bodies, and of its motion with such bodies.

MENSBRUGGHE'S LAW IN PHYSICS.

Professor Van der Mensbrugghe, of the University of Ghent, has announced as a law in physics that each time a liquid of strong superficial tension, and containing gas in solution, is brought into contact with a liquid of feeble tension, there is a more or less decided disengagement of the gas dissolved in the liquid.

The accuracy of this proposition the author proposes to establish hereafter in a special memoir, and announces it at present simply to secure priority of presentation. One illustration presented by him is to the effect that if a drop of alcohol or of ether be introduced into distilled water half filling a small vial of one or one and a half inches in diameter, and the liquid agitated, a lively effervescence will be observed after the agitation. This experiment was made long since by Duprez, but without any explanation. It is impossible to attribute the effervescence to the air introduced by the agitation, since the alcohol and ether alone, or water alone, give no marked result in this respect. The experiment succeeds equally with benzine, sulphide of carbon, creosote, turpentine, olive-oil, lavender, etc. It is only necessary to shake the distilled water, after having introduced a glass rod containing a slight quantity of any fatty body whatever, in order to perceive a distinct disengagement of small bubbles of gas.

TRANSVERSELY STRIATED MUSCULAR FIBRE IN ACARI.

Mr. Dall some time ago announced the discovery of transversely striated muscular fibre in the mollusca; and we are informed by Flögel that the same attribute applies to the muscle of a species of *Trombidium*, one of the *Acari*. These striæ are very wide apart, each fibre appearing to be composed of a semi-fluid substance, which remains uncolored in perosmic acid, and is filled with denser columns, the fibrils.

ACTUAL SANITARY VALUE OF CHLORALUM.

Professor A. Fleck has made a chemical examination of the several preparations of chloralum, so freely advertised all over the world by an English establishment, and finds reason to consider them not only as rather indifferent, but as even injurious. Of these preparations there are, first, chloralum, claimed to be the safest, most inodorous, and least noxious disinfectant, and used as an internal and external remedy against sore throat, diphtheritis, etc.; second, chloralum powder, an antiseptic, and an astringent when eaten in a mixture with wheat flour, besides being used as a disinfectant for ships, stables, etc.; third, chloralum wool, or wadding, for dressing wounds, disinfecting coffins, etc.; finally, the solution of chloralum as a very effective fertilizer, for which purpose it is absolutely worthless. Professor Fleck finds chloralum as a disinfectant even less active than alum, sulphate of alumina, or sulphate of iron, while its price is so exorbitant that it must be considered fraudulent. As a medical preparation he declares it highly dangerous, and earnestly warns the public against its use, it being contaminated with lead, copper, etc., and advises them not to be deceived by the similarity of the name to chloral hydrate, with which it has nothing in common.

ACTION OF SKIN IRRITANTS.

The experiments of Röhrig and Zuntz had rendered it probable that all irritants applied to the skin exercise a tissue change in the body, and as carbonic acid baths are recommended as stimulants to the skin, Paalzow tested the action of water saturated with carbonic acid on rabbits, but found that it neither increased the amount of oxygen and carbonic acid expired by rabbits,

nor did it redden the skin either in them or in man. He thinks the effect of carbonic acid baths, which has been ascribed to the carbonic acid dissolved in the water, is really due to alkaline salts. On applying real irritants, such as mustard, to the skin of rabbits, he found the consumption of oxygen and the production of carbonic acid invariably increased, often by more than one-half; *i. e.*, tissue change in the body was rendered much more rapid by the application of the irritant. The relation between the oxygen consumed and the carbonic acid evolved was not constant.

MASKELYNE ON METEORITES.

Mr. Maskelyne, the chief of the mineralogical department of the British Museum, in a recent lecture before the Royal Institution, gave an account of the present state of our knowledge of meteorites. According to the lecturer the maximum height at which these have been observed is 120 miles, and their velocity from 18 to 34 miles a second, this resulting in great heat, intense light, and violent explosive force. The heat, he thinks, is due to the retardation of the velocity by passing from a rarer medium to our denser atmosphere. He considered meteorites as belonging to three classes—siderites (principally iron), siderolites (iron and stone), and aerolites (mostly stone).

The components of meteorites embrace about one-third of the known elements. Mr. Maskelyne considers meteorites as probably cosmical in their origin; their velocity, however, he thinks incompatible with a lunar or sublunar origin, while their chemical constitution differs from that of the sun, as far as at present known.

NOMENCLATURE OF OBJECTIVES.

Dr. Woodward, of the Army Medical Museum, in speaking of the nomenclature of achromatic objectives, and of the compound microscope, takes exception to the method of estimating their power by their real or supposed agreement, in the amount of magnifying, with single lenses of specified focal lengths. Thus, when we read of inch, half-inch, and quarter-inch objectives, we are expected to understand combinations agreeing in magnifying power with single convex lenses of the focal length named. After a critical discussion of the formula for expressing the relationship between the distances of the object and the lenses to each other, and their magnifying power, the doctor finds that in compound lenses, instead of having one value for all distances, as with the single lens, we may have as many different values for the principal focus as there are distances used. After a full consideration of all the circumstances, he concludes that the best interest of makers and purchasers of instruments would be consulted if the present nomenclature were abandoned altogether, and objectives named instead by their precise magnifying power without eye-pieces at some selected distance, this to be always explicitly stated.

ZÖLLNER ON THE NATURE OF COMETS.

The *American Journal of Science* for June contains an abstract of a work recently published by Professor Zöllner upon the "Nature of Comets," in which, starting from the well-known fact that water, mercury, and many other substances, even in the solid state, give off vapor of a certain amount, though of very low tension, and inferring from the characteristic odors of the metals that they also, even at very low temperatures, are constantly giving off vapor, though of an amount too small to be recognized by any of the tests yet employed in science, it follows that a mass of matter in space will ultimately surround itself with its own vapor, and the tension of the latter will depend upon the mass of the body—that is, upon its gravitative energy—and the temperature. If the mass of the body is so small that its attractive force is insufficient to give the enveloping vapor its maximum tension for the existing temperature, the evolution of vapor will be continuous until the whole mass is converted into it.

Then comes the question whether a mass of gas or vapor under these circumstances would be in a condition of stable equilibrium. The analytical discussion of this point leads to the conclusion that in empty and unlimited space a finite mass of gas is in a condition of unstable equilibrium, and must become dissipated by continual expansion and consequent decrease of density. A necessary consequence of this result is that the celestial spaces, at least within the limits of the stellar universe, must be filled with matter in the form of gas, pre-eminently that of the terrestrial atmosphere.

PHYSIOLOGICAL ACTION OF BEEF TEA.

The authority of Gustave Bunge is now added to the list of those who have taken ground against the value of beef tea and extracts of meat as articles of diet. He thinks the refreshment they give is only due to their warmth and pleasant taste, and that their chief value consists in enabling a person to take with appetite a larger amount of dry or tasteless food than he could otherwise do. The statements of Liebig that the addition of meat extract to vegetable food increases its nutritive value, and that the extractive matter of meat, especially creatine and creatinine, is the material for muscular work, have been disproved by Voit and Meissner, and the idea that beef tea and meat extract are beneficial on account of the salts they contain is an unlikely one, as these salts are already present in excess in ordinary food.

The suggestion, however, that they answer the purpose of stimulants, like coffee, tea, and alcohol, seems to be confirmed by experiment. Small doses of meat extract quicken the pulse, but large ones produced paralysis of the heart and death. This action is attributed to the potash salts contained in the extract, as the ash alone produced the same effect as the quantity of extract from which it had been obtained.

RELATION OF RECENT NORTH AMERICAN FLORA TO ANCIENT.

The reports recently published by Dr. Hayden of his explorations in Montana contain a great deal of very valuable information bearing not only upon the present condition of the country, but upon the geological changes through which it has passed. In an account of the results of an examination of certain tertiary fossil plants collected by Dr. Hayden, Mr. Lesquereux, of Columbus, Ohio, remarks upon the typical analogy

of our present flora with that of the tertiary. This analogy he finds to become more evident as his researches are multiplied.

A large number of the genera to which the trees and shrubs of Northern America at present belong have been recognized as tertiary fossils. Among these, in addition to those previously mentioned, are the mulberry (*Morus*) and the Virginia creeper (*Ampelopsis*); and among the few modern forms not yet detected in the tertiary are *Asimina* or papaw, the *Æsculus* or horse-chestnut, the witch-hazel, etc. The absence of some genera may, however, be accounted for by the readiness with which their leaves become decomposed before a suitable cast can be made of them in the muds into which they fall.

The general similarity of the modern flora of North America to that of its tertiary and even cretaceous deposits, according to M. Lesquereux, indicates a very ancient origin of the former. The chain of connection, however, from the upper cretaceous to the modern dates is not entirely complete, there being several important links wanting, particularly that of the pliocene period. The only locality of strata of the later age known to Mr. Lesquereux is at Columbus, Kentucky, on what is called the Chalk Banks of the Mississippi, where he obtained sundry specimens not to be distinguished from living species; among them the live-oak, chincapin, wahoo elm, the winter-berry, calamus root, the pecan nut, etc.

INSTANTANEOUS GALVANIC LAMP-LIGHTER.

Dr. Klinkerfues, in Göttingen, Hanover, has invented what he calls a hydrostatic instantaneous galvanic lamp-lighter, and tried it on about forty street lamps. The experiment was entirely successful, and a general introduction of the apparatus is confidently anticipated.

SYNTHESIS OF ORCINE.

Messrs. Vogt and Henninger announce to the Academy of Sciences in Paris that they have succeeded in forming synthetically the substance known as orcine, the basis of the coloring matter of lichens. Numerous attempts have previously been made in vain to produce this body. The artificial orcine appears to have all the properties of the original, and its mode of formation shows that it is a diphenol or toluene.

METAMORPHOSES OF FROGS.

Mr. Jourdain calls the attention of physiologists to the peculiarities exhibited in the reproduction of various forms of frogs, some of these having tadpoles of enormous size, much larger than the adult which is developed from them, while others again are scarcely larger in the tadpole condition than afterward. The author compares the species having the small tadpoles to insects with incomplete metamorphosis; these feeding and growing in a regular and gradual manner throughout their entire life, up to the time that the adult acquires its normal and definite dimensions, growing and becoming perfect gradually, like the hemiptera. The case is different with the very large tadpoles. These, from the period of their emergence from the egg, grow very rapidly, and quickly acquire a considerable size, like the caterpillar of a butterfly, to which they may be compared during this first period, which they make use of in acquiring an ample nutritive reserve. In the second period they take little or no food, but the substance stored is expended in building up the new structure. Their volume diminishes, the animal living and feeding by the absorption of its tail and the other parts, which are taken up or lose their importance. This period the author likens to the pupa condition of insects with complete metamorphosis, the animal feeding upon substances stored up by the larva.

CURE FOR SCIATICA, ETC.

Dr. Henry Lawson, of London, publishes a work upon the cure of sciatica, lumbago, and brachialgia, in which he gives the result of experiments upon himself as to the efficiency of hypodermic injections of morphine in curing these diseases. For this purpose he first induces local anæsthesia in the vicinity of the part affected, by means of Dr. Richardson's spray producer, with the use of ether of low specific gravity, and then inserting the needle of the syringe about an inch deep in the flesh of the patient, he injects the proper quantity of morphine (in the form of sulphate, probably), to the amount of a quarter or half a grain, or more. The application is to be made as near to the seat of pain as possible, and will almost inevitably be followed, in the course of a few minutes, by absolute relief. Should the pain recur, the remedy is to be repeated. This application may be made quite close to the same spot, and every day for a month, within a radius of an inch and a half, and in all cases as near the seat of pain as possible. The pain disappears in a few minutes, leaving a sensation of unutterable relief and quiet.

CHINESE CYPRINIDÆ.

Dr. Bleeker, the indefatigable ichthyologist, of Holland, has lately published a paper upon the cyprinoids of China. In this he enumerates fifty species already described, and adds to them twenty from collections made by Daubry and the Abbé David. He is, however, of the opinion that this number scarcely embraces half of the cyprinoids actually belonging to the freshwaters of the Chinese empire. The forms are rather those of Japan and Europe than of tropical Asia.

PROTOXIDE OF HYDROGEN AS A DISINFECTANT.

According to Dr. Day, of Victoria, the protoxide of hydrogen may be used to excellent advantage in destroying the infectious property of pus globules, its effect in cases of small-pox having been very decidedly marked.

CHEMICAL COMPOSITION OF GASES IN THE SWIMMING BLADDERS OF FISHES.

According to Schultze, the gases contained in the swimming bladders of certain cyprinoid fishes consist of oxygen, carbonic acid, and nitrogen in different proportions, the amount of oxygen never exceeding that in the atmospheric air, and carbonic acid being always present. He concludes from his experiments that in such fishes the swimming bladder contains the ordinary gases found in the expired air of the lungs and gills.

Editor's Historical Record.

OUR Record is closed on the 24th of August.—The election in North Carolina, August 1, resulted in the success of Mr. Caldwell, the Republican candidate for Governor, by a majority of about 2000. The Democrats elected five out of eight Congressmen, and have a majority in the State Legislature.—Political State Conventions have been held as follows: In Vermont, August 1, the Liberal and Democratic, nominating A. B. Gardner for Governor; in Florida, August 8, the Republican, nominating O. B. Hart for Governor; in Maine, August 15, the Liberal Republican; in Alabama, August 14, the Republican, and August 16, the Liberal and Democratic; in New York, August 21, the Republican, nominating General John A. Dix for Governor; in Georgia, August 21, the Republican, nominating Judge D. A. Walker for Governor; in Connecticut, August 21, the Republican; in Missouri, August 21, the Democratic and Liberal; in Tennessee, August 21, the Democratic.

Judge Barnard, of New York, was convicted by the Court of Impeachment August 19, and was removed and disqualified from holding office.

The Boston Board of Trade gave a grand banquet to the members of the Japanese embassy August 2. Speeches were made by Alexander H. Rice, president of the board, Secretary Boutwell, Governor Washburn, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, and a poem written for the occasion was read by Oliver Wendell Holmes. The chief of the embassy, Iwakura, R. Soogiwoora, and Jussammi T. Kido replied for the embassadors.

The total debts of the States, arranged in the order of their magnitude, are as follows:

1.	New York	$37,879,350
2.	Louisiana	30,244,752
3.	North Carolina	29,899,645
4.	Massachusetts	29,560,664
5.	Pennsylvania	28,656,876
6.	Alabama	25,181,967
7.	Missouri	20,869,000
8.	Georgia	18,267,500
9.	South Carolina	15,851,328
10.	Maryland	12,436,716
11.	Arkansas	11,200,000
12.	Ohio	8,338,408
13.	Maine	7,212,900
14.	Connecticut	5,769,300
15.	Florida	5,307,865
16.	Indiana	3,937,821
17.	Texas	3,701,294
18.	California	3,362,500
19.	New Jersey	2,796,200
20.	Rhode Island	2,770,000
21.	Minnesota	2,625,000
22.	Kentucky	2,592,317
23.	Michigan	2,298,000
24.	Wisconsin	2,252,000
25.	Illinois	2,133,000
26.	New Hampshire	1,968,000
27.	Delaware	1,462,000
28.	Kansas	1,327,675
29.	Nevada	760,000
30.	Vermont	412,000
31.	Oregon	300,177
32.	Iowa	300,000

In 1871–72 the estimated value of the imports of general merchandise at the port of New York was placed at $415,808,912, an increase over those of last year of nearly $58,000,000, and over those of the year previous of $112,000,000. The exports for 1871–72 amounted to only $226,062,773.

The Catholic Union of New York, on the occasion of the twenty-sixth anniversary of the elevation of Pope Pius IX. to the pontificate, forwarded to the Holy Father an address of congratulation and 27,500 francs.

DISASTERS.

On the Kansas Pacific Railroad, 113 miles east of Denver, a passenger train ran through the bridge over Coon Creek July 29. Five persons were killed and six wounded.

The raft boat *James Malvern* exploded her boiler just above M'Gregor, Iowa, on the Mississippi, July 30. Of the twenty-five persons on board only ten were saved.

A disastrous oil conflagration occurred at Hunter's Point, Long Island, July 30.

OBITUARY.

A. W. Randall, ex-Assistant Postmaster-General, died at Elmira, New York, July 25, aged fifty-three.

Commodore William C. Nicholson died at Philadelphia July 25, aged seventy-three.

Simeon Leland, the well-known hotel proprietor, died at New Rochelle, New York, August 3, aged fifty-six.

Jesse Olney, the geographer, died at Stratford, Connecticut, July 30, aged seventy-four.

EUROPE.

The British Ballot bill received the assent of the Queen on July 18. Parliament was prorogued by the Queen August 10.

The repeal by the British Parliament of the Anti-Processions act led to riotous demonstrations on a large scale at Belfast, Ireland, commencing August 16, and reaching such proportions that the city had to be placed under martial law.

Mlle. Christine Nilsson was married in Westminster Abbey, July 27, to M. Rouzaud, of Paris. Her wedding presents amounted in value to £12,000.

The French National Assembly takes a recess from August 3 to November 11.

Six hundred Communist prisoners, who since their conviction have been incarcerated in the military prison on the island of Aix, sailed, August 9, on the transport *Garonne* for New Caledonia, where they are to serve out the sentences imposed upon them.

Adolph Gueroult, the editor of the *Opinion Nationale*, one of the most powerful liberal journals of Paris, died July 21.

François-Louis Philippe Marie d'Orleans, Duke of Guise, second son of the Duc d'Aumale, died at Paris July 25, aged eighteen.

A special dispatch from Madrid to the London *Times* says King Amadeus has not—as reported by telegraph from that city—signed a decree providing for the gradual abolition of slavery in Cuba and Porto Rico. The document which he has signed is simply a code of rules providing for the enforcement of the law passed by the Cortes in 1869, making preparations for the emancipation of slaves in Spanish colonies.

Emil Gustave Devrieul, the great German actor, died at Dresden August 6, aged sixty-nine.

Editor's Drawer.

AT a dinner-table in Washington recently the conversation took a religious turn (two ministers being present), and the introduction of sin into the world and the responsibility of Adam and Eve for the short-comings of this generation were discussed. A very liberal gentleman remarked that he did not believe in saddling our sins upon our first parents. To this a minister assented, but at the same time reiterated the old story about the fall of man. Whereupon another, of worldly mind, remarked that while it might not be exactly just to hold them *directly responsible*, yet, if the story as told be true, we ought certainly to put in a claim for *consequential damages*.

IN Colorado poets seem to be a natural outcropping of the soil, though at present the growth seems imperfect. Imagination is largely developed, though with some deficiency in the sphere of accuracy, or perhaps we should say sobriety of statement. We take the following from a local paper. Perhaps it is slightly high-falutin' as to the fertility of the soil, but that will be pardoned:

Is it where the cabbages grow so fast
That they burst with a noise like the thunder's blast?
Is it where through the rich deep mellow soil
The beets grow down as if boring for oil?
Is it where the turnips are hard to beat,
And the cattle grow fat on nothing to eat?
Is it where each irrigating sluice
Is fed by water-melon juice?
Is it where every thing grows to such monstrous size
That the biggest stories appear like lies?
Tell me, in short—I would like to know—
Is this wondrous land called Colorado?
You're right, old boy, it is!

THEY have in New Orleans a gentleman of color who is fond of writing his name in conspicuous places, who was told by a German fellow-citizen that he did not spell it correctly.

"'Thomas,' not 'Tomes,'" said his informant, "is the right way to spell your name."

"I understand all 'bout dat," said the darky; "but you ought to know dat de 'Merican language is very unregular, an' dere is mo' dan one right way to spell a man's name in dis country."

THERE are certain families in which certain characteristics seem to pervade all the various members. The Adams family have for four generations run to statesmanship; the Bayard family have for two or three generations had a vested interest in the United States Senatorship from Delaware. In banking and money pursuits family names are handed down for centuries. In New York there is one family that is conspicuous for the success and magnitude of its operations—the Schells. Augustus Schell, formerly collector of the port, and Grand Sachem of Tammany, is a prominent figure and figurer in the leading railroad corporations of the country, and a man whose wealth is counted by millions. Robert Schell's name is less frequently in print, but he is a man of fortune, made by himself. Edward Schell is connected with a number of savings-banks, life-insurance and other financial institutions, and a gentleman of wealth. Richard Schell is one of the best known business men of New York, and one of the largest operators that has ever appeared in Wall Street. To him millions are as dollars to most people, and whether a transaction result in gain or loss is to him a matter of philosophic indifference. Apropos of this enviable temperament a characteristic story is told of "Uncle Richard," as he is pleasantly called by his friends. At Saratoga last summer he was one day recounting to a few listeners some of his operations, including a little one of $5,000,000 in a single stock speculation.

"Don't these tremendous operations affect your sleep, Mr. Schell?" asked a fascinating widow.

"Why, yes," replied Mr. Schell, in his quiet way, "they do sometimes affect my sleep. When I'm in some of these big operations I frequently *sleep all day!*"

That is the way it troubles him.

TELEGRAPHY is death on verbosity. (Good proverb that!) In Texas they simmer it down to vowels. Specimen: A man in a certain neighborhood who had lost a valuable mare received, per wire, the following dispatch: "Mare here. Come get her. Thief hung."

THIS from a city friend:

Not long since the writer had occasion to call on the Rev. Mr. I——, of this city. On ringing the bell an Irish servant put in an appearance, when the following colloquy ensued:

"Is the Rev. Mr. I—— at home?"

"No, Sir; he's attindin' a widdin'."

"Can you tell me when I can see him?"

"Sure, Sir, he's *another funeral* to attind right afther, and I don't know whin he'll be home, Sir."

A FRIEND says: Going to Cape May the other day, I saw a young man leaning over the railing of the upper deck, and with considerable violence giving to the winds and the sea the contents of his stomach. Just at this juncture one of the boat officials, walking briskly by, asked, in a patronizing manner, "Sick, Sir?"

"You don't suppose I'm doing this for fun, do you?" said the poor fellow, indignantly, as soon as he could recover his breath.

A COUNTRY physician, with a keen appreciation of the ludicrous side of his practice, tells the following:

I was called to the Cross Roads the other day to see Mrs. Watson, who enjoys the singular reputation of not living amicably with her husband's relatives. I found my patient in bed, but on examining into the symptoms was puzzled to make out a diagnosis.

"Mrs. Watson," said I, "I can't make out that you're much sick."

"Well, doctor," said she, drawing a long sigh, "it's trouble, I suppose, more'n any thing else. You know what *his* folks is. I ain't nothin' agin *him* in partikeler—but his *folks!*"

BROTHER KALE was a famous exhorter in the "Squedunk meetin'-house," and held his position in spite of a weakness for which he was notorious—viz., a difficulty in speaking the truth,

or, as some of the uncharitable would have it, a native talent for lying. During a season of protracted meetings Parson W—— had discoursed to his flock on the sin of worldliness, and had denounced especially the wearing of jewelry, so impressing some of the more excitable among the women that they tore off their jewels and threw them into the fire. Brother Kale always indorsed the minister, and on this occasion his "amens" were frequent and hearty. "Brethren," said he, rising to his feet as soon as the preacher had finished, "it's all true as Brother W—— says. Why, when I was under conviction of sin I labored and prayed and fasted for three or four days, all in vain, till all at once I remembered that I had on a blue coat with brass buttons. I took it off, and found peace in less than five minutes!"

The above speech being delivered with great unction, proved a decided success, and Brother Kale rose as an exhorter. A few weeks after, however, the Rev. Mr. W——, still preaching against worldliness, leveled his *great* guns against fashionable dressing. "*A*-men!" shouted Brother Kale, as the minister took his seat. "*A*-men," said he, rising in his place. "Brother W—— is right! Why, brethren and sisters, as I've often told you before, when I was under conviction of sin, and finally got religion, I hadn't a coat to my back!"

The younger members of the flock could not help comparing notes as they came out of meeting, and the elders never could tell them which story to believe.

In the juvenile way we do not remember to have seen any thing better than this, which we quote from a rural journal of Massachusetts. The editor had seen a contest between an ant and a canker-worm, in which the latter was killed and carried off for food; and this recalled an anecdote of a little boy with tow at one end of him and toe at the other, who said that he loved his mother best, but in a straight-out husking match he'd bet on his aunt.

In this wise doth the ingenious business man, whose "home is with the setting sun," advertise a wonderful cosmetic: "During the reception of Prince Alexis of Russia at Topeka, according to a local sheet, a certain young lady was the cynosure of all eyes as she promenaded, leaning heavily upon the cork 'flipper' of a Russian count, whose breast looked like the shop-window of a tin shop, glittering as it was with temperance badges, baggage checks, and the gorgeous paraphernalia of a dollar store. His fair companion's face was flushed with excitement and ——'s Bloom of Youth, and her eyes fairly flashed with merriment and belladonna as she listened to the diphtheria-producing monosyllables of the count."

SCENE IN GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL DINING-ROOM.

SCENE.—*One of the tables in the dining-room of the Grand Central Hotel. Old lady from the country, the guest of her fashionable son and his wife. Waiter in full dress bowing and scraping.*

OLD LADY (*in a loud whisper*). "Johnnie, my son, who *is* that gentleman?"

SON (*beginning to perspire, but with great dignity*). "Mother, here's the bill of fare. Tell the waiter what you want."

Old lady, ignoring the bill of fare, smiles beneficently on the waiter, and in a loud, high key remarks, "Believe I'll take some *fresh meat*. I ain't had none since I was down to Hannah's."

The members of a certain Bible-class in Baltimore were recently studying St. Paul's matchless rules for Christian living, in Romans, xii. The question was asked by the superintendent:

"What motto is to be adopted when strangers are to be entertained?"

The correct answer, of course, is, "Given to hospitality;" but one young lady held the opinion that it should be "*Patient in tribulation.*"

Who is there in this section of the State that has not heard of Captain T——, formerly commander of a craft on the Hudson, and afterward for several years superintendent of one of the

railways terminating at Troy? It came to pass that on a certain day some cattle belonging to a farmer named John Innis jumped the fence belonging to the railroad company, and proceeded to graze along the track. Soon a train came thundering by, and one of their number, not having the fear of cars before his eyes, was "sent to grass." Thereupon Mr. Innis proceeded to Troy to interview Captain T—— and get pay for the defunct animal. After some parleying, terms were agreed upon, and the captain, better as a superintendent than as a grammarian, filled out a voucher thus:

The —— Railroad

To John Innis, Dr.

To Killing Bull *to date*.....$30 00

And thus the slaughter was atoned.

In the succinct statement of an obvious fact commend us to the able editor of California. Here, for example, is a plain, simple statement, so evidently accurate and at the same time so instructive that the Eastern reader will not fail to appreciate it: "A number of sheep on Patton's ranch, north of the American, were not sheared last fall, and hence their fleece is very long. During the fall it got very dirty, and probably grass and other seeds fell into it. At all events, since rain commenced to fall, grass, with blades say two inches long, is growing luxuriantly out of the wool, and the sheep travel about carrying their pastures upon their backs. Any grass which the sheep itself can not reach a friend is allowed to nibble, and he or she reciprocates. *We haven't seen the sheep ourselves.*"

A gentleman in Maine, in view of the approaching caving in of the rights of man and the elevation of the rights of woman, suggests that the coming obituary will be phrased something in this style: "Died, in the thirty-fifth year of his age, John Smith, husband of the Hon. Jane Smith, at her residence in Franklin. Mr. Smith was a meek and quiet husband, beloved for the graces of a cultivated nature. He excelled in the domestic virtues. As a cook he was surpassed by few; as a nurse he was equaled by none."

The inclosed reply to a request from a legal firm in this city for a list of attorneys from a Missouri official, though not first class for orthography and grammar, contains a moral at its close that seems to fit the case:

Mr. H. C. U——:

Der Sir,—There is no attorney at law in this County. There has bin four that has tryed it awhile two of them Starved out the third one ran of without paying his Bord, the fourth one was the Charpest he Stole a suit of close, and ten dollars in Cash and left for parts un known. *This account for Carter County Bonds being at pare.* Yours Truly

Carter County, Missouri, *July* 16, '72.

How about this?

An Otsego farmer, speaking of his clergyman, whose sermons lacked point, said, "Ah, yes, he's a good man; but he will rake with the teeth upward."

From Athol, Massachusetts, we hear of a good Methodist parson, somewhat eccentric, and an excellent singer. Sunday after Sunday his rich voice came from the pulpit "with the spirit and the understanding." Not so at the other end of the church, where, with abundance of spirit, there was lamentable lack of the other virtue. In fact, the singing was simply execrable. The good brother finally could endure it no longer, and exclaimed,

"Brothers and sisters, I wish those of you who *can't* sing would wait until you get to the celestial regions before you try."

The hint was a success.

In the early ministry of the same clergyman it was customary to look after delinquent parishioners who failed to attend church regularly. The young divine had occasion to make such a parochial call. He found Uncle John down in his meadow getting the hay.

"Well, Uncle John, I find you absent from church."

"Yees, yees," said the old man.

"Why do you not come?" gently insinuated the parson.

"I dunno care to" (growing uneasy).

"But why, I insist?" (growing excited).

"Well, parson, I mean no offense to ye, Sir" (hesitating), "but your preaching seems to me like medder hay, and putty poor medder at that."

Quite affecting is the following, taken from the obituary column of the Cleveland *Herald* of July 2, 1872:

☞ Thanks to all those friends who attended the funeral of our beloved son and brother, August Rhode, *who got killed by another person.*

The Mourning Family.

August, it appears, entered into an affray, and the subsequent proceedings eventuated in his demise.

We have a fresh anecdote of Elliston, one of the most delightful actors of England a hundred years ago. When scarcely eighteen he was one day engaged in earnest conversation with the hostess of a tavern at Wapping, with whom he was smitten. An alarm of fire was given, and as it was necessary to conceal young Robert William, he was placed in a hasped chest. Five minutes passed; still the noise continued—nay, increased. He tried to raise the lid, but she had prudently fastened it. He listened: the confusion in the house became more evident. He could hear persons running to and fro; he heard the drippings of water. All considerations but those of personal safety vanished. He sought with all his might to extricate himself—in vain; frightful thoughts of being burned alive flashed through his mind. "At last," to use his own words, "I had nothing for it but patience and prayer."

"Prayer!" exclaimed his hearer: "you should have said repentance also."

"Sir," he replied, "I did not pray directly for myself, but that those who were endeavoring to subdue the fire *might be induced to take care of the furniture.*"

Elliston's flame went out with the fire, and he went to that tavern no more.

The gentleman who has made the following compilation does not wish to be considered as presenting it as a humorous production, but as

something that may be quite new to the readers of the Drawer: The Bible contains 3,586,489 letters, 773,692 words, 31,173 verses, 1189 chapters, and 66 books. The word *and* occurs 46,277 times. The word *Lord* occurs 1855 times. The word *reverend* occurs but once, which is in the 9th verse of the 111th Psalm. The middle verse is the 8th verse of the 118th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters in the alphabet except the letter *j*. The finest chapter to read is the 26th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The 19th chapter of 2d Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther. The shortest verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John. The 8th, 15th, 21st, and 31st verses of the 107th Psalm are alike. Each verse of the 136th Psalm ends alike. There are no words or names of more than six syllables.

"I GOTS NUFF MIT SUCH FOOLISHNESS!"

The State of New York, appreciating at their just value the brilliant services of that brave old German, Baron Steuben, in the Revolution, donated him a township of land in Oneida in consideration thereof. He built a comfortable dwelling-house near the centre of the township, where he took up his residence. Settlers came in considerable numbers, and after a while it was proposed to erect a school-house. Entering into the plan with alacrity, he proffered a site for the nursery of learning near his own house. It was suggested that he might be disturbed and annoyed by the noise and pranks of the children.

"Hagel!" said he, "what do I care for that? I want to see the little devils fight!"

Of Scotland's great preacher, the late Rev. Dr. Macleod, the following is told: In visiting his Dalkeith parishioners to say farewell he called on one of those sharp-tongued old ladies whose privileged gibes have added so much to the treasury of Scottish humor. To her he expressed his regret at leaving his friends at Dalkeith, but stated that he considered his invitation to Glasgow in the light of "a call from the Lord."

"Ay, ay," was the sharp response; "but if the Lord hadna called you to a better steepend, it might hae been lang gin ye had heard him!"

It is pleasant to become a parent; twice as pleasant, perhaps, to be blessed with twins; but when it comes to triplets we are a little dubious. Now there dwells in Jefferson County, Wisconsin, a worthy German, who a few years ago was presented by his wife with a son. Hans said to her,

"Katrine, dat ish goot."

A couple of years later the good woman placed before his astonished gaze a bouncing pair of twins.

"Vell," said Hans, "dat vash petter ash der oder dime; I trinks more ash ten glass peer on dat."

But the good woman next time gave birth to triplets, and that made him "shpoke mit his mout shust a liddle."

"Mein Gott, Katrine! vat ish de matter on you? Petter you shtop dis pizness 'fore der come more ash a village full. I gots nuff mit such foolishness!"

No later returns have been received.

Every body is supposed to have heard of Dan Bromley, editor of the Hartford *Post*. He is a scholar, a gentleman, a man of sense and wit, and something of a wag besides. After his return from California he wrote a lecture, chiefly on the wonders of Yosemite Valley. The paper was carefully prepared, and attracted uncommon attention wherever it was delivered. He read it before a large audience in a church in New Haven. The New Haven postmaster, a keen, sharp man, a wonderfully effective politi-

cian, and a warm friend of Bromley, was greatly edified by the production. Congratulating the lecturer upon his success as the crowd was dispersing, the postmaster observed that there was one drawback—he only heard imperfectly. Bromley thought he spoke loud enough for the size of the church.

"Didn't you see me hold my hand up to my ear, thus?" suiting the action to the word.

"Thunder!" said Dan, "I thought it was your ear."

How expressive, this, of the feast of a Legislative delegation at a railroad dinner given recently in Indiana: "The delegation set at two P.M.; they upset at five!"

THERE are all sorts of versions, Latin and French, of "Old Grimes," but we do not remember to have seen a Latin rendering of "Roy's Wife" until a few days since in an English paper devoted to matters antiquarian. The original song, written by Mrs. Grant in 1745, was as follows:

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch!
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch!
Wot ye how she cheated me
As I cam o'er the braes of Balloch?

She vowed, she swore she wad be mine,
She said she lo'ed me best of onie;
But ah! the fickle, faithless quean,
She's ta'en the carle and left her Johnnie.

Oh, she was a cantie quean!
Weel could she dance the Highland walloch,
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch!

Her hair sae fair, her een sae dear,
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie:
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's forever left her Johnnie.

The Latin version of this, by the Rev. Dr. W. Lindsay Alexander, of Edinburgh, runs thus:

Rubri uxor Aldivallis!
Rubri uxor Aldivallis!
Scisne quâ decepit me
Colles cum transirem Ballis?

Vovit ac juravit illa
Meam semper se futuram;
Sed væ mihi! virgo levis
Istum præ me legit furem.

Optime saltavit virgo
Lætiorem numquam malles;
O utinam fuisset mea,
Aut ego Ruber Aldivallis!

Oculos nitentes habet,
Osque pulchrum ut Dianæ;
Semper mihi cara erit,
Quamvis perfida Joanni.

THERE is a certain grim humor in the phraseology of the following testamentary document of a Capuchin monk, quite unusual in a clergyman. It is copied from the Paris *Gaulois*. This monk, well known in the Faubourg St. Jacques, where he fed nearly one hundred poor persons by alms collected by him in the Faubourg St. Germain, left as his whole inheritance his breviary, frock, cord, a volume by M. Thiers, and a wallet. Among his papers was found the following singular will: "I bequeath, first, to the Abbé Michaud my breviary, because he does not know his own; second, to M. Jules Simon my frock, to hide his shame; third, to M. Gambetta my cord, which will prove useful one day round his neck; fourth, to M. Thiers his own work, that he may read it over again; and fifth, to France my wallet, because she may shortly have occasion for one to collect alms."

CONCERNING advertisements, it may interest readers of the Drawer to know that there is no instance on record of any advertisement being inserted in any newspaper prior to the year 1648. The first advertisement which antiquarians have been able to discover was printed in that year in the *Mercurius Eleneticus*, and is as follows:

The reader is desired to peruse A Sermon Entituled *A Looking-glasse for Levellers*, Preached at *St. Peters*, Paules Wharf, on Sunday Sep. 24. 1648 by Paul Knell, Mr. of Arts. Another Tract called *A Reflex upon our Reformers*, with *a Prayer for the Parliament.*

And the following, two weeks later, published October 18, 1648:

The Reader is desired to take notice of two Bookes newly printed and published. One is *Anti-Merlinus*, or a Confutation of Mr. William Lillies Predictions for this yeare 1648. The other A Breefe discourse of the present Miseries of the Kingdome, &c.

AT an early day the bar of Buffalo was made up of every variety of legal ability, as well as an abundance of men of wit and humor. Judge Stryker, who was on the Common Pleas bench, was an accomplished jurist, with a high sense of the dignity of his position. Old Mr. Root, a relative of the well-known Erastus Root, practiced occasionally in the court. He was a man of genius and a good lawyer, but occasionally he got a little elevated in the practice of his profession, as well as when engaged in other pursuits. One day he was specially oblivious of the proprieties, and kept constantly interrupting the judge with irrelevant remarks.

"Sit down, Mr. Root," said the judge, with a frown of judicial severity.

Down he sat, but popped up again immediately. He was again ordered to take his seat. This was repeated two or three times, when the judge sternly exclaimed,

"Sit down, Mr. Root, and stay there. You are drunk!"

"I will cheerfully obey your honor," said the offender, "inasmuch as it is the first correct judgment rendered by the Court this term."

THE following "Song in Praise of Tobacco" occurs in an exceedingly rare volume, entitled "Le Prince d'Amour, or the Prince of Love, with a Collection of several Ingenious Poems and Songs, by the Wits of the Age. London, 1660:"

To feed on flesh is gluttony—
It maketh men fat like swine;
But is not he a frugal man
That on a leaf can dine?

He needs no linen for to foul
His fingers' ends to wipe
That has his kitchen in a box,
And roast meat in a pipe.

The cause wherefore few rich men's sons
Prove disputants in schools,
Is that their fathers fed on flesh,
And they begat fat fools.

This fulsome feeding cloggs the brain,
And doath the stomach choak;
But he's a brave spark that can dine
With one light dish of smoak.

THAT woman is "Heaven's last best gift to man" was freshly illustrated recently in Canada

by a German, who, being called as a witness in court, persisted in telling what his wife told him. To this counsel objected, and the Court ruled it to be irrelevant. The German, however, again proceeded to tell "shust how it was," when the counsel asked,

"How do you know that?"

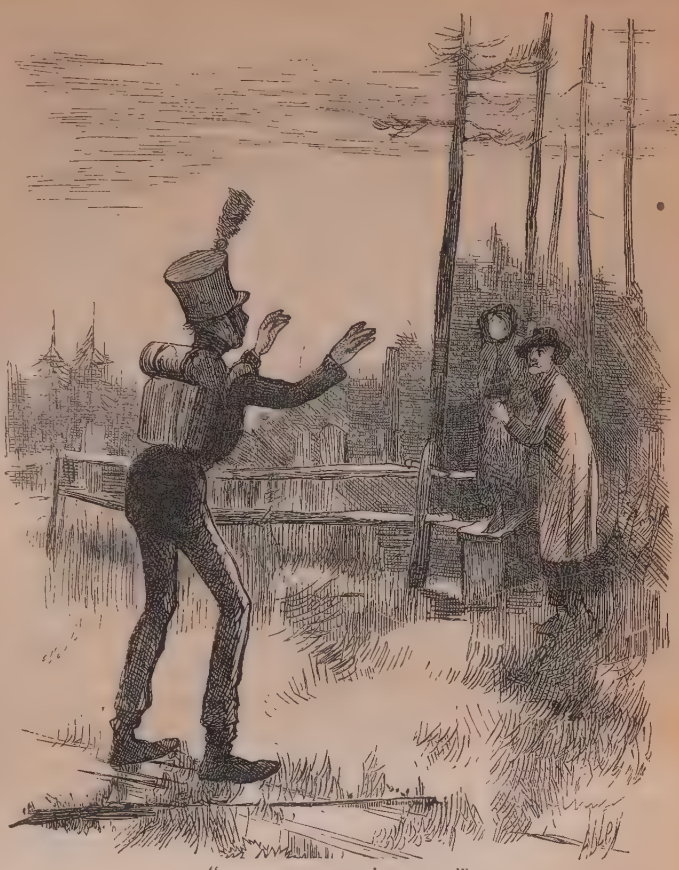
"My vife tole me," was the answer.

This was repeated several times. Presently the judge, unable to contain himself any longer, interrupted,

"Suppose your wife were to tell you that the heavens had fallen, what would you think?"

"Vell, I should tink dey vas down."

A MAN living in the country far from any physician was taken suddenly ill. His family, in great alarm, not knowing what else to do, sent for a neighbor who had a reputation for doctoring cows.



"GO BACK, OLD MAN! GO BACK!"

"Can't you give father something to help him?" asked one of the sons.

"Wa'al, I don't know nothin' about doctorin' people."

"You know more than we do, for you can doctor cows. Now what do you give them when they're sick?"

"Wa'al, I allers give cows salts—Epsom salts. You might try that on him."

"How much shall we give him?" inquired the son.

"Wa'al, I give cows jest a pound. I suppose a man is a quarter as big as a cow—give him a quarter of a pound!"

A GREAT deal has been said and sung about nothing. "Nothing from nothing, and nothing remains" is a historical proverb. Few are aware, however, that a poem has been written on the subject by a Briton, which commences,

No Muses I implore their aid to bring;
He needs no Muse who *nothing* has to sing;

and ends,

Beyond creation's bounds *nothing* finds place,
And *nothing* fills the mighty void of space;
On *nothing* turn the lucid orbs above,
And all the stars in mystic order move;
On *nothing* hangs this vast terraqueous ball;
The world from *nothing* sprang, from *nothing* started all.

IN old militia times Goffstown, Hillsborough County, New Hampshire, was the rendezvous where the military of the surrounding country assembled annually for drill. It was an occasion that drew together young and old for many miles around, and its parades, sham-fights, personal encounters, gambling, drinking, and general uproariousness made "Goffstown Muster" a familiar name to all who ever dwelt in the central or southern portions of the State.

Very early in the morning of one of those memorable days an aged couple, living some miles away, started on foot for the parade ground. To shorten the distance they took a short-cut through the old burial-ground at Goffstown Centre, from which they emerged just as Sam W—— was passing along the highway. Sam was bound for "muster," and had taken an early start, so as to lose none of the fun. Arriving at the grave-yard, Sam looked toward it and saw the old man and wife coming over the stile: in the early dawn he could distinguish just enough to see that they were very old, and concluded at once that they were inhabitants of the silent tombs awakened by the unusual stir. So, waving them from him with both hands, he shouted,

"Go back, old man! go back! This isn't the *general resurrection;* it's only *Goffstown Muster!*"

Thanks to a friend in Norwich, Connecticut, for this bit:

Pompey was a preacher, a Baptist preacher, I think; but, like St. Paul, he had a secular vocation whereby he earned his daily bread—and pretty good white bread he took care it should be, and plenty of it, for Pompey was no ascetic—and he "officiated as waiter" in a family "where every thing was bought by the dozen, Sir," "an' every thing of the best quality, Sir," which accorded with Pomp's ideas of what was "genteel and respectable," and gave him an opportunity to "do both hisself and his master justice" in matters which concern the inner man. But amidst all the conflicting duties and perplexities of his week-day business Pomp never forgot the dignity of his Sunday calling, and though generally rather silent and stately in his deportment, loved dearly to air his oratorical powers when occasion offered for the benefit of "white folks." But Pomp was a good man, and could seldom be seduced into any inconsistencies with his "profession or occupation" of "preacher to his fellow-sinners." But we all have a weak side, and Pomp's great temptation always came in the form of the circus; but even then the faithful fellow would hold out, unless the circus performances were combined with a menagerie, which, of course, made it all safe and sound for the most scrupulous to attend. Barnum's "grand combination" came to Baltimore, and Pompey asked and received permission to go to the evening performance. The next morning he was questioned by one of the younger members of the family, thus:

"Well, Pompey, how did you like the circus?"

"Oh, I went to see the animals, Miss Betty."

"Yes, I know; but didn't you see the riding and the clown?"

"Oh yes, ma'am, I saw them; but that's all foolishness. I went to see the wild beasts."

"Did you see the 'dwarf' and the 'giant' and the 'wild man,' and so on?"

"Yes, ma'am, I seen all them too, but I didn't notice them much; I went to see the wild animals: I don't care for none of them foolish, triflin' side shows."

"Well, what *did* you look at?" pursued his persevering querist, who was fully alive to the fun of the thing, "and which of the animals did you like the best?"

Pomp here saw a splendid chance to spread himself; he cleared his throat most ominously, straightened himself up, and prepared to set forth his "impressions" with all his powers of emphasis and gesture. He then began in an elevated formal voice, as if he were addressing the brethren and sisters at "Mount Pisgah:"

"Well, Miss Betty, the lions was beautiful, an' the tigers was beautiful; an' there was the elephant a-walkin' around, an' the kingaroo, which is the king of beasts, a-hoppin' and enjoyin' hisself; an' there was the camel, with the lump on his back the shape of a mountain; an' the rhinosteros a-wearin' his two skins, an' all other animals of the animal tribe."

"But the monkeys, Pomp—were there no monkeys with the other animals?"

"Yes, indeed, Miss Betty, there was piles of monkeys, heaps of 'em, a-climbin' their cages an' a-winkin' their eyes; but—but" (here poor Pomp was evidently at a loss how to express his idea of the distinction between the *simia* and "other animals of the animal tribe," but went glibly on after a moment's pause)—"but, Miss Betty, *they* ain't wild animals nohow; *they're nature*—yes, *they're nature* as *shu* as you're born."

Pompey was thinking of "poor human nature," it is plain to be seen; and there is little doubt but he is secretly a Darwinian. The astute reader will perceive that our colored brother had quieted all qualms of conscience on the question of going to the circus with an ingenuity and spirit of self-approval worthy of a whiter and a wiser man.

The railroad car is, no doubt, the car of progress and civilization. Push it onward. A missionary of the American Sunday-school Union in Southwestern Missouri, in giving an account of his work in a new country, where are thousands of people who never saw a railroad, says:

A few days ago I was on a train of cars, and saw a middle-aged man from the Ozark Mountains get on board. He seemed very much frightened when the train moved off. Presently the conductor came through, and when he opened the door, and the clangor of the wheels was heard, he sprang to his feet and screamed at the top of his voice, "Mister manager! stop the critter, for it's gwine off! it's gwine off! I'm a dead man, sartin!" He had come seventy-five miles to see it.

The missionary asked a man about the prospect of getting up a Sunday-school in his neighborhood. He replied, "Wa'al, Sur, I speck you kin not, fur they fish, hunt, and trap all day Sundays. They hain't got much edification, and I don't like to live among 'em."

To the question, "How many children are there in your neighborhood?" another man replied, "Thar is about eighty brats, and twenty young fellers and twenty-five gals, and they all ought to be in a Sunday-school, fur they is very obnoxious sometimes, I tell you."

AN EPITAPH.

Here lyeth the body of the Rev. Mr. Azariah Mather, born at Windsor August 25, 1689—expired at Saybrook February 11, 1736, æ. 52.

He was a faithful minister, a general scholar, an eminent Christian, a very great sufferer, but now in Heaven a triumpher.

He many weeks felt Death's attack,
But fervent prayers kept him back;
His faith & patience 'twas to try,
& learn us how to live & die;
Having the wings of faith & love,
& feathers of a Holy dove,
He bids this wretched world adieu,
& simply up to Heaven flew.
Disturb not, then, this precious dust
With censors that are most unjust.

HARPER'S
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THE MOUNTAINS.—VI.

ILLUSTRATED BY PORTE CRAYON.

SURPRISED.

AS our goose-plucking festival concluded at sunset, and there was no Champagne at supper, so there were no complaints of fatigue or headache on the following morning. The presence of Dilly Wyatt and several of her companions made the house so cheerful that we tacitly agreed not to say any thing about moving that day.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

After breakfast I had proposed to myself the pleasure of cultivating the acquaintance of our musical heroine, with the laudable desire of ascertaining whether the romance of her life and character found any expression in her conversation. To my disgust I found her entirely preoccupied and dazzled with Dick Rattlebrain, who, on the ground of his ability to caricature half a dozen tunes, claimed brotherhood in the arts, and put on a great many more airs than he could play on the fiddle.

Disappointed in this direction, I resolved to reimburse myself by indulging my whim for a day's seclusion; so, taking my rod, I started alone for our usual fishing ground below the mill, but, on reaching the road, turned suddenly up stream and walked until I came to the point where we had first taken trout in Gandy, full three miles above Soldier White's.

The pool lay still and beautiful as ever—golden-brown, with its bordering of green velvet turf and white flowering thorns. Clouds of gnats and May-flies were dancing over its mirror-like surface, ever and anon rippled by the upward leap of a greedy trout or the downward dash of the screeching kingfisher, all animated nature exhibiting the tendency of inferior estates to predatory anarchy in the absence of the centralizing tyranny of man. There, too, was my old arm-chair, dreamily quiet and embowered in shade, just as I had left it, with the empty mussel-shells lying around as reminders of my former occupancy.

I had gathered some live bait on my road, and now adjusting my tackle, impaled my worm and made my throw, with a delicious sense of seclusion I had not enjoyed since I left the spot.

The air was a trifle warmer than during our former visit, and the fish more fastidious, or mayhap to-day their dainty palates were set for May-fly or other fare than red worms, for they treated mine with contempt. I then tried mussels, white grubs, and crayfish consecutively, but they declined to nibble. So I thrust the butt end of my rod under a root, and letting the cork float round and round in idle circles, got out my pencil and tablets to catch some gilded whimsies that were swimming around in my brain.

But the situation was too luxurious for any methodical thought, and it seemed, as I settled myself in my mossy seat, as if some of the odds and ends of my former gossamer dreams still floated in the summer air, and fancy eagerly snatched up the golden threads just where they had been snapped by the summons to that famous dinner. It was not without a twinge of conscience that I felt myself yielding to a besetting weakness which I had condemned and forsworn. But there was no one present to shame my folly, and it would be a dreary world indeed if our hearts were not sometimes stronger than our heads. Then there are occasions when we can scarcely be held accountable for the surrender of our wills, when, closing our eyes on realities, we perceive our unresisting souls seized by an invisible power and auctioned off to the highest bidder, going—going—going—gone.

How deeply or how long I slept I can not tell, but my dreams peopled the green banks of Gandy with a company of mountain nymphs, with their rude swains, threading the mazes of a rustic dance and rousing the echoes with their frolicsome laughter. Then I was puzzled to perceive that gradually their loutish movements and bobbing steps fell in more just and cadenced measure, their scanty and graceless drapery flowed in more ample and elegant folds, their wild drawling voices attuned to softer notes. Suddenly a queenly figure in dark trailing robes broke from the throng, and, approaching my seat, touched me on the shoulder with an ivory wand, exclaiming, "Larry Laureate, Larry Laureate, still dreaming away the precious hours and opportunities of life?" Starting from my sleep, I saw before me the form of Lady Rhoda, clad in her dark riding-habit, and extending the ivory handle of her whip toward me.

I was always inventing dramatic situations, and this was but a continuation of my vision; so, like the angel in the book, my soul stood with one foot on the land and one on the sea of dreams, hesitating and trembling.

"Fair fortune never favors a lazy fisherman. Fie on you! The trout have stolen your bait, and I have captured the tell-tale tablets where your heart's secrets are written."

The ear is quicker and more reliable in its perceptions than the eye. The music of that voice thrilled faith into my doubting heart, and the ungloved hand I kissed was warm and sentient. "This realization of a dreamer's paradise confirms my belief that Gandy flows through an enchanted valley. In the name of all the fairies, how came you here?"

"In truth, it resembles a fairy-land," said Rhoda, smiling and blushing, "but, I assure you, necromancy had no hand in our coming. The manner of it was rough and realistic enough. There are the horses and my company. Where are yours?"

There, indeed, stood Mr. Meadows and the two girls, while behind them were the four horses grazing with a quiet contentment that contrasted strangely with my tumultuous thoughts. The greeting was cordial and lively.

"We heard of your whereabouts from some drovers who came over the ridge, and the ladies concocted a plan to surprise you, which I have helped them to execute."

Here Miss Prudence broke in: "And we have succeeded better than we expected, or even wished—caught you asleep without a trout in your basket. I hope the other gentlemen have been more fortunate, or more industrious."

Mr. Meadows continued: "We left home yesterday morning, staid last night at Seneca, and are now in for a day's trouting, even if obliged to camp out. Something of your adventures we have heard as we came along, and now wish to be informed of your plans, and the present facilities for sport and entertainment for such a company as mine."

I briefly sketched the incidents of our sojourn in the Dry Fork Valley, without alluding to yesterday's festivities, which were nothing to the point. We stood upon the best trouting ground to be found, and the most appropriate for the amusement of the ladies. At Soldier White's, two or three miles below, there was lodging and entertainment comfortable enough to satisfy and rude enough to amuse our fair adventurers. While I explained these things a white cloth with an appetizing lunch had been spread upon the green, and it being past noon, it was discussed without much circumlocution. When our appetites subsided I was so taxed with questions anent my companions that I proposed to ride one of the horses down to White's and bring them up to answer for themselves.

"By no means," said Madam Dendron. "Our expedition was undertaken to effect a surprise. Having caught the picket-guard asleep, we will enter the camp unheralded. 'Twill be half the pleasure of our trip to witness the major's astonishment."

"I left them just going out to fish, and don't doubt but you'll find them wide awake and with full baskets." I spoke confidently, but at the same time had my secret misgivings.

So my new-found friends mounted, and I led the way to White's on foot, winding along the banks of the stream through narrow paths and tangled thickets of laurel and green-brier. As we drew near the house I looked in vain for some one to whom I might signal our approach, but all the adjacent woods and fields were deserted. Still nearer, through the open doors and windows, came a hum of voices mingling with the prestissimo altissimo notes of a fiddle. Nearer yet, and the humming swelled to a roar of boisterous merriment, while the old house shook to the chimney-tops with the cadenced tramp of many feet. Mr. Meadows gave me an intelligent wink and shook with suppressed laughter, while the ladies' eyes sparkled with eagerness as they began to comprehend the situation. On entering the inclosure there was no tarrying for ceremony, but all bounced from their horses at once. In spite of Rhoda's imperative gesture, I rushed foremost into the room, but followed so closely that there was no opportunity to announce the company. It mattered little. So fast and furious was the reel that our entrance was unheeded. Dilly, the fiddler, occupied a chair elevated upon a table, the sleeve of her bow arm tucked up to the shoulder, her ebon hair flying in stormy clouds over her face and neck. Stamping in time with her left foot, her flashing eyes and ruddy cheeks recalled the fire of an ancient pythoness. A dozen stout mountain lads, the proprietor, the miller, the hired boy, and the three stranger guests, each with his partner, were

THE MAJOR'S PARTNER.

whirling right and left, casting off, promenading, and hey down the middle with a reckless jollity that rivaled the famous spree in the haunted kirk of Alloway. Indeed, things had got to such a height that I surmised some one had got over from the store with a keg of whisky. This idea was confirmed by my recognizing our quondam acquaintance, Sylvester Rains, among the dancers. There was Cockney, earnest and gaping, with the shreds and tatters of his city graces still clinging to him, as Phemie Bonner whirled him round like a June-bug tied to a string; and rollicking Dick swinging that frizzled, freckled little Peg Teters until her head resembled a dandelion gone to seed.

"*Inter ignes Luna minores.*" The gallant major shows pre-eminent, red as a full-blown peony; his forehead, denuded of its careful envelope of side locks, bare to the crown, and beaded with perspiration; his vest open, neck-tie gone, shirt collar hanging by one button, flapping and bobbing over his left shoulder, puffing like a porpoise, and putting the whole youthful assembly to shame by his activity and capers. He was overdoing it, perhaps, in the eyes of the newcomers, for I imagined the widow seemed at first a little shocked and grieved, and the younger girls looked frightened; then they

warmed up to an appreciation of the scene, while Rhoda's eyes began to twinkle, and her rounded cheeks broke into humorous dimples, and mirth carried the day.

Presently, with his bouncing partner half embraced, the major brought up face to face with our party.

In a moment's space one might have read a whole volume of comedy in the veteran's countenance, changing from roistering gayety to curiosity at the glimpse of strange faces; then the gradual dawning of suspicion, incredulity, resolved at length into blazing, blasting certainty.

"Back to places!" screamed the musical director.

"Back to places!" screeched the bewildered lass, tugging at her paralyzed partner.

"Back to places!" shouted vociferous Dick. "I say, major, what's the matter? Thunder and lightning! why, it is, and nobody else;" and so joyful and headlong was his greeting that the girls had to dodge to prevent his kissing them all round.

The major, it seemed, viewed matters by another light. He had faced many dangers in his day, had stormed batteries and been brevetted for gallantry, but this surprise was rather too much for his equanimity. He clapped his hands over his face and ingloriously fled.

"Mr. Laureate, please go bring him back."

Rhoda's word was law. I followed him out the back-door, and overtaking him half-way to the barn, delivered the lady's commands. The fugitive turned and eyed me with a queer expression.

"I say, Laureate, what the devil does this mean?—no preconcerted plan—no malice, I hope?"

I looked back into the major's eye with absolute placidity, and quietly related my morning's adventures up to the moment of our entering the house. Then he gave my hand a convulsive wrench.

"Excuse me, my dear fellow, for an infernal old jackass that I am. And who wouldn't be? But isn't it a royal joke—superb—worthy of her wit and spirit?" and he slapped his thigh and laughed until the tears stood in his eyes. "Go; tell her I'll report at once—as soon as I can arrange my toilet: you understand."

So, having washed his face, smoothed his thin locks, mounted a fresh collar, buttoned his vest, the panic-stricken soldier resumed his air of gallant assurance, and returned to the field.

In the mean time the presence of the strangers, like angels dropped from the clouds, had been generally recognized; and the merry tumult subsided, the dance dissolved, and the music ceased. The gawky men, awed by the presence of cultivated womanhood, skulked into corners, or gathered in whispering groups outside the doors. The shoeless maidens, for the first time dazzled by the mysterious power of fashion, huddled in humiliated silence around their queen. She, conscious of her position, laid by her fiddle, pulled down her sleeve, tucked up her elfin locks, and scanned the newcomers with mingled curiosity and defiance.

Martha politely conducted the guests to a private room, where they hastily rearranged their ringlets and donned some little braveries of dress, which a true woman never fails to provide against possible contingencies.

When they reappeared, Dilly and her companions remarked with amazement the jaunty plumed caps, the jeweled ears, the richly embroidered jackets, the fairy gauntlets, and exquisitely shaped bootees of the glorious strangers. Why, that gorgeous bazar of their limited fancies, Adamson's store, must be but a peddler's stand in comparison with the stores where these things came from—if, indeed, the wearers were really of human flesh and blood. The mountain company looked up to their heroine for countenance and direction, but the soul that dared the midnight forest and the raging torrent had quailed before the majestic presence of dress. It was too much for human nature.

With ready intuition the high-bred lady had comprehended the situation. The major had just entered, hoping to retrieve his recent disgrace with a battery of assurance and a host of compliments hastily levied for the occasion. His guns were spiked ere he fired a shot.

"Come, Major Martial," said the widow, advancing and gracefully taking his arm; "our little surprise-party must not break up your social assembly, or mar the enjoyments of the day in any way. Present me to your handsome musician."

The next moment the Queen of the Mountains and the Queen of the Lowlands had clasped hands and stood face to face.

As Dilly enveloped the tiny velvet hand of the stranger in her own plump red paw, the defiant blood again mounted to her cheeks, and she met her rival's glance bravely. In the encounter a jeweled bow of scarlet ribbon dropped from Rhoda's cap, and on recovering it she playfully stuck it on the mountain girl's breast, with the request to wear it for her sake.

"I can not wear it, ma'am," replied she, returning the gift, politely but firmly. "It becomes your beauty sweetly, so it does; but it would make me look mean all over, it would."

"And what a magnificent suit of hair you have, Miss Wyatt!—just the color of mine, but so much thicker."

"Yes, they're both black," she answered; "but mine's coarse as a bear's, and yourn's soft and shiny as silk, so it is." And then

JAKE NELSON, THE VOLUNTEER.

she ventured to touch her gentle sister's glossy ringlets, and smiled like a curious child.

"And you play so sweetly on this violin," persisted the engaging widow, taking up the instrument and tinkling a simple air with her dainty fingers.

"Can you play, ma'am?" exclaimed the charmed musician, her face beaming with emotion.

"Not on this, exactly, but on an instrument something like it, called a guitar. I wish I had one here, that we might play together. But come now, and oblige us with some music. Do you know this air?" And Rhoda hummed the "Chickasaw Nation."

Dilly eagerly snatched up the fiddle, exclaiming, "That's it! that's it! The very tune I've been trying to remember for a year. Please sing it again, ma'am." And the lady complaisantly went over the air, until the musician had caught and secured it on the strings of her instrument.

From that moment the Mountain Queen was at fair Rhoda's bidding.

"Now, Major Martial,

"'On with the dance!....when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.'"

"Shall I have the honor, madam?"

"Not this set, major," whispered the smiling widow. "Let us all find partners among

the natives. You understand? Please get me a cavalier."

The major addressed himself to several of the likeliest young bucks, but, to his amazement and chagrin, he couldn't find one bold enough to accept the proffered distinction. The louts stared, then snickered, and, when pressed, became frightened and showed an inclination to take to the woods.

The widow witnessed the proceeding, and, as she stood waiting, bit her lips and patted her pretty foot betwixt mirth and vexation.

At length Jake Nelson, a dashing bear-fighter, stepped forward and volunteered to lead the forlorn hope, emphasizing his resolution by throwing his hat on the floor and kicking it out of the window, saying, at the same time,

"Derned ef I don't try a turn with the pretty lady, ef it's jist for something to brag of the rest of my life."

The major, determined not to excite the jealousy of his lady-love, insisted on leading out the hostess, Mrs. White, a lady whose face resembled a coarse wood-cut done with cross-hatching.

The music then struck up, and they all went reeling it merrily as ever, except that the boisterous exuberance of the dance was calmed by a presence which all felt but few understood.

About sunset, as usual, the rustic matinée concluded, and the company went home. After supper our party, lingering around the table, discussed their plans for to-morrow's entertainments. A visit to the tunnel of Gandy was determined on, and so the ladies retired to rest. We gentlemen spread ourselves on the grass in the moonlight, and amidst clouds of tobacco-smoke talked over the incidents and characters of the day's drama.

The major was evidently annoyed at the undignified frolic in which he had been surprised, but, like a true man of the world, only betrayed the soreness by his anxiety to conceal it. Nor was he much consoled by Dick's assurance that the girls all pronounced him the best dancer in the room, himself not excepted.

Augustus declared it was an inconceivable refreshment to see a well-dressed woman in this howling wilderness. It recalled the life and splendors of New York.

Rattlebrain suggested invidious comparisons between the elegant carriage and slender waists of our lowland friends and the gawky movements and churn-like figures of the mountain lasses, declaring that they looked like a different breed of animals.

I explained that the heavy, waistless body was common to the laboring classes and rude peasantry of most countries, and to antique statuary, which some people affected to admire and didn't; while the swelling bust, the taper waist, and undulating contours of modern beauty were the natural growth of superior cultivation, ease, and refinement. Richard expressed his decided preference for the modern patterns, and as unreservedly condemned all antique females, whether embodied in the flesh or carved in stone.

"And crinoline—"

"There, major, you have touched the secret spring of modern progress—the underpinning of our boasted civilization.—O fair mother of our fallen race, perhaps the aimless, nameless bliss you lost in Eden has been more than recompensed by the mysteriously beneficent curse entailed upon your children! For in the six thousand years of labor and strife that have succeeded, what ingenuity of brain and skill of hand, what courage and enterprise, what glory and suffering, have been developed in the endeavor to justify and cover up that venial fault! what stately cities have been builded, what magnificent empires have arisen, what poets have sung and sages have written, what artistic genius has wrought—all to invent, produce, diffuse, defend, dignify, magnify, and glorify that mistress art of all arts, the art of dress!—Your theory of roads, major, is but the superficial view of civilization which mistakes effect for cause. For, look you, why do men till the soil, or delve in mines, or work in factories, or serve their country, but to get the wherewithal to dress their wives and daughters? And what are steamships and railroads built for but to carry produce to market and bring back dry-goods? And what are free schools and seminaries established for but to teach the girls to read and understand the patterns in *Harper's Bazar?*"

"I am convinced," quoth the major, with a drowsy puff. "Let's go to bed."

On the following morning I was out to meet the dawn, and made my toilet beside the fresh fountains that turned the mountain mill. Not careless and abstracted this morning, but daintily considerate in arranging my curling locks by the limpid mirror of the stream. It was with a thrill of satisfaction, too, that I saw reflected therein a face ruddy and bronzed, and felt my lungs expanded with an air that braced my whole frame with life and vigor. In the coolness and strength of these morning hours decide, O soul, whether you will dream or live!

An enthusiastic woman may fancy she could love a poet and a scholar, and would glory in wandering with him through the laureled bowers of his bright domain; but she deludes herself with a sentiment. The scholar's life is essentially monastic, and the poet must walk alone in his star-lit Eden. Would she be content to sit waiting at the gate? Love must have company, and a fire with one stick will presently go out. And I must now choose whether to wear the cowl, or gird on spur and sword and enter the lists

CIVILIZING INFLUENCES.

of action. Are not the prizes better worth the winning? Better a wreath of living flowers to bind the queenly brow of one sweet mortal withal than the peradventure of a starry epitaph!

I will live a man's life.

In this mood I gathered some trusses of the white blooming laurel, with a scarlet lily, and when Madam Rhoda appeared, presented my bouquet.

"This is most gracefully devised, Mr. Laureate. You have selected my colors, and I'll promise to think of you as long as they last." And the widow smiled archly as she pinned the flowers in her riding-hat.

"They will wither in an hour," I said; "but, with that promise, would to Heaven I possessed some magic art to make them perennial!"

My manner was so earnest that Rhoda colored slightly as she replied,

"Can not the poet's art give immortality to the evanescent flowers of life?"

Fortunately we were summoned to breakfast.

As soon as that was over our company mounted and rode up to the mouth of Gandy, reaching the fishing pool ere the dew was dried on the grass. Here we stopped to give the ladies an opportunity of enjoying a sport which was new to them.

En route I had vaunted the luxurious convenience of my sycamore seat, and had hoped to have the pleasure of initiating the widow in the art of angling, as I understood it. But the major, evidently determined to recover any ground he might possibly have lost by yesterday's surprise, displayed all the finesses and blandishments of the fisherman's art, unrolling a case of silken and horsehair snoods, microscopic hooks, and glittering flies, with such masterly assurance in all the terms and details of the business that the rest of us felt like children in the presence of the pedagogue. Although I believe Rhoda expected me to be her cavalier in the sport, yet after such a display I could not make up my mind to engage her in the handling of disgusting worms and grubs; and so she was presently balancing the major's elegant rod in her dainty hands, and listening demurely to his pedantic instructions, and

playing him with her graceful little affectations of inexperience. Well, after all, with a lovely widow at one end of the line, who wouldn't be a trout?

Rattlebrain and Cockney had taken each a young lady in charge, leaving Mr. Meadows and myself to entertain each other or amuse ourselves as we saw fit. We made use of the opportunity by finding a quiet spot, and devoting ourselves to fishing in earnest. In the course of an hour we had landed over a hundred fish, and some of the first magnitude, while the other three couples had not taken a dozen trout among them.

Yet the major by no means appeared like a man who had wasted his time, and the ladies with one voice expressed themselves charmed with the sport. But as the sun was warming a little, and the fish getting lazy, and we had enough for all purposes, it was agreed to knock off and get up a light repast before starting for the tunnel.

Although the remembrance of his former exploits in this vicinity gave occasion for a stream of raillery, the major was still looked to as our "*chef de cuisine*," and he fully appreciated the increased dignity of his office as the ladies tucked up their sleeves and prepared to enter as assistants.

As the fire crackled and the cooking utensils were displayed, the major's brow was puckered with thought. His position was one of responsibilities, and might prove the grand opportunity of his life. Presently his countenance was illuminated with a brilliant idea, and calling Rattlebrain aside, he whispered something into his ear. Dick looked a little vexed at first, but after a moment's consideration, and with an apologetic glance at Miss Prudence, he started off toward Armantrout's cabin.

In the mean time, there being more cooks than broth, Cockney and Miss Lilly strolled away up the banks of the romantic stream. Shortly after the lady's voice was heard screaming with laughter, then shrieking for help.

Down went knives, platters, and fish, and we all hurried to the spot, where we found Miss Lilly in high excitement, betwixt laughter and terror, and her cavalier hanging by

ANGLING.

THE SWING.

a grape-vine over a deep pool in the stream, at least twenty feet from the bank.

"Why, how on earth did he get there?" was the simultaneous question.

"Please don't stop to hear about it," exclaimed Augustus, in an agony. "I'm just ready to drop, and I can't swim a stroke."

But luckily there was a kink in the vine, and he managed to throw his leg over it, which relieved his arms to some extent, and lengthened his lease of life. In the effort his hat, garnished with trout flies, fell off and went floating down the current, followed by shoals of greedy fish, who leaped in and out of it, and tugged at it until it upset, and becoming water-logged, lodged on a riffle. Notwithstanding the gravity of the situation, this trifling incident occasioned a roar of laughter.

It was cruel, but how did he get there?

It seems that on reaching the stream Mr. Cockney called his companion's attention to a lofty sycamore clothed with a grape-vine, which reminded him of the cordage on the mast of a merchantman. The lady suggested the idea that it would make a delightful swing. The gallant, desiring to procure her that gratification, selected a stout branch which hung in a clear sweep from a bough some fifty feet above down to the gnarled root. So he hacked away with his penknife until he had severed it below, and taking hold, pushed himself off, hoping to vibrate pleasantly up and down the shaded green. He went off gayly, but, to his surprise and subsequent horror, instead of returning by the route he went, he felt himself sweeping round in a circle, which gradually lessened, until by the laws of gravitation he stopped, suspended over the centre of a deep pool, five or six feet above the surface, and hopelessly distant from the shore. Struck with the ludicrous figure of her beau hanging in mid-air like a spider, Miss Lilly at first burst into laughter, then, alarmed by his despairing looks, she re-echoed his call for help.

Meanwhile Cockney was not a trained acrobat, and his strength was evidently giving way.

"I've a mind to throw him a fly and reel him in," said the major; "I see no other resource."

"But, seriously," exclaimed the tender-hearted Rhoda, "can't something be done for him?" and she glanced at me.

"Excuse the emergency, ladies," I said, throwing off my coat and shoes, ready for the plunge.

"Wait a moment," cried Mr. Meadows; "come help me to launch this log."

Major Martial and myself hurried up to his assistance, and by our united efforts rolled a large drift log into the water, and set it afloat in the current.

"Now take your chance, Augustus, and as the log floats under, drop and catch it, and don't mind a ducking."

The cynosure of all eyes, Cockney endeavored to nerve himself to the emergency; but the current was slow, and when at length the ark of safety arrived, he was so exhausted that he dropped unsteadily, and plumped headlong into the stream. I at once plunged in, and reaching the log, threw myself half over it, seized the struggling Cockney by the arm, and drew him up, so that we floated on opposite sides, like panniers across a mule's back.

"Now get your breath and keep cool, and we're all safe."

Cheers three times three rang out from the shore, and I recognized a voice that warmed me to my finger ends. Cockney spit out the superfluous water he had swallowed, and gurgling his thanks, assured me that he was perfectly cool.

"I don't doubt it, my boy; but cease your struggles and float quietly, or you will set the log to rolling, which will drown one of us, and that won't be me."

Hastening the speed of our heavy craft with some well-timed paddling, we at length felt bottom, and waded safely to shore.

"Come to the fire! Shawls! Brandy! What can we do for you?"

"Loving friends, please proceed with the preparations for dinner, while we go hang ourselves—in the sun to dry."

The water was delightful, and the atmosphere verging on sultriness, so that as we basked on the grass the results of our adventure seemed rather agreeable than otherwise.

"Mr. Laureate," said my companion, for the first time addressing me in an unconstrained and confidential tone, "I came out

RIDING DOUBLE.

on this expedition for the purpose of seeing some wild life and to improve my health. My greenness has subjected me to a good deal of raillery, which I have taken in good part, as it is no doubt intended; but I have observed that you, at least, have always been considerate, and to-day your conduct has been more than gentlemanly. Now rest assured, if you should ever come to New York, I'll—"

"Oh, '*siccatura!*' Please dry up as soon as possible, and let us see how dinner is progressing."

Dick had returned from Armantrout's with a big iron pot laden with butter, eggs, onions, potatoes, greens, a pair of chickens, and various other green-groceries which have slipped my memory. Coming back he was overtaken by Peg Teters, on her way home, and being rather overloaded with the results of his forage, cheerfully accepted her offer of assistance, and they came in carrying the pot between them. Thus introduced, Peggy saluted her yesterday's ball-room acquaintances, and tucking up her sleeves, went into the kitchen with such a will that our butterfly ladies soon dropped into the background, leaving the field to the chief and his new assistant. She picked and dressed the chickens in a trice, took the heavy pot by the ears, and jerked it here and there until the major was satisfied with its standing. I don't think the chief was at all pleased with the change; but he was in for it, and couldn't back down. He had promised a grand "*pot-pourri*"—a famous camp mess, in the composition of which he was eminently skilled. The chickens and a square of middling went in first as a basis; then butter, eggs, milk, fish, and all the roots, vegetables, and fruits that the season and locality afforded.

The major stirred and sweltered; then passing the ladle to the officious Peggy, he poked the fire with a forked stick, wiped the beads of perspiration from his face, and facetiously called for more game to flavor his mess.

Dick maliciously amused himself gathering all manner of unusual ingredients for the "witches' caldron," as he called it. Frogs, cray-fish, tomtits, ground-squirrels—all were dressed and went in without question. At length he handed over a jar of pickles which the ladies had brought out with their stores.

"Admirable!" exclaimed the major, emptying it into the pot. The girls screamed and scolded at the loss of their favorite relish.

"Now, major," exclaimed Prudence, "just throw in Mr. Rattlebrain, and your mess will be complete."

"Excuse me, ladies. We'll serve him separately—as a devil."

"Any way to please," retorted Dick, "except on a hot stone. Now spread your cloth and circulate your platters. The stew is ready."

The chief, with beaming face, ladled it out

with a tin cup, apologizing the while for the deficiencies of his savory mess.

"A little later in the season," said he, "with a greater variety of vegetables and game, it is really a dish worthy of a royal table and a campaigner's appetite."

When the meal was over we prepared to ride up to the tunnel. As every body was horsed and ready to start off, our guest and assistant cook remarked that she lived up nigh the tunnel, and knowed a shorter and better road than that up the fork.

This was an item worth consideration. But how was our guide to travel?

"Oh, I'm afoot!" said she; "but it makes no difference, unless one of you fellers chooses to gim me a lift."

Now the major had been a little overdone in this direction, and he whirled away with a suddenness that was almost rude. Dick and Augustus had evidently both made up their minds to a *tête-à-tête chevaleresque*, and Mr. Meadows was loaded fore and aft with valises and bundles containing the extra wrappings of his charges. I didn't see that I was especially called upon to play the knight-errant in this case, and the obliging lass was in a fair way to be left behind unnoticed. Rhoda, however, was more considerate, declaring it was both rude and impolitic to reject the girl's offer, and very sweetly proposed to give her a seat behind herself. The major protested and the widow persisted, until I fancied she sought the occasion to check the ardor of her cavalier's conversation by the way. But Peggy bluntly cut short the argument:

"I'm much 'bliged to ye, ma'am, I am, but wimmen sets so cranky on a horse I always conceit I'm a-goin' to fall off when I'm behind one of 'em; and ef none of the fellers will gim me a lift, I'd as lief walk." And she turned away pouting.

My chivalric temper could not resist this, and I forthwith concluded to sacrifice myself. The clouds dissipated, and Peggy jumped upon a log, and was up in a twinkling. I had never considered the third party in the arrangement; but the mountain nymph had scarcely touched her seat when my spirited mare resented such double-dealing by a volley of furious kicks, roaching her back, rearing and buck-jumping consecutively, as if she was trying to get out of her skin. Peggy clasped my waist with a suffocating grip, laughing the while like a flock of ganders, in which insulting hilarity the whole company joined. I commenced with the modern horse-taming theory of soothing and coaxing, but presently took fire and blazed away with whip and spur. The implacable beast fought back savagely, varying her outrageous performances with attempts to bite and roll. Amidst the general heartlessness it was charming to find one friend who remembered his grateful promises. Apologizing to his lady companion, Augustus rode up as near to the bouncing group as he dared approach, and with sincere politeness offered to exchange horses with me, Miss Meadows having assured him the one he rode would carry double.

"Get out of the way," I replied, fiercely, for my blood was up. "I'll tame her if she was the devil."

"Bravo! bravissimo!" shouted the spectators.

Peggy said, "Derned if she couldn't stick it out ef I could," and jolted out some remarks about the disadvantage of a woman's

A SUGGESTION.

being obliged to sit sideways on a horse, which alarmed me, lest the absurdity of my position might be climaxed by an attempt on her part to put these "women's rights" ideas into practice. At length my roan, having danced and kicked away her superfluous vigor, started briskly up the road, once more acknowledging a master's authority.

By following Peggy's directions we reached the paternal settlement in about two hours, and by a much better and more direct road than that pursued on a former occasion. *En route* I took the opportunity of questioning my guide about the tunnel, and although talkative enough on other subjects, she avoided this in a manner which convinced me that she knew more than she chose to tell. When I rode up to the house and delivered the young lady to her father, who stood in the door, he gave me only a wild, suspicious stare for my pains. Peggy, more civil, went through the form of asking me to 'light, but I declined, and hurried to rejoin my company on their way to the upper entrance of the tunnel.

On arriving there our friends agreed that the scene fully justified our description. The ride had been fatiguing, and we threw

THE EXIT OF GANDY.

ourselves in groups upon the grass, while the major brewed some toddy. Then, after a brief but pleasant sojourn, we rose to resume our homeward journey. Whether piqued by one of Miss Primrose's smart speeches, or heated with too much toddy, Rattlebrain suddenly became obstreperous, and proposed to explore the tunnel alone, light or no light. As Miss Prue entered no protest, and no one else objected, he gave it up, and declared his intention to walk directly over the ridge and meet us at the lower opening.

This I thought quite practicable, and as I had some curiosity to hear his report of the trip, I protested loudly against the rashness of the undertaking; whereupon he rushed up the mountain-side and was presently out of sight.

"Is the foolish boy really going?" asked the major, calling after him.

"He'll probably get lost and detain us waiting for him," suggested Mr. Meadows.

Miss Primrose being requested to recall her errant knight, firmly and contemptuously declined, declaring that, in her opinion, a little combing through the laurel would be of service to him.

Supposing the distance something shorter than by the road, we concluded to ride back to the lower opening, leading Dick's horse, hoping to meet our adventurous companion there in a better humor after his walk.

On reaching there we found no one, and dismounted to examine the locality, which is more interesting in some respects, but not so pleasingly picturesque as the entrance. After its subterranean course the stream here re-enters the world, gushing like a magnificent fountain through three arched openings side by side—a beautiful object, but so closed in by the forest growth that it is difficult to get a satisfactory view.

Time was passing, and yet no news of Dick. We began to grow anxious and restive; shouted and fired signal guns, to no purpose; then became indignant, and finally determined to wait until four o'clock, and if he did not appear by that hour to leave his horse at Teters's, and ride back to our lodging-place at White's.

For the first time since morning I improved the opportunity of a *tête-à-tête* with Rhoda. I was flattered to observe my floral gift, though faded and drooping, still worn in her hat, and offering her my arm, we strolled away from the company to seek a better view of the dark portals in the mountain. She was thoughtful, a little fatigued, perhaps, and we soon found a convenient seat on a moss-cushioned stone.

"How strange and wildly beautiful!" I said. "And if we could fancy this lovely stream a sentient being, conscious of its former bright and blooming life, its subsequent dark and dreary imprisonment, how exquisite the joy to emerge again into a world of flowers and sunshine!"

"Why, then her life would be too human—a counterpart, a history. Better it should flow on laughing and sparkling, without remembrance of the past or dread of the future." As she spoke Rhoda's voice quavered with emotion, and a tear coursed down her cheek, the first I had ever seen dim her bright eye.

I felt a thrill as one who unwittingly finds himself upon the threshold of a sanctuary, and withdraws in silence. Yet the widow's eyes shone more touchingly beautiful through that softening haze than when flashing in unveiled light. The shallow fountains and April showers of our weeping beauties we all understand, and get tired of sometimes, but save us from the tearful moments of a brave and spirited woman. I was speechless, yet Rhoda could not fail to read what was written on the face into which she was looking. She did, I am sure, for hers became suffused, and her violet eyelids suddenly fell.

Then the major's voice sounded like a warning trumpet—"Four o'clock." Rising hastily and taking my proffered arm, my companion smiled, and broke the awkward silence which had fallen upon us by a commonplace remark.

"Our friend the major seems impatient. It must be getting late, and we must ride."

"I have determined to remain."

"Do you think it necessary?" she said, in a reproachful tone. "I had hoped to have your company on our homeward ride."

I explained by suggesting my apprehen-

sions about our young comrade's safety, and thought it scarcely generous to abandon him under the circumstances.

Rhoda scanned me with a look of earnest and penetrating inquiry.

"Mr. Laureate, you are chivalric in your ideas of generosity and self-sacrifice. I have remarked it repeatedly to-day."

"You estimate trifles too highly, madam."

"Trifles?" she repeated, with a pettish curl of her pretty lip.

"Trifles as they must appear to you, who can not possibly understand the extent of the sacrifice I am making even now."

Her eye lit up with a roguish sparkle, and extending her hand, she said, "There, I won't pout, but will endeavor both to understand and appreciate you. Carry out your generous purpose, but rejoin us as soon as possible; and remember, we return to Moorfield to-morrow morning. Good-by."

The envious major witnessed that leave-taking, I am sure, for his voice had a peremptory and impatient twang as it rung out, "Four o'clock and ten minutes."

We parted, and I was left alone with my thoughts and the two horses. The animals stamped, fretted, and whinnied after their departing companions, while I sunk sullenly on a stone, vituperating Dick Rattlebrain and his follies in a manner which robbed my seeming friendly devotion of all merit. Then I forgot him, and my thoughts went wool-gathering in an opposite direction; and what with summing up the events of the last two days, the spoken words, the significant looks, and insignificant incidents, interpreted one by another's light, it seemed as if the fleece I gathered was all golden. Then I started up like one in sudden alarm, for my gold, after all, was but the slanting sheen from the western sky, trickling through the dark forest and betokening sunset.

Nothing yet of my lost comrade; night was coming on, and all feeling of resentment was now absorbed in anxiety for his safety. Stretching my limbs, stiffened by an hour's immobility, I looked at the capping of my rifle, and started up the hill-side to reconnoitre the country in the direction from which I thought he must approach. Its general topographical features were so prominent that it seemed impossible for a man of ordinary sagacity to miss his way; yet the spurs and wrinkles of the mountain were on so grand a scale, so broken with ravines and rocky precipices, and barred with fallen timber and tangled undergrowth, that a skillful woodman might readily lose the direction to a given point, and wear out his strength in aimless wanderings within a very limited space. I succeeded in winding upward until I stood over the cliff from whence the stream issued, and then pushed forward across the spur in what I supposed to be the direction of the entrance. The way was overshadowed by a pall of hemlocks, with a dense undergrowth of laurel, which found rooting and nourishment amidst a mass of rugged boulders covered with damp and spongy moss. At every step there was a risk of falling into crevices of appalling depth, sometimes visible, oftener concealed like pitfalls with deceitful coverings of moss and leaves.

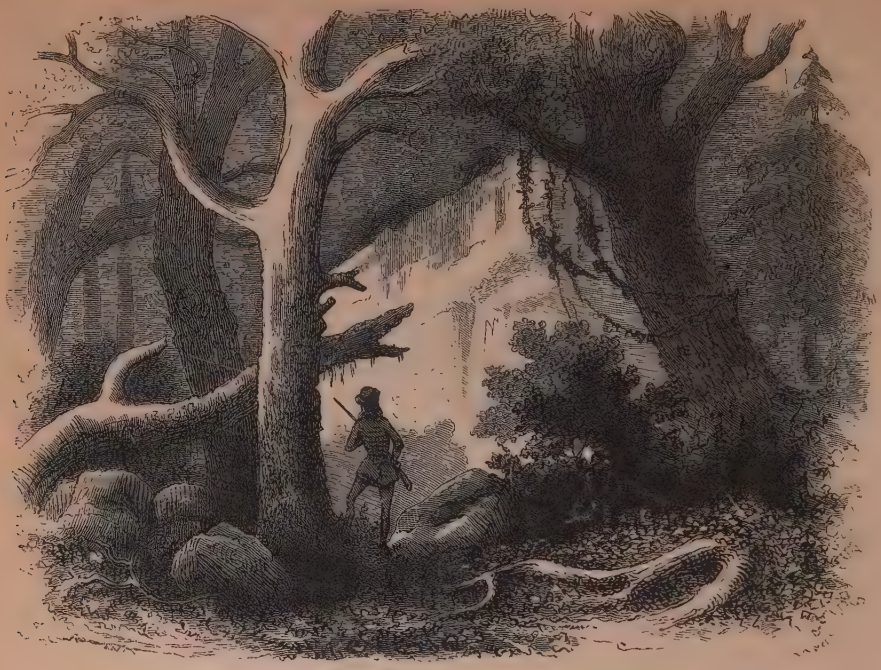
From time to time I could hear strange sounds coming up from the cavernous earth, the winds and the waters which moaned and jabbered articulately like human voices, reawakening the half-superstitious terrors which had formerly seized me in this desolate forest. Once I fancied that a current of heated air rushed up across my damp face with a distinct odor of burning wood. Then I tripped and fell athwart an opening—God knows how deep. Caught on a net-work of slimy roots, the jar made me fancy I saw sparks away down in the darkness. But no. On rising I perceived it must have been only the reflection from a flash of sunlight which at the moment lit up the bare, grinning precipice on my left. It was cheering to catch even that momentary glimpse of the clear blue sky and the laurel-draped cliff, gilt with the last rays of the setting sun.

As I stood to gaze I saw something moving on a ledge thirty or forty feet above, and at length perceived two fiery eyes glaring downward, and my blood was stirred by a long-drawn savage howl.

I again remembered Jesse's secret, and steadying my rifle against the side of a hemlock-tree, took aim and fired. With a rushing sound, followed by a crash, the body of a large wolf fell into the thicket nearly at my feet. Neither my shot nor the fall had quite killed the savage beast, which, writhing and snarling in its death agony, bit frantically at its wounds, sticks, leaves, and every thing within its reach. Staining the rocks and moss with its life-blood, its struggles gradually subsided, and at length, with a spasmodic shiver, it stretched itself out and died.

Drawing my knife, I approached the body, and discovered that the creature was a female, and evidently had a young family somewhere up in the cliff. But this was no time to be speculating about game, so I was contented to take the scalp as a trophy, and congratulating myself that I had probably broken up a whole family of robbers, I proceeded to reload my piece.

As I was about resuming my march I fancied I heard a distant rustling of the bushes, with the measured tread of a human foot, and my heart bounded at the thought of meeting my comrade at this triumphant moment; and with this fortunate conclusion of the day's adventures, I was already elated



THE WOLF.

with the hope of rejoining our friends at Soldier White's before bed-time.

I had not advanced many paces ere, through a vista in the darkling wood, I saw again that moving shadow of a man, and with the sight came that curdling of the blood and sinking of the heart which I could neither control nor explain. I knew it was not my lost comrade, but unmistakably that same weird, inexplicable presence.

But I was in better nerve now; my hunter's blood was up, and I thought to send a bullet to test its humanity; but ere the mad purpose was accomplished my enemy had disappeared. Darkness was already closing around, and, with every faculty strained to the utmost, I made my way back to where I had left the horses, without a detour or false step. Their nickering welcome was a most cheerful and companionable sound. Mounting my own mare and leading the other, I presented myself at the Teters mansion just as the full moon rose above the tree-tops.

My demand for food and shelter was coldly responded to, but I was in no mood to be trifled with, and felt prepared to take with a high hand what their churlishness might refuse. A little assertion induced a loutish, half-witted boy to attend to my horses. On entering the house I found the table garnished with some ill-looking hunks of boiled meat, a corn pone, and a crock of bonny-clabber. At the moment my acquaintance Peggy entered, and the cordiality of her greeting seemed to put me on a better footing with the family, and I was invited to partake of the unsavory supper.

During the meal I took occasion to narrate the circumstances connected with Rattlebrain's disappearance, and asked some sharp questions concerning the character of the country through which he had undertaken to penetrate. The old man and the boy went on eating in silence; the four women looked at each other, and then the eldest answered, vaguely, that they knowed nothing about it, adding, generally, that it was resky for strangers to git lost in these mountains, as they might break their necks over the high rocks. Hoping to get something more satisfactory by catechizing Peggy, I found she had disappeared, and I saw no more of her that night.

Being intensely wearied, I at length gave up and went to bed, resolving that if Dick had not reported by morning I would engage Tom Mullinx, or some active woodman acquainted with the country, to assist me in the search for him.

After a sound and refreshing sleep I awoke at the dawn, and on going out saw Peggy romping over the green with the pet deer. Peggy was not a beauty by any means—snub-nosed, sandy-haired, freckled, and slipshod; yet she was the best-looking creature on the place except the fawns; and this morning she appeared unusually well washed and smiling.

She approached me promptly, but with a somewhat furtive air. "I reckon, mister,

OLD TETERS.

ye'll be a-huntin' after yer friend this mornin', ye will, ah?"

Of course I would persevere until I found him, dead or alive; and then I commenced explaining to her my proposed plan of action. Ignoring my speech, she whispered, earnestly, "Ye'd better look down the stream for him—mind ye, down the stream;" and then whisked off to continue her romp with the deer.

Turning, I saw old Teters in the door, and ordered my horses to be saddled immediately.

"You're younger than I am," he said, "and the wimmen is busy, so you better git 'em yourself."

I didn't stand on ceremony, but handing over what I thought would be a fair return in money for the entertainment I had received, I saddled my horses and rode off.

On reaching the main horse-path I hesitated whether to turn to the right or left, and involuntarily looking back to the house, observed Peggy standing there watching me earnestly. As soon as she saw me look up she waved her hand thrice down stream, and then ran into the house.

I could not suppose that she had any knowledge of the wanderer's whereabouts; yet to a mind in doubt a feather is sufficient to turn the balance, and I accordingly took the left-hand road, leading down the stream.

After proceeding three or four miles, Dick's horse, which was following, suddenly checked up, and turning aside into the thicket, neighed like a clarion. The call was answered by a human voice which I joyfully recognized. The next moment a haggard figure came staggering out from the wood. Hatless, clothes torn in shreds and soaked with water, disheveled, pale, and bleeding from various scrapes and abrasions, there was the gallant Richard Rattlebrain, quenched and subdued to a point that I had never seen before.

"Great thunder! Larry Laureate, I wouldn't have missed you for ten thousand dollars!"

Seeing him safe and comparatively sound, all other feelings were swallowed up in indignation.

"You graceless puppy, you deserve worse than you have got for the trouble and anxiety you have occasioned. I've a mind to dismount and club you."

"Very well," said Dick, meekly; "now's your chance to do it with impunity; but, in the name of charity, have you any thing to eat or drink about you?"

I had had no breakfast myself, but on raking my pockets and saddle-bags I found about a pint of cracker and cheese crumbs, which he devoured with famishing eagerness. I then got out my flask, in which I usually carried a limited supply of aguardiente for an emergency; and whatever the overfed and guzzling denizens of cities may think of the habit, I maintain that it is a more useful companion on a mountain tour or a frontier march than a box of quack pills. But why undertake to defend an empty idea? The flask was dry.

Dick grasped it thirstily, applying it first to his lips and then his nostrils, declaring he was refreshed even by a smell. Then scrambling into his saddle, he inquired, confidentially, "Well, what did she say about it?"

"What did who say about what?" I responded, in undisguised astonishment.

"No matter; it will do some other time; but I suppose you were not observing." And Dick's countenance fell, and he said, with a shudder, "Larry Laureate, let's hurry on to White's and get something to eat, and then—"

"And then," said I, with a severe air, "you'll be in condition to give some reasonable account of your conduct since yesterday."

"Thunder!" said he; "if I dared— But let us get out of this country first, and then I'll tell you a story that will make a good chapter in your next novel."

PEGGY.

THE LISTENERS.

"AND WRAPPED IS EACH IN REVERIE."

A MOTHER and child sit silently
  In dreamy twilight soft and gray;
And wrapped is each in reverie
  As dim as the fast-fading day.

Deep shadows lie on hearth and wall;
  The wild west wind begins to rise:
O'er chimney wide, through niche and hall,
  It loudly shrieks and sobs and sighs.

The mother's thoughts rest sadly ever
  On cruel wrecks and storms at sea;
And loud the shrieking wind cries, "Never
  Shall thy sailor brave come home to thee.

"The waves were high, and strong was the blast
  That drove that ship beneath the sea;
I wept, I moaned through shroud and mast:
  Weep, weep, sad widow, O weep with me."

But the child, leaning over her knees,
  Hears the same wind sing in her ear
Of brown nuts dropping from chestnut-trees,
  Of white-caps dancing on green waves clear.

"Thy brave sire's ship will I bring home,"
  Sings the wind through the wide chimney's throat;
"Merrily now, on the white sea foam,
  The sailors are singing to my shrill note.

"The clouds I send swift through the air;
  'Tis for joy the tall trees wave about;
I am here, I am there, and every where;
  Round the house hear me sing, hear me shout.

"But now, my child, hush, O be still,
  While I sing to thee softly and sigh;
Let peace and love thy young heart fill—
  Hushaby, little one, hushaby."

* * * * * * *

There's a knock at the door! Quick they start!

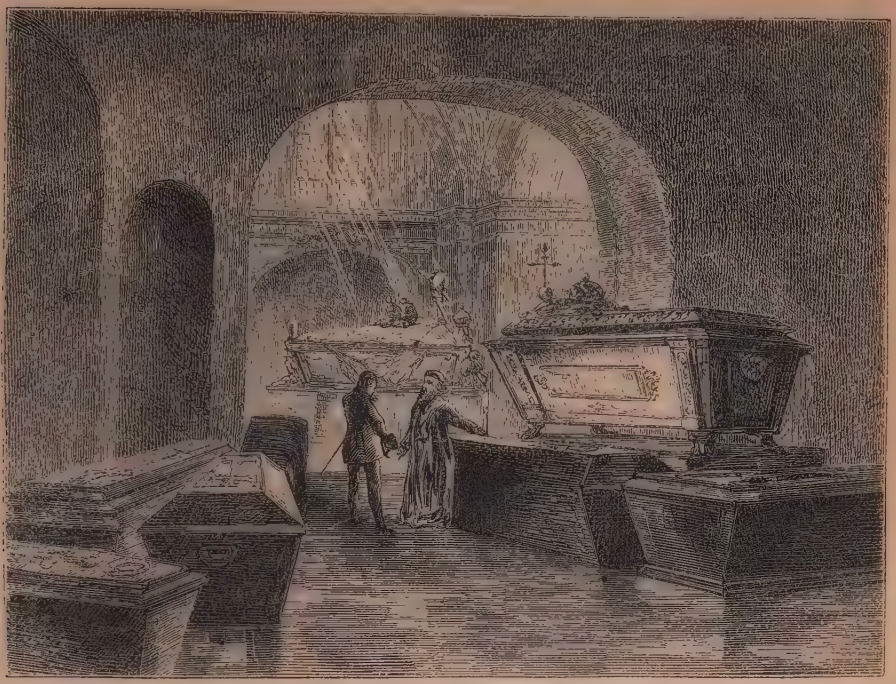
* * * * * * *

Oh, the sailor has come from the sea!
Wife and child he clasps close to his heart,
  While the glad wind sings a symphony.

DOWN THE DANUBE.

By JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

(*Concluded.*)

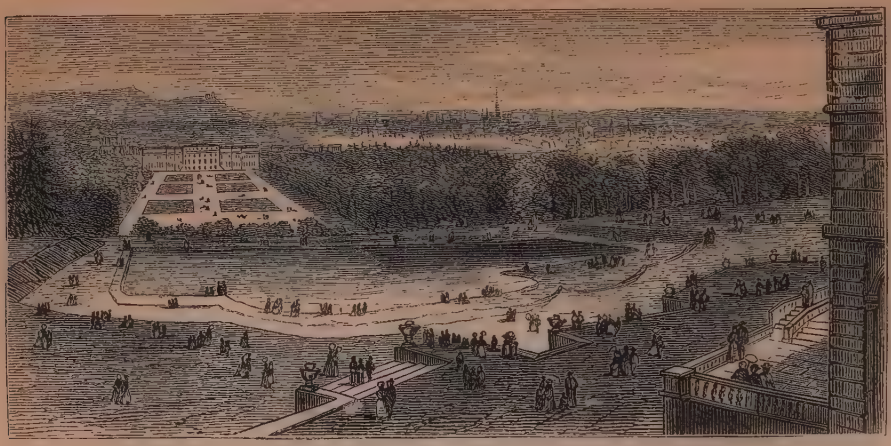


BURIAL VAULT OF THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF AUSTRIA.

STILL lingering in Vienna; for the glacis is gay, the gardens are attractive, and the music is the best in the world. No need to hurry away at this fair season—April and May are among the blithest and brightest months at the Austrian capital—when pleasure is at its height, and fashion is making its richest display. Daily steamers leave Nussdorf, the port of Vienna, for the Lower Danube; and Presburg and Pesth, Buda and Belgrade, Babakai and the Kazan Pass, with all the beauties and wonders of the winding stream, will wait with the acquired patience of centuries for our tardy coming.

One of the most interesting churches, after St. Stephen's, is the Church of the Capuchins, in the Neumarkt. The structure, simple, but chaste and graceful, was founded, with the convent to which it is attached, by the Emperor Matthias and his wife Ann. Its last adornments were supplied by the liberality of Maria Theresa, whose theological zeal always made her a bounteous giver. The principal attraction of the church, at least to saturnine minds, is the imperial vault, in which the founders of the edifice, Maria Theresa, her husband Francis, Leopold I., Charles VI., the Duke de Reichstadt, and other dignitaries are buried. The vault is a large subterranean excavation—it was only discovered about half a century ago—lighted by a dim lamp, which renders the place as dismal, and the sarcophagi of the soundly sleeping princes as ghastly, as possible. This seems to be a kind of supplement to the thirty vast vaults under St. Stephen's; and here, as there, the bodies, owing no doubt to the dryness of the atmosphere, do not decompose, but dry up like mummies, presenting the appearance of effigies in leather. It might seem irreverent and slangous to call potentates whose fame had filled the world old leather-heads; but there they look like nothing else. The monk who usually acts as guide points out the different coffins in a sepulchral voice well adapted to the place, as if he were anxious to impress visitors with the awfulness of death.

The vanity of life, the hollowness of power, and the emptiness of fame are effectively illustrated in those desiccated remains. On the sarcophagus of Maria Theresa two reclining figures are wrought, representing, I think, Religion and Empire, while a statue of Fame stands above them, holding in the extended hand a laurel crown. The coffin of Francis, within the arch, bears the imperial



VIEW FROM THE GLORIETTE.

crown and sceptre, and opposite lies the only son of Napoleon, with a simple cross and inscription carved in the stone.

There is something exceedingly touching in the history of the unfortunate duke, who, during his final illness, thus composed his own epitaph: "Napoleon François Joseph Charles Bonaparte: born King of Rome—died lieutenant in the Austrian artillery." Handsome, accomplished, brave, the inheritor of a splendid name and dazzling glory; loved almost to idolatry by the country in which his childhood was passed; a magnificent future stretching before him—fate frowned upon his brilliant prospects, gave him a weak constitution, wretched health, bitter disappointment, and was only kind in leading him to an early grave. He breathed his last at Schönbrunn, in the chamber once occupied by his father, and in the neighborhood of the imperial château where he was wont to take his solitary walks.

He seems to have been completely blasé from his childhood, and of so melancholy a temperament that scarcely any thing gave him pleasure. Every thing was done to cure him of his gloomy indifference, and, when all else had failed, he met in one of his lonely rambles a beautiful peasant girl, with whom he fell in love at first sight. She appeared to return his affection. Her society aroused him from his lethargy, and endowed him with new life. She first taught him, it is said, the nature of happiness, and by her presence the dreary emptiness of his being was delightfully filled. Peasant as she was, she was graceful, accomplished, witty, and, to his fond fancy, she was as a goddess on the earth. He revealed to her all the sources of his discontent, poured into her confiding ear the secretest of his thoughts and the sacredest of his feelings. She was the single break of blue in his clouded sky, and in that blue was set the star of hope.

One evening he was in the city, and attended the opera. When the ballet came on, among all the dancers suddenly flashed a form of wondrous beauty and grace, agile as a fawn, lithe as a spirit, and the theatre echoed and re-echoed with welcome to the new divinity of the dance. The pale youth flushed, and his heart beat quick.

Was he dreaming, or was the sylph-like creature bounding and whirling on the stage his beloved Marie, whom he had preferred before all the ladies of the court?

He rubbed his eyes and leaned forward, his very soul burning in his face. He could not be mistaken. The lovely and guileless peasant whom he had worshiped and admitted to the innermost sanctuary of his spirit and the magnificent dancer of the opera were one and the same. The blazing theatre grew dim; the tumultuous applause was no longer heard; the unhappy prince gasped, struggled, swooned, and amidst much excitement was borne to his carriage.

The charming dancer who had fascinated him was the famous Fanny Elssler, then at the beginning of her extraordinary conquests and career. She had allowed herself to be used by his relatives as a bait to insnare the young duke's affections, in the hope that through her some interest in life might be awakened. The ingenuous and handsome boy pleased her, no doubt. Her vanity was gratified at the expense of his final faith. He never recovered, it is said, from this sudden and terrible shock, and she—was liberally paid.

The château of Schönbrunn, a short distance southwest of the city, a favorite residence of the imperial family, merits, with its beautiful gardens, the fame it enjoys as an Austrian Eden. The palace has three stories, the first opening on a broad balcony on both sides of the building, and approached by magnificent marble steps. The interior is noted for its handsome staircases and

lofty chambers, elegantly furnished and elaborately finished. They contain a luxuriant wilderness of satin hangings, tapestry, mirrors, mosaics, porcelain, and the costliest objects of art. The gallery of portraits of the Hapsburg family—many of them said to be historical—is interesting, though it does not convey the impression that royal natures are marked by royal lineaments. The gardens are on three sides of the palace, those on the right and left, abounding in rare plants and choice fruits, being reserved for Francis Joseph, his relatives, and friends. The public garden, behind the château, is charmingly laid out, and contains a number of marble statues, illustrating historical and mythological subjects. At the extremity of the parterre in the centre is a small lake ornamented with naiads and dolphins, while around it are terraces, grottoes, fountains, and delightful walks, including a curious labyrinth.

The renowned Gloriette occupies an elevation in the rear of the palace. This colonnade is decorated on both sides with Roman trophies, and has in the centre a large reception-room for visitors. From the roof and from the terrace in front is seen Vienna in sumptuous panorama, with the ever-present spire of St. Stephen's—a perfect poem carved in stone—and convents, castles, and the heights of Kahlenberg gray and gleaming through the purple distance. The palace of Schönbrunn (beautiful fountain) was the residence of Napoleon when he signed the treaty of the same name; and in one of the avenues of the garden the fanatical student, Stapps, tried to assassinate the great captain, and was afterward shot because he proudly refused to ask for mercy from the man he regarded as the enemy of his country.

The Prater, the Champs Élysées and Hyde Park of Vienna, by no means answers to expectations which may have been raised by the citizens. This park is intersected by five avenues, diverging in different directions from the Prater-Stern, a circular space at the end of the Jägerzeil. The fashionable drive, on the same island of the Danube as those pleasant and popular places of resort, the Leopoldstadt and Augarten, presents a very animated scene during the season, showing the fairest faces and the fullest purses of the capital to whatever advantage prancing steeds and handsome carriages can command. Some of the avenues are bordered with rustic gardens (guingettes), where persons of the middle class go to dine at the small tables under the trees, and to indulge in the various games and amusements of which the Viennese are so fond.

The citizens are distinctively a pleasure-loving and recreation-enjoying people, and on Sundays and holidays crowd the cafés, restaurants, and gardens, so numerous in and out of town. The Viennese outdo all the Germans in their pursuit of all kinds of

DINING AT THE GUINGETTES.

gratification. Under ordinary circumstances they often seem dull and sluggish, but whisper pleasure in their ear, and every one of their faculties is aroused.

Eating, including drinking, of course, appears, as I have said, to be a pastime of the capital. The appetite and digestion of its inhabitants exceed all estimate. I have sometimes thought their constitution may not demand more than the constitution of other people, but the by-laws of their being require perpetual replenishment. I have seen such exhibitions of mastication, deglutition, and potation that, if I had been a showman, I should have secured some of them for an uninterrupted series of devouring performances. What capital fellows many of them would be quartered upon an enemy in time of war! They would serve their country better with their jaws than with their muskets. In a few months the opposing foe would be so besieged by famine as to be willing to make peace on any terms that did not include the furnishing of provisions to the Austrian army.

The cuisine of Vienna has been much lauded by foreigners, even by those long resident in Paris; but why, is beyond my palatal solution. Unquestionably the city is a great place for eating, as respects quantity merely. I fancy that strangers, daily witnessing the admirably equipped appetites of the citizens, have naturally inferred that the food must be unusually tempting, and if they found it otherwise for themselves, that they must be lacking in proper physical taste. In no large city in Europe have I had such trouble in obtaining a desirable meal. The Hôtel Munsch and the Erzherzog Karl are universally admitted to be the best of the public-houses, while the Prevot, Preying and Mebus, and Rother Igel restaurants are unequaled in reputation. At each and all of these I have ordered breakfasts and dinners regardless of economy, and not even the much-boasted *gulasch in saft, schnitzel, carviol,* or *fogasch* have awakened my enthusiasm. As to the ordinary dishes, they are poor almost without exception; and day after day I have ransacked the Innerstadt, the faubourgs, and the suburbs in quest of savory viands. I am not epicurean, but I dislike to drink coffee out of shaving cups, and to waste time on leather aprons greasily disguised as beefsteak.

The Viennese seem full of contradictions. Emotional and intense at times, as is shown by their worship of music and their addiction to the wildest of galops and most voluptuous of waltzes, they appear at others slow and stolid, opposed to ideals and incapable of aspirations.

The common people impress me as below the general intelligence—or average stupidity, which is the same thing—and have a remarkable facility for confounding localities and misunderstanding orders. The waiters serve you with cabbage when you have asked for coffee, bring you mustard for mushrooms, and beer for bread, and can never quite comprehend why one won't do as well as the other. The servants sell your trowsers to second-hand shops when your only desire is to have them brushed, and instead of blacking your boots, thank you kindly and bestow them in charity upon themselves. If you wish your bed made up properly, they imagine you want to sleep on the floor; and if you send a commissionnaire to the Kärnthnerthor Theatre for tickets to the opera, he is likely to return with a bottle of Vöslauer and the declaration that it is the finest wine in the empire.

The fiacre drivers have the same mental obliquity. Order them to carry you to the Hofburg Theatre, and they set you down at the railway station; anxious to visit the Volksgarten, they will conduct you to the Augustine Church; and bound for the Danube steamer, they hurry you to the fish-market. Longing for the Belvedere, they precipitate you upon the imperial stables, and wonder you can not substitute the veterinary institution in the Landstrasse for the Ambras collection or the Arsenal.

Persons residing in the immediate vicinity of famous churches or picture-galleries have never heard of them. They are unable to tell whether the Albertina is a collection of drawings or a new edition of the Zoological Gardens. They are absolutely ignorant of things constantly under their eyes; and I question if there be not some of the residents of the Vorstadten (out-of-town quarter) unaware of the existence of St. Stephen's Cathedral.

One might imagine from all this that the lower order of Viennese are humorists (it is useless to intimate that they did not understand my German, for I am sure it was very good, so far as it went); but they are nothing of the kind, for they would not take a joke, if it were called a florin, less than forty per cent. discount.

Vienna has much to attract and much to repel. I like to go there, and I like to come away. I enter it with pleasure, and leave it without regret. It is often charming for a week, and wearisome in a month; and, altogether, it is the dearest and dreariest, the dullest and delightfulest, of capitals. We have tarried long in the home of the Hapsburgs; the fiacre is at the door, and the steamer waits on the winding river.

The small vessel on which you start soon passes under the Neubrücke, the Franzensbrücke, and the Sophien-Kettenbrücke. To the right, near the last, is the palace of Prince Lichtenstein, and below are numerous kitchen-gardens, with the apparatus for irrigation so common on the Danube. After

passing those you enter the main arm of the river, where it flows swiftly between wooded islands, and reach the larger steamer on which you are to make the voyage, and which lies opposite the Lobau, the longest of those isolated strips of land. On the left, so far inland as not to be visible from the steamer, are the historic villages of Aspern, Essling, and Wagram.

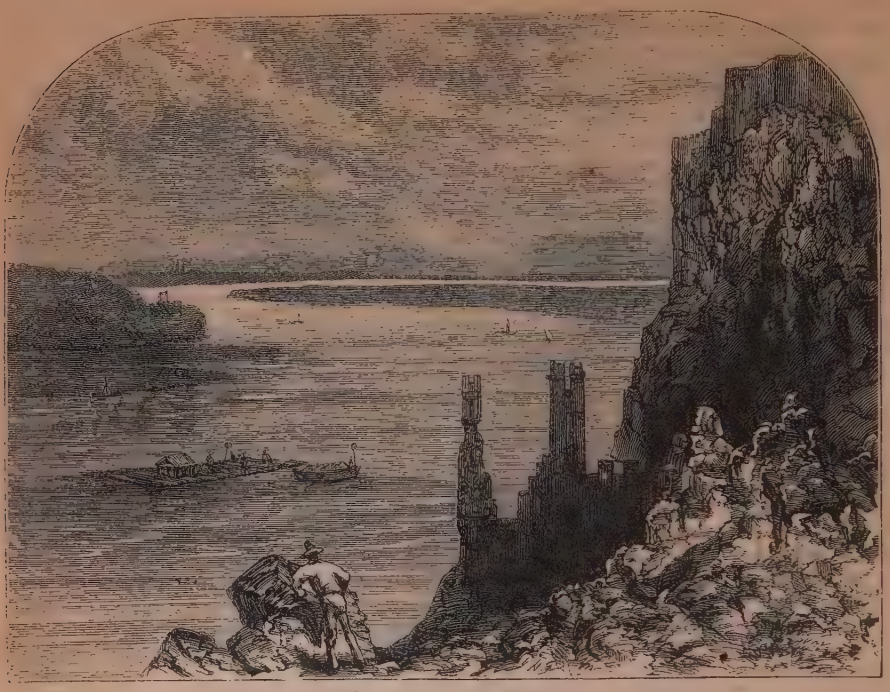
In 1809 Vienna was in Napoleon's possession. Half of his army had crossed by the Lobau to the left bank of the river, when the Austrians burned the bridge connecting the right bank with the island, and simultaneously attacked Aspern and Essling, held by the French. The battle raged with dreadful slaughter for two days (May 21 and 22), and the French forces were finally driven back to Lobau, with all their infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Traces of the fortifications then constructed by Napoleon are still seen. Early the following July he effected a second passage of the Danube, and on the 5th and 6th of the month fought the memorable battle of Wagram, in which the Austrians were severely defeated. An armistice was soon after completed, and the Peace of Vienna was signed on the 14th of October of the same year. I made a pilgrimage, as in duty bound, to those famous fields while staying in Vienna, and wondered, for the hundredth time, why any body can be foolish enough to feel interested in commonplace ground because it has been soaked with human gore. Still, like the whole troop of sight-seers, I go, and shall, no doubt, continue going to the last. Aspern and Essling, which were completely destroyed during the strife, have since been rebuilt, and are now, unlike many ambitious tragedians, quite successful hamlets.

You soon glide by the little village of Petronel, the site of the Roman Carnuntum, destroyed by Attila, the handsome château belonging to Count Traun, and the Deutsch-Altenburg, with its castle and sulphur baths, the latter of much medical repute. On an adjacent hill is St. John's graceful Gothic church, the cemetery of which contains an ancient rotunda restored half a century ago. Near by is the Hutelberg (hat hill)—a lofty mound said to have been made by the people carrying hatfuls of earth to commemorate the expulsion of the Turks from Vienna by John Sobieski and the Margrave Louis of Bavaria in 1683.

A few miles below is Hainburg, a picturesque town with old walls and towers and the customary ruined castle on the height. The imperial tobacco factory, employing fourteen or fifteen hundred persons, in a number of long and ugly buildings, is located there, and deserves, if it does not enjoy, the reputation of making some of the worst cigars in all Europe. The Town-hall boasts of a Roman altar, doubtless genuine; and on the Roman tower is a figure of King Etzel, of "Nibelungen" fame, who is said to have spent a night in the castle. The castle is now pining to decay, I suppose because it can not get down from the top of the high rock and, like a true Austrian, go to Vienna to dance and drink, to laugh and sing, to gaze at rope-dancers and jugglers, to swing and play at nine-pins, and take enthusiastic part in the kindred amusements to which the residents of the capital are so wedded.

Hainburg and Theben, on the left bank, seem to form the gateway to Hungary. The March, or Morava, the frontier stream between Austria and Hungary, empties into the Danube at the base of the grand old fortress of Theben, one of the most interesting ruins on the river, though much of it was blown up by the French in 1809. On the top of a high rocky precipice, the mouldering towers and battlements of the once extensive castle can be seen from a long distance, while they themselves furnish an ex-

HAINBURG.



NUN'S TOWER, CASTLE THEBEN.

cellent view of the fertile plains and vine-covered hills of the Magyar landscape below.

The little market-town of Theben, under the shadow of a wooded height, lies close to the junction of the two streams, and the lofty rock on which the fortress stands is so broken and rent that it would seem as if Nature had made war on the stronghold, determined to shake it from its foundation. Some persons have supposed that the Romans built the fortress, which is not probable. The tradition is that Swatopolk, the founder of the Moravian empire, and his brother Ratislaw, or Ladislaw, dwelt in the castle in the ninth century, and that it was besieged about that time by King Louis the German. Not a great while after the Magyars, in their contests with the Moravian monarch, gained possession of the castle, and have held it ever since. It has changed hands very frequently by gift, transfer, and inheritance, and was always regarded as a position of great importance during the feudal period. The Turks, during their invasion of 1683, made a great effort to surprise Theben, but were prevented by the vigilance of the garrison. For centuries the noble old pile stood siege and tempest unscathed, and was only demolished by the vandalism of the French, who, with all their boasts of civilization and chivalry, have ever been the plunderers and destroyers of the Continent.

One of the old watch-towers, called the Nun's Tower, still stands on an isolated and almost inaccessible rock, forming a striking feature of the splendid ruin. I have seen in a Hungarian periodical at Pesth an accurate engraving of the fortress before its destruction, and I do not wonder at the pride the Hungarians felt in its extent and magnificence. They compared it, not wholly without reason, to the renowned castle of Heidelberg, long known as the German Alhambra.

The Nun's Tower has, of course, its romantic legend. One of the lords of Theben, in the medieval days, laid siege to a fortress in Carinthia, and after capturing it fell captive himself to the charms of a heroic beauty who, in the absence of her uncle, a warlike abbot, had undertaken to defend the place. The lovely Bertha, as she was called (all women who are dead or distant in time are lovely), with the peculiarity of her sex, yielded to the conqueror, and accompanied him to his castle, where preparations were made in becoming style for the celebration of their nuptials. The prospective husband, whose rank was that of a count, went to the chase while his wedding was preparing, with the commendable object, no doubt, of obtaining provisions for the marriage-feast. (Restaurants and French cooks were unknown luxuries in those days.) As he was returning home he was informed that the martial abbot had in the mean time made a predatory excursion to the castle, had carried off his niece, and placed her in the convent of Isen-

berg, not far distant. The count, as befitted the ardor of an expectant lover, informed his retainers of the abduction, and spurring his proud charger hard, bade them follow him to the rescue. They rode swiftly; in a few hours were under the convent walls; battered down the gates; choked, beat, and generally maltreated the lady abbess and the nuns in the knightly manner of those chivalrous times; secured the prize, and hurried off with the young beauty, who dried her tears when she found she was to be married after all.

Bertha's uncle, hearing of what had been done, resolved to surprise the count on the day of the wedding, which he knew would not be long deferred. As the bride and bridegroom stood before the altar, with the benediction fresh upon them, a messenger rushed breathless into the chapel to inform the company that the belligerent priest, with an armed host, had entered the castle by the postern gate, which, in the distraction of merry-making, had unfortunately been left open. The sudden surprise created a panic; the small garrison was either overpowered or hurled headlong from the walls. Further resistance was useless. The only means of escape—a subterranean passage leading to the river—the count attempted, supporting the frightened Bertha with one arm, and with the other wielding his trusty blade. To his surprise and horror the passage was bristling with hostile swords, whereupon he hastened with a few sturdy adherents to what was then called the Iron Tower, but has since been known by the monastic name. There the count and his handful of heroes resisted the enemy for hours. They were slain one after the other, and at last the thick oaken door of the sanctuary was set on fire, and fell in, a heap of blazing embers. In their dire extremity the desperate lord and his lady fled to the lofty battlements overlooking the Danube, and were hotly pursued by the enraged abbot, who had always worn the casque above the cowl. The count was pale from loss of blood, and Bertha still paler with dismay and anxiety for her liege.

"You shall not separate me from my husband," she screamed to her uncle, as he, at the head of his band, advanced toward them. "We will at least die together," she added, leaping into the count's arms, as he stood defiant on the battlements.

"Hold, rash girl!" exclaimed the warrior-monk. "Remember you are the destined bride of Heaven!"

"No, no," replied Bertha; "I am the bride of man—of this noble knight, who is my Heaven and my God, and no power on earth shall disunite us!"

"You say not truth," roared the abbot. "In the name of the church I claim you!"

He stretched forth his arm to seize her as the sword of the count clove his skull in twain, and a moment after the faithful pair, locked in each other's arms, sprang from the parapet, and disappeared in the rolling river below.

From this incident the tower received its name, which, with the felicitous unfitness governing such things, was called the "Nun's Tower," because Bertha was not, and was determined never to be, a nun.

Next comes Presburg, which, from its title, ought to be favorable to journalists, but is one of the dullest and most uninviting of towns. Formerly the capital of Hungary, where its kings once were crowned, it is now merely a stagnant city with a population of forty-three thousand, who by vigorous exercise of the imagination delude themselves with the notion that they are alive. It has not undergone a perceptible change in an entire century, except that the extensive castle crowning the Schlossberg was destroyed by fire in 1811. The view from that height, taking in the plains of Hungary and the sinuosities of the river, should not be neglected, as it is the chief attraction of the town, and one of the finest views on the Danube.

Presburg stands on a broad plain, and was once surrounded by fortifications; while the suburbs are mostly built on an eminence, adding not a little to the effect of the situation. In one of the towers of the citadel—it is a quadrangle with a tower at each corner—were formerly kept the iron crown and regalia of Hungary, which were closely watched and guarded day and night. Kossuth, when he despaired of his country, carried off the ancient crown and buried it near New Orsova, on the Wallachian frontier. Some years afterward the regal symbol was accidentally discovered, and a chapel was erected on the spot to commemorate the event.

The cathedral, said to have been founded by St. Ladislaw—it was he who built the city—and consecrated in 1452, was for a long while the place of coronation, but now contains nothing remarkable, unless it be a mounted statue in lead of St. Martin above the high altar. The dome of the church is surmounted by a gilded crown, indicating the solemn office to which it was once devoted. In the Landhaus, or House of the Estates, the Imperial Diets were formerly held; but the building has at present a look meagre and starved enough to indicate that it had never had any diet, imperial or otherwise. The city has sixteen squares, many of them adorned with fountains and monuments, which, however, do not relieve it from a pinched and prosy appearance.

Near the long bridge of boats is the Königsberg, a slight artificial elevation, walled in and inclosed by a gate. On this the King of Hungary, after his coronation, mounted with his fiery charger, and brandished the sword of St. Stephen to the four

PRESBURG.

points of the compass, indicating a cross, and his determination to defend the kingdom from all enemies from whatever quarter they might come. Francis Joseph, who is King of Hungary, as the Emperors of Austria have been for more than two centuries, did this little bit of melodrama in obedience to the time-honored custom.

In 1741, while the King of Prussia was advancing into Silesia, the Elector of Bavaria—he likewise disputed the succession, which, by the Pragmatic Sanction, the Emperor Charles had fixed upon his daughter, Maria Theresa—made himself master of Passau and Linz, and even menaced the Austrian capital. Alarmed at the situation of affairs, the courageous archduchess called an assembly of the different orders of Hungary at Presburg, and, appearing before them with her infant son Joseph in her arms, addressed them with such fervid eloquence, made such stirring appeal to their loyalty, that the stern warriors were melted to tears, and drawing their swords, uttered the famous words, "*Moriamur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresa!*"

Never was feminine beauty or feminine speech employed to more effect. From that time her desperate cause brightened, and the trusty palatines she had convoked brought hosts of stout hearts and strong arms to her defense, and each of her defenders was as willing as they to die for the queen whom they had called their king on account of her masculine fortitude and heroic bearing. She had indeed—to translate her own words—found in the hearts of brave men a resource in the direst of emergencies.

Near the right bank of the river, the Au, a pleasant island covered with trees, having a café and promenades, is a popular resort for the citizens of Presburg, as is also an open-air theatre at the Arena, a few hundred yards below the flying bridge. The hills surrounding the city are clothed with vineyards, the wine of which has considerable reputation among the natives, though to strangers it tastes rough and crude. A horse-railway unites Presburg with the old town of Tyrnau, noted for its eight annual fairs and its ancient and interesting cathedral. Riding out there on horse-cars struck me as odd, for I had not dreamed of such a modern mode of travel in the domain of Hungary.

Less than a mile below Presburg the banks of the Danube resume their flatness, and the river divides into several arms, forming two large islands, the Grosse and Kleine Schütt. The former is some thirty miles broad and sixty miles long, and contains nearly a hundred villages, so poor and bleak in appearance that I can not imagine how the inhabitants subsist. Along the banks are seen large bodies of swine and herds of cattle, some of them of a peculiar sort, known as Hungarian buffalo. On these the farmers largely depend for a livelihood,

selling their surplus at the numerous fairs held throughout the country. In this vicinity and as far down as Pesth are many colonies of mills, constructed in the simplest and most economical manner. The mill is merely a rough wooden house, between which and the dwelling of the miller is a large wheel, turned by the current and grinding the grain. Twenty or thirty of these mills are frequently strung together, and receive the name of villages. Such aquatic settlements are common to the Danube, on which, as I have said, numerous families spend more than half their lives floating down on rafts and barges, and vary the monotony of their existence by being towed up again.

Nearly all the farms and villages between Presburg and Peterwardein are extremely unlike those in America. They are very primitive, dismal, and wretched in semblance. The dwellings are rough, thatched cabins, miscellaneously made of straw, mud, timber, and stone, while the outhouses and barns are only impromptu huts. The Hungarian peasantry carefully conceal, if they have it, any and all regard for physical comfort, and evince in divers ways the traits of semi-civilization. Many of them subsist by fishing. Their huts, scattered along the banks, are generally clustered, forming a piscatorial community whose every view is finny, and whose sole harvest is scales.

At the southern extremity of the smaller island (Kleine Schütt) is the city of Raab, the river of that name flowing into the Danube at that point. It contains eighteen thousand people, considerable manufactures, and illustrates the martial adversity of the Austrians by having been one of the many scenes of their defeat by the French in 1809.

Steaming nearly directly east, you reach at the junction of the river Waag the royal free town Komorn (population seventeen thousand), the fortress of which, with its extensive têtes-de-pont, is regarded as one of the strongest in Europe. The fortifications were originally constructed under Matthew Corvinus, and at different periods since have been greatly strengthened. Komorn has again and again repulsed besiegers, as it did the Austrians during the last Hungarian war. A wooden bridge one mile long crosses from the city to an island in the river, and a bridge of boats connects it with Neu-Szöny, on the right bank. Such is the reputation of the fortress for impregnability that it is said that the laconic reply to a surrender has always been, "Komme-morgen" (Kom-morn), making a significant pun upon the name of the town. This tradition is expressed in the following rhymes:

> "'Yield,' cries the foe; but still in scorn,
> Though seemingly in sorrow,
> Their answer was, 'Who wins Komorn
> Must call again to-morrow!'"

The remains of walls, an aqueduct, and other antiquities in and about the diminutive town of Neu-Szöny prove beyond question that it must have been a Roman settlement, though it is believed by many to have been the ancient Begration, a colony founded by the Greeks. Hereabouts the unique Danubian mills occupy nearly half of the river, and unlike the mills of the gods, in the Boston-bare-worn quotation, these grind rapidly, owing to the swiftness of the current. On the left bank are huddled together the ragged villages Path, Möcs, Karva, and Párkány, with their doleful and dyspeptic neighbors over the way, baptized by the stream as Almas, Nessmühl, and Süttoe, all looking as if they had been thrown out of the sky for their untidiness, and had fallen, shorn and shattered, on the dusty plain.

Vineyards are abundant in this neighborhood, and the Nessmühler wine, which has been much improved by careful culture, is held in high repute by connoisseurs. The islands are left one after another by the rapid river, and the bordering land swells into hills and scenes of pastoral beauty.

The only place of consequence in the vicinity is Gran—population of twelve thousand—conspicuous for the vast dome of its cathedral, the finest in Hungary, somewhat resembling St. Peter's, built on an elevation and towering above the city. Gran, from the first incursion of the Tartars to the complete destruction of its fortress, was a favorite residence of the Hungarian monarchs. It is still the seat of an archbishop, the primate of the kingdom, the archiepiscopal seat having been re-established here after its transfer to Tyrnau in consequence of the Turkish invasion in 1543. To fix the seat Cardinal Rudney began the construction of the cathedral at his own cost. He expended upon it the whole of his own princely income, and borrowed large sums to complete it, and yet died without seeing his cherished object fulfilled. The church, like most Roman Catholic edifices abroad, is still unfinished. The cardinal's palace, the public schools, and other buildings are on such an expensive scale that the lavish and zealous prelate left to the city a legacy of debt, not yet discharged, which materially interferes with its progress.

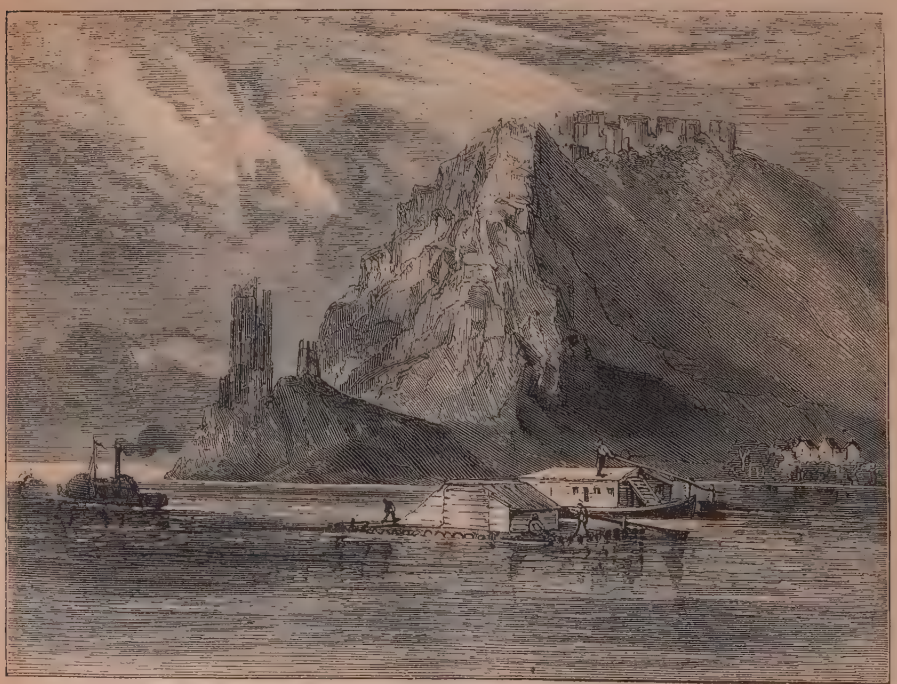
Below Párkány the channel contracts, and the limestone and porphyry rocks on the banks render the scenery more imposing. The river sweeps suddenly toward the north, forming nearly a semicircle, and then with its village outposts conducts you to the ruined city and fortress of Wissegraad. This, formerly one of the most flourishing and populous of the Hungarian towns, was demolished by the invading Turks, and its fortifications were subsequently dismantled by the Emperor Leopold. The ancient wall of the fortress or castle runs down to the

margin of the river, while the remnant of the main building crests the high hill, and adds greatly to the landscape. The castle was once beloved of the Magyar monarchs during the summer They converted the barren rock into pleasant gardens, and lavished fortunes on the place to make it beautiful. Matthew Corvinus emptied his purse in embellishing the grounds, and his sumptuous manner of entertaining strangers and embassadors was the theme of praise among all having the good fortune to attend his court. The tower near the wall was a prison, and in it King Salomon, at the beginning of the twelfth century, was, like Richard I., held captive by his cousin Ladislaus, who, knowing the world to be full of perils in that rude time, affectionately kept his kinsman out of harm's way.

Near Wissegraad the hills recede, and the Danube, dividing into two arms, forms a long island known as the Andreasinsel, flat but fertile, and covered with villages and gardens. In three-quarters of an hour Waitzen comes into view, with its cathedral somewhat similar to that of Gran, and its many ancient and medieval monuments. The town, with little more than eleven thousand people, has three distinct quarters, occupied by Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Servians, who adhere to the Greek Church.

Once more the banks slide into level, and the Blocksberg of Buda looms up in the background. Then the fortress and the palace of the historic city. Alt-Ofen, girded by vineyards, steals into your eye, and the broadening river, dotted with rafts and barges of every size and shape, and numerous steamboats, with New Pesth, a manufacturing town, and its long quay, the former monastery of Kleinzell, the Margarethen-Insel, fragrant of gardens; then the slender city of Pesth, looking lofty and full of admiration for the handsome suspension-bridge, and picturesque Buda, all glinting and glimmering in the sinking sunlight, recalling Prague and the Hradschin, dawn gradually in impressive beauty upon your eager gaze, and the modern capital of Hungary and the ancient stronghold of Attila is beneath your wandering feet.

Buda, or Ofen, as it is now generally called, is connected with Pesth by the imposing suspension-bridge just mentioned, which is twelve hundred feet long and nearly forty broad, the chains being supported by two pillars one hundred and fifty feet high. Opposite the bridge rises the castle hill, and a long tunnel through it leads to the Horvathgarten. Once a Roman colony, Buda was conquered by the Sultan Soliman in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and remained for a hundred and fifty years in the possession of the Turks, who were finally expelled by the allied Germans under Charles of Lorraine and Louis of Baden. Though the seat of government authorities, the majority of the population, about fifty-six thousand, is German. The fortress, with



CASTLE OF WISSEGRAAD.

THE BLOCKSBERG.

the royal château, is on the summit of a hill about which the town is built. The principal street ascends gradually from the Burgthor; but the best means of approach is to the right of the bridge, through the Wasserthor to the fortress, proceeding thence across the Paradeplatz to the Hentzi-Platz, where a handsome monument is erected to General Hentzi and the other Austrian officers who fell during the last Hungarian revolution in defense of the citadel. The monument represents beneath a canopy Fame extending the crown of victory to a dying hero—the sculptor failing to suggest, what might occur to a practical mind, the uselessness of worldly honor to an expiring man. The fortifications which the Hungarians stormed and dismantled in the assault have since been reconstructed.

In the chapel attached to the royal château were recently, and I think are still, preserved the ancient regalia of Hungary, consisting of the crown, sceptre, sword, mantle, gloves, and shoes of St. Stephen, long guarded with extreme vigilance on account of a superstition that the prosperity of the kingdom depended on their security. The view from the windows of the palace is remarkably fine, and the hanging terraces of the garden, clinging to the rock, are strikingly handsome. The palace is a modern structure, occupying the site of the stronghold of King Corvinus, its shattered walls and bastions reminding us of the stormy past.

A broad carriage road leads up from the Raitzenstadt through vineyards to the Blocksberg, nearly eight hundred feet high, from which the eye takes in both cities and the broad plain above, making a beautiful picture. The Blocksberg, which descends abruptly on the east side toward the river, and the Schwabenberg are protected by strong fortifications.

Ofen, signifying "oven," differs from most of the cities we have visited on the Danube thus far by reason of its Oriental character and associations. The Ottomanic influence is seen in the sombre mosque over the grave of Sheik Güb-Baba, in the architecture, the Moorish baths, the customs, and the mode of traffic. The town is divided into six departments, the upper and lower town, and the four suburbs, known as the Landstrasse, Neustift, Raitzenstadt, and Christinastadt. The baths, established by the Turks, are still much frequented, notwithstanding the Teutonic quality of the population.

At the southern base of the Blocksberg are three chalybeate and sulphureous hot springs, rising from the precipitous limestone rocks, and employed for balneation. The Bruckbad, Raitzenbad, Blocksbad, and Kaiserbad are the principal establishments. In the second is a bath for the poor, which furnishes such a curious spectacle that strangers usually patronize it in spite of its unpleasantness. I have heard travelers describe it as the most singular thing they

SCENES IN THE BATH.

had witnessed between Ulm and Sulina, though singular is hardly the word I should apply to it.

The bath is a large and dismal vault, supported by eight large columns, with a dome overhead and a few openings to admit the light. In the centre is a huge basin of hot water, in which men and women are immersed, generally making such a noise, and plunging about in such a frantic manner, as to convey the impression that personal ablution is a sensation hitherto unknown. The difference of sex and the purely natural condition of the bathers in nowise restrain their freedom. The heat of the water seems to affect their spirits like liquor. They scream and jump, and jostle and push, and wrestle and play leap-frog, in the most extraordinary and bewildering way. Such groupings and positions, such wiles and pranks, as they indulge in—fantastic beyond belief—are more remarkable for energy and eccentricity than for modesty or grace. The old arches ring with their uproarious merriment, which, with the sulphur, the gloominess of the place, and the pervading steam, gives an inkling of an aquatic Inferno in which the imps have suffered from a famine of clothes. Many of the men and women I observed were old, and nearly all of them extremely ugly—so much so that I wondered if they were not trying by the scalding process to revive their youth, or regain the beauty they may have imagined they once possessed. After shouting and curveting in the basin, they would roll around on the marble floor, still jesting, singing, and hurling epithets at each other, and then leap back into the nearly boiling water. The sulphur of the springs does not add to the pleasantness of the atmosphere, and a very few minutes in the obnoxious cavern were more than sufficient to satisfy my curiosity. It is hardly necessary to state that very few strangers bathe at the Raitzenbad; they merely pay their two or three kreutzers for admission, and would be quite willing, no doubt, judging from my own experience, to pay fifty times as much to get out.

The interest in and association with the "Nibelungen" ought to be intensified at Buda, for there, as far as can be ascertained, Attila, or Etzel, the fierce King of the Huns, and the hero of the "Lied," had his camp, castle, and capital. After making a truce with the Romans, he returned from Italy, having been threatened with Divine wrath, according to the veracious chroniclers of the time, by the spirits of St. Peter and St. Paul (Raphael's pencil has made the legend memorable), and set himself down on the Danube again to meditate new conquests. He died, however, in his castle the following year, the night after his marriage with the (of course) beautiful Ildico. Attila seems to have been a Hungarian Brigham Young, having secured during an ordinary lifetime a connubial interest in sixty or seventy

women. His death, indeed, may be ascribed to excess of marriage; for when his courtiers visited him in the morning they found the royal barbarian lifeless, and his latest spouse weeping at his feet.

Following the story, Attila's body was placed in a coffin of iron, which was deposited in a coffin of silver, and then inclosed in a third one of solid gold. He was buried secretly at dead of night, with his arms and rarest jewels, by a number of his prisoners, who, as a recompense for their labor, were slain on his grave. Another story is that the current of the Danube was diverted, the bold warrior deposited below the bed, and the stream turned back to its natural course. The popular notion among the Hungarian peasants is that the precious casket was deposited in the immediate neighborhood of the piers of the suspension-bridge, and for generations they have expected to be enriched some time by its valuable discovery.

I have grave doubts if any such person as history describes under the name of Attila ever had existence, though I have worn his helmet in the arsenal at Venice (as it covered my entire head and rested on my shoulders, it was the most becoming hat I have had), and have been shown his sword, shield, and armor in various collections.

All travelers know that valets de place falsify like obituaries, and are as omniscient as village pedagogues. At Pesth one day, in order to test the pretension of one of this fraternity, I spoke to him of the "Nibelungen," of Etzel, of Etzelburg being the old name of Buda, and of Attila's extraordinary achievements. The valet claimed to know infinitely more than I did—and my claim was far from modest—about the poem, the history of the King of the Huns, and the antiquities of the town across the river. His assumptions were fluent and well made, except that his chronology was somewhat confused, as may be inferred from the fact that he offered to take me to Attila's castle, and to tell me many interesting particulars in the life of the celebrated chieftain. He even added, with a confidential air, that he had known Attila intimately, which I should willingly have believed had I not been aware that the "Scourge of God" had been dead for fourteen hundred and eighteen years. For stupendous invention and exalted economy of truth, commend me always to a valet de place or a commissionnaire!

Unlike Ofen, Pesth is eminently Hungarian, and the largest (present population a hundred and thirty-five thousand) and most important commercial town in the kingdom. The New Buda, as it used to be called, was founded during the reign of Maria Theresa, and her son Joseph did much to encourage its early growth. Only a hundred years ago it was an insignificant place, and now it is handsome and flourishing, and its river-front, the Donauzeil, is decidedly imposing. There are the steamboat offices, the new Academy, the Exchange, the Redoute buildings (the Hungarian National Assembly held its sessions there during the revolution), the Greek church, and the chief hotels, while the principal shops, many of them very attractive, are in the Waitznergasse. Pesth is regularly laid out, with broad and well-paved streets, and its public buildings are very creditable specimens of Italian architecture. It is said to have been named after a brother of Attila, who fraternally hurled him from the Blocksberg into the Danube. Unimportant as it was till nearly the close of the seventeenth century, its site is ancient (Transacincum is supposed to have stood there), and its early history an almost uninterrupted record of attacks, defenses, repulses, and occupations. Four times it was captured and pillaged by the Turks, who committed every brutal excess a brutal soldiery is capable of. The city is as cosmopolitan in its creeds as in its population—Calvinists, Lutherans, Greek Churchists, Unionists, Separatists, Jews, and Roman Catholics having temples of worship there, while the residents include Mohammedans, Buddhists, atheists, and Parsees.

Pesth is very flat, and subject to overflow when the river is swollen. It has suffered greatly from inundations, that of March, 1838, when the Danube was choked with ice, having destroyed a large part of the town and involved great loss of life. Entire blocks of buildings, undermined by the water, fell with a tremendous crash, burying whole families beneath their ruins. Several quarters of the city were flooded to the depth of thirty feet, strong and extensive structures were rent from roof to base, and barges, which had been secured as a means of refuge in extreme peril, were carried off and broken to pieces, leaving hundreds to perish in the raging tides.

The university, founded by Cardinal Pazman, and transferred from Tyrnau, is the only institution of the kind in Hungary. It has a spacious hall, and educates gratuitously one thousand students, about the present number, though fourteen or fifteen hundred have received instruction within its walls. The library and botanic garden belonging to it are quite good, and the collection of Hungarian antiquities in the museum is excellent. Among the interesting objects are the sabres of Stephen and Gabriel Bathori, Peter the Great, John Hunniades, and other historical personages, with forks and spoons of Frederick the Great, the harp of Marie Antoinette, medieval trinkets, Roman weapons, and Turkish trophies. Additions are constantly making, and Louis the Great's jack-boots, Johanna's petticoat, Uladislas's drinking cup, John Zápolya's dagger, Losonczy's skull, Trinyi's tobacco-pipe, and

Tökölyi's Sunday shirt will, no doubt, figure in the collection in due season.

One of the most remarkable buildings is the Neugebäude, now a barrack and artillery dépôt. It incloses a vast space, has high walls and large subterranean apartments, and was probably designed for a species of Bastile, as is indicated by the chains and rings in what must have been the under-ground dungeons. As Joseph II., the infant with whom Maria Theresa had aroused the Presburg Diet to the most belligerent pitch, erected the Neugebäude, and was at the time on extremely ill terms with the Hungarians, his probable intention then was to imprison there some of their refractory nobles. Joseph had perfect faith in making the people enlightened and happy by decrees, and he was unwise enough to think that captivity would restore or even create loyalty though it had never existed.

The Eterházy Gallery, formerly at Vienna, is not very attractive. The pictures there are, for the most part, the poorest work of their artistic authors, and in the whole collection hardly a single painting rests in your memory after you have scanned it. I had expected much from these pictures; but having gone to them directly from the Belvedere, it is not strange they caused disappointment. The synagogue, in the Tabaksgasse, near the National Theatre, where a great effort has been made to encourage the native drama, is a notably handsome though fantastic structure, the lower part being built of red Hungarian marble, and the upper part of brick in the Moorish style. The performances at the theatre are spirited and intensely national. Most of the plays illustrate the glory and heroism of the Magyars, and enforce the flattering moral that true greatness of every kind is necessarily Hungarian.

The Hungarians, like all people without a distinct nationality, dwell on their past with an unswerving affection. They never tire of historic reminiscences, and dearly love to tell all foreigners and strangers, and not without truth either, what and how much Austria owes to them. They say that nearly all her noted victories have been achieved through their prowess and courage, and that they have ever been the preservers of the house of Hapsburg. The instance already alluded to, of Maria Theresa at Presburg, you will be likely to hear repeated twenty times a day in the cafés of Pesth, and the *Moriamur pro rege nostro* is one of the best-worn quotations in all Pannonia. Though Francis Joseph has made every concession to them of late years, the Hungarians are still dissatisfied because they have not an independent government. This fact wears and worries them, irks their self-love, shoots fatal arrows at their soaring rhetoric, and puts bitterness into their sweetest wine. They have always been, and are, an exceedingly brave, generous, magnanimous, and hospitable people, and have the cognate qualities of irritability, improvidence, vanity, and love of praise, added to a dash of barbarism and a certain incapacity for self-discipline. They are more like the Poles than any other nation in Europe, having similar virtues and corresponding defects. An element of restlessness, and a kind of dissatisfaction with the present, whatever it may be, inhere in their being, and make change desirable, and revolution both seductive and fascinating.

The Hungarians are very partial to patriotism, amusements, society, and conviviality. They preserve their national costume; frequent the restaurants and cafés a great deal, especially the National Casino, Mihalek's, Privorzky's, and the Kaffé Quelle, consuming hours in smoking, drinking, gossiping, recalling the past, and arranging, to their own satisfaction, the future of their country. Sunday is reception-day at all the cafés. They are crowded from morning to night with magnates and merchants, soldiers and politicians, artists and adventurers, government officials and ordinary loungers. The educated and ambitious class have little disposition to every-day work. They prefer to be idle, bibulous, and loquacious, and the result is, they let money slip through their fingers without thinking or caring where they shall get more. The Jews, of whom there are many in Pesth, are shrewd usurers, and drive hard bargains with those Magyars too vain to labor, and so unintelligent as to mistake their vanity for pride. Pesth is a desirable place of residence for the Hebrews, who grow richer year by year, while the men to whom they lend become steadily poorer. Some of the Hungarians are sad fellows, fellows ready to do any thing but live honestly or pay their debts. They are scattered all over the Continent; are fortune-hunters, sharpers, pseudo-counts, mercenaries, charlatans, and mountebanks. But, whatever they may be, and wherever they are, they talk glibly of their honor and their pride, and give strangers to understand that the blood of Matthew Corvinus and John Hunniades flows in their patrician veins.

The four annual fairs held at Pesth, though they have declined of late, are of much importance, and supply half of Hungary with their commodities, sold or exchanged for honey, hides, wool, wax, and slibowitza, a species of brandy prepared from plums, and fully as fiery as the Russian vodka. On these occasions the peasants flock in from every part of the kingdom, and in their varied and striking costumes make fine subjects for the artist's pencil. Many of them look as if they might have stepped out of the fourteenth or fifteenth century; for they have any thing

PROCESSION OF PEASANT PILGRIMS AT PESTH.

but a modern appearance, attired in their strange garb, frequently wearing leather jerkins and undressed skins. They are very light-hearted and merry, as a rule, and dance and sing, laugh and love, tipple and quarrel after the manner of contemporaneous Irishmen. They give a foreigner a far better insight into the national character than do those in the upper ranks of life. They are ignorant and, for the most part, superstitious; but they are sturdy and independent and exceedingly patriotic, holding that God created Hungary, and that it matters very little who is responsible for the remainder of the world. They delight to ride on horseback, being very skillful equestrians, and scamper over the broad plain like Bedouins of the desert. Both sexes take part in this recreation, and I have often seen a man and woman dashing frantically along on the back of one steed, who, when weary of carrying them, would kick them off, and they would roll in the dust with superabundant satisfaction. They teach their horses all manner of tricks, especially that of unseating their rider, and this part of the equine education is grotesquely displayed at the fairs. The peasants lay wagers with each other as to their ability to stick to the back of a brilliantly performing animal in spite of all his efforts in the line of burlesque and low comedy. The contest of the man to stay on, and of the beast to put him off, is side-cracking sport for the yokels, who awake the echoes with their shouts and boisterous laughter. The horseman is so adroit and supple of limb that even when thrown he is seldom seriously hurt. He is a natural acrobat, apparently, and thumps and falls which would break the limbs or neck of any German merely increase his jollity, and afford a new opportunity for the manifestation of his agility.

At the fairs one can see how primitive the habits of the common people are, how limited their wants. They prepare their food like gypsies, wrap themselves in their blankets or sheep-skin coats, and sleep on the ground or under their stalls or wagons more serenely and soundly than their lords and masters do under silken canopies on beds of daintiest down. The earth literally serves them for a couch, and the sky for a roof; the native elements are their best friends; their rugged constitutions and hard hands their stoutest allies and firmest supporters. Modern refinements and luxuries have in nowise effeminated them as a race; they are as intrepid and hardy as when they fought against Soliman the Magnificent and fell with Tökölyi.

The convocation at the fairs is diversified enough. In addition to the Hungarians there are Greeks, Servians, Jews, Wallachians, Bohemians, Croats, Sclavonians, Moldavians, and Turks. But even these may be considered part of the native population, as the origin and composition of the

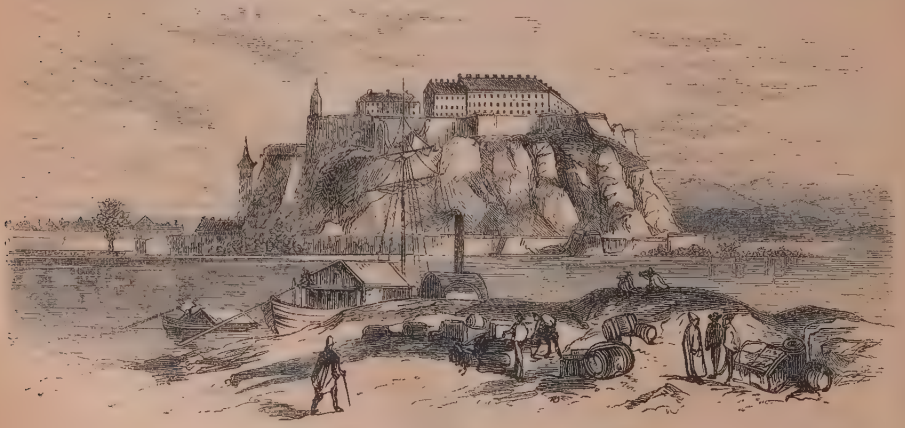
Magyars has always been an open and unsolved question with ethnologists. They have been pronounced Avars, Mongolians, Tartars, Finns, Osmanlis, Calmucks, and Olympus knows not what!

The peasants—who as respects creed are usually very devout Catholics—greatly enjoy the forms and show and pomp of the Roman Church. Processions of pilgrims, albeit much less common than they were twenty or thirty years ago, are not infrequently seen passing through Pesth on their way to some saintly relics or sanctified shrine. These pilgrims look as if they were made up of all the nations of the Old World, and an experienced traveler can detect complete counterparts of Italian, Spanish, German, Greek, Egyptian, and Oriental faces, some of them swarthy almost to blackness, and others of a Moorish bronze. They surrender all their cheerfulness and vivacity on these religious missions, as they fancy they are conscientiously bound to do. Bearing crosses, banners, the relics and effigies of saints, they march solemnly along, chanting, often in harsh and cracked voices, lugubrious anthems, which, however grateful to the general calendar of the canonized, can hardly fail to offend the delicate ear of St. Cecilia.

The wide plain around the city, known as the Feld-Rakosch, was in olden times the meeting-place of the Hungarian Diet. During the thirteenth and later centuries the sessions of the national legislature were held in the open air; and as in those feudal times none of the lords temporal or spiritual made their appearance in public without a numerous retinue or a body of ecclesiastical retainers, a concourse of a hundred thousand persons is said to have been gathered then and there. As the followers of the powerful barons and not less powerful abbots and bishops shone in knightly panoply and priestly pomp, it must have been a pageant well worth witnessing.

Since the capital of Hungary was removed from Presburg to Buda the Diet has been held in the latter city, and is composed of two houses. The Upper House, or Chamber of Magnates, is formed of the prelates, peers, barons, the great officers of the crown, and the lords-lieutenant of the fifty-two counties. The Lower House is composed of representatives of the towns and rural districts, while the magnates appear in person. The prelates and nobles constitute what is called the Magnate Table, and the representatives of the towns and districts the State Table. The power of legislation and taxation is vested in the Diet and county meetings, the latter electing the parliamentary deputies and county officers, arranging local legislation and taxation, and the general business of the districts. The Diet, which has existed for seven centuries, and is regarded as the palladium of Hungarian rights and liberties, usually assembles every third year, though it may be convened oftener by order of the king. By this title the sovereign of Hungary, though Emperor of Austria, is always addressed in all public acts, and the delicate fiction of the phrase protects the pride and flatters the feelings of the proud and sensitive people whose nationality has been absorbed by the spurious house of Hapsburg. The constitution of Hungary was acknowledged and sworn to in 1867 by Francis Joseph, who is little more than the commander-in-chief of the army, empowered and obliged to protect the country against foreign foes, the entire legislation and administration of the kingdom being left in the hands of the native nobility.

Quitting Pesth and Buda, most of the fine scenery of the Danube is left behind, and the striking features of the river for many miles are few and far apart. The vine-clad hills, decaying fortresses, ruined castles, and rocky heights entirely disappear, and are succeeded by low banks and monotonous ranges of sand-hills. On the left, in the



PETERWARDEIN.

BABAKAI.

dim distance, is the Carpathian range, and on the right are the mountains of Servia and Sclavonia. Flocks and herds are scattered over the plain, and rude huts peep out at the passing steamer, like dirty children pausing in their play. You seem on the lower Danube to have gone beyond the boundaries of civilization, and you are deeply impressed with the silence and solitude of every thing about you. For the first time you distinctly hear the paddle-wheels striking and dashing the water, and, for lack of something else, you find yourself watching the foamy wake of the vessel.

The large straggling village of Mohacs, famed as the spot where the Ottomans gained and lost in two desperate battles their power in Hungary, offers some relief to the eye after the miles of dreariness it has surveyed. Few contests in history have been more decisive than that of the Imperialists, under Prince Eugene and the Duke of Lorraine, against the haughty and insolent Turks. It was nearly two centuries ago, and since then the Crescent has never crossed the Hungarian frontier.

Still descending, Peterwardein, occupying a bold and lofty promontory, recalls the upper part of the river and the rock of Gibraltar, to which it has often been compared. Its resemblance to Ehrenbreitstein, opposite Coblentz, on which many insist, is to my mind not at all striking, the Prussian fortress having altogether the advantage of position. The town has twenty-five thousand people, is the capital of Sclavonia, and received its name from being the supposed birth-place of Peter the Hermit, who achieved the doubtful distinction of having incited the greatest of medieval follies, the Crusades.

Semlin is the frontier town between Hungary and Turkey, and opposite are the renowned city and fortress of Belgrade, the ancient capital of Servia, and the Alba Græca of the Romans. Its position is extremely strong—one of the strongest, indeed, in Europe—and has been the scene of so many conflicts between Christians and Mohammedans that its name is familiar to every student of history. The citadel is on the tongue of land between the Save and Danube, which here unite, and behind it rises the town, with thirty thousand inhabitants. Belgrade had formerly a marked Oriential look; but the prosperous Turks have been steadily quitting it for years; the mosques have, to a certain extent, given way to modern churches; and even the bazars have so yielded to the spirit of innovation as to be provided with glass windows. The architecture is growing more and more German, and by the next quarter of a century little of the Mohammedan semblance will be left in the town. There are still mosques and minarets enough to invest it in the distance with an Eastern air, and a degree of attractiveness and picturesqueness which disappears on near approach. The streets are improving, but most of them still remain filthy, ill-paved, and unlighted, and the public baths and public houses are, almost without exception, wretched. The Turkish quarter, with the ruins of Prince Eugene's palace, slopes down to the Danube, while the Servian quarter, containing the custom-house and consular residence, is built along the Save, lined by a substantial quay and blocks of modern structures.

Below Belgrade there are many towns and villages, none of them interesting, with scarcely any variation of scenery or change in the river, except that it grows broader and broader, and that its islands increase in size and number.

A very noticeable object on the journey is the rock of Babakai, rising abruptly and in sombre isolation from the middle of the stream, but quite overtopped by the loftier and ruggeder heights on the left bank.

THE KAZAN PASS.

There the Danube assumes a bolder and more imposing aspect, flowing through a densely wooded and frowning defile, and then opening in dreary vistas of pristine forests.

In the vicinity is the stately ruin of the castle of Golumbacz, to which you are introduced by huge cliffs rent and jagged as if by earthquake, where eagles make their eyries and break the desolation with their discordant scream. Only seven or eight towers now remain of the once vast castle in which the Greek Empress Helena, beautiful because unfortunate, was long kept prisoner. In one of the large caverns among the gigantic cliffs tradition has it that St. George slew the dragon, and its carcass still undergoes endless decay.

From that point broader and broader swells the river, till it looks like an inland sea, and Nature shoots into wilder forms, setting dark and impenetrable forests here, sombre gorges there, hoary mountains on this side and shaggy rocks on that, yawning precipices before and cataracts behind, and all amidst such awful solitude that you fancy chaos has come again.

Ere long you enter the defile of Kazan through a pass which is exceedingly grand. Unbroken masses of precipitous rock rise from the water's edge like immense walls, and tower skyward, shutting out the sun, and projecting shadows of unearthly gloom. Far up as the eye can reach are dense forests of oaks never touched by the hand of man, and locked together as if by the tornado's sweep.

Still steaming on, sublime landscapes present themselves and retire, and at last you behold the giant guardian of the lower Danube, the Iron Gate (already described), and then the river, having achieved its grandest triumph and fixed the crown of admiration, sinks into repose, filling the remainder of the way with reedy swamps, sandy shores, and Turkish towns, charming to the far-seeing eye, but fading into meanness and squalor when the optical illusion is dispelled.

You do not go to Sulina, for you weary of the monotony of the last part of the Danube

long before reaching the Euxine. You disembark at Rustchuk, take the cars of the Bulgarian railway, are crossing ere long the Black Sea, and in due time enter the Bosphorus, separating Europe from Asia—the bustling, advancing world of to-day from the misty, mystic, and incomprehensible East.

You already seem in another sphere. You float along as in an opium dream. The scenes you pass are wondrously beautiful, like the creations of an enchanter or the visions of Mirza. Magnificent palaces invite you, and splendid gardens woo you to delicious rest. The sunshine is softer and the flowers are sweeter than you have ever known. The face of nature is flooded with unsuspected loveliness, and the radiant sky drops down to kiss your cheek. The days of Haroun-al-Raschid have come back; the songs of Saadi are in your ears; the pictures of Hafiz are mirrored in your mind. You hope, but you can not believe, that all these charms are real, and while you doubt and waver you glide into the Golden Horn, and lo! before you, through a blaze of sunshine and of beauty, flash the gilded domes and graceful minarets of Stamboul.

THE GREAT MOTHER.

Our tender mother, Nature!—she has a word for each;
To-day or else to-morrow she'll name you in her speech:
Say not she smiles too lightly—there are weepers every day—
But go you to the meadows when trouble's once away.
All the shining and the song
Shall nothing seem to wrong:
Oh, the world is good, and may the world live long!

We know the Garden's story—sorrow is old as man:
Is sorrow old as the world? Who knows which first began?
Whoever tuned the chorus till the chief singer came,
Through all his echoing ages the key has been the same.
For Adam in his time,
And for each in passion's prime,
The joy-bells and the dirges ring an interchime.

The hearts of men are rivers that chafe in ordered grooves,
With now a song of sighing, and now a song of loves:
O Nature, mother Nature, she hath borne us on her breast
Till her own great heart is beating in flow with our unrest.
Many a time the sky
Hath wept its blue eyes dry
Ere ever wept beneath it you and I.

She has winds that cry of conflict to the soul that strives;
She has deserts bitter-hearted with the grief of wasted lives;
She has lonely rocks and moors, and ever-sighing seas;
And some day you shall hearken to your own life in these.
But it's Ho, all the day,
When trouble's once away,
And again she'll pipe for us, and we'll be gay.

She has mountains weird and kingly, with the clouds upon their head;
She has fearful thunder-places where the storms are bred;
But strength and safety gird her—sea depths and mountain bars;
And peace is where Eternity dwells among the stars.
And it's Hush, all the night,
And the moon-gleam lieth white,
Like the pale hand of Peace, shutting the lids from sight,

All to keep the life in us, the life that goeth fast;
Ever she turns and turns it, but it weareth out at last;
Sorely and oft she sigheth to put the old away;
So to us shall tears be given when we have had our day.
Then for us the earth will keep
A silence sweet and deep,
And again she'll sing for us, and we shall sleep.

Carl Spencer.

AN INDUSTRIAL EXPERIMENT AT SOUTH MANCHESTER.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

A FEW miles from the city of Hartford, in the State of Connecticut, lies the village of Manchester, which has a reputation in industrial history as being one of the places in New England in which cotton spinning by machinery was first introduced in this country. Taking the railroad from Hartford to this little town, we continue our route, upon a branch railroad, to the village of South Manchester, lying only two or three miles distant. This little village is the seat of the successful introduction of silk weaving in the United States. The old farm-house is still standing in which the family of brothers were born whose lives of labor have been devoted to the successful introduction of this industry; and seventy-two members of the family were gathered together here at last Thanksgiving.

Here in this little village are gathered the materials to furnish an epitome of the industrial and social development of the country during this century. On his farm the father of the present firm of Cheney Brothers passed such a life as was usual among the farmers of New England in his generation. The energy of a little stream which ran through the farm was made use of to drive a grist-mill. His crops were such as were generally raised at that time, and his corn, his oats, and other cereals were carted to market in Hartford along the post-road from Boston to New York, which ran just beyond the borders of the farm. Intercommunication was slow and laborious in those times. One of his sons remembers that during his boyhood he was working with his father in the vegetable garden, which then occupied a portion of the ground now made into a lawn sweeping down from the mansions of the present proprietors to the office of the works and the mill, when a neighbor came hurrying up, and, swinging his hat, cried out the great news that peace was declared. This was the peace which ended the first war of the United States, that of 1812. "Come, my son," said the father; "there will be no more work to-day."

This post-road was the only means of communication then with the outside world, and over it the way lay to Boston or New York, distant a week or a fortnight's journey, according to the speed of the traveler's horse. Now the silk-mill on the old farm draws its supplies of the raw material from China and Japan across the continent by the Pacific Railroad, and receives them in less time than it would then have taken to get them by wagon teams from either of the before-mentioned cities, had silk weaving then been a branch of American industry.

It is well, in the hurry and turmoil of our

modern life, to sometimes pause for a moment and consider the changes which have been brought about in the methods of our daily life, and in the social, the moral, and the industrial conditions of the people, during little more than half a century. The isolation of the hamlet life of New England has disappeared almost as entirely as the wigwams of the aboriginal Indians. The race of farmers who wrung from her sterile soil, by ceaseless toil, a moderate support is no longer to be found. Before the hurry and bustle of our modern life their contented independence has also passed away with the conditions which created it. The rapidity and ease of intercommunication have increased the scope and the activity of our sympathies, and the new spirit of modern times is nowhere more strikingly illustrated than in the changes it has produced in the social and industrial relations of New England. The spirit of unrest is abroad through the length and breadth of the land; and the insatiable desire for activity, which has made the "Yankee" ubiquitous, has destroyed the quiet contentment with the isolation of village life as it was only two generations ago. When Benjamin Franklin, in his capacity of colonial postmaster-general, proposed the startling innovation of a weekly stage-coach between Boston and Philadelphia, a coach to start from each end of the line, he was thought to be in advance of his times. Now, however, even our village gossips are disappointed if their morning paper does not contain full telegraphic advices from all parts of the world.

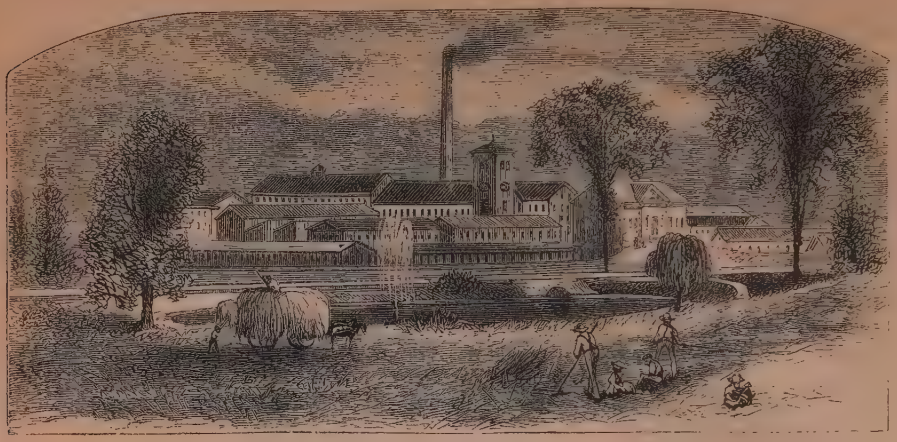
With this change in the activity of our social relations the industry of New England has undergone an analogous transformation, and her villages have become the seats of various manufactures. The traveler by railroad sees here and there a specimen of the spacious old farm-house, surrounded with its colony of barns, which formerly was the home of the well-to-do farmer, with his cattle, and formed the chief object of interest to the casual passengers of the stage-coach. But these are now rare, and his attention is chiefly attracted by the villas of the successful manufacturers, with their pretentious variety of Americo-Italian, transatlantic Tudor, and nineteenth-century Gothic styles of building.

If, however, our supposed traveler is a person who is in the habit of observing closely, and is interested in the condition of the people, knowing full well that the comparative comfort of the labor of a country, rather than the display of its wealthy class, is the only sure criterion for judging of its real progress, his experience will at the first glance lead him to question whether this era of industrial activity is an unmixed blessing. Clustered about the mills, with their ugly uniformity of brick and their tall chimneys, he will see collections of squalid cottages, or rows of tenement-houses redolent of poverty, and disfiguring the landscape like blots upon an otherwise fair page. These are the homes of the operatives. These are the structures, crowded, unventilated, undrained, infectious, with no proper sanitary regulation, which have replaced the cottages in which the labor of seventy years ago found its home. As in the olden times about the castle stronghold of some feudal lord were gathered the huts and hovels of the peasants, who sought within the shadow of its walls safety and protection from the predatory incursions of some neighboring robber knight, so in this age, which threatens the introduction of an industrial feudalism, labor gathers about these chimneys and these "iron-mills," in search of the means of living.

It is unquestionably a fact that the industrial advance of the last seventy years has been a most necessary and important step in social evolution. The organization of production and the application of steam, together with scientific methods, have secured to society the ability for a more universal distribution of the material conditions for well-being and comfort than the world has ever before enjoyed. But the truth of Goldsmith's lines is none the less applicable for us to-day than it was for his contemporaries.

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

The best evidence that the industry of New England is fairly open to the charge that it is following this course is to be found in the report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor of Massachusetts for 1871. It is to be regretted that as yet Massachusetts is the only State in the Union which has such a bureau, since the work done by it is absolutely necessary for obtaining the facts from which alone the truth can be obtained, and the material gathered for dealing justly and sympathetically with this most important social necessity. We have the space here for only an extract or two from this volume, which from cover to cover is worthy of the earnest and careful study of all who are interested in social questions, and desirous to maintain our republican organization. Speaking of the change which has been brought about in the manufacturing industry of Massachusetts, the report says, at page 462: "Every body now knows that the educated American operative of the primary period of manufacturing (with its *Lowell Offering*—a periodical conducted by factory girls, and discontinued in 1848) has become paleozoic and extinct, and that a secondary period long ago succeeded it, furnishing a low grade of European operatives, congeners of a class which at home has been for centuries pauperized and kept in a state of most



THE SILK WORKS.

deplorable and stultifying ignorance. It would seem that experience in factory life caused the exodus of an intelligent and thinking class, and that an ignorant and witless one came to fill its place; that these, affected, perhaps, by the educational influences of our institutions, are themselves undergoing a change, and getting to be thinkers and readers, perhaps overmuch; and so demanding, as all thinkers and readers are apt to do, more time for each of these instructive operations. These influences are deemed disastrous to the business, and a still lower grade of laborers must be utilized; and so the process must be indefinitely extended, of replenishing a better by a worse, provided the worse can be had at a cheaper rate, thus applying the element of shoddy to the operative class. That is, that there must be, for the sake of cheapness, an eternal retrograde in their intellectual status, and that, Christian laborers becoming too expensive, the 'heathen Chinee' must be brought in for the double purpose of running looms and becoming Christianized by the operation. But it must not be forgotten that all this is at the expense of the growth of the older tenants of the country, and perhaps at the peril of institutions the security of which depends on the education of the people who really rule the country, and who by education alone can be enabled to rule it well."

The report also prints the testimony of a "clergyman long resident in a factory town, who has devoted a great deal of time and of careful observation for twenty years to the study" of this subject, from which we make the following extract: "The *tenant-houses:* who has not seen their fine array on sloping hill-side, in seeming order, and with fair show of external comeliness of form, suitably adorned by paint? But he who stops to observe and stoops to learn may clearly and easily perceive that this glitter of external show but imperfectly covers the misery and want, degradation and wrong, within that call loudly for redress.

"I have stood where I could see the rustling throng issue from a mill as the bell rang and the gates were thrown open; and what I saw were no longer manly men, but men of stooping forms and hopeless faces; women dispirited, slovenly, and aimless; and children, 'the hope of the country,' only such forlorn hope as those whose elasticity was early gone, whose childish merriment was collapsed, whose eyes were dull and whose cheeks were pale—the embryos of an emasculated adulthood—the whole crowd, where once were seen fine specimens of manhood, now a sorry spectacle of overtasked, exhausted, and despondent humanity—veritable 'mud-sills of society.' Such is now the sight where I have looked. The improvements have been of machinery, and not of humanity. They have benefited the capitalist, and not the laborer. The operatives' houses, also, which have fallen under my observation, and of which I have read loud praises, do not merit the commendation, being ill-contrived, cramped for room, unventilated, uncomfortable, and no fit resting-place for persons fatigued by long hours spent over exacting machinery. They seem to be managed with almost no regard for the comfort or health of those who live in them, and whose labor is measured out to them by steam or water power unremittedly, day after day, through the continuous year. One hardly wonders at it when he hears instances of intentional hurt to some limb as a cheap purchase for relaxation from work. Humanity must be cheap, with men made for machinery and not machinery for men, where such a system is fostered, and fostered at the expense of manhood, which itself should be of the very noblest, if the State would preserve its own nobility."

Concerning the education of the children

in the manufacturing towns, the report says: "Now we know, indeed, that there is a compulsory statute of the Commonwealth in relation to the schooling of its children, but, like a great many other statutes on the books, it is paralytic, effete, dead—killed by sheer neglect. It was never enforced, and never supposed to be any body's duty to enforce it. In fact, we are inclined to believe that it is not generally known that such a law was ever enacted. Nobody looks after it, neither town authorities, nor school committees, nor local police, and the large cities and many of the towns of the State are swarming with unschooled children, vagabondizing about the streets, and growing up in ignorance and to a heritage of sin. The mills all over the State, the shops in city and town, are full of children deprived of their right to such education as will fit them for the possibilities of their after-life."

The picture these extracts present is appalling, and would be disheartening for the well-wishers of our institutions, were it not evident that the cure for the evils here described is simple. It only requires that manufacturers should be made aware that their business can be carried on upon an entirely different system, and that the pecuniary results of a sympathetic interest in the condition of their workmen are as marked as is the improvement in the moral and physical well-being of the workmen themselves. The conclusive evidence of this is to be found in the industrial enterprise carried on at South Manchester, Connecticut, under the proprietorship of the brothers Cheney. Here is a most successful enterprise, which has been built up by the patient and persistent energy of forty years. Its specialty, that of silk weaving, has been so frequently tried in this country without success that it has been generally supposed that it could not be introduced here. Numerous unsuccessful experiments have been made by the brothers Cheney themselves. They have tried raising the silk; they have imported the workmen; they have tried the various experiments which any one who is at all familiar with the difficulties in the way of successfully introducing any new industrial process knows it is necessary to try. But with patient perseverance they have steadily persisted until success has been achieved. Great as is the credit due to every one who has increased the wealth of the country by the establishment of any new industrial process—and perhaps in this peculiarly commercial age we are too apt to overestimate this—and prone as we are to worship success, we are too prompt to recognize it, regardless of the means by which it is attained or of the effects it has produced upon others; yet the credit due is the greater when, as in this case, the success arrived at has not been merely a pecuniary one, and the methods used to attain it have been such as were consistent with an elevated sense of the responsibilities of wealth, and a large-hearted sympathy with those who have aided in attaining it.

One of the overseers in a Massachusetts factory testified before the Bureau that in his opinion there was no claim upon the employer, to regard the condition of the operative; that if any one engaged in the work broke down under it, the company looked upon it as an accident which might happen to any one of their machines, and replaced the unfortunate with another. A different conception of the duties we owe

THE HALL, DÉPÔT, AND HOUSES OF EMPLOYERS.

THE FAVORITE WALK.

our fellow-men, and a different method for practicing them, have presided over the management of the enterprise at South Manchester. With a wise confidence in the inherent morality of human nature, the proprietors have known that the golden rule is more than a mere dictum, suitable perhaps for our Sunday professions, but wholly inapplicable to the practical business transactions of the other days of the week, and from the commencement of their enterprise they have sought to apply it. The grounds about the mill are laid out like a park. The firm consists of six brothers, and their houses are arranged suitably about the grounds. Fences, which are always so ugly in a landscape, unless by their decay they please a sentimental love of the picturesque, and which are morally so objectionable for the isolation and selfish distrust of our neighbors which they suggest, are abolished all over the domain. The effect of this simple piece of common-sense arrangement is shown more strikingly in the streets built up with the houses for the workmen than it is elsewhere in the grounds, from the greater contrast which these afford to the structures devoted generally to the same purposes. One of the first things which the rich feel necessary for their country houses is that the view should extend over the landscape without the ugly interruption of a fence. This natural feeling is shared by those who are not rich, but, like many other things which exist simply from the prejudice of habit, it has heretofore been considered impossible to realize. To-day, however, by the slow process of generations, civilized men have become so imbued with a love of order and law that the fence should disappear from the landscape, as the draw-bridge and moat have disappeared from the modern mansion.

The cottages for the workmen in South Manchester have all been designed with an artistic taste, while considerations of their interior convenience have not been overlooked. They are all furnished with a constant supply of water, drawn from springs upon the domain, and also with gas. Thus two most important conditions for comfort are guaranteed, and in these respects the dwellings provided compare most favorably with such as are usual in small manufacturing towns in New England. Plenty of water and plenty of light, with abundant ventilation, simple necessities as they are, are sadly wanting in the homes of industry, though it requires so little foresight to provide for these, especially in villages where the supply of them is practically infinite. It has been found advisable to locate the homes of the different nationalities at points remote from each other, thus avoiding any possible turmoil which might grow out of petty discords. Cattle and chickens are prohibited, as either would be detrimental to the unfenced garden patches.

The rent for these cottages is low, avera-

ging rather under than over one hundred dollars a year. The brothers Cheney have recognized the fact that the charge of rent is an onerous one to wages, and that the operative can not afford to pay a high price any more than the proprietor can afford to charge one. The workman, to be self-respecting, must be surrounded with the material conditions of self-respect; but it is a very short-sighted policy upon the part of the manufacturer who makes such conditions for his workmen a matter of pecuniary speculation. Yet it appears to be as hard to convince the proprietors of this simple fact as it was to convince the slave-holders that slavery was a more expensive system than free labor.

By the economy which always results in operating at wholesale, these cottages are built at a cost upon which the rent, cheap as it is, affords, not a profitable, but a satisfactory interest. The domestic supplies for the families of the operatives are furnished at a store in which the proprietors of the factory have no interest, but over which they exercise a supervision, seeing that the materials furnished are good of their kind, and that the prices charged are just. This arrangement is a much better one than that of a "company store," which is so common elsewhere, especially with joint-stock companies, and in which the greed for large dividends makes the supply of the operatives' wants only another opportunity taken advantage of by the owners to make a further profit from their necessities.

The process of silk weaving, though similar in many respects to weaving other materials, has yet special peculiarities of its own. The electric condition of the atmosphere, and possibly other causes which have not as yet been sufficiently examined, affect the sensitive material, so that one of the most difficult problems in the introduction of this industry was how to provide the conditions. Our climate and our atmosphere are so different from those of Europe that foreign experience was of but little value here, and the whole matter had to be settled by experiment. Then, too, the weaving in this country must be done with the power-loom, in order to be made in any way profitable. The activity of our industrial life could not stand the slow process of hand-weaving which even yet prevails quite generally in Europe, and entirely in the East. Silk weaving, therefore, as it is carried on in South Manchester, is almost a new art. The dyeing is also a process which requires the greatest care, together with both practical and theoretic skill. To invent a pattern which shall strike the popular taste, and then to organize its production, are problems requiring artistic and scientific knowledge of no mean order. To-day the "base mechanic arts," as they were ignorantly called a few generations ago, offer scope and verge sufficient for the display of the best intelligence of the time; and the art and science of industry, properly comprehended and put in practice, deserve to be ranked higher than the art or science of war, which has heretofore been considered the first, and to be honored accordingly, since they demand brains of a better quality, and a heart of a larger grasp.

In the new mill, just erected, every appliance which experience has shown to be needed is secured. The ventilation of the long rooms, filled with the rows of looms, is carefully provided for. The enormous machinery which furnishes the power needed for driving the looms and for carrying on the dyeing processes is itself a marvel of modern industry. A grand industrial organization like this, the various parts of which are so fitted as to work together harmoniously to the attainment of one result, has the charm which all organization has to the human mind; and the generation which grows up

THE NEW FACTORY.

THE LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM.

surrounded by such influences must have its love and desire for social harmony stimulated by them, as a savage child has his love of destruction fostered by the daily surroundings of his life.

Especially is this so when care is taken that the education of the children shall not be neglected. The report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor gives a sad but truthful picture of the immediate necessity for the adoption of measures of some kind to prevent the neglect of education which is so common in the manufacturing towns of New England. In South Manchester, however, the Messrs. Cheney support for the children of their operatives an excellent school, and make it an invariable rule that the operatives in their employ must send their children to it. The effects produced by this course show how wise it is. The children are benefited, and their parents can not escape the influence. Even as a speculation, manufacturers would find it for their advantage to see that the educational interests of those dependent upon them were attended to.

Beside the school, Messrs. Cheney Brothers have also built a Hall for the social entertainment of the operatives. The lower story of this building is intended for a reading-room. The hall itself is one of the most simply effective interiors to be found. It is provided with a stage and with side scenes for theatrical representations. On Sundays services of a religious character are generally held here, at which clergymen of all denominations successively preside. During the week occasional exhibitions of all kinds are held here—lectures, theatrical representations, and the various exhibitions which travel through the country. The hall is never let, but the expenses of the entertainments are paid by the firm. Provision of this or a similar kind for the entertainment of the operatives is one of the most crying necessities in the manufacturing districts. The nervous and mental exhaustion caused by a day's labor in a mill, surrounded with the din and active motion of machinery, while the attention is necessarily kept confined to the monotonous uniformity of some one operation, can be realized only by those who have undergone it. And when, too, this is continued day after day, without some relaxation and change it becomes almost unbearable. It is the terrible *ennui* caused by such a life which produces almost all the intemperance and the low moral condition of the population in our manufacturing towns, where no healthful recreation is organized.

The basement of the Hall building is divided into rooms designed for the meeting of temperance lodges. The library and reading-room are temporarily located here. The Library Association numbers between four and five hundred members, who assess themselves one dollar each per annum, the aggregate of which is far from sufficient to meet the expenses of the association. The members are of all ages, and about equally divided in sex. Some of the reading-tables are

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

strewn with the numerous magazines and weeklies from Europe; others are devoted to those of America, including complete files of the leading journals of nearly all the principal cities of this country.

In the third story of the Hall an armory is fitted up for the color company of the First Connecticut Militia. A Zouave company of boys also keep their Quaker rifles here.

Two boarding-houses are provided, one of which is patronized chiefly by married couples, and is well kept. The other is the abode of single men, and is not especially remarkable for neatness, though the price charged is certainly low, and the rooms, generally speaking, are comfortable. The unmarried among the women operatives prefer to board at the cottage of some friend, and thus secure congenial homes.

The sale of liquor is prohibited by the Cheney Brothers, and the entire police labor is performed by one deputy-sheriff, whose office is almost a sinecure.

Some months since the Cheney Brothers purchased a wooded knoll, which has been left an unchanged natural forest, traversed by picturesque walks. A spacious dancing-floor, surrounded with comfortable seats, is located here, and at seasonable times a good band is in attendance.

From the failure to provide the proper conditions for the moral and intellectual development of those most of whose waking hours are passed in toil, the results predicted in a document, No. 44, printed by the Senate in 1869 are sure to follow: "A helpless crowd of workers, the oppression of low wages, inevitable poverty, and a disguised serfdom; a rich master, a poor servant, and a mean population. Such is the story of manufacturing in old England, and such is the story of manufacturing in New England."

It needs, however, but a glance at the condition of the operatives in South Manchester to see that the measures which have there been taken to prevent this result have attained their end, and it would seem that the simple sentiment of self-interest would lead other manufacturers to imitate in their own localities the method of discharging their duties to their operatives which has here produced such desirable results. Up to this time, however, public attention has been so much absorbed in wondering at the remarkable industrial advance of the last forty years that the cost at which it has been produced has been too generally lost sight of. Production has been organized, but the producer has been neglected.

Considered simply with regard to the material results, the success attained during the past forty years has been marvelous. The invention, the arrangement, the organization and adaptation of means to ends which have been displayed are justly subjects of congratulation. The history of this enterprise at

THE BOARDING-HOUSE.

South Manchester, for example, shows a progress in these respects of which we may justly be proud, while at the same time it shows that it needs but a sympathetic comprehension on the part of the manufacturer of the duties of his position to avoid the evil results which inevitably follow from an opposite course.

Those who have read in a former number of this magazine the description of the Social Palace at Guise, and the admirable results which have been there reached by the large-hearted comprehension of the problem of organizing labor in this new phase of the development of industry, will have noticed the use which M. Godin has made of the collective moral force of the population in stimulating and securing their own advancement. There he has socially as well as industrially solved the problem of the organization of industry. And it is the solution of this portion of the problem which is the most immediate duty of the manufacturers of this country.

We have succeeded in developing material production. This has been the work of the generation now passing from the scene. Upon the next the more intricate and difficult problem of organizing the moral force of industry so as to add a moral advancement to our material progress devolves. The history of South Manchester shows that this is possible, and from all sides crowd the manifestations that it is necessary, if we hope to hand to our successors the heritage of free institutions which we have received from our fathers.

THE SIREN OF SCIENCE;

OR, THE MODE OF NUMBERING SONOROUS VIBRATIONS.

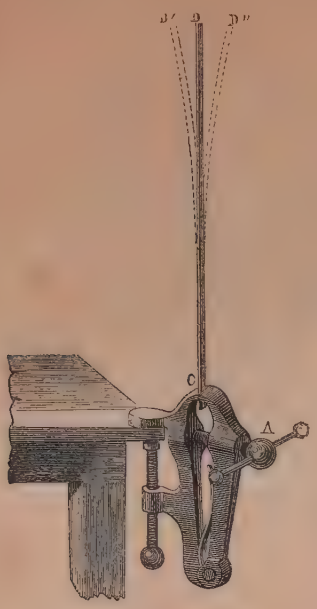
IT is generally well known that the sensation of sound in the human ear, or rather in the human *mind* through the instrumentality of the ear, is produced by a quivering or vibratory motion transmitted through the air, or through some other medium capable of receiving and transmitting such motion, and that the musical pitch of any sound depends upon the rapidity of succession in the pulsations. The ingenious devices, however, by means of which scientific observers have contrived to ascertain precisely the number of vibrations in a second produced by any given sound are not so generally known. Some of these we propose to explain.

Sounds differ from each other, it is obvious, in various ways. They differ in quality, in intensity, and in pitch. In quality, as, for example, when two voices sing, with the same force, the same note. Hearers can distinguish one voice from the other by a very perceptible, but generally indescribable, peculiarity or quality, by which every individual voice is marked. Another example is where the same note is sounded with the same force upon two different instruments, as upon the violin and the clarionet; in which case the sounds are clearly distinguishable from each other, although both in pitch and in intensity they may be precisely the same. Sounds differ, too, in intensity, as when the same voice sings the same note with a greater or less degree of force or loudness. These two characteristics of sound depend upon other peculiarities in the vibrations that produce them than their *frequency*. The *musical pitch* of the sound, however, depends wholly upon the *frequency* of the pulsations emitting it, or rather upon the rapidity of succession with which the pulsations strike the ear.

For sound, it must be remembered, is not, strictly speaking, a phenomenon of external nature, but simply an affection of a human or animal sensorium. There is no *sound* in the outer material world, but only that which produces the sensation of sound in the mind of a sentient being.

The vibrations which produce sound, as well as those somewhat analogous to them which are supposed to exist as the causes of other sensations, such as light, heat, taste, smell, and the like, are, of course, subject to an infinite variety of modifications in respect to character, intensity, amplitude, and mode of action; but there is one very remarkable law or principle that seems to pertain, within certain limits and restrictions, to vibrations of all kinds—one which expresses a mode of action the reverse of what one might have anticipated, and yet which, in its relation to sound, seems alone to render any thing like *music* possible in such a world as ours. This law is that vibrations produced by the same elastic force are isochronous through all variations of amplitude in the oscillations.

To make this plain, let us consider the case of a slender bar of steel, held firmly at one extremity, as shown in the engraving, and made to vibrate by springing the free end. It may be held in a vise or in a joiner's clamp. The elasticity of the steel resists any effort to draw the end, D, out of its natural position. If this elasticity is overcome by any external force, and the extremity, D, is drawn into the position D′, and then released, it will be carried back by the elastic force toward its original position. But in consequence of the momentum which it will acquire on its return it will not stop at the central position, but will pass on to D″, from which point it will be again brought



ISOCHRONOUS VIBRATIONS.

back by the elastic force, and thus it will continue to oscillate, the vibrations gradually diminishing in *amplitude*—that is, in the extent of the motions from side to side—until the bar comes to a state of rest. A knitting-needle may be used for this purpose, and if a bright steel bead be fixed upon the end, and a strong light provided, the course of the vibrations in circles and curves is beautifully marked in a line of light.

Now the remarkable principle or law above referred to is that all these vibrations are *isochronous;* that is, that though they gradually diminish in *extent*, the *time* which they severally occupy is precisely the same. In other words, the time which the bar requires for returning from any given distance back to the central line is precisely the same as for half or double that distance; and thus, although the amplitude of the oscillations is continually diminishing as the bar gradually returns to its normal position, the *rate of rapidity* at which they succeed each other remains unchanged.

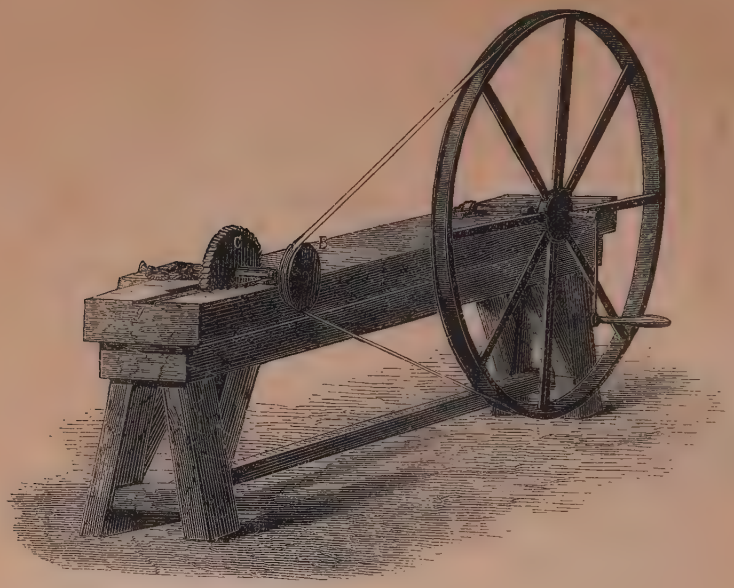
Now the *intensity* of any sound—that is, the force with which it strikes the ear, or, in other words, its loudness—depends upon the *extent* of the oscillations, while the *musical pitch* depends wholly upon their *frequency*. It follows from this that when any cord or metallic bar is sprung, the sound that is produced gradually diminishes in intensity, but the musical pitch remains rigorously the same to the very end.

It may seem at first thought surprising that this should be so, for we might naturally expect that the greater the space through which the steel bar or the vibrating string has to pass on its return, the greater would be the time required for passing it; and that consequently the oscillations of such a string extending for a quarter of an inch on each side of the central line could not succeed each other so rapidly as when the motions are so small as not to be perceptible to the eye. The explanation of the phenomenon is that the elastic force with which the bar or the string strives to return to its position increases in precisely the same ratio as the distance to which it is drawn aside. Thus, although in one case the space to be passed over is greater than in the other, the impulsion under which it moves is greater in precisely the same degree.

This remarkable principle, of the correspondence in time between vibrations of different lengths, may be easily made apparent to the senses by means of a pendulum; for the principle holds good, within certain limits, in the case of a pendulum vibrating by the force of gravitation, as well as in that of oscillations produced by an elastic force.

Almost any thing will answer the purpose of a pendulum for this experiment: a ball of yarn, with a foot or two of the yarn unwound, and secured from further unwinding by a pin, a finger ring or a key suspended by a thread, or any other small object with weight enough to cause it to swing when suspended freely. It will be found now on trial that, provided the arcs through which such a pendulum swings be small, any difference in the lengths of them makes no difference in the time required for an oscillation. It will swing to and fro at the same rate, whether you set it in motion by drawing it one inch or three inches out of the perpendicular, provided the length of thread suspending it remains always the same.

In the case of a pendulum vibrating by the force of gravitation the isochronism of the oscillations is not theoretically absolute, though it holds good, practically, within arcs of moderate extent, such as those included within the range of deviation from the perpendicular traversed by the pendulum of a common clock. In the case of vibrations produced by the elastic force of the vibrating body there are no such limits. The isochronism of the oscillations is absolute. And were it not for this law every thing like music, at least all produced by the instruments now commonly in use among men, would have been impossible, as no continuous sound of the same musical pitch could have been produced by any ordinary means. For if the time required by the oscillations was shortened in proportion as the extent of them was diminished, it would follow that as the tongue of metal or the string, after being struck, gradually returned toward a state of rest, the sound would rise higher and higher in pitch to

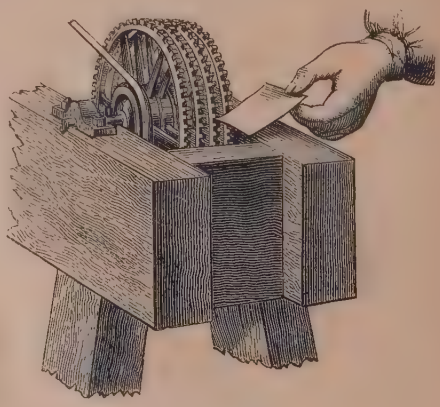


THE WHEEL OF SAVART.

the end, and every sound, whether from tuning-fork, harp, piano, or guitar, at whatever pitch it might begin, would run rapidly up, through all the gradations of the scale, to the highest audible sound. The effect would, in fact, be like that produced upon a string of the violin by drawing the bow across it with one hand, and passing the finger of the other rapidly down the length of it. Whether it would be possible to produce a continued sound on the same pitch by the steady continuance of one action, as in the case of the organ, would be a curious question. There is no doubt that the difficulty would be very great, if not absolutely insurmountable.

When it was ascertained that the musical pitch of any sound was determined by the number of impulses per second given to the air by the vibrations of the body producing it, it became a matter of great interest to determine the actual number of these vibrations required respectively by the different notes of the musical scale. This would seem at first thought a very difficult problem. In watching the motions of a mosquito as he hovers over our hand, and observing the inconceivable rapidity of motion which makes his wings almost invisible, one would imagine that the attempt to ascertain the precise number of strokes per second that he gives with them would be a hopeless undertaking. It is an undertaking, however, which can be easily accomplished by listening to the hum, and ascertaining by other means what number of successive impulses per second must be given to the air to produce the same musical sound.

The most simple mode of determining the number of pulsations required for any given musical sound is by the apparatus represented in the engraving, which was invented by a French philosopher (Savart) many years since. It consists essentially of a toothed wheel, C, made to revolve with great velocity by means of a large wheel and a band passing over a pulley connected with the toothed wheel. In the bench in front of the toothed wheel is a shallow recess with grooves, between which a card may be slipped and fixed in such a position that each tooth of the wheel shall impinge against it as the wheel revolves. This produces a series of impulses upon the air following each other in very rapid succession—more or less rapid, in fact, according to the speed given to the great wheel. When the speed is such as to



TESTING THE PITCH.

give about sixteen impulses per second, which is the smallest number that can blend together in the human ear into a continuous tone, a low hum is heard. The musical pitch of this hum rises with the increasing speed imparted to the revolution of the large wheel, by which the rapidity in the succession of impulses given to the air by the action of the toothed wheel upon the card is increased. At the farther end of the axle of the toothed wheel is an apparatus, not fully seen in the engraving, which records the number of revolutions made by it. In this manner the number of impulses required for the production of any musical tone may be approximately ascertained.

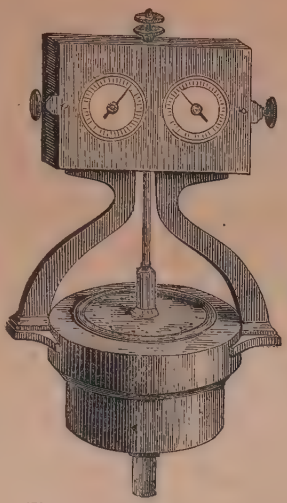


Fig. 1.—THE SIREN—GENERAL VIEW.

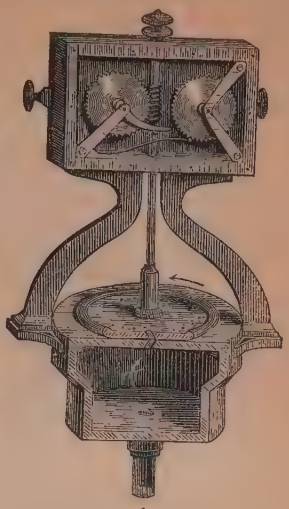


Fig. 2.—THE SIREN—TRANSVERSE SECTION.

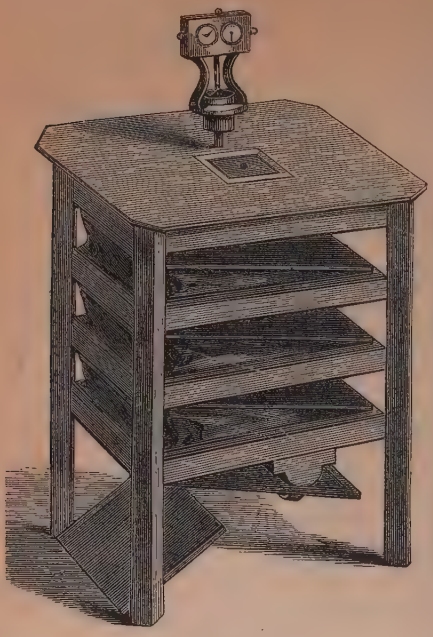
Only approximately, however, with this apparatus, on account of certain practical difficulties connected with the operation of it, chief among which is the impossibility of giving so uniform a motion to the large wheel as to keep up continuously the same musical tone for the necessary period. Other instruments have accordingly, in recent times, almost entirely superseded this. The principal of these is the Siren, so called. The Siren is constructed in a variety of forms. The accompanying engraving presents one of these forms, and shows clearly the principle on which it operates.

The pulsations, in the case of the Siren, which by their swift succession produce the musical sound, consist of puffs of air following each other with great rapidity. Fig. 1 in the engraving gives the general view of the instrument. It consists of a cylindrical reservoir of air, which is supplied by a pipe below, communicating with bellows, arranged so as to furnish a constant current of air. On the top of this cylinder rests a disk which revolves upon a pivot in the centre, and is perforated with a row of equidistant holes about the circumference. Above are two dial-plates, like the index of a gas-meter, which serve to record the number of revolutions.

The mechanism by which the hands of these dial-plates are worked is shown in Fig. 2. On the upper end of a vertical axis, coming up from the revolving disk, is an endless screw which turns the left-hand wheel. This wheel, by means of the curved arm seen projecting to the right, at each revolution engages with a tooth of the right-hand wheel, and moves it forward, one tooth at each revolution. Now as the number of teeth in each wheel is one hundred, and as the disk below advances the left-hand wheel only one tooth at each revolution, and the left-hand disk advances the right one only one tooth at each revolution, the two together serve to record the number of turns made by the disk, however rapid the revolution may be.

We now have to consider the manner in which the several puffs of air, the rapid succession of which forms the musical sound, are produced. By reference to Fig. 2 in the engraving it will be seen that there is an opening made in the top of the cylinder and under the revolving disk, in such a position that the perforations in the periphery of the disk pass directly over it as the disk revolves, so that as each perforation passes a puff of air escapes through it from the cylinder. The arrow shows the course which the air takes. It will be observed, moreover, that the perforation in the top of the cylinder, and that directly over it in the disk, though brought into communication with each other when the one passes over the other, are not in the same straight line, but form a channel the two portions of which are inclined to each other at a certain angle. The effect of this arrangement is that the air, in escaping in puffs as the wheel turns, gives a fresh impulse to the wheel at each puff by its reaction in escaping through the passage inclining backward, and so sustains the motion, and, if the pressure of the air from below is increased, accelerates the motion.

The two buttons, seen one on each side of the box containing the wheel-work in the upper part of the apparatus, are for the purpose, the one of connecting the wheel-work



THE SIREN AND BELLOWS.

with the endless screw of the revolving spindle, and the other for disconnecting it, so that the record of the number of revolutions, and consequently of the number of impulses impressed upon the air, may be commenced and discontinued at pleasure.

With these explanations the manner of using the instrument for determining the number of pulsations per second corresponding to any given musical tone is easily understood. The air is forced into the cylinder below by bellows loaded with a certain weight, and its escape from the cylinders through the inclined perforations in the disk causes the disk to revolve. Soon a low hum is heard, which rapidly rises in pitch as the speed of the revolution increases. When the motion has attained its maximum, the sound becomes smooth and uniform on the pitch which it has attained. Then, at an observed instant by his watch, the experimenter pushes the button on one side of the box containing the wheel-work, and so sets the wheel-work in motion. After the lapse of a known period—one minute, for instance—he disconnects the wheel-work and notes the result, which gives, of course, the number of revolutions of the disk in the noted time. From this, by the proper calculations, taking into account the number of perforations in the disk, which expresses the number of puffs given at each revolution, it is easy to determine how many aerial pulsations per second produce the particular sound which was attained.

The number of impulses for any other sound may be obtained by increasing or diminishing the rapidity of the revolution, through an increase or diminution of the pressure of the air in the cylinder below, until the rapidity of the revolutions of the disk is such as to give the sound required, and then maintaining the same pressure, and consequently the same rate of rotation, unchanged until the record is completed.

There are two other forms of the Siren, each of which has its advantages. One is that exhibited at the Polytechnic Institute in London. It is on a larger scale than the Siren of Latour, just described, and perhaps better adapted for popular exhibitions. It is shown in Fig. 3. It has six large holes, alternately opened and shut by a revolving plate with six apertures, provided with lean-to roofs, like those placed over the cabin stairs of steam or other vessels.

When this contrivance is connected with powerful bellows, the first noise heard is that of a rushing wind, alternately escaping and cut off; and as the velocity of the re-

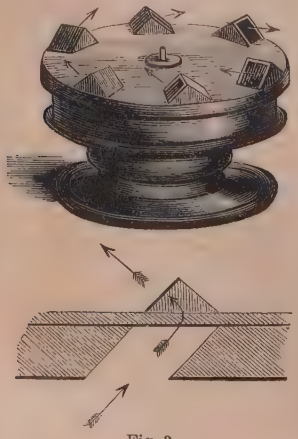


Fig. 3.

HARMONIC SIREN.

volving plate is gradually raised, the noise is changed to a series of musical sounds, rising in the scale according to the force used to impel the air through the apparatus.

The other form is a French device. It consists of a disk perforated with 1682 holes, arranged in twenty-four concentric circles, at such intervals that when the disk is made to revolve rapidly, a jet of air, driven by blowing through a tube upon the holes, produces a musical chord varying in each circle according to the arrangement of the holes.

The number of vibrations in a second which will produce the sensation of sound in the human ear has no fixed limit, either upper or lower; for the appreciation of sounds, both the high and the low, varies very much with different individuals. Some writers place the lower limit at sixteen or eighteen per second — that is, the pulses must succeed each other with at least that rapidity for any ear to blend them and form from them a continuous sound. Practically, however, not much less than forty per second are required to make the sound manageable for musical effects. As to the upper limit, some piano-fortes carry the scale up to a note produced by over 4000 vibrations, making about seven octaves in all. There are sounds, however, of a far higher pitch than this, such as the cry of the bat, and the shrill notes of crickets and other insects, some of which are audible to certain ears, though the vibrations follow each other with such amazing rapidity that nearly 40,000 pulsations are given in a second! The mind is bewildered and lost in the attempt to imagine such an inconceivable rapidity of oscillation as this. We wonder alike at the infinite delicacy of mechanism necessary in the organs of the insect to enable it to impress so many distinct pulsations on the air surrounding it in so short a time, and in that of the human ear, by which it can receive and take cognizance of them so perfectly that, even if a small percentage of the whole number is absent, the ear immediately perceives the deficiency by the difference in the sound.

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Sixth Paper.]

THE SCLAVIC PEOPLES.—(*Concluded.*)

THE modern spirit, in spite of such a state of things, penetrated through all the pores of the Russian nation, the Sclavic race. There are among all nations two beautiful manifestations of their activity—poetry and art—whose summits catch the first dawn of ideas, not yet revealed in the depths of men's consciousness. By these means the Sclavic race demonstrated, even in the time of Nicholas, that it was not to remain a monstrous exception in the earth; that it could not much longer drag the weight of its chains after so many peoples had broken them. It is true that the emperors endeavored to quench the sacred fire of ideas, which announced the appearance of new laws, like the fire of Sinai; but it is also true that they burned their sacrilegious hands in the act. Poetry, mysterious and veiled, uncertain as dreams, undecided as twilight, announcing in obscure symbols its luminous ideas, and in dazzling allegories its free aspirations, reveals to men the innate dignity of the soul, and with this the existence of justice. Even when nationalities have died in the world, they still live in poetry. The children of Israel, proscribed, under the willows of Babylon, on the banks of strange rivers, only consoled themselves by observing the flight of the swallows which bore on their wings news from their country, or listening to the song of the prophets who bore in their strains truths to the intelligence, hopes to the heart, life to the spirit.

The man who personifies in its highest expression the modern Russian idea is Pushkin. Romanticism, which in France and in Spain represented emancipation, in Germany, by one of those contrasts of race which are like the intrigue of historic life, represented reaction. The romantic school among us was a frank protest against the traditional courtier spirit of the so-called classic Bourbon literature, while in Germany it was an open reaction against the ideas of our time, and a religious worship of the Middle Ages. In Russia romanticism had a character analogous to that which appeared in France and Spain. It was a lively protest against the hybrid Germanism of the court, an eloquent invocation to the spirit of the age and the advent of liberty among peoples. Pushkin was of the romantic school. In the morning of his romanticism he did not sing of nature, as the classic poets sang—Délille in France, Melendez in Spain. He did not sing, as tyrants would have wished, the groves of larch and firs; the steppes, immense as the sea; the virgin snow, silvered by the rays of the full moon; the waves of the Baltic, heavenly in the long days of summer, and imprisoned in icy fetters in the eternal nights of winter; the polar horizons, with their rosy auroras,

whose splendors were indefinitely repeated by the crystal deserts and peaks. He did not sing this nature, which continues the same in its movement and brightness even when it is the witness of crimes, which gathers and drinks with cold indifference the blood of the martyrs, and fills with its vivifying air the lungs of tyrants. He sang the spirit with its ideas, with its agitations—the spirit which swells with internal storms, and sallies forth to scale heaven in the path of justice and of liberty, and which, when it falls, wailing with pain and despair, recognizes not even in God himself authority and power to take away its rights.

To sing of the spirit in the heart of Russia must be a dear indulgence to a poet. According to some historians, Pushkin was flogged before being exiled. According to others, he was merely sent into the interior and shut up in a silent cloister. There he devoured his own existence. The martyrdom of the Titan, solitary on the crest of Caucasus, was his. To the impulses of the romantic school succeeded the agonies of Byron. These poignant pains, the doubt of every thing divine or human, the gall spilled from the wounds of heart and conscience, the fine irony, the bitter sarcasm, the quick transitions from the ecstasies of angels in mysterious prayers to the oaths of peasants in brutal debauch—all these changing forms of indignation lashed the dead conscience of a slavish people. His grief, his doubt, his bitterness, belonged to his generation, which had caught glimpses of liberty in the heaven of the future, to fall again beneath the knout of the Cossack pretorian. Russia lamented for the poet; Russia blushed for the poet's shame.

He created a personification of his own sorrows, creating an immortal type of the Russian spirit—the type of Onegin. There is something admirable in the talent of poets to embrace in one person the character of the age. Our Spanish theatre has marvelous examples of such aptitude. The Sigismund of Calderon, born for a king, shut up among beasts, imprisoned in a gloomy cavern without communication with the human race, condemned to envy the liberty of the birds which flew above his head, and of the fishes which sported at his feet, with less free-will than the beasts of the forest, personified that Spanish people which, falling from the summit of the world into miserable slavery, had lost in its chains even its soul. Onegin was also the type, the personification of the Russian spirit. Agile, he could not move; intelligent, he could not think; with speech, and not permitted to speak; thirsting, and not permitted to drink; hungering, and not permitted to eat; his intellectual and physical faculties completely useless, even love appearing forbidden to one who could only engender slaves, Onegin is the image of the generations which are born and die in despotism, idle before the highest ministries of life, useless in all spheres of human activity, eager to escape from slavery, but never accomplishing the escape—abortive and inert generations, for whom the earth is like a vast sepulchre, and life—without liberty, without thought, without conscience—like a perpetual suffocation.

This persuasion of the uselessness of all our faculties at last infused in the poet a cold indifference between liberty and slavery, between error and truth, between reaction and progress. Why should the stone aspire to intelligence and to sentient life? Little by little every aspiration was quenched in that heart, every idea died in that intellect, and the poet remained like nature, which produces beauty without consciousness of it. He still sang, but he sang in the Olympian indifference of art. He sang on, but he repeated the fleeting impressions of the passing days, as a transparent lake repeats the objects on its banks. It was no longer the idea animating nature and life, which should always be the virtue of poetry: it was a photographic machine repeating facts and ideas which passed by the mirror of his mind. Nicholas arrived at the final accomplishment of his desires—the poet had committed suicide. In this sad suicide he cursed the only element which sustained him against tyranny, and which could aid him to support the solitude of his cloister: he cursed public opinion. A criminal against human nature, he cursed the protector of his misfortunes, the judge of his perjury. In the fancy of his desolate soul, when he struck the chords of the lyre placed by God in his hands, the stupid, indifferent people, capable only of appreciating the Apollo Belvidere for the weight of the marble and not for the beauty of its lines—the people, sleeping in the mire of the fields, with the breath of death like that of stale sepulchres, responded that his song was rich and sonorous, but empty and sterile as the wind; and such a people, he thought, deserved not the celestial gift of poetry, but the dungeon of despots, the lash of their Cossacks, the axe of their headsman. The lash of the pretorians had cut to the soul of Pushkin.

When Nature makes a poet, and places in his intellect universal ideas, and in his heart the sentiment of humanity, raising him to the luminous sphere where all objects are brightened and vivified in the light of beauty, and all ideas are expressed in pleasing harmonies, she rouses him, she gives him inspiration, confides the magic art of verse, fills his voice with melodious accents, and his mind with the virtue of creative work; she makes him susceptible, and at times unhappy, that he may embellish the night of life as the moon embellishes the night of the

world, and may wake new souls as the spring wakes new organisms, and may diffuse ideas in the consciousness as the light and heat diffuse perfume and sweetness through nature.

Nothing could have been more beneficial to him in the court than the denial of his inspiration. The tyrant sent him, not soldiers to flog, but courtiers to corrupt him. He remembered that all tyrants had kept a genius—Philip, Aristotle; Augustus, Virgil; Charles V., Garcilasso; Philip II., Lope; Louis XIV., Molière; and Nicholas wished also to have his poet, choosing Pushkin, who had given marvelous flexibility to the Russian language, and who, having been gifted with the ideas of the age, had offered them up as a sacrifice to despotism. He appointed him his chamberlain. There were still some remains of shame in the heart of the poet, and he refused this favor; but Nicholas, resolved to dishonor him after having oppressed him, insisted that he should choose between the office of chamberlain and exile to the Caucasus. The Asiatic despot threw Daniel to the lions; the Russian czar threw Pushkin to the courtiers. In such a situation there was no resource but death or dishonor, and he chose dishonor: he became chamberlain. The livery weighed upon him like a chain. God had made of him one of his angels of election, and despotism converted him into one of its beasts of burden. There, in the solitude of his soul, in converse with his conscience, when he remembered that there was a God in heaven and implacable justice in the earth, before history, whose rewards and punishments are eternal as the currents of time, the poet suffered keenly with grief and anger against himself, and despair that he had not preferred to the favors of the tyrants who can but kill, the transfiguration and apotheosis of the martyrdom which leaves an inextinguishable light in the memory of man.

His grief may be read in the disasters of his life. He lost what is most necessary to every existence—self-respect. He sought for means to escape from himself, and where he might not meet the corpse of his genius shrouded in the thick winding-clothes of his conscience. To escape from himself he gave himself up to pleasure. This life without future, talent without honor, thought without object, intelligence without light, song without inspiration, heart without hope, and spirit without ideal—this life, so far as ideas were concerned, evaporated into vacancy, and, so far as sentiments were concerned, became stagnant in vice. Debauch was for him like a narcotic. But if he found in it oblivion sometimes, at other times he found terrible and implacable punishment. He opened the doors of his house to bon-vivants, and they, as he suspected, corrupted the only woman he had ever truly loved, the companion of his exile, his wife.

The poet was always jealous as an Arab. He was the great-grandson of a negro, and the passions of Othello boiled in his veins. Were his suspicions founded? History can not decide; but Pushkin had every thing to fear from his own degradation, and from the companions who surrounded him. Anonymous letters left him no tranquillity. Several injured husbands spoke to him openly of the community of their misfortunes. Danthes, an officer of the guards, was the preferred lover. The poet went to his house, showed him the letters, demanded immediate reparation. Danthes, to persuade him out of his suspicions, asked for the hand of his sister-in-law, the elder sister of Madam Pushkin. The marriage took place, but new suspicions arose. When matters had assumed this shape, the poet publicly insulted his brother-in-law, and he could not longer avoid a duel. Terrible tragedy; two men, united by so many bonds, married with two sisters, who must also feel against each other mutual jealousies, were going to kill each other. One of them was carrying to the grave an existence full of pleasure, the other a life shipwrecked by having failed to obey the call of his genius. Both, even before death, carried something dead in their souls.

The duel took place in a thick wood near to St. Petersburg. Danthes fired first. Pushkin fell, mortally wounded. In the agony of death, with the veil of eternity before his eyes, feeling his breast torn by the final agony, he cocked his pistol feverishly and fired at his enemy. Danthes fell to the ground, wounded in the left shoulder. The poet, believing him dead, threw the pistol at his head, and said, "I thought that the death of that man would have pleased me more." But, in truth, he was the only one killed. A long and painful agony began. When they laid him upon his bed the family he had dishonored surrounded him with tears, and the people whom he had insulted begged for news of the national poet. Only one man, cold as ice, impassible as destiny, hovered about that bed of pain, to finish the extinction of something greater than the material life—the works of the genius whom he had corrupted. This man was the emperor. He thought that perhaps the poet, there in the solitude of his cabinet and the secret of his conscience, when the spectre of a ruined life appeared to his feverish eyes, when the remorse of his genius demanded imperiously some word of truth—that he might have consigned the tyrant in immortal stanzas to the irreparable punishment of an execration which would descend to posterity. It was necessary to tear away this last flower of his garland, this last fragment of his soul. The emperor sent him an agent charged to demand all his papers in exchange for the payment of his debts and the assignment of a pension to his wife and

children. The poet signed this pact at the dark door of eternity. It was the morning of January 2, 1838, that he died. In dying he could not contemplate posterity with serene eyes, nor say that he had faithfully accomplished the ministry of his genius. He left his immortality torn to pieces in the talons of despotism, and his glory as evanescent as the dust of his body. His persecutor would not consent that he should be publicly buried. In Russia every thing belongs to the emperor: the corpse was therefore his. In the dead of an icy night, conducting the body to a church which was not his own, sending for a priest, who clandestinely repeated a rapid mass, the emperor gave a grave to the body, which soon disappeared under a shroud of snow—not so cold as the frozen shroud which despotism had thrown over his genius. This is the destiny of every great soul born under the infamous domination of absolute power.

What desolation there is in personal government! How it extinguishes genius! How it cuts the wings of all great human aspirations! Lermontoff, who dared to cry in verse for vengeance over the grave of Pushkin, was dragged like him into exile, and like him died in a duel. Palevoi, who had the audacity to put on record the existence of a social problem, saw his articles condemned by law, his invective paralyzed, and gave himself up first to silence, afterward to praising the pretorians and their false glories. Gogol wrote "The Dead Souls," a novel worthy of Cervantes; and as the phantasies of the Middle Ages received a mortal blow from the mature and modern reason of Cervantes, the horrors of slavery, the trade in souls, received a mortal blow from the humanitarian pen of Gogol. The poor serfs in their eternal night; the agents of the treasury in their unmeasured avarice; the tax-gatherers of the steppes making commerce of bodies and souls; the rottenness of administration, in whose veins ran the poison of all the vices; the life of the territorial lord shut up like a toad in his swamps, which seemed moist with tears—all these crimes, all these horrors, took body and voice to denounce themselves, as evil always denounces itself, in the imperishable work of the Russian writer. Irony is a powerful corrosive of evil, a great awakener of conscience, because it opposes to the sorrows of reality and the shadows of the present the clear and vivid light of the ideal. An eloquent satire always appears by the side of an iniquity which is going to pieces. Before slavery came to an end in America the novel of a Christian woman spread through all consciences and through all hearts the clouds and tears condensed in the cabins of the slaves. A little before serfdom was buried in Russia it was killed by Gogol. It is a curious demonstration of the efficacy of genius and the weakness of persecution that the censorship gave free course to the work, and that the emperor rewarded it with a book whose leaves were bank-notes. But they soon recognized the venom contained in that humble flower of the steppes. Gogol was bitterly criticised, and accused of a total lack of patriotism. The second part of his novel was either never written, or was burned after being written. The poet fell into so deep a sadness that it is even yet unknown whether or not he died of it. It is known that his reason suffered, and that in his wanderings, to please the master of all the Russias, he published a few deplorable letters on Greek orthodoxy. Still in his youth, consumed by a mysterious and melancholy malady, Gogol died, after having revealed a few circles of the hell of slavery. But the literature awakened by Pushkin fulfilled its destiny. In the midst of the lash, of the knout, of bayonets, of hangmen, and of emperors it passed with its torch, and enkindled in millions of beings buried in serfdom the light and the warmth of life with the light and the warmth of liberty.

Russia, agitated by innumerable ideas, was naturally profoundly agitated, also, in the inferior sphere of reality and of facts, during the first days of the reign of Nicholas. His brother Alexander, who indirectly contributed to the violent death of his own father, Paul I., and who invited the assassins to carry the pall at the funeral of their royal victim, lived a melancholy life, and died a desperate and sinister death. The recollection of his father, the conviction that the crown had scorched the forehead of his elder brother, the certainty that his own disposition led him to acts of violence, his marriage with a woman of a rank inferior to his own, decided the hereditary Grand Duke Constantine resolutely to decline the empire, which could only promise him a disastrous death. Long before his brother Alexander passed from this life the heir-apparent, Constantine, deposited in a secret place a solemn renunciation of the throne, which would thereby fall to the person of his second brother, Nicholas. He doubted if he should accept or not, and believed that the renunciation of Constantine would require a solemn confirmation. Thus, between the death of the Emperor Alexander and the advent of the Emperor Nicholas there was a moment of interregnum.

The occasion was propitious for revolutionary movements. In those moments in which power lacks unity revolutions assume force and courage. Through the Russian steppes ran the revolutionary breeze which agitated all Europe. Masonry was mingled with other sects of the Russian provinces, and filled many hearts with progressive and humanitarian sentiments. The irruption of the hosts of Napoleon had sown

also in their track vague aspirations for social reform. The example of the military movements of Spain and Italy spread that contagion which virtually united all Europe. The Spanish constitution of 1812, a constitution essentially democratic, dazzled and attracted many noble souls. The late emperor, led by his liberal leanings, admired it greatly, and demanded that the Spanish soldiers united against Napoleon under his banners should take an oath to preserve and defend it. To all these external motives was united the ideal cherished by many Russians of resolute disposition, which impelled them strongly to exalt the times of Ivan above those of the German dynasty, to seek in this purely Muscovite tradition not an impossible restoration of empires, which perished with the empire of Asia, but the germs of a Sclavic federal republic which might be the sacred bond among the whole heroic race.

From this rose innumerable secret societies. Even in 1823 the so-called League of the Public Good had laid in Volhynia the basis of a Pan-Sclavic federal alliance. A commission of judges, of spies, of executioners, was sent by the court against this society of republicans, which bent, but did not perish, under persecution. Many thinkers propagated it in the most distant provinces, and many soldiers received it as a promise of emancipation and as a means of harmonizing their institutions with the spirit of our age. Those societies were all conspiracies. In 1823 the conspirators had a mysterious meeting in Kiev, where they concocted the dethronement of the reigning family. Other reunions succeeded each other in different territories of the empire, all proposing the dethronement of the German dynasty and the proclamation of the Russian republic. These societies grew to such dimensions that they gained an establishment in the capital of the empire, in the midst of the armies of spies, and they drew life from the inspiration of a poet who laughed at despotism in spite of his presentiment that he should die at its hands. And while these ideas were confusedly working in the minds of the literary and military youth, Alexander died in his hermitage at Taganrog, slain not by the dagger of rebels, but by his own dark melancholy.

The 8th December, 1825, the hereditary grand duke learned the death of his brother, and immediately confirmed to Nicholas his resolution not to accept the crown. In spite of this resolution Nicholas immediately took the oath of allegiance to Constantine, and only accepted the crown for himself when he was convinced that there was no other resource, in view of the tenacity of the grand duke in renouncing it. The papers which were brought from the hermitage where Alexander had died announced the conspiracy, and even designated as suspected of implication in it several officers of the guard. The military governor, a man of great simplicity and little foresight, would not believe it, and when they spoke to him of the mysterious reunions of the young men he would say, "Let them read and applaud among themselves their own wretched verses."

The conspirators knew that after having taken the oath of allegiance to Constantine they must take another to Nicholas, and they thought that they would find in this singular incident a plausible opportunity for bringing the soldiers over to the insurrection, assuring them that the legitimate heir had been dethroned by his rebel, intrusive, perhaps fratricide brother. It was the morning of the 26th December, 1825. Nicholas, confused by conflicting ideas, read the formula of the oath, and completed it with a proclamation to his troops. Many of the regiments had already complied with the formula, and Nicholas breathed more freely, when the news came that the soldiers of Moskva had resisted and killed several of their officers, that they were coming in disorder toward the palace, and that they had collected around the statue of Peter the Great, threatening with their skirmishers and sharp-shooters all the passers-by. The emperor hesitated a moment, but decided to go to meet the insurgents. His family detained him, the afflicted princesses especially throwing themselves on his neck and at his feet to prevent his going out. The moment was decisive and supreme—one of those moments in which the fate of dynasties and of empires is settled. The vacillation of the emperor would give courage to the soldiers. Nicholas went out. A great multitude surrounded the palace and listened to the proclamation, read by the emperor himself in a stentorian voice. This act being accomplished, a silence so profound ensued that the emperor addressed himself to several citizens, saying that upon their cheeks he kissed the whole people, and in that immense crowd nothing was heard but the sound of the kisses.

The insurgents formed a confused and discordant mass, where there was as little unity of voice as of ideas, united by no discipline nor impelled by any clear motive; for while some of their chiefs favored the republic, the rest, moved by the tradition of their slavery, demanded the true, the legitimate tyrant. There were many shouts of "Live the Constitution!" which the soldiers repeated frantically, imagining that "Constitution" was the baptismal name of the wife of Constantine. While this discord ran in their ranks, Nicholas advanced to the front. An old general who accompanied him, and who was the first to command order in the insurgents, fell, struck by a pistol-ball, at the feet of the czar.

A resolute man in that moment could have dethroned the German family and destroyed the work of Peter the Great, because the emperor, although exposing his life, failed to form any decisive plan, and suspended the order for attack. A charge of cavalry, which was also ordered, was immediately afterward suspended because the horses slipped upon the ice. It was decided to call on the artillery, but in this delay and uncertainty the regiment of Grenadiers of the Guard had also revolted, and approached the Winter Palace to seize the imperial family. Any one would have thought that in that moment the last hour of the Russian dynasty had sounded. But another battalion of sappers, faithful to Nicholas, interposed and prevented the *coup de main*. The insurgent troops encountered the emperor in the street. He cried, "Halt!" "We belong to Constantine!" cried the grenadiers. "Then that is your way," the prince answered, in his confusion pointing to the plaza where the rest of the troops were. There was universal indecision on both sides. The people, faithful to Nicholas, became irritated, and began to throw stones at the rebels. The artillery arriving, finished the work begun by the people, and the insurrection was destroyed, smothered in its cradle.

To clearly conceive an idea, to give it form in silence, to spread it among slaves, to affect with its light blind consciences and with its warmth sterile souls, to organize by means of societies rapidly diffusing themselves through a vast territory desolated through ages by tyranny, to succeed in establishing it in the breast of the very institutions where autocracy finds the safety of its power and the anchor of its despotism—all this labor will appear trivial to those who only measure the greatness of human efforts by their result, but it will forever appear great to those who know how every idea once sown germinates, and how every impulse once given moves the people, although it may fail at the beginning, toward the supreme end of incarnating their own ideal and realizing their true existence in the vindication of their rights. The emperor, when he hears of the movement, throws himself at the foot of the altar, prays and weeps, takes leave of his family, mounts on horseback, goes out, impels respect with his imperious manner, his handsome figure, his Olympian glance, awakes in the people the sentiments of obedience which exist in every crowd enslaved for ages, and accomplishes by means of his artillery the salvation begun by his prestige and his boldness.

But he could not prevent the idea having flashed in the eyes of the people; he could not prevent this idea from having had its adherents, nor those adherents from having engraved a day of military insurrection in the pages of Russian history; he could not prevent this day of insurrection bringing with it days of punishment, nor these days of punishment from giving birth to martyrs, nor the names of these martyrs from being repeated by new generations, and preserved in the midst of dungeons like a ray of light vivifying and penetrating their thick walls and lofty bars. The autocracy could prevent nothing of this, and all this creates new free souls. The movement of 1825 was not useless and sterile. From that time dates the impulse toward modern institutions felt by succeeding Russian generations. From that time dates that profound liberal and republican sentiment which is rooted in its universities. From that time dates the belief of the possibility of modifying institutions with thought. The insurrection was abortive, but its failure served to attract great souls with the fruitful power of heroism and martyrdom. And when we look at the vast empire bowed in despotism, and see that a legion of thinkers, in the midst of all obstacles imposed by the censorship, by the autocracy extended over thought, vindicates liberty, and that another legion of martyrs in the frozen roads of Siberia, in the mines of the Ural Mountains, suffers and dies for liberty, we recognize involuntarily that no progressive idea is lost, that no humanitarian labor goes for naught.

And who were the chiefs of this insurrection—that is to say, the true founders of the republican party in Russia? Men of great talent, thoroughly acquainted with the people among whom they labored, they began by seeking an aristocratic name—a name of prestige. They found the Prince Troubetzkoi. He was the chief of a noble family which, like the Medinacelis in Spain, pretended to have a better right than the reigning dynasty to the throne of Russia. The prince being guided by this tradition, it was not surprising that he lacked, in the supreme hours of the insurrection, a courage equal to the height of the situation. A long martyrdom expiated this fault. The life which was spared him was worse than the death of his companions on the scaffold. Proscribed to the mines of the Ural Mountains, under degrees of cold intolerable to human nature, amidst the hardships of prisons, his exile was full of tragic suffering. There was at his side a guardian angel whose sorrows will be recorded by history—his wife. During their residence at the court the noble pair, who had been united by those reasons of convenience which dominate among the aristocracy, regarded each other with mutual indifference; but when adversity came, the heroic princess became conscious of an intense passion, inspired by the sentiment of grief and sustained by the idea of duty. Though beautiful, tender, and young, born amidst the refinements of luxury, bred in those Muscovite palaces where

the splendors of the East are joined to the comforts of Paris, neither her sex nor her education detained her. In the primitive cart of the Russian peasantry, in the *talega*, by roads often untrodden, exposed to all the fury of the elements and the perils of the desert, she traversed, day and night, hundreds of leagues—sometimes fainting, sometimes hungry, always in pain—to share in the eternal night of the mines the cell of a galley-slave. There she lived with him, sustained him, bore him five children; and when, after fifteen years of horrible material and moral sufferings, the family, born in despair and chains, had grown up, their griefs were aggravated by virtue of a law which sent them to form in the desert a penal colony. The mother who did not shrink before the rack shrank from solitude, and begged that they would allow her to remain with her husband in some town where she might find a school to educate her children. "The children of a convict? Never!" said the tyrant. And this mother, this wife, who might have moved stones with her grief and softened them with the spectacle of her sacrifices, could not touch the iron heart of the czar when she humbly begged, with the tender forethought of a mother, that at least he would permit her to live in the neighborhood of a pharmacy, to procure medicine for her children when they were sick. The emperor replied to the noble who presented this moving petition, "How do you dare to speak to me of this family of rebels?" It is thus that the human heart hardens upon thrones.

But the true chiefs of this military insurrection were the great thinker, Pestal, and the great poet, Ryleyef, both officers of the army. The first, Pestal, educated in the school of pages, at the time of the revolt colonel in the regiment of Viatka; of clear intelligence, resolute heart, firm and honorable character; with an enthusiasm of ideas as of sentiment which attracted and influenced the masses; of a force of will which transformed events and modeled them at the demand of his spirit; powerful through the very sweetness of his humility and the power of his extraordinary genius; an apostle like all men of luminous talents, an organizer like all men of fertile will, studying the history of his country, he found that autocracy, despotism, was of Mongol origin, and bureaucracy, centralization, of German origin; that the Mongols had dominated two hundred years, the Tartars a hundred, the Germans a century and a half; and that among all these invasions, among all these conquests, they did nothing but tarnish and obscure the Sclavic ideas, the ideas of right springing from the nature of the Russian character, the patriarchal and primitive family, the community of their vested property. He proposed to destroy all that was foreign and restore all that was national, in the manner of the literary Sclavism, by the race taking possession of power through election, in parliaments of universal suffrage, responsible before the people, who should unite themselves in a wide republican federation. Pestal had of the social revolution an idea worthy of the Gracchi, and of the country an idea worthy of Camillus, and cherished for the republic a worship worthy of Washington. In war and in organization he had aptitudes truly Napoleonic. Powerful genius had been given to him by nature, and he could not find the means of developing it under that cold atmosphere. This is one of the worst evils of despotism—the ideas which it extinguishes, the characters which it kills, the wills which it renders sterile, the generations of souls which it drives, silent and sombre, to eternity.

Pestal had written a republican code which was ridiculed by the judges of his case, and which nevertheless contained the ideal of the present generations, and the social system of generations to come. His case, like that of his companions, was begun and carried through by a tribunal under the inspection of the emperor himself, who directed questions to the accused like a spy, abused them like a prosecuting attorney, and then handed them over, already condemned in advance, to their derisive judges. I say derisive, because there is an instance of their having condemned an officer to a certain punishment, and the emperor with his own hand corrected the sentence and raised it to a higher grade of punishment. Pestal was condemned to death, and died as the brave know how. When he heard his sentence he merely asked to be shot instead of being hanged. The emperor refused this favor. As he went to the scaffold he only asked that they should preserve his political code. The executioners seized him, tied his hands at his back, fastened a running knot to his neck, and launched him like a pendulum into the air, brutally destroying a brain from which escaped the invisible flash of genius. How many ideas, what important works, were annihilated on the boards of that horrible scaffold!

If Pestal was the idea of that movement, Ryleyef was its imagination and fancy. Heaven made him a poet, and gave him all the gifts of poetry. Even yet the youth of Russia recite with emotion his unpublished and unprinted verses, preserved in the memory as a sacred deposit, and repeated by many lips as the prayer of our age. The poet was not mistaken in regard to the fate reserved for his genius by implacable destiny. "I shall die for the land where I was born," he said. "I feel it, I know it; and I not only accept but bless my destiny." Employed in the military and in the judicial

careers, he never once touched with his pure hands the wages of despotism. Being editor of a literary almanac, in its pages he set forth justice as the polar star of the human spirit. These motives alone entered into his action—the love of his ideal, the love of humanity, the love of his country; always a disinterested love for all that was lofty. Incapable of hating, devoted to progress, swayed by no passion, he desired to accomplish the good by means of good, without shedding upon the earth, thirsting for justice, one tear or one drop of blood. The word of Demosthenes appeared to him more efficacious against tyranny than the dagger of Brutus. His pure and fervent inspiration, enamored of the infinite, at the moment when it opened its wings, broke them against the irons of despotism. His only passion was the salvation of his country. To cure its evils, his first ideas were constitutional monarchical, which were later changed by the influence of Pestal into federal republican. This was the law of his life, the consolation of his death. On a dark morning of January, under a sky covered with gray clouds, through the thick snow a group of condemned men walked to their death, dressed in sackcloth, their faces covered with large hoods, their hands tied behind their backs. They ascended the steps of the scaffold. At their head was Conrad Ryleyef, and his companions were Muravieff, Rumime, and others. The executioner tied the rope around their necks and hurled them violently from the scaffold. The ropes broke, and the victims fell unhurt on the ground. "Unhappy country," said Ryleyef, rising—"unhappy country, where they do not even know how to hang a man." But the executioner promptly showed them that they did know how to hang effectually in the Russian empire.

Despotism perhaps thought that when these men were hanged, their ideal was also killed. Their lifeless bodies, their hushed voices, the extinguished light of their eyes, led the despot to believe that a principle may be killed when the blood is congested in the brain which conceived it, and death has silenced the lips which propagated it. But the idea transmits itself through mysterious conduits from generation to generation, from people to people, from age to age. Raise up censorship against it, and the idea annihilates it; oppose frontiers of spies to its passage from nation to nation, and it goes through them; extirpate it with fire and sword, and still it remains as the eternal patrimony of the human race preserved in its inextinguishable conscience, until it ends by dragging its persecutors after it, by modifying and transforming the very laws intended for its extermination.

The advances which social law has made in Russia are principally due to those heroes, those martyrs of thought. Without their apostolate and their death the idea would still have lain dormant in consciences, and the serf, like the plant, would still have been rooted in his wretched plot of ground. If a new life has palpitated in those frozen regions, if a social movement has impelled the poor peasant, the machine of toil, to right and to liberty, without doubt this is due to those voices which have broken their gags, to all those sacrifices which have sanctified our cause and redeemed those in bonds. Ancient slavery would never have come to an end if the stoics had not preached the fundamental unity of the human race, and if the poor Nazarenes, in their turn, had not completed this principle with that of the unity of God. And Russian slavery would never have ended without that sacred legion of poets, philosophers, publicists, who dared to defy the wrath of power, in exile and on the scaffold, and to penetrate with the light of thought into that hell where the blood is frozen, into that limbo of a perverted education, of a national spirit completely dead beneath the shadows of error. When the serf feels himself master of his conscience and of his life, when he sees himself free from the seignorial jurisdiction which oppressed and vexed him, when he can embrace his children without fearing the lash which scarred his face, and the exile in Siberia which continually hung over his life, he may not remember that the idea cherished by the unknown martyrs of liberty, preached by the obscure apostles of democracy, whose names have been blotted from public memory by an implacable censorship—that this idea, chastised as a crime, has ascended like a mysterious sap from the scaffold of criminals to the throne of the emperor, and from there has descended by its own virtue, its own force, converted into social reforms, like a vivifying shower over the feudal lands, and like the manna of new life over the hearts of slaves.

There is no question that since the death of Nicholas Russian society has made advances in a democratic direction. And this advance is principally due to the fact that the mysterious subterranean propaganda has never ceased for a moment. When it was forbidden to speak in Moscow or St. Petersburg, it has spoken in London and in Geneva, and the blow of the press has made itself heard from the heart of palaces to the midst of hovels through the silent expanse of Russia. Even in the year 1848 Nicholas could see the advance of the idea which fell from the scaffolds of 1826. The French revolution, which he saluted with joy because it destroyed a constitutional monarchy, brought warmth and electricity to his empire. In 1849 a vast republican conspiracy was discovered, inspired by one of those secret societies which grew up silently in the

darkness. Honorary counselors, officers of the guard, students of the university, gentlemen, and even noblemen, composed it. Twenty-one were condemned to death. In Russia the punishment of death was abolished by a law of the Empress Elizabeth. By one of the shrewd devices of despotism, though common tribunals can not impose it, it is still imposed by courts-martial, especially in the cases of those accused of high treason. The conspirators were pursued, imprisoned, condemned to death, placed in their cells, brought out to the place of execution, attended by priests, their eyes bandaged, their breasts thrown open to the balls, their knees bent to the earth, and at the moment the word "fire" was uttered, when they had already tasted all the horrors of death, expecting an immediate release from their agonies, the pardon was read, conceded by a caprice of tyranny, revengeful even in its compassion, cruel even in its mercy.

But death struck the tyrant Nicholas, and a new reign was inaugurated in the person of his son, the Emperor Alexander. Nicholas was a despot of the Asiatic fashion. The ruling principle of his furious policy was terror. If Ivan the Terrible lashed, lacerated the bodies of his victims, tearing away heads and entrails little by little, that life and pain might last longer, throwing afterward the lacerated flesh in caldrons of boiling water, Nicholas could write below the petition of a princess who begged for her husband a mitigation of the punishment of transportation to Siberia, "Let him go on foot;" and he could force an old man to assist at a court ball on the same night in which his only son began, loaded with heavy chains, his journey to the mines of the Ural Mountains, the sepulchres of the living. Like his father, Paul, like his grandfather, Peter III., Nicholas had traits of madness. Thanks to these, the nineteenth century has seen, what seemed the exclusive property of more barbarous ages, the death of nations, the death of races; has seen the Poles and the Jews destroyed, as in the times of Nebuchadnezzar, of Cyrus, of Vespasian. But if Nicholas was a despot of the Asiatic fashion, Alexander is a modern despot—one of intelligence, one whose boast is that he exercises his despotism for the good of the people, distrustful, melancholy, desirous to serve the modern spirit to the point where the modern spirit may serve him, and then to falsify it. He exercises cruelty only when he thinks it needful, and after having used it he falls into profound melancholy, which many think will terminate, as was the case with some of his ancestors, in open madness. Only in Poland, and at the time of the last insurrection, has Alexander been cruel. Through the exile of multitudes, the extermination of towns, the slaughter of women and children, in the churches interrupting with bullets the song and the prayer, substituting the smoke of powder for the smoke of incense, through all the barbarities of Mouravief, Alexander retained one great consolation—fantastic and archaic as it may appear—to think of former times, of the oppression of the Russians by the Poles, of the aristocratic character of the latter, of their religious intolerance, of their fanatical attachment to Catholicism hostile to the Greek religion, of their Jesuitical tendencies, of their oppression of their serfs, the feudalism of their institutions, the disturbance which their diets spread over Europe. And after having soothed himself with these excuses, given by all the Russian periodicals, he found it a delightful vengeance to emancipate arbitrarily the slaves, and arbitrarily despoil their masters of their property. But history will not be grateful even for an act of justice when it is dictated by self-interest, and converted into ferocious vengeance.

The most truly illustrious act of the reign of Alexander was the emancipation of the serfs. The Russian slavery, in the condition which our century witnessed it, dated from 1597. A barbarous usurper declared the peasantry the property of their lords, converting them into domestic animals. Nothing is so intolerable to human nature as the loss of its liberty, and hundreds of insurrections succeeded to this horrible measure; but at last the insurgents fell under the yoke, and remained submissive and united. The proprietor maintained them, but he beat them like his beasts of burden; he distributed them among his lands as so much brute force, gave them the work which he pleased, hired them for fixed times and fixed wages, disposed of them as if they were the animated and moving vegetation of his lands. And modern industry, far from diminishing, aggravated these evils. At least under the ancient agricultural régime they were farmers, fastened to the soil like the nest of the lark, but having on the soil their hearthstone and their families, and with these air and light and relative comfort. But when industrial enterprises came, raising their factories, seeking to accomplish large production with small capital, they had recourse to the country, offering to hire the serfs. They received them with no other proviso than that they should produce high wages for their masters. They worked them in such a way as to convert them into cogs of their machinery, into wheels of their looms, where they poured out their lives with their bitter sweat. Some of these unfortunates were taken to Europe, trained in manufactories, and taught in the industrial schools. They had lived in the cherished companionship of liberty for a certain time, and returning to Russia, when they saw that they had lost it, they grew melancholy, sick, and died at last of sor-

row for their lost liberty. This sentiment does honor to human nature. This sentiment teaches that man does not wish to possess any thing when he can not possess himself, and this conscious sentiment of himself, those unformed interior revelations of his right, move him always, in spite of those materialist doctrines which have in vain attempted to corrupt him, to be the eternal champion of liberty.

At last came the war of 1854, and with it the proof that the soldiers born in slavery could not measure arms with the soldiers born in liberty. The idea which had so animated the most illustrious writers of the Russian democrats, the idea of the emancipation of the serfs, penetrated even into the minds of their most implacable persecutors, and drew along with it their most bitter enemies. The new czar came to the throne with this aureole for his diadem. The rumor that serfdom was to be abolished arrived at the cabins of the serfs when as yet it had not been heard in the cabinets of diplomacy. Many, as if a mysterious voice called them to a new life, rose, took their wives and their children, and went out like the Israelites of Egypt under the guidance of God, through the immense and desert steppes, anxiously seeking the promised land of liberty. The soldiers went out to find them, stood with bayonets in their way, forced them to return to their lands and to submit again to their former slavery. But at last liberty resounded in their ears, like the Easter song in the ears of Faust, restoring them to life. The czar spoke, and twenty millions of men were made happy under the weight of their chains. The aristocracy were greatly vexed. They not only lost a part of their riches, but also a part of their political influence. Their jurisdiction, the right of administering justice, one of their highest prerogatives, was weakened in their hands. On the 20th of November, 1857, appeared the rescript which announced emancipation. The proprietor was to preserve his property, his land, and the serf was to acquire the quantity of land indispensable to his habitation and support. The nobility, so submissive to the empire while the empire was an oppressor, demanded with a voice of opposition, and even of threat, the formation of committees which should bring the interests of the proprietor into harmony with the ideas of the prince. A period of twelve years was conceded to the nobles to receive the payment of the peasant's hut and plot of ground, but at the same time they were charged to solve in these committees appointed by themselves all problems, and to pacify all difficulties, taking account of reciprocal interests. One of the bases essential to emancipation was that the emancipated serfs should form rural communities. The nobles united in committees, and the committees began to oppose delays to the reform. The emperor cut short all these delays, emancipating at one blow, and by one proclamation, the slaves of the imperial domains. This act profoundly wounded the nobility. The aristocracy of all European peoples have believed that it was an easy and practicable thing to attain political liberty and neglect social reform. They have believed that they could have the press and the parliament, leaving only to the serfs the lash and chains. They have believed that ideas could remain, like floating vapors, on high in the mind, and not take form below in the reality. They have believed it possible to amalgamate liberty and slavery. And when they imagined that their political aspirations could never reach the slaves fastened to the soil, they have, unfortunately for themselves, found that the slave was socially emancipated out of hatred to them by the despots themselves, by the enemies of all. Thus in the years 1848 and 1849, when the nobles of Hungary and the nobles of Gallicia were fighting for their country and for liberty, not remembering that plebeians had also need of liberty and country, the Emperor of Austria broke the feudal fetters of the peasantry, and conciliated to himself the people, inspiring them with his own sentiments of resentment to the nobility. The Emperor Alexander had brought a revolution to pass in Russia, a revolution through which, in all the Muscovite dominions, millions of men entered resolutely into the enjoyment of true life with the enjoyment of liberty, finding in this the foundation of social existence—that is to say, their independent personality.

This social revolution brought about an important political revolution. The barbarous regimen of the previous censorship was essentially modified. It was replaced by a regimen not less authoritative, but more lenient, of official warnings, of fines, of the suppression of journals. The system of strangling ideas is, after all, a progress upon the system of preventing their birth. Changes were also brought about in the judicial system through the loss of the jurisdictionary rights of the nobility. The jury appeared upon the steppes. It is true that the government reserved for itself the arbitrary right to declare what crimes should or should not go to the jury; but the root of the institution exists, and from this root will sprout new reforms. The provincial assemblies have seen their privileges enlarged and their administrative influence increased. Modifications have been introduced into the worst practices of the bureaucracy, and some breathing space is now allowed to this oppressed people. Despotism has become a little ameliorated, and with the amelioration of despotism there is something of hope for the souls bowed under the ancient slavery. There are those who

cherish a presentiment of the appearance of new states-general, who demand for Russia free speech and the tribune. But the privilege of free speech will never be voluntarily conceded by despotism, for speech, animated by ideas, is the Word of social redemption.

The revolutionary movement has not been on this account brought to an end. The human spirit has an infinite, an inextinguishable thirst for progress, and at each reform which is attained the necessity of other reforms is felt. The Russian people demonstrated that they had not, in the manner of the Roman people, completely lost in their chains the idea of their rights. When the barbarous tribes were advancing, and the Roman empire was falling, the Cæsars cried from their crumbling thrones, in the despair of shipwreck, "Liberty! liberty!" The Roman people, accustomed to five centuries of slavery, asked themselves and asked each other, "Liberty! liberty! What is this liberty?" They had lost even the consciousness of their rights. The Russian people loved and accepted liberty as the gift of Heaven, and they rejoiced at obtaining it on that soil wet with their sweat and their tears.

The idea fought its course perseveringly. Hertzen, Ogareff, from their exile, never ceased their blows against the decaying despotism, the convicted and confessed author of the misfortunes of Russia. But as despotism can not exist without exciting conflicts, the war with Poland came. Dazzled by the recent emancipation of Italy, Poland wished to prove once more her life by her martyrdom. The revolutionary Russian publicists mourned over the misfortunes of Poland, and demanded for this invincible nationality justice and autonomy. Hatred of Poland is in Russia a national hate. The Russians still remember those times in which they were slaves of the Poles. They believe that the opposition of the Poles to their own Russification is fundamentally an infamous and scandalous treason to the Sclavic race. They call themselves the democrats of their race, and call the Poles the aristocrats, the feudal lords. Consequently they think that any defense of Poland is a defense of military feudalism and of theocracy. The exiled republicans in London and in Geneva can not share this sentiment; the Occidental spirit envelops them like the air, and from the Western point of view Poland is a nation of martyrs, a nation three times quartered, a nation whose indomitable vitality excites wonder, and which has the right to embody itself and sit down among the nations of Europe. Some of these principles shine vividly in the works and articles of the Russian republicans disseminated in the West. Russia covered them with maledictions. The national writer whose anger took the proportions of the anger of a whole people, whose writings were the writings of a whole race, capable of waking from their graves with his fiery speech the bones of the Russians enslaved by Poles, and capable also of preaching a crusade of extermination against the Catholics in the manner of the Catholic crusade against the Albigenses—the writer of this force, of this power, the director and inspiration of the *Gazette* of Moscow, was named Katkoff. He presented to the eyes of his enthusiastic readers the ministry of this Sclavic race in the world to carry its pure blood, its luminous spirit, its free personality, its social discipline, to the Western races, which needed a renovation of their life. For this end the czar is like the chief on horseback of a race in arms, and Poland like a soldier of the van-guard deserting to the enemy, to the emperors and popes of the West. It was necessary to correct or to kill this soldier. Katkoff therefore applauded the transportations to Siberia, the shootings in the public places of Warsaw, the violation of churches, the burning of forests, and represented Mouravief in Poland as an exterminating angel, fulfilling, like the angel of the Apocalypse, the mandates of the Eternal.

The unfortunate Polish revolution conferred great popularity upon the Pan-Sclavist writer; but the fury of his passions led him beyond the scope of his own intention. Katkoff has greatly admired the institutions of Great Britain, yet he has fallen into Russian Byzantinism. He was educated in Germany, and his hatred to the West has led him to hate the home of his mind. He possessed an independent reason, and he has submitted it to Greek orthodoxy. Representing the sentiment of his race, he has not purified it. He has followed it with fatal blindness, and has himself assisted in blending it with his own prejudices. At the same time with the war with Poland occurred the fires of Russia. The flames burst out in every direction; from the populous suburbs of St. Petersburg to the humble cabins of the fields ascended the smoke, as if invisible furies, torch in hand, were ravaging the whole extent of the nation. At the same time that these conflagrations devastated the land innumerable republican manifestations moved and alarmed the public mind; and that nothing should be lacking to the confusion, the students began to mutiny in the universities. The republican party was denounced by Katkoff as a disturber of the peace, as composed of rebels and incendiaries. The poet Michaileff sent to Siberia, and dying there, the journalist Tchernychevski imprisoned in a fortress, the unfortunate Martianoff, a serf, who, having attained the emancipation of his body, aspired to the emancipation of his soul, encountering in this new ambi-

tion every kind of woe, show plainly enough that despotism, finding itself criticised and urged onward, felt kindling anew within it the implacable fury of the Czar Nicholas. To these misfortunes of the Russian revolutionary party succeeded others, which excited still more against it and its partisans the old Muscovite rage. One day there was a terrible crime committed against the person of the emperor. The arm of a serf who thrust aside the pistol saved the life of the czar. Public opinion imagined that the regicide was a Pole, but he turned out to be a Russian of the revolutionary party. Hence ensued new fury in the press toward the revolutionists, and new persecutions against the liberals. The idea which has gained ground and general acceptation is that of Mgr. Milutin, the idea of the revolutionary czar, the democratic czar, the czar opposing the aristocracy and protecting the people like the Roman Cæsars. But the revolutionary party is not satisfied with this ideal, and pursues indefatigably, in secret societies, in the columns of a half-liberated press, and in exile, the glorious vindication of liberty and the necessary preparation for the republic.

Russia is the land of paradoxes. Under the dominion of an intolerant church the most discordant sects are swarming—some who interpret the Bible for themselves, in the Protestant manner; others who wait, like the Jews, the Messiah who is to liberate their race; many who profess the Manichean principle of the eternal reign of good and ill over nature in equal power, and others who practice the barbarous mutilation of Origen; some who flee to the deserts, and there light the fagots in which fanatics consume themselves; many who believe the New Testament a forgery and the Old one lost, and Christ still living, wandering over the earth—who believe that Peter III. still lives, an incarnation of the Messiah who will soon redeem the world; and other sects to whom the human spirit has as yet brought none of its enlightenment, holding their ears to the earth, and waiting silently the supreme moment in which the heavens are to vanish like a vapor, the planet to be scattered like a heap of ashes amidst the flaming swords of the exterminating angels, and the wrath of God spilled like a vast ocean of gall over all the worlds. And while under an intolerant church there is this swarm of sects, under an immense Cæsarism stretching from the Mediterranean to the pole, touching the White Sea of the north and the Black Sea of the south, which, extending over an immense portion of the planet, penetrates to the centre of the two great Asiatic and European continents, which counts under its sceptre the most varied races—the German, who glories in his European character, and the Mongol, who proudly preserves his Asiatic character, the Lapp of the pole and the Tartar of the steppe, the Greek, the most illustrious race of the past, and the Sclave, which aspires to be the most illustrious race of the future—under a vast Cæsarism armed at every point, defended by great armies, there are unceasing reunions of enthusiastic apostles, obscure, disarmed, writing or speaking in secret and in exile, but who make their tyrants tremble, because they have an irrepressible force, the force of an idea, whose virtue must convert, sooner or later, legions of servile races into one federation, into one democracy, into one free and humanitarian republic.

THE VISIT.

I WAS admired and envied by my acquaintance. I was handsome, sprightly, quick-witted; and though I did not paint in water-colors, was tolerably accomplished, nineteen years old, and of one of the best families in Kingsford. My family was all that it should be; but notwithstanding its prosperity and power, I was much dissatisfied with my condition at this time. To me Kingsford was a desert. My inner life was a desert, a waste, a solitude, where, figuratively speaking, there were no castles in the air, no palace of the Sleeping Beauty. Of course I did not value the inestimable privilege of health, youth, and the enjoyment of solid worldly comforts. My mind was empty; in fact, it was wasting for every possible experience and its result. The mysterious oracle which proclaims the power and solace of nature was dumb, and the instinctive sympathies which give us an insight into the individualities of others had not been roused. Without dreaming the truth concerning myself—and there was no one to tell me of it—this was the statement of my case. There was no social stimulant in Kingsford, no society; there was not a delightful man in the range of my acquaintance; the whole male population of Kingsford might have been marshaled before me daily, and rank and file would not have given my heart one extra beat. Months passed in this way, and no gleam of relief appeared beyond my horizon. Nobody visited us, no letters came to me, not even from my dear school friends, from whom I had been absent a year. What a selfish world—and me perishing! Dying with hunger and thirst, which no one suspected. My mother, whose vocabulary of reproof was choice, bestowed it upon me in a mechanical way, but she did not discover the root of the evil. Do mothers ever discover the wants and needs of their daughters? Why should they, in the fullness of their own content with husbands, children, and the absolute queenship of home created for them?

One summer day, when, more than usual, I perceived there was no philosophy in heav-

en or earth to dream of, I went to mother, who was in her sitting-room. My appearance must have struck her disagreeably, she frowned so, and said, irritably,

"Go away, Anne Capel."

But I would not go; I planted myself in a chair by the window, and stared out. The clouds rose in snowy masses up the blue sky, dipping and breaking into each other; the fields, with their boundary walls, stretched away till they met the dismal pine woods. I never see those fundamental clouds, white and solid, towering into the blue ether, without seeing the image of my fair mother, as she sat with a reproachful look.

"Have you finished your novels, Anne?" she continued.

"Yes, every novel in this old town. I am not famishing for books, though. I am starving for human beings, and there ain't any in these parts."

"Oh, Anne, Anne, what a wicked girl! You are spoiled by indulgence. You are too idle for any thing. I have an errand or two for you to do. Will you do them, and turn yourself to a little account?"

"Yes; any thing to break the monotony."

"Widow Clapp must have some tea, and I want you to go to Homon's and ask him to save me some quinces — as a favor, mind. You like to go to Homon's, you know, Anne."

And so I did. In a few minutes I was on the road which skirted the upper part of our village; it was steeped in sunshine, and perfumed with the wild flowers in the thicket. Mrs. Clapp's gratitude detained me, and the sun was low when I started for Homon's, a little way up the same road. Homon's was a farm where some of our supplies were obtained. It was a cheerful old place, one building tumbling into another, mixed with a delightful familiarity of weeds, flowers, poultry, "creatures," and people. I walked over the short turf of the front door-yard, alive with clucking hens, and stepped across the threshold. The doors were all open; the rooms were occupied; a parrot squalled in emulation of Homon's laugh, who sat against the wall. Mrs. Homon was flying about with the supper utensils.

"Glad you've come, Miss Anne," Homon bawled; "for some folks have come who know you, and want to see you. Saves *me* taking 'em along to your house. Come in, come in."

"Sartinly she's going to stay," added Mrs. Homon. "They've come upon me unawares, and here they are; and go right in unto them, my dear."

I looked across the passage, and, to my surprise, looked on an old friend and schoolmate, Olive Vernon, from whom I had received no tidings since her wedding-card six months ago. She was calmly surveying me through her eye-glass, and wore a refreshing smile.

"Olive! Olive!" I cried, "ghost in amice gray, and here! What does it mean?"

"I am here because my aunt has business with this bovine man; I was going to you afterward. Are you ready to make me a visit at once? My purpose holds good for that fact."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes; we are housekeeping in Moreham. My husband is a doctor, you know, and is trying to establish a practice. Now will you come? Doctor knows all about you, and he told me to invite you sure."

"It is like a dream, seeing you here."

"Now really," interrupted Mrs. Homon, "it is right nice to see you young ladies together, and I knew your mas when they were your age. Won't you go in the garden and see my hollyhocks? Supper ain't quite ready."

The garden, with the rows of box and althea bushes, I had seen a hundred times, but it looked new to me now, with the refreshing Olive added.

"We might play grande dames in this pleached alley," said Olive. "Anne, I want you in my house, so, maybe, we can revive our old illusions. Never a dream comes true, though. Life shapes itself; we don't shape it. I am curious for you to see somebody."

"You are happy, Olive, with him?"

"Of course; just as happy as I always was, and always shall be, you sentimental goose, with or without *hims*."

"I am so glad to see you, Olive! To tell the truth, I am just bored to death, and long for a change. Will you beg mother to let me go?"

And so it was settled. Olive passed the next day with us, and in a week from that time I was ready for Moreham. I happened to go alone, and arrived at the Moreham station late in the afternoon, finding no one waiting for me. I inquired the way to Dr. Denbigh's, and a boy about the premises offered his services as guide.

"I know 'em all," he said; "fust-rate-and-a-half folks. I hold Captain Wilson's horse sometimes, and black Mr. Denbigh's boots. The house is above the bridge yonder."

The bridge he spoke of spanned a lovely little stream; willows waved over it, like a delicate green veil, and I stopped to admire it.

"Them weepin'-willows is often remarked," said my guide. "I've seen Captain Wilson wipe his eyes when he looked at them, but Mr. Denbigh stumps by; *he's* lame, you know. Going to stay a spell?"

I answered satisfactorily, and he left me at Olive's gate with a flourish. She ran to meet me, full of apologies for the absence of all the gentlemen. She appeared fidgety, and I felt constrained. The house was large, dingy, and chilly. We sat in a parlor a few minutes to exchange remarks, and

then she took me to my room up stairs, an apartment with two long windows, which opened upon a piazza covered with vines. I expressed my liking for the room and for the view from it.

"How glad I am, and how anxious I feel about your opinion of our gentlemen!"

"Gentlemen, Olive?"

"Yes; the doctor consented to take for the season Captain Wilson, a widower, his little girl, and nurse. The other gentleman is George Denbigh, the doctor's brother, who spends much of his time here. Yes, I am *very* curious to know what you will think of him; he is a puzzle. We shall meet at tea, soon to be ready. Look your best, miss. I'll leave you now. Come down when you hear the bell. The train is nearly due."

I tossed over my wardrobe with some apprehension, but at last selected a plain dress, and decorated it with blue ribbons. Just as the last knot was arranged, I heard a masculine voice call "Olive," then a little run, then a bell, which I concluded was my summons, and descended. I walked slowly down the broad stairs, and saw in the parlor, on my right hand, a handsome, red-haired, portly gentleman tossing a beautiful little girl in his arms; and as I entered the parlor on the left I encountered a pale, dark-haired gentleman, limping to and fro, who was reading aloud from a newspaper. Olive sat on the sofa, with her head on the shoulder of a third gentleman, her husband, who rose, and, with her introduction, gave me a polite welcome. Mr. George Denbigh was also introduced; he bowed, and said,

"Now, Olive, give Miss Capel her tea; she needs it, I am sure."

We filed into a large room, sparsely furnished, and took our seats at a table, which was comfortless, to my ideas. We did not proceed; Olive looked at the tea-pot as if she were saying grace; the doctor's eyes were fixed; George Denbigh scrutinized the cake-basket. A door opened, and Captain Wilson entered, leading his child. To him I was introduced, and our meal began. At once I was profoundly interested in all persons present and every passing fact. I was hungry, I was glad, I was grateful. We were not a noisy party, but Captain Wilson appeared to be the one in authority; he ordered dishes that were not prepared, and humiliated Olive with reference to the weak tea and the burned toast. His fastidiousness was provoking; but as it was with this meal it proved with all. Captain Wilson was a very imperfect man, especially where his dinner was concerned. I thought his manners pompous; and when he asked me about my journey, I replied haughtily; when he recommended any thing, I refused. Olive seemed afraid of him. She blushed at his implied reproaches, and for that reason I felt inclined to be saucy with him.

He was very handsome. I was compelled to admit the fact, even when I inventoried his red hair, freckles, stoutness, forty years, and widowhood. What a contrast was George Denbigh! Pale, thin, sinister-looking, with closely curling black hair, nervous, lithe, and with artificial manners. I was soon at home with Olive. Days went as months—there seemed so much in them. The old dullness oppressing me so at home disappeared. Olive and I were alone for the most part during the mornings, while the doctor was on his rounds, Captain Wilson in town or elsewhere, and George Denbigh confined at his office. Olive was satisfied to see that I was suited with my surroundings. Little Alice, the first child I ever loved, was fond of me, and clung to me so that George Denbigh more than once sneered, "Love me, love my dog."

At first Captain Wilson was inclined to talk with me. All at once he grew so rigidly formal that I got up a chronic anger against him; but no chance was given me to express my anger. I know, however, that he was a constant and intense observer of me, my every movement and act; and George Denbigh was also.

One day, of course thinking, as usual, that Captain Wilson was away, to please Alice, I played hide-and-seek with her. We ran round the hall, hiding here and there, seizing each other with kisses and laughter. The door of his parlor was open—a place I had never entered. Now I blindly rushed in, and darted behind the sofa. Somebody was near. In an instant Captain Wilson was bending over me, his face aglow, his eyes lit with fire. I was so astonished I could not move, and making no attempt to rise, I simply stared at him.

"I should like to join in this play," he said.

"You are too old," I answered, stupidly.

"I suppose so—too old for any thing," he replied, with a bitter voice, turning so pale that I was frightened. I did not stir, but looked at him, mute as if I had lost the power of speech. At this moment Alice burst into the room, exclaiming,

"Miss, I have found you! Oh, papa, she does not play fair!"

"I believe you, dear. She treats us all so."

"Is that so, captain? I am fond of play."

He made a cross gesture, then turned, and looked into my eyes. His look taught me something—that I was fond of him! Red hair, forty years, forty centuries, went for nothing before that beseeching, searching look. My face burned; I feared my eyes were betraying me. As my head sank, I saw a sudden, joyous sparkle flash into his eyes. Some impulse stirred him; his lips half opened, and he hid his face against Alice, who had climbed into his lap. What made him doubtful? I was glad to escape. As I

went I caught a glimpse of a portrait over the mantel-piece—that of a severe-looking lady, whose forbidding eyes drove me from that sacred spot as an intruder. I went at once to Olive with my adventure, and spoke of the portrait.

"It is that of his wife," she said. "Before you came he spoke of her frequently. Her will was the law of his life. He is still afraid of her influence. She must have been an awful martinet, because he seems so shocked when my doctor chucks me under the chin. What do you think of such a chap for a lover," she added, maliciously—"one who so abandons himself to the ardors of emotion? Yet George Denbigh insists that he is head over ears in love with you, but is afraid of you. George may judge by himself, so I am not so sure."

"What do you mean, Olive?"

"Let me place you *en rapport* with George a little. By profession he is a lady-killer. He is so piqued by your indifference that he is confused as to the state of his or any body else's feelings. He believes all is fair in love, and is disposed to practice any amount of chicanery. He can not comprehend what it is to be single-hearted, straightforward. Emotion with him is a complex machine, and he delights to set its cogs and move its springs. You might fancy his Byronic self, if you were not diverted by Captain Wilson. Then he knows, too, that *he* is poor, while the other is rich."

"I am rich too. Did you not hear of my good fortune after you left school? I am an heiress."

"Dear, dear me!" and she sighed, thoughtfully. "I never knew it."

To the credit of human nature, Dr. Denbigh was more respectful in his manner that evening. He appealed to George Denbigh fraternally and jocularly, though it was not his wont. Captain Wilson was mild in his melancholy, gazed at me wistfully; and George Denbigh was horridly sentimental, despairing, satirical, and full of gay humility. So I perceived that Olive had spread the news I had given her. We were on the piazza and lawn that evening, it being bright moonlight, and warm; lamps stood on the tables inside. It was a pretty scene—one to be recalled as a picture. George Denbigh sat sometimes on the step, by a vine-clad pillar, his pale face and dark hair looking very well against the leaves. Captain Wilson occupied an easy-chair; he smoked incessantly, and only said "Yes" and "No" to Olive's frequent questions. She flitted about like a moth or a fire-fly in the shrubbery. I was vexed and weary; this was my least happy evening, and I thought of home—wholesome, simple, hearty old home! Dr. Denbigh pestered me with questions about Kingsford, and asked me if it was a good place for a professional man, and whether it would be pleasant to me to have the Denbighs there.

"'My face is my fortune, Sir,' she said,"

sang Olive, down by the gate, her thoughts still harping on my unexpected revelation of wealth.

"Just so," remarked the doctor, with a grating laugh. "Money is the god, Miss Anne, not love, after all."

"I have never felt its value," I replied, "till just now."

"You are so young; but you will appreciate it immensely."

How tiresome he was! I wanted to run away, but George Denbigh stretched himself across the window-sill where I was, brought his face close to mine, took my fan, and twirled it before my face.

"When so much is perfect, why can not the crown be added," he said—"the crown of true passion? Ah!"—ending with a sigh.

"What is perfect here?" I asked, crossly. "I feel mosquitoes."

"You are. You are too beautiful to-night, and you mean to make us feel it. Won't you end my punishment?"

I could not decide whether Captain Wilson heard this. He rose suddenly, tossed his cigar into a flower bed, and walked off.

"Old Truepenny has started," muttered George Denbigh. "What is your opinion of our fat friend? He serves for a foil."

I was watching the fiery end of the cigar, and sillily saying, for a test, "He loves me a little, he loves me not at all, he—" It expired. "There! it has gone out," I cried. "The moon is hid."

The doctor began to prose again, and George Denbigh slipped back to his pillar. Looking round for Captain Wilson, he said, loudly,

"How easy to climb this pillar! The vines are tough as a rope-ladder. A cavalier might easily serenade you, Miss Anne, directly before your window."

"Suppose we have one now," said Olive. "Captain Wilson, where is your guitar?"

"Its strings are broken." His voice sounded close to my ear. He was standing behind me.

"Miss Capel," he said, hurriedly, "the moon is at its full; will you permit me to drive with you after tea to-morrow, and show you Moreham Lake?"

"With pleasure."

"Good-night, then; pleasant dreams, and no serenade, I trust, jackanapes."

And he glided away. All at once my vexation vanished; the beauty of the evening struck me forcibly, and I strolled down to the gate where Olive was again.

"Witch-elms, really," she said, with her face upturned. "How meaningly the long boughs wave to us, in obeisance to us superior creatures; but they can never go

away with their trunks! What have you been doing? Crossing elements? pitting those men against each other?"

"Olive, you are absurd, and wrong."

"Perhaps you can not account for your mere presence. You say little, do less, effect much. You are like the elms—seemingly pliant, yielding; in reality immovable in the ground of your purpose."

"Nonsense. I have no purpose."

"You must have. Doctor says so."

"People construct me into a remarkable or erratic being, because my appearance favors some theory. But I am going to my room. Continue your moonshine. Heavens!"—I grasped her arm—"I see a circle round the moon. If it should rain to-morrow!"

"Mercy, Anne! what ails you? Suppose it should?"

"If so, I shall have to build me a little bark of hope again; that's all. Good-night."

She soon followed me, and we were dispersed about the house. I lingered in the hall, and heard the halting step of George Denbigh behind me; he touched my hand, and gave me a chill.

"Return with me to the piazza," he urged. "We are alone at last, and I have a word to say."

His face made me uneasy: it was agitated, and full of contradictory expressions.

"It is too late, Mr. Denbigh."

"Do not put me off with coquettish excuses. Do not forever deny yourself. *I* know you. We know each other."

Somehow, in spite of my contrary intention, I did go back, and sat beside him. I heard Olive close her blind, and saw the moon slide from the zenith. There was a hitch in George Denbigh's volubility; he hemmed as if his voice troubled him.

"You have a cold," I said, crossly; "we had better go in."

"Won't you really speak to me, Miss Capel?"

"I did not come to talk myself, but to oblige you."

"Oblige me! Why do I wish you here?"

"You will have to tell me; I never guessed a conundrum."

He was too self-involved now to heed me. A torrent of words burst from his lips, a little eloquent, but more foolish. I had inspired him, he, the invulnerable of heart, with an overwhelming passion, which he should resist, till I was conquered by my own as irresistible — a passion for him — was the substance of his remarks. I pitied him, hated him, and allowed him to talk on. I was naturally struck with the dramatic—whatever it might be.

"There is but one question to answer in life," he continued. "Whether it can be answered or not, we eternally ask it. To its solution every thing comes. I know this by experience, you by intuition. *Your* intuitions are all alive. You can not deceive me. You have a burning soul. To be near you is to breathe the atmosphere of a being who intoxicates, bewilders, deludes. There is no other heaven, you convince me. Well, I seek no other. Let me enter paradise with you. In bestowing happiness I can be your mate."

I was dumb outwardly, and as cold inwardly as if in the midst of an aurora borealis, so far as he was concerned, but stirred for *myself*. I peered into the dark trees, and listened to the far-off sounds of night. What mystery approached me that I was prepared to recognize?

"You are not the only beautiful woman I have known," commencing again his monologue. I believe he thought I talked back. "I worship beauty; it consumes me, but it shall feed me too. Need I come a beggar to you? Am I to be played with? Perhaps my misfortune makes you despise me." Here his voice trembled humanly, and I discovered what a mortal torment his lameness was. "I despise a blemish too; curse it! But why not an obvious one, as well as one hidden? We are all deformed secretly. Even your perfect self will not deny this."

And this was love! As he presented it, how mean! A dreadful loneliness fell on my spirit; I must escape his dark influence. A forlorn wind moaned through the trees, and a sad sound rushed through all the air. Black clouds gathered and parted from the moon, which hung in mid-heaven; the awful pictures of that forsaken and ruined orb, as revealed by the telescope, came into my mind, and it seemed the kind of world for souls like this before me, lost in the dregs of sense. I started to my feet.

"Poor Mr. Denbigh, look at the moon—dark, miserable mistake of a universe."

"What are you possessed with?" he insisted, angrily.

"I am utterly weary; let me go in. I have done with the subject you have brought up. I understand you; me you do not, never can understand; nor would I have you. To be in any bondage to you—and I perceive that there is one in which I might be—would prove a moral death. Let me go."

"Anne, never! You are a fool—blind. You dream of somebody else—the idiot snoring in his bed yonder."

I struck down his hands and passed him. Why did I look back from the stairs? For the sake of having a hateful impression fastened in my memory? He stood in the doorway; his face was livid, except a vermilion spot in his cheeks, and his eyes gleamed as savagely as a wild animal's. An ugly determination was expressed in every feature.

I reached the haven of my room. In my bed lay little Alice, a fresh rose-bud; she had crept away from her nurse, to come and sleep with me. Delighted, I caught her up and kissed her, so that she woke up and cried. I rocked her to sleep again. Then I put my lamp out and undressed, leaving off a hateful thought with every pin. The windows came to the floor, and opened like a door on the upper piazza. I heard a quick snap there, which startled me. Like lightning I recalled what George Denbigh had said about climbing the piazza; a foreboding of danger, not immediate, but in the future, troubled me. What danger could come to me, though? I must be nervous. I listened long, but no noise came; and after a while I made a sudden run for the bed, and in its security fell sound asleep.

"Papa," said Alice, at the breakfast-table, "I cried in the night, and my Anne rocked me."

Her father pinched her cheek and colored strangely, clattered his spoon, but made no remark.

George Denbigh said, presently,

"What makes little girls cry in the night? Strange noises?"

"No; kisses."

I made no mention of the disturbance; I wished afterward that I had.

"Well," remarked George Denbigh, "I hate to go into town this morning; I had rather stay here with you ladies. Miss Anne, would you read to me to-day?" And he came to the back of my chair, and leaned over it, as if he meant to speak confidentially to me. Captain Wilson looked at him intently. His expressive eyes showed wonder and annoyance. He glanced at me, too, with a little sadness, I thought. What was that creature doing behind me? I looked to Olive for help, and she surmised that I was vexed.

"George," she said, suddenly, "you look more saucy and confident than usual this morning. Provided you have any capacity for mischief, I believe you are proud of it."

"Must have power somehow," he laughed, picking up his hat, and swinging it in adieu.

To my great joy, he was detained in town, and did not arrive till Captain Wilson and I had long been gone. When we struck the long, level road, bordered by beautiful trees, Captain Wilson turned to me with a happy smile.

"Do you not feel free away from the shadow of that house? I do; I am joyous."

So was I. We grew happy and gleeful every moment. A little way on he told me that he had an errand to do at the station, and that he must leave me an instant in the chaise; the horse, his pet, was safe. Of course I made no objection. It was dark when we came to the station on the Moreham River, at the head of the little bridge, which we crossed to ride to the door. Beyond the bridge the railway lay, exactly ahead of the horse. Captain Wilson gave me the reins, jumped out, and disappeared. Five minutes passed, then ten; the horse turned his head back first to the right, then to the left, pounded with his fore-leg, and began to champ his bit. I felt impatient, and bent forward. Suddenly the horse trembled and shook the chaise; he snorted, and I rattled the reins softly, saying "old boy," and "old fellow." By chance, looking to the right, I saw an awful red eye bearing down on me—the locomotive! The horse swerved aside, wheeled, and thundered upon the bridge. I held to the reins, tugging at them with a mad strength to keep him from springing over the parapet. Then I saw Captain Wilson hanging on his fore-shoulder. He declared afterward that he jumped from the station platform clear across the road. But the horse was stopped by a word from his master, with a blow added between the eyes, and I was saved from a terrible accident. Neither of us spoke for a moment; Captain Wilson could not speak, for he was gasping. At last he said,

"Oh, my darling, I am so glad!"

I cried a little, and shivered a good deal, and tried to get hold of his hands.

"Are you frightened, my dear?"

And I was soothed till my agitation grew into delight and peace. The horse trotted on meekly through the wooded road; and it was well, for we forgot him. He came to a stand-still finally. Perceiving this fact, we laughed as lovers generally laugh.

"Am I right, Anne, in thinking that you may love me?"

"Yes, wholly right."

"What shall I say, then? Tell the story of my life?"

"Not now—only of that which makes me happy."

And so only the old story was repeated—told always when men are honest and women are in earnest. We passed the beautiful lake silvered by the moon, shaded by the silent woods. I never saw that lovely lake again. It could never look the same again, for there never was such a night for me. Is there but one such ever? On the way home we talked of a hundred things, hand clasped in hand, I closely folded from the night air, my head against his shoulder.

"I dread reaching the house," he said, as we came in sight of the white walls. "We have been riding through the Elysian fields to-night."

"I will dread nothing from the place where I have found you," I answered, with one or two more frank absurdities. But I did, for I thought of George Denbigh. I hoped he had not returned; but he was there on the piazza, smoking.

"Have you had a pleasant drive?" he

asked, as I sprang to the ground. "Are you not afeard of the rheumatism, captain?"

"Awfully; got it all over me, Denbigh. Never was worse in my life."

There was betrayal in every accent, joy in every word, and George Denbigh felt it. He pulled my sleeve as I went in.

"Every night a lover," he whispered, menacingly.

I passed him without speaking, but, after I heard the carriage go to the stable, peeped from my window to see if he was still there. To my surprise, I saw Captain Wilson beside him. I concluded they remained together to smoke a cigar. I retired, but was too excited for sleep. I could not keep myself from listening to the murmur below. One voice rose above the other at intervals with a strange vehemence. At last it died away, and I heard divided footsteps.

It is not strange, perhaps, that I was kept in bed the next day with headache. Olive was assiduous in her attentions, coming in often; but, to my surprise, she brought me no word from Captain Wilson.

"Are the gentlemen home yet?" I asked her, in the afternoon.

"Captain Wilson has been immured in his room all day. He was glum at dinner. Perhaps madam, his ghost, has beckoned him with her spiritual finger: he dare not be natural. Was he pleasant last night? If so, he may be doing penance before the portrait, and you will get an extra dose of formality. I have heard him talk with George about free manners in women. I have no patience with him. How woe-begone you look, Anne!"

"Oh, Olive! dear Olive!" and the tears ran down my face.

"There, there, you are nervous; the doctor must see you."

I recalled every word and incident of our interview of the evening before. Nothing, after all, had passed between us but a few words of love; there was no bond. And had I been too frank? Did he to-day think me unwomanly? I must see him once more; I had that right with one who avowed love for me, even if merely for the sake of passing an agreeable evening. I could not rise, however, being still dizzy with pain. The doctor compelled me to take a draught and remain in bed. The intolerable hours wore away. I heard the clock in the hall strike ten, eleven, midnight: the house was still. I fell asleep at last, and woke, as I supposed, by a dream of a grating noise. But it was real. I saw by the light of the night-lamp which Olive had placed in the closet that my blind moved. An arm in a shirt sleeve appeared, then a head was thrust inside; a body followed. It was George Denbigh's. He put one foot inside the window, and with his head bent low, remained so an instant, and withdrew. My hearing became acute. He waited on the piazza outside. I waited too; the truth was breaking in upon me. Some few minutes passed, and I heard a rustling of leaves; he was slipping down the pillar. His plan was evident. I rose, put on my shoes, and remembering that my water-proof cloak hung on the baluster outside, found it, wrapped myself in it, and went down to meet what I expected to meet. Captain Wilson stood in his open doorway. His hands were twisted; the sweat poured from his forehead; his face was drawn with distress, and jealousy tortured him.

"Your friend will be here presently," I said; "I will confront the hound!"

George Denbigh shot in then by the front-door, and closed it as if he were pursued, still in his shirt sleeves, adust with his scramble in the vines, and, Heaven forgive him! in an affected disorder. He turned frightfully pale when his eyes fell on me; his jaw dropped; and if I ever saw the picture of shame, I saw it then in Captain Wilson, when he beheld me dragging George Denbigh into his own parlor!

"I will not shame and hurt Olive," I said, "by exposing you. God pity her for the hands she has fallen into! But here you shall own all your fraud, meanness, and vanity. You have pretended that I have received you at night more than once."

"And see," he answered, "how easy it was for your clear-sighted lover to believe it; he is a tool weak enough for a woman even."

"Oh, Anne!" cried Captain Wilson, "you can never forgive me. But, my love, pray do. Remember that I am a jealous idiot, and that this creature has known it from the first."

"I vowed you should feel the meaning of my love in some way," said George Denbigh. "Pity you waked up; I thought your opiate would silence you. This is next to success, though; if not the rose, I have been the earth about it."

"The rotten mould," added Captain Wilson, "and the rose has disclosed itself as you did not expect. Anne, my shame punishes me enough. And he showed me your picture."

"Ah! a root left—a jealous thorn," sneered George Denbigh. "What safety he warrants in the way of faith!"

"Stolen from Olive," I said; "a cheap trick. Yet it sufficed."

"The play may end for all me," said George Denbigh; "I have done—beaten by sheer accident. Now let us suppose years to elapse. You and I, Miss Anne, may totter on the stage; but look at our valiant captain."

With this shot he backed out, with a poor assumption of politeness, and we heard him stumble.

"Let the dog lie where he falls; but how shall I punish myself, Anne?"

He approached me with repentance, as a peace-offering; but his manly confidence did not chime with my mood. I swept by him and went up stairs, and he shut his door with a bang and a groan.

I made ready for home at once. Olive and I maintained a discreet silence. I reached home sadder and wiser, but no longer bored; the possibilities of life had been revealed.

But it was not long before Captain Wilson stormed Kingsford. He, too, was changed. I missed his arrogance, and thought his humility becoming; it was easy to pardon him. I became the mother-in-law of Alice —the last person eligible for that situation, all Kingsford thought — and her father sometimes pretended, on the strength of this opinion, that he was vastly disappointed.

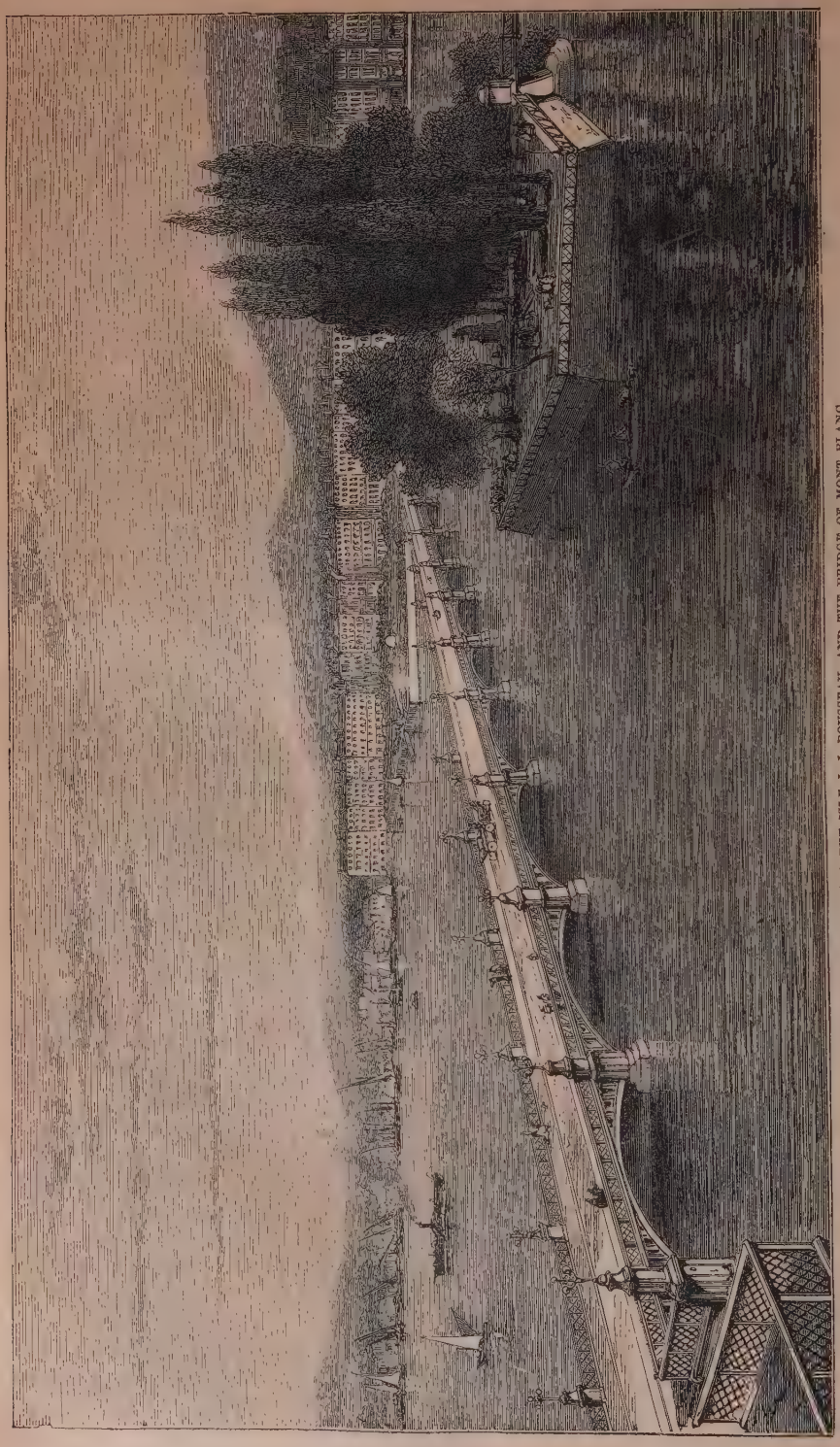
GENEVA.

GENEVA—A GLIMPSE OF THE OLD CITY.

VOLTAIRE, in one of his poems written against Geneva, describes a tempest upon the lake. A woman, the solitary victim of the waves, is cast insensible upon the shore. All efforts to restore her have failed, when a stranger passing asks, "Who is this unfortunate woman?" "A Genevese, milord." "Ah! from Geneva. Well, I have an infallible recipe to tell whether she is alive or dead." And he straightway placed a crown piece in her hand. The fingers closed upon the silver, and she was sufficiently restored to put it into her pocket.

The parsimony of Geneva, and, indeed, of all Switzerland, has been so long proverbial as to make the fact doubtful. At any rate, a great many proverbs will, I think, be found upon analysis to be fossil truth and living falsehood. The invention of the foregoing incident was only one of the many ways which the philosopher of Fernex had of worrying his republican and Calvinistic neighbors. The man who received the messengers and embassadors of kings and emperors at his château, four miles away, condescended to write all manner of satires and have them thrust under the doors of the Genevese in the night. If Voltaire, however, did not succeed better with his tirades against the money-loving habits of the little republic than he did in his attempts to worry them out of their religion and democratic manners, the Genevese are a parsimonious people to this day; for they are religious and republicans still, and their city presents the strange spectacle of a community that speaks French and is moral.

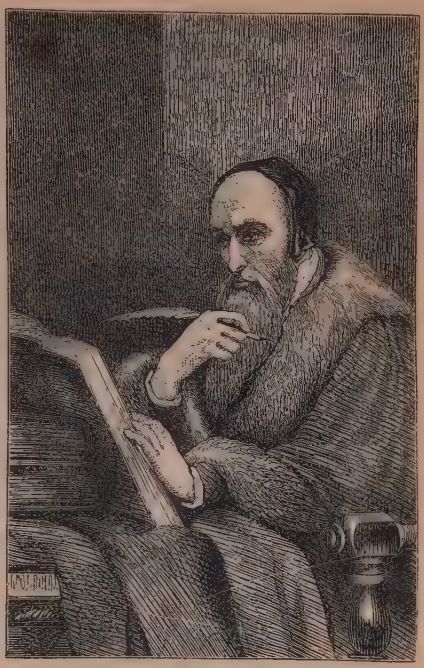
To see Geneva aright one must look at it



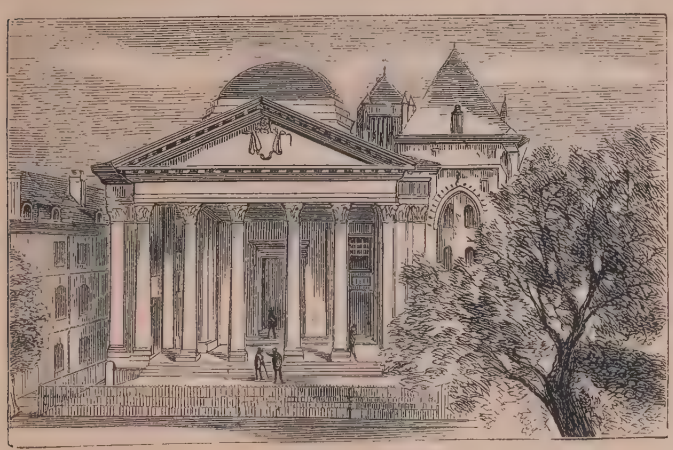
GENEVA—THE OLD CITY, THE ISLE J. J. ROUSSEAU, AND THE BRIDGE OF MONT BLANC.

through its history. Indeed, its history has always been so much bigger than itself, in all the ordinary measurements of extension, that there is hardly any other way of looking at it. From Bonnivard's and Calvin's time to ours much of the world's progress would seem to have got into the habit of going by the way of Geneva. It was here, in 1864, that the curse of war was made less among civilized nations by proclaiming the neutrality of the wounded, and by the establishment of the International Ambulance Corps; and two great nations have chosen this as the place to inaugurate the new substitute for war—namely, the settlement of disputes by arbitration. Even the new quays and gardens now ornamenting the city are monuments of the recent liberal triumph of the local government. Then the old houses in the medieval quarters are records in themselves—records of many things, but more especially of the economy and frugality which, I suspect, have been called parsimony in the mistaken wisdom of general report. Kept within the narrow limits of their walls by enemies on every hand, there was not space for cross streets, and so the early Genevese made archways serve instead, building over all the available ground. This, by-the-way, is perhaps the most striking peculiarity of the city, and one that the stranger rarely or never notices. He sees the archways every few yards, but never thinks to pursue them into their mysteries. A whole ward of the city is thus built over, and the squalor and quaintness of the little courts, in the midst of a dilapidated wilderness of houses, are indescribably picturesque.

Lake Leman, which the ambitious people of Lausanne sometimes call after themselves, and which the world helps Geneva to call after itself, is a sort of Tappan Zee to the river Rhone. That stream comes soiled and travel-stained from its headlong descent of the mountains, plunges into the lake, and comes out again, clear as crystal and as swift as ever, fifty-three miles away, between the quays of Geneva. If we consult the old geographers, and not the ruins of villas and temples in the country round, we would suppose that the Romans were not much impressed with Leman and the Rhone. They called one the Lake of the Desert, and the other they gave a bad name in general language. The Italian lakes, with their softer skies, were more after the Roman heart. Even in modern times, it was Rousseau who first made Leman and the Rhone beautiful in literature, and so in the eyes of the world.



JOHN CALVIN.



CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER.

Before the appearance of "Émile" and the "Nouvelle Héloïse" it was the rule to build country houses fronting on the gardens or vineyards, and with little or no reference whatever to a view of the lake—indeed, it is said, with the backs of the houses to the water. This, of course, seems hardly credible to us, for whom Mont Blanc has been "lovely still," and Leman pellucid,

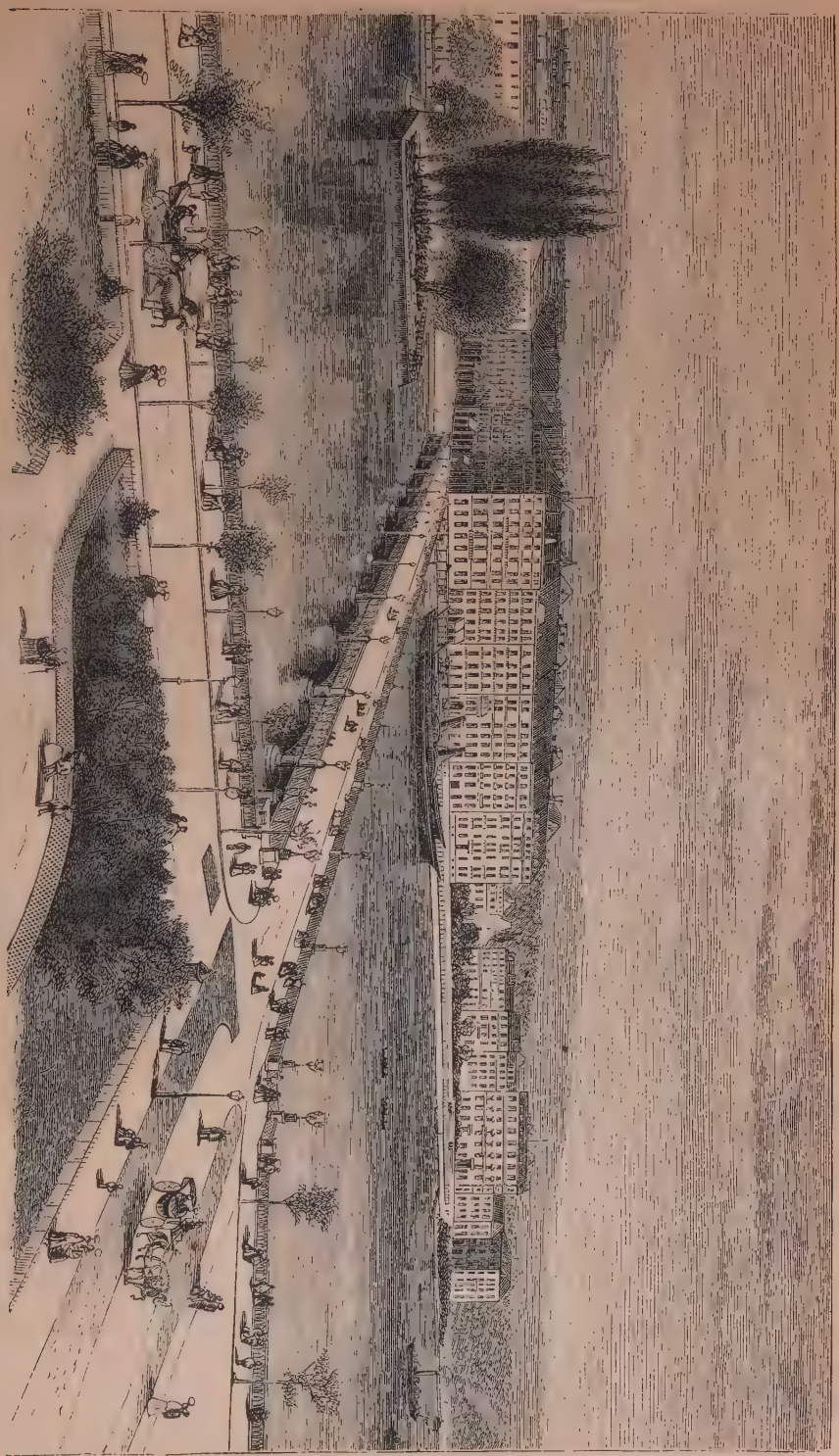
INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL ST. PETER.

and the Rhone running grandly rapid, in the poetry of at least half a century.

It is therefore a species of poetical justice and of æsthetic recognition that the very first thing the Rhone meets on its mad course out of the lake is Jean Jacques himself, in bronze, seated on the little island bearing his name. There around him, across two slender arms of swift water, rises the city that persecuted him while living, and, like a good republic, began honoring him as soon as he was dead. Over his right shoulder, and to the south, is the little old Geneva of history. It occupies scarcely the space of the average American village. The tall, queer houses stand thick and dingy, one looking over the other's shoulder, as they crowd upon the hill-side. The chimney-pots reach out over the tiles in all imaginary angles, tilting with the sky as you look up, and suggesting, in a sort of ghostly way, the attitude of constant defense and vigilance of their first plucky owners. In the midst of them rise the towers of the old Cathedral of St. Peter, where Calvin preached and whence Knox went forth to Scotland. Somewhere, too, in among the roofs is the squat, square tower of the Hôtel de Ville, for more than three hundred years the capitol of the little republic, and where England and the United States have been holding their Tribunal of Arbitration. History was made in narrow limits when those old walls and roofs were new. Within their little circle Calvin died and Rousseau was born. The preaching of that wonderful invalid has more or less influence upon fifty millions of people to-day. And the doctrines for which the "Émile"* was burned—the government of the people, by and for the people—now make, as I need not tell you, their yearly rounds in Fourth of July orations from Maine to Oregon.

At the foot of the hill, on the left shores of the lake and the Rhone, the old city has come down to the present age, so to speak. Fine quays, hotels, and gardens front the water. St. Gervais, the time-honored and grimy quarter of the workmen, on the opposite side of the Rhone, has been crowded back more distinctly into itself by the same kind of beautifying modern improvements. Thus the present Geneva of forty-eight thousand inhabitants spreads itself about the southwestern end of the lake, completely cut in two by the Rhone, were it not for the half dozen fine bridges that hold the severed parts together. These bridges add much to the natural beauty of the city's situation. Looking up the lake on the right, the Villa Diodati, where Byron wrote "Manfred" and the third canto of "Childe Harold," is seen fronted by its vineyards. On the left bank are the distant roofs of Coppet, where

* Strange as it may seem to us now, it was for its politics and not its religion that the "Émile" was burned by the French Parliament; and it was in a mean subservience to France and to the jealousy of Voltaire that the book was burned nine days later at Geneva.



GENEVA—THE NEW CITY AND THE BRIDGE OF MONT BLANC.

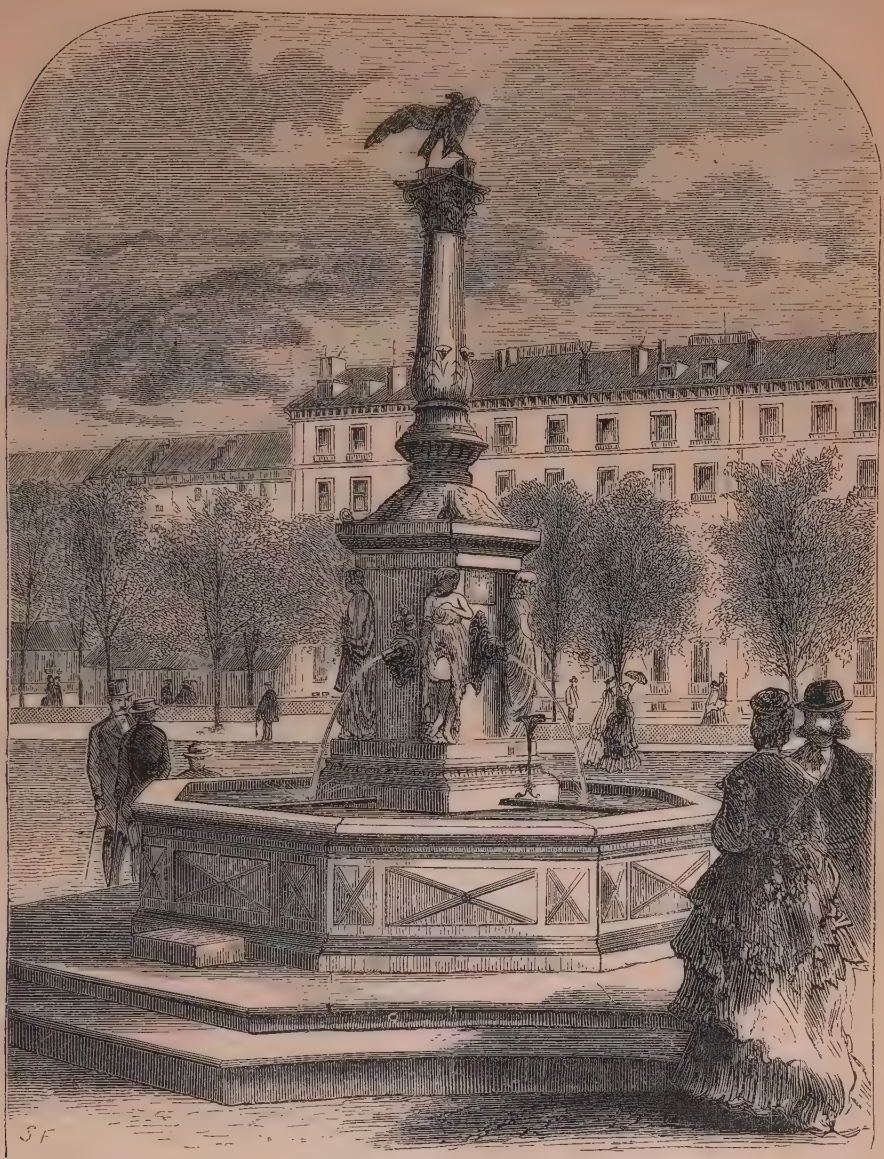
J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Madame De Staël held her intellectual court. Then the view—following the lazy flight of the most bird-like of boats with their romantic lateen-sails, or chasing the dwarf steamships as they go up the lake with music—is lost in the far-away meeting of the blue sky and blue water. In the opposite direction, pursuing the course of the Rhone, the city is scattered about the uneven plain, just beyond which the Arve, turbid with the melted snows of the Mer de Glace, joins the Rhone. The waters of the two rivers, one blue and the other muddy, run side by side without mingling as far as the eye can reach.

Of the two islands in the Rhone at Geneva, the first, bearing the name of Jean Jacques Rousseau, is just large enough to hold his statue, alluded to above, and two or three Lombardy poplars, and to form in its lee an inclosure for a large and quarrelsome colony of swans. The second and larger island forms a part of the St. Gervais quarter of the city, and is crowded with the tall old houses of the workmen and washer-women. Back of the St. Gervais side, or the Geneva of the right shore, the view is closed in by the Jura and France, while back of the old city on the hill rise the Little and Great Salève. Back of them is a range of snow-capped mountains, and back of them still looms Mont Blanc, forty miles away in a direct line, and sixty by the road. In the spring of Switzerland, which is, if possible, worse than ours on the North Atlantic coast of America, Mont Blanc is the Veiled Prophet of mountains. He sends down his penances in the harsh wind, the *bise*, which blows through the lake and the nerves of the Genevese; but he keeps well out of sight himself till the clear summer days have come. Then he sometimes makes amends in a single sunset for the harshnesses of a whole season. The snow of the farthest chain of mountains becomes of the very richest colors. The lower and intermediate regions fall into shadow. Light vapors spread over the lake, and beyond and above all towers the triple peak of Mont Blanc in royal purple. The reds gradually melt into violet. Sometimes a second illumination comes from the clouds above the Alps, and the violet becomes purple again. So, finally, Mont Blanc passes slowly from sight, and the pale phantoms of the glaciers are lost in the gathering shadows of the evening. It is a scene of which no sketch can give an idea, and the painter with the power to transfer it, in the supreme moment of its marvelous beauty, to his canvas is a part of the ideal Darwinism of the future in the long category of the coming men.

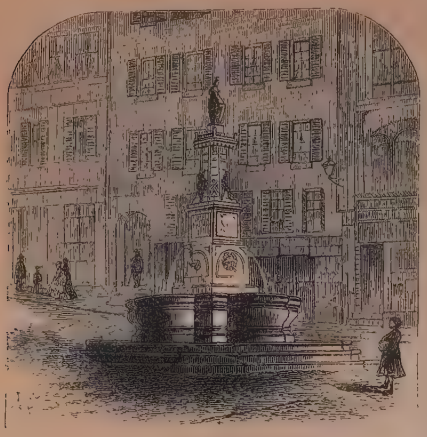
The odd costumes worn by the peasantry of some other cantons of Switzerland are no longer to be seen in Geneva. Even the blouse, I think, is gradually disappearing. The only class that now invariably wears it is that of the street porters, who stand on the corners, and take off their caps, and make known their anxiety to serve you by crying *"V'là, monsieur!"* if you as much as look at them. But probably the most picturesque sight furnished by any

"V'LÀ, MONSIEUR!"



FOUNTAIN OF THE FOUR SEASONS.

class of the present Genevese is that of the washer-women. They pound and rinse their clothes in plain view of all comers every week-day in the year in the covered boats anchored by the banks of the Rhone. Somehow it seems that the spectacle would lose much of its impressive oddity if the water were not so swift and pure, and if the old Savoyard houses above them were not almost pre-historic in their quaintness. And it might as well be said here as any where that Geneva, like most of Europe, is no longer away from home to Americans. The English language seems to have made the conquest of the world, at least the shop and hotel keeping world. Those who were homesick abroad ten or even five years ago will be, perhaps, the last to understand the state of affairs prevailing now. At the hotels, on the railways and steamboats, Americans are rather the rule than the exception. So completely do we carry our country with us now as we sail that it has become doubtful whether, in the phraseology of the old Latin line, we change either our skies or minds who cross the sea. The English, who



FOUNTAIN OF THE ESCALADE.

used to hold the Continent as a part of their entail, have been dispossessed by the younger children of the race. The poor half-pay officer has pursued the fleeting cheapness into *pensions* and remote swaggering-grounds. The time is coming, it is to be feared, when the aristocratic paupers of Britain will have to go to work. Continental prices are rising every year.

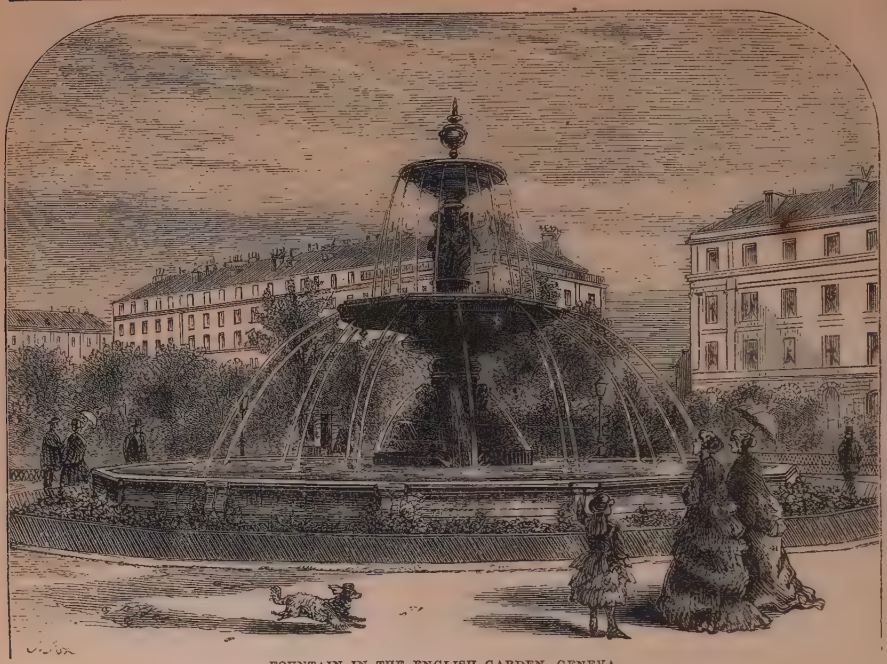
The people of the Stone Age have left their rude implements at different places along the shores of Leman, and traces of a race of pre-historic Venetians have been found in the ruins of houses which were built in the lake. But the written history of Geneva begins, I think, in the "Commentaries" of Cæsar. The great conqueror himself came here to direct the defense of the province, menaced by an invasion of the Helvetians. The city was prosperous under the Romans. It became the seat of a bishop in the fourth century, and under the kings of Burgundy, to whom it fell, was persecuted by Clovis for its Arminianism, the Unitarianism of that century. Geneva, however, may be said to have commenced its existence as a state at the dissolution of the little kingdom of Burgundy (1033). The city, destined in after-years to be the greatest enemy, perhaps, that Rome ever had, was for the five hundred succeeding years an ecclesiastical principality of the German empire. It is therefore about the Cathedral of St. Peter, rather than about the Hôtel de Ville, that the medieval history of Geneva groups itself. This church was consecrated with imposing solemnities by the Emperor Conrad in 1034, when, as will be seen, the little state was but a year old. An older Christian church and a pagan temple had stood upon the same spot. The interior of the cathedral to-day is very much as Calvin left it. The canopy of the pulpit from which he preached, and the chair in which he sat when others preached, the front seats with the names of the old pastors on them—and there seems to have been a good many of them in those days—and the other seats bearing the names of the old Genevese families—all are there, holding the place with a sort of grim, Puritan tenacity. In the presence of the clean plainness of the nave and aisles it is not difficult to imagine one's self back in the time of the old reformer, when every citizen was forced to be a Christian according to the prevailing doctrine; when the day began at four o'clock in the morning, and every thing, from the city gates to grocery accounts, was opened with prayer; when Servetus was burned alive for having an opinion of his own on the subject of the Trinity; when cards, dice, singing, dancing, frivolous words, loafing about bar-rooms, absence from church, were against the laws of God, and avenged by the laws of man; when even suicide was punished by confiscation of goods; and when, too, on the other hand, Geneva was the school and printing-press of Protestant Europe, the refuge of reformers, a theology mill, a centre of energy and activity in the making and disseminating of Bibles and martyrs that has probably never been equaled in the history of the world.

The statues and architectural ornaments of the outside, the paintings and beautiful stained glass windows of the inside of the cathedral, were swept away by the reformers. There are yet occasional vestiges of the tombs of the old canons upon the flat stone flooring of the nave. In the seventeenth century the rulers of Geneva allowed two monuments to be erected, one to the memory of Agrippa d'Aubigné, and the other to that of the Duke of Rohan, both of whom took a leading part in the Reformation in France, and were also zealous protectors of the independence of Geneva. Those two tombs, or cenotaphs, whichever they be, are alone in their melancholy glory. No Genevese has since received a like honor. The severity of early Protestantism was opposed to such vanities. Calvin himself forbade that his grave should be marked by any monument; and it is by no means certain that the spot shown as his last resting-place in the cemetery of the *Plainpalais* is the correct one. The present classic façade of the cathedral, so out of keeping with the rest of the architecture, dates only from the eighteenth century. The building, inside or out, is not imposing; but, as I have in part said already, the history of Geneva for at least eight hundred years has revolved about that old pile. From it Calvin ruled the little state with a firmer hand than did any of his episcopal predecessors; and notwithstanding what may be said to the contrary, the effects of his ruling are still felt in Geneva. The cathedral has been the forum as well as the sanctuary of the city; for there, year after year, the citizens have as-

TOWER OF CÆSAR, AND THE WASHER-WOMEN.

sembled in a general council, elected their magistrates, and voted their laws. Freedom, in fact, has been a sort of religion with this thrifty people. Before America was discovered, when one of the dukes of Savoy, leagued with the King of France, made a demand upon their sovereignty, they deliberated, at one of these general councils, and sent back a reply to the effect that their magistrates had never sworn allegiance to any prince on earth, and that they preferred poverty and liberty to wealth and servitude. Even one of their bishops, Aldemar Fabri, had, nearly a century before that time, become a patriot by contagion, and granted them the charter which for four hundred years was the base of their constitution.

The Hôtel de Ville, or the town-hall of Geneva, is, at least just now, the most important building in the city. It is also the seat of the cantonal government. There, as I have already said, the tribunal for the arbitration of the *Alabama* claims has held its sessions. The Salle du Congrès, the congress hall for the canton and city of Geneva, is the room in which the arbiters meet. In the same hall the International Society for the Wounded, in 1864, established a sort of universal sanitary commission for civilized nations, upon the basis that the sick and wounded in war are neutrals. The record of our American Sanitary Commission made this result possible—was, in fact, the main argument that brought it about. The Salle du Congrès is not as large as the common council rooms of our larger Western cities. It is neatly and even elegantly furnished. The Hôtel de Ville, judged from the standpoint of this age, is a small and unimpressive building. The façade has nothing but an immense cornice to distinguish it from the houses built close up to it on both sides. The remains of the old ramparts are seen in front of it. They form a handsome terrace, commanding a fine view of the plain of the *Plainpalais*, and the valley of the Rhone and Arve. But the really practical entrance to the Hôtel de Ville is in the rear. This has some of the medieval picturesqueness about it. You enter the paved court through

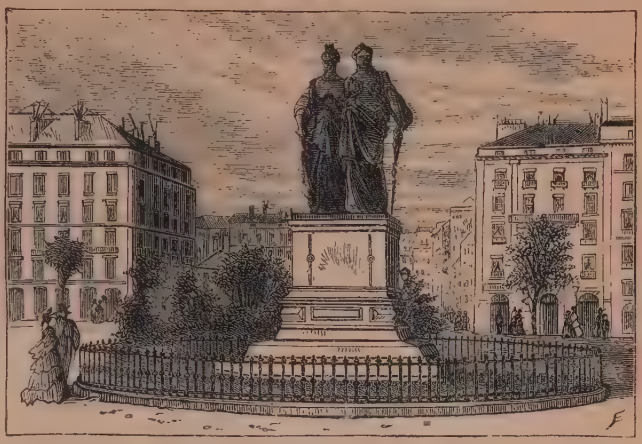


FOUNTAIN IN THE ENGLISH GARDEN, GENEVA.

an old archway, whence a double row of columns leads out to the left. The Salle du Congrès is in front of you on the first floor across the court. To the right is a quaint, squat tower, about which zigzags a wide paved carriage-way up to the different stories of the building. It is said that the dignitaries rode up this stairway to the council chamber in the aristocratic days of the republic.

Across the street from the Hôtel de Ville is an arsenal, or rather a museum of old arms and armor, where some of the pikes, petards, and scaling-ladders captured at the famous Escalade are shown to the curious stranger. A fountain commemorating the same event is to be seen at the bottom of the crooked street leading from the Hôtel de Ville to the Rhone. It is the street in which Rousseau was born, and is called the *Grande Rue*, though it is grand neither in the French nor in the English sense of the word. The fountain is principally successful in that it commemorates a failure. Upon the column, out of which come two spouts of water, are some bass-reliefs, representing mailed soldiers going up and falling down ladders in a very weak and discouraged way. The Escalade was in 1602, but the Genevese have never got over celebrating it to this day. The anniversary is observed more or less as a holiday, and the old citizens commemorate it in a frugal dinner. The Escalade was, I believe, the last warlike act in the long struggle of Geneva with the dukes of Savoy. It was in those quarrels that Bonnivard was made the immortal prisoner of Chillon, and that the Swiss were first called in to the aid of the Genevese. The aggressive Protestantism of Calvin raised up new and more powerful enemies to the little republic. The influence of the Spanish monarchy was directed against the heretic city. The pope offered to make the Duke of Savoy a king, as the price of its capture, and perpetual prayers for its annihilation were established at Rome. From the death of Calvin (1564) up to the close of the sixteenth century the Genevese were in continual danger from these powerful foes, and often in open warfare with the dukes of Savoy. These latter had finally, by seizure and treaties, advanced their territories up to the very walls of the city, until it became a fact as well as a proverb that more Savoyards than Genevese dwelt within hearing of the bells of the cathedral of Geneva. The old tower, known as the Tower of Cæsar, from which the dukes watched their neighbors, is now almost in the centre of the city. It has become the home of a peaceful watch-maker, and serves with its three clock faces to tell the time of Paris, Geneva, and Berne. In those days every able-bodied Genevese was taught to be a soldier. The old men, boys, and women worked upon the ramparts. The gates were closed every night, and the citizens took turns as sentinels. This vigilance was observed in times of peace. In peace or war the duke, Charles Emanuel I., during his long reign of fifty years, seems to have had but one object, and that was to get posses-

sion of Geneva. Toward the close of the year 1602, in a period of profound peace, the Duke of Savoy made his way into the neighborhood of the coveted city, under pretense of hunting, and an army of four thousand of his men collected secretly under the walls of Geneva, on the night of the 11th of December. Three hundred chosen men, acquainted with the city, armed from head to foot, and bearing with them, besides, petards and steel hammers, stealthily scaled the walls by means of ingeniously constructed ladders. It was a dark, cold night, and the city was fast asleep. There was not a light to be seen in the houses or upon the ramparts. When the duke heard of the success of these chosen men, he straightway sent couriers to all the Catholic courts, announcing his entry into Geneva.



NATIONAL MONUMENT AT GENEVA.

The three hundred Savoyards, upon reaching the ramparts, concealed themselves along the parapet. The general attack was to take place at daybreak, the explosion of a petard by one of the advance being the signal agreed upon. The duke had ordered his officers to put the citizens to the sword, and to give the city up wholly to the soldiers. And the soldiers bore amulets, and had taken the communion, say the Protestant historians. About half past two o'clock in the morning a sentinel upon one of the towers saw something move near the moat, and informed his corporal, who sent five men to reconnoitre. The Savoyards sprang upon them and hurled them down into the moat; but an arquebusier had time to discharge his piece, and a drummer gained the tower, running and beating his drum with all his might. The alarm spread; the bells of the cathedral and of the other churches took it up. Lights suddenly shone from the windows, women and children shrieked in terror, and the men, dressing in haste, rushed to arms. The three hundred Savoyards, finding themselves discovered, formed rapidly in column of attack. They were at that moment separated from the body of the city by three gates, against which they now threw themselves. One of the gates fell into their power, but just at the moment when a Savoyard was getting ready his petard to give the signal for the entrance of the army, the portcullis fell, dropped by a common soldier: and so one man's presence of mind saved Geneva. The first cannon fired from the walls was therefore taken by the army for the preconcerted signal, while it at the same time lit up the ladders and the situation. The army came up to find the ramparts bristling with defenders, and to be mowed down with grape-shot. The chosen three hundred were driven to throw themselves into the moat. A general retreat was the result, and the duke, baffled and mortified, went and shut himself up in Turin. The event made a great sensation at that time. Protestant Europe was very angry at the perfidy of the duke. Soldiers and money came into the city from all quarters. The Prince of Hesse sent 10,000 crowns, and said, in his accompanying letter, "If I had but one doublet, I would share it with Geneva." And so, from that day to this, the 12th of December, the anniversary of the Escalade, has been the thanksgiving-day of the Genevese.

Though frequently allied with the Swiss, it was only in 1814, when the French empire lost its grip upon it, that Geneva became a member of the Confederation, the last of the twenty-two cantons. The union is commemorated by what is called the National Monument, which stands near the "English Garden," on the left shore of the lake. Two Greek women, in bronze, of heroic size, one representing Switzerland and the other representing Geneva, and both a little out of strict artistic proportion, stand upon a lofty pedestal, with their arms about each other's shoulders in a loving, school-girl attitude.

The government of the canton of Geneva is carried on by means of three councils. The first is the General Council before mentioned as held in the cathedral. Every citizen above the age of twenty-one years has the right to vote and to take part in this council. The fundamental laws of the canton or Confederation, the choice of the Council of State, and of the deputies to the Federal Diet at Berne, are there voted upon. The second council is the one in which the legislative powers are vested. This is called the Great Council, which is composed of delegates

AMERICAN BANK AND PLACE BEL AIR—FAZY'S BATTLE-GROUND.—[SEE PAGE 882.]

above the age of twenty-five years, and chosen by the citizens in the proportion of one representation for every 666 inhabitants. The delegates are elected for two years, and may be re-elected. The laws, taxes, treaties, right of granting amnesties and nominating deputies to the Federal Council of State, are the province of this body, whose sittings are public. The third council is the Council of State, in which the chief executive power of the canton is vested. It consists of seven members, chosen for two years by the entire body of electors. The president receives $1100 a year, each of the other members $1000 a year! Their duty is to present the cantonal budget, appoint to government offices, regulate police affairs, see that the laws are executed, and confirm the nominations to religious charges. The canton of Geneva is only a few miles in extent, lying mostly to the southwest of the city, and contains in all little more than 90,000 inhabitants. There are now only about 4000 more Protestants than Roman Catholics in the little state. The city has hardly 20,000 people of pure Genevese extraction. The rest of the 25,000 or 30,000 making up the sum of the inhabitants are naturalized citizens and foreigners. Even Americans are buying property here.

And, by-the-way, if some enterprising Yankee would come and stock the lake with fish, he could make a handsome fortune. There are only a few species of the finny tribe in the whole lake, and they are very scarce. The fishermen, however, make up in patience what they lack in success. I have seen them trolling their lines from the bridges at all hours of day and night, but I have yet to see them catch the first fish. The hotels here depend generally upon the imported salt-water article.

The Code Napoleon, the civil law of the first empire, is still in force in Geneva. Every canton, indeed, has laws to suit itself, some of them very vexatious and behind the times. Early this year the whole of Switzerland was stirred to its centre by the project of revising the federal constitution. The object was to establish uniform laws for the entire country, and to do away with

many little cantonal absurdities. But the radical Protestants were afraid of political centralization, and the ultramontanes were afraid of religious freedom, and so the revision was lost by a majority of less than five thousand in the half million of popular votes cast. The reformers do not, therefore, despair of the time when a poor young man can get married in some of the cantons without paying a tax larger than his yearly income. In the proposed revision of the Swiss constitution it was provided that every one should go through a civil marriage, and use his or her pleasure about being married in church afterward. That is now the law and practice in Geneva. The magistrate marries on certain days of the week at the Hôtel de Ville, and young people have to make their engagements accordingly.

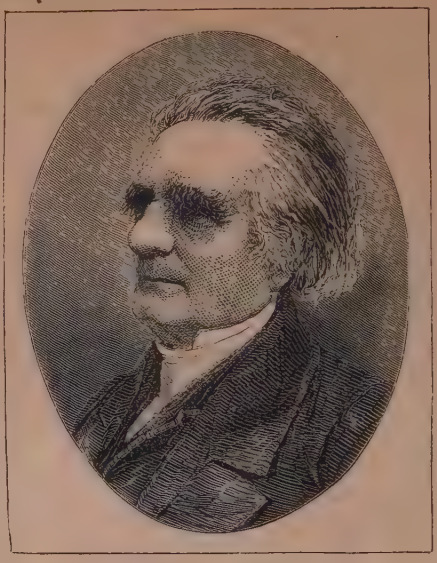
JAMES FAZY.

Geneva has so long been the watch factory of the world that little need be said on the subject. From four to five thousand men are constantly engaged in making watches. Two or three thousand more are employed in making musical boxes. In the absence of statistics it is supposed that one hundred and fifty thousand watches are now made in Geneva every year. The work is separated into many departments. The watch-makers, so-called—those who make the works of the watches—are the steadiest class. They have no trades-union. The case-makers are freer spirits, and have a trades-union, as do the jewelers, engravers, and enamelers. All of these latter command higher wages than the watch-makers, and, having more temptation, are more given to beginning the week on Wednesday, after a leisurely spree. A watch-maker averages about six francs, or nearly a dollar and a quarter a day. Jewelers, engravers, and enamelers can make a little more than that. Case-makers can earn three dollars a day. But such are the habits of all these four latter classes that they do not average more than the six francs a day of the watch-work maker. There are no very large watch factories in Geneva; that is, the workmen are rarely collected in one building. The independence of the whole class is indicated by the fact that they generally work at home. Where a quaint old house reaches out for light through many windows high above the dinginess of its narrow court, you may be sure that the proud ruler of the little republic is there with his watch-making or engraving tools. He and his brethren who make music-boxes and singing-birds, and the other industrious denizens of the St. Gervais quarter, are the rulers of this little republic, because they are the backbone of the radical party, and the radical party is the backbone of the liberal or independent party, which rules the city and the canton. It is these people who, under the lead of James Fazy, in 1846, brought the aristocrats of the old upper city to terms, and made them pay for the powder and ball with which they did it. They work and think, and rule one of the best, and apparently one of the least, governed cities in the world.

Geneva is considered the Athens of Switzerland. All manner of public and private schools flourish in and around the city. The public library, founded by Bonnivard, and the academy and college, founded by Calvin, have within the present summer been removed to the new academy building, and a university has been founded. In the plain into which the new city is spreading the Botanic Garden has been laid out, and the Musée Rath and other sightly edifices dedicated to science and art have arisen. The paintings and sculpture in the galleries of the Musée Rath are largely by Genevese artists. Although there are pictures there by Hornung, Lugardon, and Calame, the sculptors Pradier and Champonnière, in the little there is of their works in their native city, seem to shine the most. The art record of Geneva, however, is not of the highest. It was only at the end of near a century of

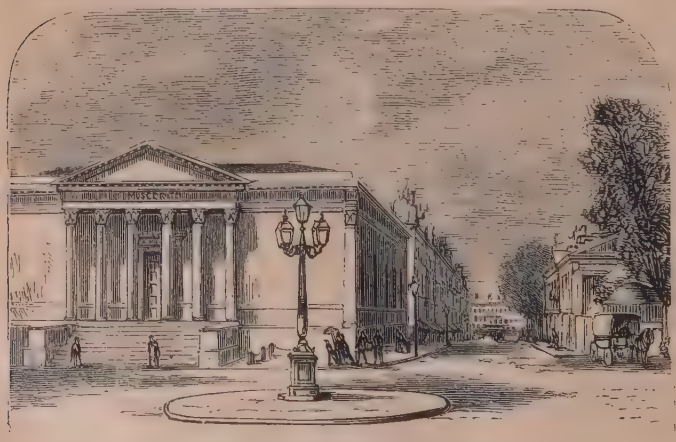
struggle and debates that the present theatre was built. The drama has been languishing in the same old building for about a hundred years more. The old families of the hill have never yet been brought to patronize it, and by a queer sort of managerial stupidity it is kept open in the winter and closed up during the summer—the real season of Geneva—when it might be supported by strangers.

In the journals of the Great Council at the Hôtel de Ville will be found many names well known to the scientific and literary world—Rossi; De Saussure, the geologist, who made the first ascent of Mont Blanc; Sismondi, the historian, and others; but Merle d'Aubigné has never taken any part in the politics of his native city. A genial old man of seventy-eight years, he lives sometimes at his little country house on the lake, sometimes in his apartments in the Rue Eynard. He is the founder of the Free Church of Geneva, which differs from the cantonal Protestant Church in that it is more like that of our Methodists, and believes in the separation of church and state. For it may be necessary to explain that the government of Geneva carries its liberality in ecclesiastical matters so far as to keep up the established Protestant Church and to pay the Roman Catholic priests besides. The Russians have one of their magnificent gilded churches here. The English have their church, and the Jews their synagogue. So that any class of people have a right, like those following Merle d'Aubigné, to support themselves in perfect religious freedom. It is now over forty years since the historian of the Reformation established this Swiss Methodism, and it already has its connections in France, Italy, Great Britain, and the United States. Merle d'Aubigné has for years been at the head of the theological school in Geneva, teaching its doctrines. The students come to him now when he



MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ.

does not feel strong enough to go out. He had just dismissed a class from his dining-room on the afternoon of my visit. There is something scholarly in the kind old man's face. His eyes look all the brighter for their heavy, overarching eyebrows. He speaks English admirably, and one of his twenty published volumes is in that language. It is called "Germany, England, and Scotland; or, Recollections of a Swiss Minister." It was printed in London in 1848. His second wife, the mother of his young family, is an Irish lady. He has a brother in the United States, who, I have been told, lost a good deal of money for him in our civil war. But he is still by no means poor. His English edition of the "History of the Reformation" has had an almost unparalleled sale in Great Britain.

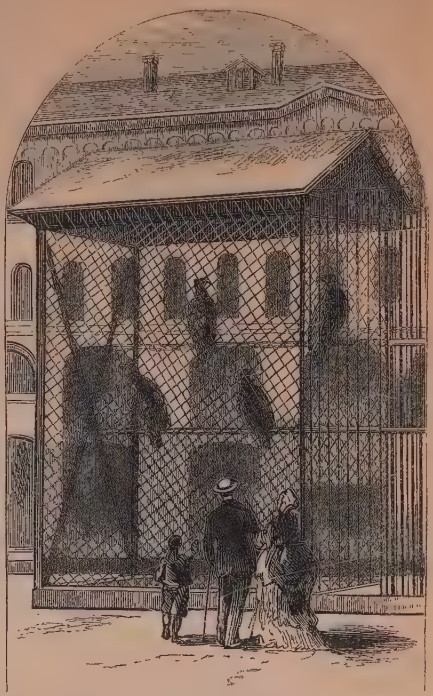


THE MUSÉE RATH.

The present constitution of the city and canton of Geneva is the work of James Fazy, the man who probably has acted a greater part in the history of his native city than has any one since Calvin's time. I can not resist the impression that the Genevese will erect statues to Fazy when he is dead. I suppose I have asked fifty different citizens their opinion of him and his acts, and I have

received fifty diverse answers. One man will paint him as black as Erebus, and the next will make him as white and grand as Mont Blanc. And this seems to be the contemporary mixture out of which enduring statues are made. In the mean time his monument is like Sir Christopher Wren's, at least in so far that he may bid the citizen or stranger to look around him. Every thing that has made the natural site of the city more beautiful is due to Fazy—the quays, the gardens, the fine streets, and all. He has had a career as checkered as De Foe's. Indeed, the account of his early pamphleteering days in Paris, after the fall of Bonaparte, reads very much like that of De Foe at London. Journals, reviews, tracts, brochures, essays, placards, followed each other from his pen for years. He was always on the side of reform and the republic. His journals and reviews were repeatedly suppressed, and he was imprisoned. At last, weary with France and the graceless work of fighting the Bourbons and Orleanists, he returned to Geneva. His first political tract there was upon the subject of the fortifications. The century was hardly twenty-six years old when he had doomed the old walls; twenty-six years later, at the height of his power, he pulled them down without consulting the class to whom he had addressed his early memorial. Not long after the above-mentioned tract Fazy wrote upon a national subject a rhymed tragedy in three acts, showing more patriotism than poetical talent. Then he founded what is still the leading daily newspaper in the city, the *Journal de Genève*, and he soon became the acknowledged head of the radical or liberal party in the city and canton.

The republicanism of Geneva, after the fall of Bonaparte, was of a very aristocratic kind. The old families of the hill for a long time had things their own way. On the 6th of October, 1846, they issued an order for Fazy's arrest because he had called several meetings to protest against the irrational vote of Geneva in the matter of the *Sonderbund*, the famous league of the seven Roman Catholic cantons. Public indignation was excited to such a pitch that Fazy's adherents rushed to arms and barricaded the St. Gervais, or workmen quarter. The government party assembled their troops, and the next day opened a cannonade upon the part of the town occupied by the insurgents. The latter replied by a well-directed fire from the house-tops, picking off the artillerymen whenever they came within range. The fight went on all day thus at a distance. It was resolved to bombard the St. Gervais quarter with hot shot on the next day, but early the next morning the insurgents crossed the river in a body and forced the government to resign. Two days after Fazy condemned the members of the late council



EAGLES OF GENEVA.—[SEE PAGE 882.]

to pay for the damages occasioned by the contest. Without further bloodshed the aristocratic rule passed away, and the present liberal constitution was adopted. James Fazy maintained his ascendency over the city for many years. His enemies accuse him of having led a wild, extravagant life while in power, of having supported a gambling-hall in his own house, and of having done much to injure the morals of the city, besides running it hopelessly in debt. His friends, meantime, point to the demolished ramparts, the fine streets, quays, gardens, and the unparalleled prosperity of Geneva for the last fifteen years.

In the course of time the dissatisfied radicals and reasonable conservatives, tired of what they considered the abuses of Fazy's rule, came together and formed the Independent party, which in 1864 brought about the defeat of Fazy. Since that time the Independents have been the dominant party in Geneva. Once or twice in the last decade appeal has been made to arms to settle political disputes. But the hydraulic machine on the island in the St. Gervais quarter keeps the aristocrats of the hill in quiet, if not content. They must accept the situation, or have their water supply cut off. This has prevented a deal of bloodshed from time to time. There was a period, not long ago either, when no inhabitant of the old upper city would cross the Rhone. The city of the right bank, where the democrats

DON CARLOS.

and the strangers stay, is still more or less taboo to the old families. They will not buy property there. Fazy afterward built his bank, probably the handsomest business house in the city, upon the spot where the aristocrats planted their cannon in 1846. That bank, building and all, is now the property of an American company, and Fazy to-day is a poor man. Although nearly eighty years of age, he has since his utter bankruptcy gone into politics again. He is at present a member of the Great Council, and takes a lively part in the debates, though it is not likely that he will ever rule Geneva again.

Across the Rhone from the American Bank, and nearly opposite the Place Bel Air, occupied by the government artillery in their fight with Fazy's adherents, are the Eagles of Geneva. There are six of those birds in a large double cage, partially overhanging the river. They are the property of the city, and are kept, as are the Bears of Berne, at the public expense. The eagles occupy a pictorial position in the shield of Geneva, as the bears do in that of Berne. If one of the eagles or bears dies, its place is taken by a new importation. One of the Genevese eagles is over forty years of age. He is a grave old fellow, and tolerates no one near him, be it bird or beast or man, except his gray-haired keeper. Those two patriarchs, man and bird, have been familiar friends for more than a generation.

I have said that the Genevese are a moral community. That is true as a rule, the most striking exception to which is the drunkenness of certain classes of workmen. The liberal pay that some of them receive seems to be their principal temptation. At least here, as in England, the handicraftsman's money which comes easiest may go easiest in drink. The general thrift and industry of the city relaxes too, sometimes. There is a week of fêtes for the school-children in midsummer. They assemble to get their prizes in the electoral building, and parade in the *Plainpalais*, attended by the officers of the city government, the magistrates strutting about with them in red and yellow cloaks—the conventional motley of our stage being the colors of the city. Different quarters of Geneva also have yearly feasts. These are of an intensely popular character; that of the *Quartier des Paquis* lasts two days, resembling very much the sausage feasts of Germany. Cheap eating, drinking, and dancing are the order of the day and night.

One of the queerest of Genevese customs is their manner of conducting their auctions. When a man bids, a wax taper is lit, and his bid holds good as long as the taper lasts. A taper is lit for every bidder. Of course the last and highest bidder has the best chance. Alongside of the auction should be placed that other queer custom the Genevese have, of making the world, as far as in them lies, to stand still for a couple of hours in the middle of the day. Nothing can keep your ordinary citizen of Geneva from throwing every thing aside at noon, and going to dinner. The banker locks up between twelve and two, going on with business in the afternoon. Even the coachman, that you have taken by the hour, will want to leave you between twelve and one. The fact is, there has been nothing on the Genevese stomach but bread and coffee since the night before. It is unquestionably the meagreness of their breakfasts which makes them so prompt to disappear between twelve and two.

Geneva, nevertheless, is a comfortable town to live in when the weather is pleasant. You rarely see a policeman except when a row is going on. This strikes one as very odd. Among us, as I need hardly remind you, you can almost always see a policeman except when a row is going on. The love of the Swiss for their country, or of a Genevese for his city, is something grateful to see. Every one, even the proscribed of the neighboring nations, is allowed to share in the almost unlimited freedom. There are two Internationals in the Great Council. One may meet half a dozen Communards in the course of a morning's walk. The Genevese do not like these Tuileries burners; but so long as they keep quiet they are tolerated. The Communards here look like third-class negro minstrels in distress. They wear their coats buttoned over their breasts, wrapping in profound mystery the question of their having a shirt or no shirt; and they go

shuffling about in pantaloons, shoes, and hats which are eclectic of all the fashions for the last twenty-five or thirty years. Then royal, or would-be royal, and serene sinners come here for safety, from Don Carlos to the reprobate ex-Duke of Brunswick. These, and more deserving exiles, the Genevese have always with them, as other cities have the poor; for Geneva has abolished poverty—at least allows no begging. It is, in a word, this large liberty and toleration that have made the little city seemingly so out of proportion with its history. Geneva was never more prosperous than now, and never more deserving of her high place in the eyes of the world.

OLD KENSINGTON.

By MISS THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ROSES HAVE THORNS, AND SILVER FOUNTAINS MUD.

THE doors of the old library at All-Saints were open wide to admit the sunshine: it lighted up the starched frill collars of *Fundator Noster* as he hung over the entrance. It was good stiff starch, near four hundred years old. The volumes stood in their places, row upon row, line after line, twinkling into the distant corners of the room; here and there a brass lock gleamed, or some almost forgotten title in faded gold, or the hinks of the old Bible chained to its oaken stand.....So the books stood marshaled in their places: brown, and swept by time, by dust, brushed by the passing generations that had entered one by one, bringing their spoils and placing them safe upon the shelves, and vanishing away. What a silent Babel and medley of time and space and languages and fancies and follies! Here and there stands a fat dictionary or prophetic grammar, the interpreter of echoes to other echoes. So, from century to century, the tradition is handed down, and from silent print and signs it thrills into life and sound.....

Those are not books, but living voices, in the recess of the old library. There is a young man stumping up and down the narrow passage, a young woman leaning against a worm-eaten desk. Are they talking of roots, of curves? or are they youthful metaphysicians speculating upon the unknown powers of the soul?

"Oh, George," Dolly says, "I am glad you think I was right."

"Right! Of course you would have been very wrong to do otherwise," says George, as usual, extremely indignant. "Of course you are right to refuse him. You don't care for him; I can see that at a glance.....It is out of the question. Poor fellow! He is a very good fellow, but not at all worthy of you. It is altogether preposterous. No, Dolly," said the young fellow, melting; "you don't know—how should you?—what it is—what the real thing is. Never let yourself be deceived by any Brummagem and paste, when the real Koh-i-noor is still to be found—a gem of the purest water," said George, gently.

Dolly listened, but she was only half convinced by George's earnestness.

"I would give any thing that this had not happened," the young man went on.

Dolly listened, and said but little in answer. When George scolded her for having unduly encouraged Robert, she meekly denied the accusation, though her brother would not accept her denial.

"Had she, then, behaved so badly? Was Robert unhappy? Would he never forgive her? Should she never see him again?" Dolly listened sadly, wondering, and leaning against the old desk. There was a book lying open upon it—the History of the Universe—with many pictures of strange beasts and serpents, roaring, writhing, and whisking their tails, with the Garden of Eden mapped out, and the different sorts of angels and devils duly enumerated. Dolly's mind was not on the old book, but in the world outside it; she was standing again by the river and listening to Robert's voice. The story he told her no longer seemed new and

strange. It was ended forever, and yet it would never finish as long as she lived. She had thought no one would ever care for her, and he had loved her, and she had sent him away; but he had loved her. Had she made a mistake, notwithstanding all that George was saying? Dolly, loving the truth, loving the right, trying for it heartily, in her slow, circuitous way, might make mistakes in life, but they would be honest ones, and that is as much as any of us can hope for, and so, if she strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel, it will be forgiven her. George's opposition was too vague to influence her. When he warned her against Henley, it sounded unreasonable. Warning! There was no need of warning. She had said no to her cousin. Already the terrace seemed distant miles and miles off, hours and hours ago, though she could see it through the window, and the swans on the river, and the sunlight striking flame upon the water; she could hardly realize that she had been there, and that with a word and a hasty movement she had sent Robert away of her own deliberate will.

"Yes," said George, coming up and banging his hand down upon the big book before her; "you were right, Dolly. He isn't half good enough for you. This is not like the feeling that I and Rhoda—"

But Dolly interrupted him almost angrily. "Not good enough! It is because he is too good, George, that I—I am not—not worthy of him."

It was more than she could bear to hear George speaking so.

Was Robert unhappy? had she used him ill? The thoughts seemed to smite her as they passed. She began to cry again—foolish girl!—and George, as he watched her worthless tears dribbling down upon the valuable manuscript, began to think that perhaps, after all, his sister had wished him to blame instead of approving of her decision. He was bound to sympathize, since she had kept his secret.

"Don't, Dolly," he said; "you will spoil the little devils if you cry over the book."

He spoke so kindly that Dolly smiled, and began to wipe her eyes. It was not a little thing that George should speak so kindly to her again. When she looked up she saw that he was signaling and bowing and waving his cap through the open window.

"It is the girls. They ought not to miss our college library," he said, gravely; and then he walked toward the door, to meet a sound of voices and a trampling of feet.

As for Dorothea, with a sudden shy impulse she escaped, tears, handkerchief, and all, and disappeared into the most distant niche of the gallery. Many footsteps came sounding up the wooden staircase, and Henley's voice was mingling with Miss Morgan's shrill treble.

"How funny to see so many books!" said Zoe, who was a very stupid girl. (Clever people generally make the same remarks as stupid ones, only they are in different words.)

"What a delicious old place!" cried Rhoda, coming in. She was usually silent, and not given to ecstasies.

"Why didn't John bring us here before?" said Cassie. "I do envy you, Mr. George. How nice to be able to read all these books!"

"I am not so sure of that," said George, laughing.

Meanwhile Zoe had stumped up to the desk, where the history of the whole world was lying open.

"Why, look here," she said; "somebody has been reading, I do believe. How funny!"

As for Henley, he had already begun to examine the pictures that hung over every niche. He did not miss one of them as he walked quickly down the gallery. In the last niche of all he found the picture he was in search of. It was not that of a dignitary of the church. It was a sweet face, with brown crisp locks, and clear gray eyes shining from beneath a frown. The face changed, as pictures don't change, when he stood in the arch of the little recess. The pale cheeks glowed, the frown trembled and cleared away.

She wondered if he would speak to her or go away. Henley hesitated for an instant, and—spoke.

"Dolly, that was not an answer you gave me just now. You did not think that would content me, did you?" he said; and as he looked at her fixedly her eyes fell. "Dolly, you do love me a little?" he cried; "you can not send me away?"

"I thought I ought to send you away," she faltered, looking up at last, and her whole heart was in her face. "Robert, I don't know if I love you, but I love you to love me," she said; and her sweet voice trembled as she spoke.

He had no misgivings. "Dearest Dolly," he said, in a low voice, "in future you must trust to me. *I* will take care of you. You need not have been afraid. I quite understood your feelings just now, and I would not urge you then. Now—" He did not finish the sentence.

When Dolly, the frigid maiden, surrendered, it was with a shy, reluctant grace. Hers was not a passionate nature, but a loving one; feeling with her was not a single simple emotion, but a complicated one of many impulses: of self-diffidences, of deep, deep, strange aspirations that she herself could scarcely understand. Humility, a woman's pride, the delight of companionship and sympathy, and of the guidance of a stronger will: a longing for better things. All these things were there. Ah! she would try to be worthier of him. It was a snow and ice and fire maiden who put her trem-

bling hands into Robert's, and whom he clasped for an instant in his arms.

Meanwhile some of the party had straggled off again to the hotel after Mrs. Palmer. George was to escort the young ladies, who seemed determined to stay on turning over the manuscripts. The unlucky Zoe was babbling innocently, knocking over stools, and playfully pulling Latin sermons and dictionaries out of their places on the shelves. George, while he made himself agreeable in his peculiar fashion, was wondering what was going on at the farther end of the library. He longed to tell Rhoda and ask her advice, but that tiresome Zoe was forever interrupting. Was this a very old book? Did he like Greek or Latin best? She thought it all looked very stupid. Was Rhoda coming to the hotel to rest before dinner? And so on. Rhoda must have guessed what was in George's mind, for presently she started away from the page over which she was leaning, and went to the window.

"Shall we go out a little way?" she said, gently. "One would like to be every where to-day."

"I'm sure we have been every where," said Zoe.

"I know you are tired. I shall not allow you to come, dear Zoe," said Rhoda, affectionately. "You must rest; I insist upon it. You look quite worn out. Mr. George, will you help me?" and Rhoda began struggling with a heavy chair, which she pulled into the window. "And here is a stool," said Rhoda, "for your feet. We will come back for you directly. My head aches; I want a little fresh air."

"Oh, thank you," said Zoe, doubtfully. "*Do* I look tired, Rhoda? I am sure—" But Rhoda was gone before she had time to say more. Zoe was not sure if she was pleased or not. It was just like Rhoda: she never could understand what people wanted, really; she was always kissing them and getting them chairs out of the way. No doubt she meant to be kind. Rest! any body could rest for themselves. What was that noise? "Who is there?" says Zoe, out loud; but there was no answer. Yes, she wanted to be with the others. Why did they poke her away up here? By leaning out of the open window she could just see the ivy wall and the garden beyond. There was no one left under the tree. They were all gone: just like them. How was she to find her way to the hotel? It was all very well for Rhoda, who had George Vanborough at her beck and call; they knew well enough *she* had nobody to take care of her, and they should have waited for her. That was what Zoe thought. There was that noise again, and a murmur, and some one stirring. Poor Zoe jumped up with her heart in her mouth; she knocked over the stool; she stood prepared to fly; she heard some one whispering; they might be garroters, ghosts, proctors—horror! Her terrors overpower her. Her high heels clatter down the wooden stairs, out into the sunny, silent court, where her footsteps echo as she runs—poor nymph flying from an echo! George and Rhoda are walking quietly up and down in the sunshine just beyond the ivy gate: their two shadows are flitting as they go. John Morgan is coming in at the great entrance. Zoe rushes up to him, panting with her terror.

"Oh, John," she says, "I don't know where to go. Why don't you stop with me? I was all alone, and—"

"Why, Zoe, tired already! Come along quick to the hotel," says John, "or you won't get any rest before dinner."

They caught up the Morgans on their way, and met Raban, coming out of Trinity. Meanwhile Robert and Dorothea are leisurely following along the street. Henley had regained his composure by this time, and could meet the others with perfect equanimity. Not so his cousin. So many lights were coming and going in her face, so many looks and apparitions, that Robert thought every one must guess what had happened, as they came into the common sitting-room, where some five-o'clock tea was spread. But there is nothing more true than that people don't see the great facts that are starting before their very eyes, so busy are they with the details of life. Mrs. Palmer was trying to disentangle the silk strings of her bag as they came in (she had a fancy for carrying a bag), and she did not observe her daughter's emotion.

Then came a clatter of five-o'clock tea-cups at the hotel; of young men coming and going, or waiting to escort them according to the kindly college fashion. Dolly was not sorry that she could find no opportunity to speak to her mother. Mrs. Palmer's feelings were not to be trifled with; and Dolly, in her agitation, scarcely felt strong enough to bear a scene. Robert staid for a few minutes, rang the bell for hot water, helped to move a horse-hair sofa, to open the window.

What foolish little memories Dolly treasured up in after-life of tea-making and tea-talking! Poor child! her memories were not so very many; but nothing is small and nothing is great at times.

Frank Raban stood a little apart talking to Rhoda, whose wonderful liquid eyes were steadily fixed upon him. George, on the sofa by his mother, was alternately biting his lips, frowning at Dolly over her tea and love-making, and at Rhoda and her companion.

"Darling George, can not you keep your feet still?" said Mrs. Palmer. "Are you going, Mr. Raban? Shall we not see you again?"

"I shall have the honor of meeting you at

dinner," said Raban, stiffly. "I would come and show you the way, but Mr. Henley has promised to see you safe."

Every one seemed coming into the room at once, drinking tea, going away. There seemed two or three Georges: there were certainly two Dorotheas present. Henley only was composed enough for them all, and twice prevented his cousin from pouring all the sugar into the milk jug.

In the middle of the table there was a plateful of flowers, arranged by the waiter. Robert took out a little sprig of verbena, which he gave to Dorothea. She stuck it in her girdle, and put it away, when she got home, between the leaves of her prayer-book, where it still lies, in memory of the past, a dried-up twig that was once green and sweet. Rhoda, after Raban had left her, came up with her tea-cup, and, for want of something to do, began pulling the remaining flowers out of the dish.

"I can't bear to see flowers so badly used," said Rhoda, piling up the sand with her quick, clever fingers. "George, will you give me some water?"

In a few minutes the ugly flat dishful began to bloom quite freshly.

"That is very nicely done," George said, sarcastically. "Why didn't you get Raban to help you to arrange the flowers, Rhoda, before he left?"

"We were talking, and I didn't like to interrupt him," said Rhoda. "I was asking him all about political economy."

George's ugly face flushed.

"Are you satisfied that the supply of admiration equals the demand?" said George.

"George, how can you talk so?" says Rhoda.

An hour later they were all straggling down the narrow cross streets that led to the college again.

Dolly came, walking shyly by her lover's side. Mrs. Palmer leaned heavily upon John Morgan's arm. Every moment she dropped her long dress, and had to wait to gather the folds together. Surely the twilight of that summer's day was the sweetest twilight that Dolly had ever set eyes upon. It came creeping from the fields beyond the river, from alley to alley, from one college to another. It seemed to the excited girl like a soft tranquilizing veil let down upon the agitations and excitements of the day. She watched it growing in the old hall, where she presently sat at the cross-table under the very glance of the ubiquitous *Fundator*, who was again present, in his frill and short cloak, between the two deep-cut windows.

The long table crossed the hall, with a stately decoration of gold and silver cups all down the centre; there were oaken beams overhead, old college servants in attendance. The great silver tankards went round brimming with claret and hock, and with straggling stems of burrage floating on fragrant seas.

By what unlucky chance did it happen that some one had written out the names of the guests, each in their place, and that Dolly found a strange young don on one side of her plate, and Raban on the other? Henley did not wish to excite remark, and subsided into the place appointed for him, when he found that he was not to sit where he chose.

"Drink, Dolly," said George, who was sitting opposite to her; "let us drink a toast."

"What shall I drink?" asked Dolly.

"Shall we drink a toast to fortune?" said George, leaning forward.

"I shall drink to the new inspector of colleges at Boggleywollah," says John Morgan, heartily.

Dolly raised her eyes shyly as she put her lips to the enormous tankard and sipped a health.

As for Raban, he did not drink the toast, although he must have guessed something of what had happened. He never spoke to Dolly, though he duly attended to her wants, and handed bread and salt and silver flagons and fruit and gold spoons; still he never spoke. She was conscious that he was watching her. In some strange way the dislike and mistrust he felt for Henley seemed reflected upon poor Dorothea again. Why had she been flirting and talking to that man? She, of all women, Robert Henley, of all men, thought Raban, as he handed her a pear. Mrs. Palmer looked at Dorothea more than once during dinner. The girl had two burning cheeks; she did not eat; she scarcely answered the young don when she was spoken to by him: but once Henley leaned forward and said something, then she looked up quickly. Stoicism is, after all, but a relic of barbarous times, and may be greatly overrated.

Dolly had not yet grown so used to her thick-coming experience that she could always look cold when she was moved, dull when she was troubled, indifferent when her whole heart was in a moment's decision. Later it all came easier to her, as it does to most of us. As the ladies left the dining-room Henley got up to let them out, and made a little sign to Dolly to wait behind. Being in a yielding mood, she lingered a minute in the anteroom, looking for her cloak, and allowed the others to pass on. Henley had closed the door behind him and come out, and seemed to be searching too. It was very dark in the anteroom, of which the twilight windows were small and screened by green plants. While her aunt was being draped in burnooses by Rhoda, and Mrs. Morgan's broad back was turned upon them, Dorothea waited for an instant, and said, "What is it, Robert?" looking up with her doubtful, yet kindly glance.

"Dear Dorothea, I wanted to make sure it

was all true," said Robert, with one of the few touches of romance which he had experienced in all his well-considered existence. "I began to think it was a dream, and I thought I should like to ask you."

"Whether it is all a dream?" said Dolly, almost sadly. "It is not I who can answer that question; but you see," she added, smiling, "that I have begun to do as you tell me. They will think I am lost." And she sprang away, with a little wave of the hand.

CHAPTER XXV.

GOOD-NIGHT.

"GOOD-NIGHT, dearest Dolly," whispered Henley, as they all stood waiting for their train in the crowded station. "You can tell your mother as you go home."

"Here, Dolly! jump in," cried John Morgan, standing by an open carriage-door. "Your mother is calling you."

"I can't come up till Tuesday," Henley went on, in a low voice, "but I shall write to your mother to-night."

He helped her into the dark carriage; every body seemed to lean forward at once and say good-night; there was a whistle, a guard banged the door, Mrs. Palmer stretched her long neck through the window, but the train carried her off before she could speak her last words.

Dolly just saw Henley turning away, and George under a lamp-post; then they were gone out of the station into the open country; wide and dim it flowed on either side into the dusk. The day had come to an end —the most wonderful day in Dolly's life. Was it a real day; was it a day out of somebody else's existence? As Dolly sat down beside her mother she had felt as if her heart would break with wonder and happiness; it was not big enough to hold the love that was her portion. He loved her! She had floated into some new world where she had never been before; where people had been living all their lives, thought Dolly, and she had never even guessed at it.

Had her mother felt like this? Had Frank Raban's poor young wife felt this when he married her? So she wondered, looking up at the clear evening sky. Might not death itself be this, only greater still and completer —too complete for human beings? Dolly had got her mother's hand tight in hers.

"My dear child, take care, take care!" cried Mrs. Palmer, sharply. "My poor fingers are *so* tender, Mr. Morgan, and Dolly's is *such* a grip. I remember once when the Admiral, with his great driving gloves—" Her voice sank away, and Dolly's mamma began telling John Morgan all about one episode in her life.

Meanwhile Dolly went on with her speculations. How surprised Aunt Sarah would be! how surprised she was herself! Dolly had had a dream, like most young maidens, formless, voiceless, indefinitely vague, but with a meaning to it all the same, and a *soul;* and here was Robert, and the soul was his, and he loved her! "Thanks, half-way up," murmured Mrs. Palmer to a strange passenger who did not belong to the party.

"Tired, Zoe?" said John to his sister. "A little bit sleepy, eh!"

"Every body thinks I'm always tired," said Zoe, in an aggrieved tone. "Rhoda made me rest ever so long when I didn't want to. She popped me down on a stool in that stupid old library, and said I looked quite worn out, and then she was off in a minute, and I had to wait, oh! ever so long, and I was frightened by noises."

"Poor Zoe!" said John, laughing.

"It was too bad of her; and then they all kept leaving me behind," continued Zoe, growing more and more miserable; "and now you say it has been too much for me: I am sure I wouldn't have missed coming for any thing."

"Next time we go any where you keep with me, Zoe," said John, good-humoredly, "and you sha'n't be left behind."

"I think we are all tired," said Mrs. Palmer, languidly, "and we shall be thankful to get home. Dolly, my darling, you don't speak; are you quite worn out too?"

Dolly looked out from her dreams with a glance of so much life and sweetness in her bright face—even the dim lamp-light could not hide her happy looks—that her mother was struck by it. "You strange child," she said, "what are you made of? You look brighter than when we started."

"Dolly is made of a capital stuff called youth and good spirits," said John Morgan, kindly.

The rest of the journey was passed in shifting the windows to Mrs. Palmer's various sensations. They all parted hurriedly, as people do after a long day's pleasuring, only Dolly found time to give Rhoda a kiss. She felt more kindly toward her than she had done for many a day past. Rhoda looked curiously, and a little maliciously, into Dolly's face. But she could not read any thing more than she guessed already

Mrs. Palmer was greatly disturbed to find herself driving home alone with Dolly in the hansom.

"I am afraid of cabmen. I am not accustomed to them. John Morgan should have come with me," Mrs. Palmer said. "I am sure the Admiral would not approve of this! Ah! he will be over. Dolly, darling, ask the man if he is sober. Dear me, I wish Robert was here."

Dolly, too, was wishing that Robert was there instead of herself. Her heart began to beat as she thought of what she had to

say. She looked up at Mrs. Palmer's pale face in the bright moonlight through which they were driving homeward, through streets silver and silent and transformed. They come to the river and cross the bridge; the water is flowing, hushed and mysterious; the bridge throws a great shadow upon the water; one barge is slowly passing underneath the arch. The dim, distant crowd of spires, of chimneys, and slated roofs are illumined and multiplied by strange silver lights. Overhead a planet is burning and sinking where the sun set while they were still in the college garden. The soft moon-wind comes sweeping fresh into their faces, and Dolly from this trance awakens to whisper, "Mamma, I have something to tell you —something that Robert—"

"He will throw us over! I know he will!" interrupts Mrs. Palmer, as the cab gave a jolt. "It is quite unsafe, Dolly, without a gentleman."

Poor Dolly forced herself to go on. She took her mother's hand: "Dear mamma, don't be afraid."

"He was not sober. I thought so at the time," cried Mrs. Palmer, with a nervous shriek, as they came off the bridge.

Then the cab went more quietly, and Dolly found words to tell her news.

So the hansom drove on, carrying many agitations and exclamations along with it. The driver from his moon-lit perch may have heard the sounds within. Mrs. Palmer spared herself and Dolly no single emotion. She was faint; she was hysterical; she rallied; she was overcome. Why had she not been told before? She had known it all along; she had mentioned it to the Admiral before her departure; he had sneered at her foolish dreams. Dolly would never have to learn the bitter deception of some wasted lives. Cruel boy! why had he not told her? why so reserved?

"He feared that it would agitate you," Dolly said, feeling that Robert had been right. "He told me to tell you now, dear."

"Dear fellow, he is so thoughtful," said Mrs. Palmer. "Now he will be my son, Dolly, my real son. I never could have endured any one of those Henley girls for him. How angry Lady Henley will be. I warned Robert long ago that she would want him for one of them. Dolly, you must not be married yet. You must wait till the Admiral returns. He must give you away."

When Dolly told her that Robert wanted to be married before he left for India, Mrs. Palmer said it was preposterous. He might have to sail any day—that Master told her so; the fat old gentleman in the white neck-cloth. "No, my Dolly, we shall have you till Robert comes back. Let the man keep the shilling for his own use."

They had reached the turnpike by this time, with its friendly beacon-fire burning, and the red-faced man had come out with three pennies ready in his hand. Then by dark trees, rustling behind the walls of the old gardens, past the palace avenue gates, where the sentry was pacing, with the stars shining over his head, they come to the ivy gate at home, and with its lamp burning red in the moonlight. Marker opened the door before they had time to ring.

"Softly, my dear," said Marker to Dolly, in a sort of whisper. "My lady is asleep; she has not been well, and—"

"Not well!" said Mrs. Palmer. "How fortunate she did not come. What should we have done with her? I am quite worn out, Marker; we have had a long day. Let Julie make me a cup of coffee, and bring it up to my room. Good-night, my precious Dolly. Don't speak to me, or I shall scream."

"Marker, is Aunt Sarah ill?" said Dolly, anxious, she knew not why.

"Don't be frightened, my dear," said Marker; "it is nothing—that is, the doctor says she only wants rest."

Dolly went up to her own room, flitting carefully along the passage, and shading her light. Lady Sarah's door was closed. Mrs. Palmer was safe for the night, with Julie in attendance. Dolly could hear their voices as she went by. In her own little room all was in order, and cool and straight for her coming. The window was open; the moonlight fell upon her little bed, where she had dreamed so many peaceful dreams, and Dolly set her light on the window-seat and stood looking out. She was half radiant still, half saddened. All the sights and sounds of that long, eventful day were passing before her still, ringing, dazzling, repeating themselves on the darkness.....Was it possible that he loved her—that she loved him? The trees rustled, the familiar strokes of the church clock came striking twelve, swinging through darkness into silence. "Do I love him? I think so," said Dolly to herself. "I hope so." And with an honest heart she told herself that all should be well. Then she wondered if she should sleep that night; she seemed to be living over every single bit of her life at once. She longed to tell Aunt Sarah her wonderful story. A daddy-longlegs sailed in at the open window, and Dolly moved the light to save its straggling legs; a little wind came blowing in, and then Dolly thought she heard a sound as of a door below opening softly. Was her aunt awake and stirring? She caught up the light and crept down to see. She could hear Julie and Mrs. Palmer still discoursing.

There is something sacred about a sick-room at times. It seems like holy ground to people coming in suddenly out of the turmoil and emotion of life. Dolly's excitement was hushed as she entered and saw

Lady Sarah lying quietly stretched out asleep upon a sofa. It had been wheeled to the window, which was wide open. The curtain was flapping; all the medicine bottles stood in rows on the table and along the shelves. There lay Sarah, with her gray hair smoothed over her brown face, very still and sleeping peacefully—as peacefully as if she was young still, and loved, and happy, with life before her; though, for the matter of that, people whose life is nearly over have more right to sleep at peace than those who have got to encounter they know not what trials and troubles—struggles with others, and, most deadly of all, with that terrible shadow of self that rises with fresh might, striking with so sure an aim. What does the mystery mean? Who is the familiar enemy that our spirit is set to overcome and to struggle with all the night until the dawn? There lay poor Sarah's life-adversary, then, nearly worn, nearly overcome, sleeping and resting while the spirit was traveling I know not to what peaceful regions.

Dolly crept in and closed the door. Lady Sarah never stirred. A long time seemed to pass. The wind rose again, the curtain flapped, and the light flickered, and time seemed creeping slowly and more slowly to the tune of the sleeping woman's languid breath. It was a strange ending the long, glittering day, but at last a flush came into Sarah Francis's cheeks, and she opened her eyes.....A strange new something was in that placid face—a look. What is it, that first look of change and blur in features that have melted so tranquilly before us from youth to middle age, or from middle age to age, modulating imperceptibly? The light of Dolly's own heart was too dazzling for her to be in a very observant mood just then.

"Is that my Dolly?" said the sick woman.

Dolly sprang forward. "Oh! I am so glad you are awake," said the girl. "Dear Aunt Sarah, has your sleep done you good? Are you better? Can you listen to something? Can you guess?" And she knelt down so as to bring her face on a level with the other; but she couldn't see it very plainly for a dazzle between them. "Robert says he loves me; and, indeed, if he loves me, I must love him," Dolly whispered; and her face fell hidden against the pillow, and the mist turned to haze. Some bird in the garden outside began to whistle in its sleep. A belated clock struck something a long way off, and then all was silence and darkness again.

Lady Sarah held Dolly close to her, as the girl knelt beside her.

"Do you care for him? Is it possible?" said Lady Sarah, bewildered.

Dolly was hurt by the doubt. "Indeed I do," she answered, beginning to cry once more from fatigue and excitement.

One of the two women in that midnight room was young, with the new kindling genius of love in her heart, and she was weeping; the other was old, with the first knell of death ringing in her ear, but when Dolly looked up at last she saw that her aunt was smiling very tenderly. Lady Sarah smiled, but she could not trust herself to speak. She had awakened startled, but in a minute she had realized it all. She had felt all along that this must be. She had not wished for it, but it was come. It was not only of Dolly and of Robert that Lady Sarah thought that night; other ghosts came into the room and stood before her. And then came every day, very real, into into this dream-world—Marker, with a bedchamber candlestick, walking straight into conflicting emotions, and indignant with Miss Dolly for disturbing her mistress. She had been shutting up, and seeing to Mrs. Palmer's coffee. She was scarcely mollified by the great news. Lady Sarah was awake; Dolly had awakened her.

"Let people marry who they like," said Marker; "but don't let them come chattering and disturbing at this time o' night when they should 'a known better."

CHAPTER XXVI.

GOOD-MORNING.

Dolly passed through the sleeping house, crept by the doors, slid down the creaking stairs into the hall. The shutters were unopened as yet, the dawning day was bolted out, and the place was dark and scattered over with the shreds of the day before. The newspaper lying on the hall table, the pieces of string upon the ground, a crumpled letter, and the long brown paper coffin in which the silk for her new gown had come home the night before. Each day scatters its dust as it hurries by, and leaves its broken ends and scraps for the coming hours to collect and sort away, dust of mind, and dust of matter. The great kaleidoscope of the world turns round once in its twenty-four hours; the patterns and combinations shift and change and disperse into new combinations. Perhaps some of us may think that with each turn the fragments are shaken up and mixed and broken away more and more, until only an undistinguishable uniform dazzle remains in place of the beautiful blue and red and golden stars and wheels that delighted our youth.

Dorothea gave a cautious pull to the bolt of the outer door and opened it, letting a sudden sweet chill rush of light and fresh air into the closed house, where they had all been asleep through the night. What a morning! All her sudden fears seem lightened, and she jumped across the step on to

DOROTHEA IN THE GARDEN.

the gravel-walk, and looked up and round and about. Dark green, gold, glistening bricks, slanting lights, and sweet tremulous shadows; the many crowding house-roofs and tree-tops aflame in the seven-o'clock sunshine, the birds flapping and fluttering, the mellow old church-clock striking seven: the strokes come in solemn procession across the High Street and the old brick-walled garden, and pass on I don't know to what distant blue realms in the vault overhead.

She stopped to look at a couple of snails creeping up among the nails in the wall. I think she then practiced a little mazourka along the straight garden walk. She then took off her hat, and stopped to pin back some of the russet of which I have spoken, then she looked up again and drew a great breath; and then, passing the green beech

and the two cut yew-trees, she came to the placid pond in its stone basin at the end of the garden. There it lay in its darkness and light. There were the gold-fish wide awake, darting and gaping as they rose to the surface; and the water reflected the sky and the laurel-bushes, and the chipped stone edge of the basin. When Dorothea came and looked over the brink she saw her own smiling, disjointed face looking up at her. It was not so bright a face as her own, somehow. It looked up gray and sad from out of this trembling, mystical looking-glass. What was it? A cloud passing overhead, a little, soft, fleecy, white cloud bobbing along, and then some birds flying by, and then a rustle among the leaves. It was only a moment, during which it had seemed to her as if the throb of nature beat a little more slowly, and as if its rhythm had halted for an instant; and in that moment the trouble of the night before, the doubt of herself, came back to her. Sometimes Dorothea had wondered, as others have done before her, if there is such a thing as real happiness in nature. Do clouds love to sail quickly on the wind? Are pools glad to lie placid, refracting the sunshine? When the trees rustle, is it just a chatter and a quiver, or the thrill of life answering life? The thought of a living nature without consciousness had always seemed to her inexpressibly sad. She had sometimes thought how sad a human life might be that was just a human life, living and working and playing, and coming to an end one day, and falling to the ground. It was, in truth, not very unlike the life she might have led herself, and now—now she was alone no longer. There was a meaning to life now, for Henley loved her. She thought this, and then, seeing a spider's web suddenly gleam with a long lightning flash, she turned with another glad spring of youth to the light.

On the table lay a letter sealed and stamped and addressed, "Miss Vanborough, Church House, Kensington." It was for her. There was no mistaking it. Her first love-letter. There it lay in black and in white, signed and dated and marked with a crest. Robert must have written it the night before after they had left.

A few minutes ago, in the fresh morning air, it had all seemed like a dream of the night; here were tangible signs and wonders to recall her to her allegiance.

Dolly took it up shyly, this first love-letter, come safe into her hands from the hands which had dispatched it. She was still standing reading it in the window when Lady Sarah, who had made an effort, came in, leaning on Marker's arm. The girl was absorbed; her pretty brown curly head was bent in the ivy-light that dazzled through the leaves; she heard nothing except the new voice speaking to her; she saw no one except that invisible presence which was so vividly before her. This was the letter:

"My dearest Dora,—I write you one line, which will, I hope, reach you in the morning. You are gone, and already I wish you back again. Your sweetness, your trust in me, have quite overpowered me. I long to prove to you that I am all you believed me, and worthy of your choice. Do not fear to trust your happiness to me. I have carefully studied your character. I know you even better than you know yourself; and when you hesitated I could appreciate your motives. I feel convinced that we have acted for the best. I would say more, but I must write to your mother and to Lady Sarah by to-night's post. Write to me fully and without reserve. Ever yours, dearest Dora,

"R. V. H."

Inside Dolly's letter was a second letter, addressed to the Lady Sarah Francis, sealed and addressed in the same legible hand. This was not a love-letter; nobody could reasonably be expected to send two by the same post.

"My dear Lady Sarah,—Dora will have informed you of what has occurred; and I feel that I must not delay expressing to you how sincerely I trust that you will not disapprove of the step we have taken. Although my appointment is not a very lucrative one, the salary is increasing; and I shall make a point of insuring my life before leaving England, for our dear girl's benefit. I do not know whether Dorothea is herself entitled to any of her father's fortune, or whether it has been settled upon George; perhaps you would kindly inform me upon this point, as I am most anxious not to overstep the line of prudence, and my future arrangements must greatly depend upon my means. You will have heard of my appointment to the presidency of the College of Boggleywollah. India is a long way off, but time soon passes to those who are able to make good use of it; and I trust that in the happiness of one so justly dear to you, you will find consolation for her absence. Believe me, my dear Lady Sarah, very truly yours, R. Henley."

"P.S.—My widow would be entitled to a pension by the provisions of the Fund."

This was what Dolly, with so much agitation, put into her aunt's hand, watching her face anxiously as she read it.

"May I read it?" said Dolly.

"It is only business," said Lady Sarah, crumpling it up, and Dolly turned away disappointed, and began to pour out the tea.

It was a very agitated breakfast, happy and shy and rather silent, though so much had to be said.

Mrs. Palmer came drifting in, to their surprise, before breakfast was over, in a beautiful white wrapper with satin bows. She also had received a letter. She embraced Dolly and Lady Sarah.

"Well, what do you say to our news, Sarah? I have heard from our dear Robert," said she. "You may read his letter—both of you. Sarah, I am sorry to hear you have been ailing. If it would not be giving too much trouble—I have been so upset by all this agitation—I should prefer coffee this morning. I was quite frightened about myself last night, Dolly, after I left you .....Dear me, what memories come back to one. Do you remember our marriage, Sarah, and—"

"Pray ring again, Dolly," said Lady Sarah, abruptly; and she went to the door and called Marker, shrilly and impatient.

"There is no one but me," says Mrs. Palmer, pulling out her frills with a deep sigh, "who cares for those old stories. The Admiral can not endure them."

Dolly's cup of happiness, so full before, seemed overflowing now; it spread and spread. Happiness, like sorrow, overflows into other cups besides our own. John Morgan looked in opportunely to hear the news, and to ask how they all were; his hearty congratulations came with a grateful sense of relief. Dolly longed for sympathy in her happiness. She was glad to be a little stunned by the cheerful view he took of what must be so sad as well as so sweet. The news spread rapidly.

Old Sam came up with a shining face, and set down the copper coal-scuttle the better to express his good wishes. Eliza Twells tumbled down the kitchen stairs with a great clatter from sheer excitement; and when Marker, relenting, came up in her big flowing apron for orders, her round face was rippling with smiles.

"God bless you kindly, Miss Dolly, my dear," said the good old woman, giving her a kiss on each cheek. "I never took up with a husband myself, but I don't blame ye. It is well to have some one to speak our mind to. And did he give you a ring, my dear?"

Dolly laughed and held up her two hands.

"No ring, Marker. I don't like rings. I wish one could be married without one."

"Don't say that, dearie," said Marker, gravely.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LOVE LANE FROM KENSINGTON TO FULHAM.

ROBERT came up to town on the Tuesday, as he had promised Dolly as he came along. He told himself that he had deserved some reward for his patience in waiting. He had resisted many a sentimental impulse, not wishing to distract his mind until the summer term was over. He might almost have trusted himself to propose at Easter, and to go on calmly with his papers, for he was not like George, whose wandering attention seemed distracted by every passing emotion. Robert's stiff black face melted a little as he indulged in a lover-like dream. He saw Dolly as she would be one day, ruling his household, welcoming his guests, admired by them all. Henley had too good taste to like a stupid woman. Nothing would ever have induced him to think of a plain one. He wished for a certain amount of good-breeding and habit of the world.....All these qualifications he had discovered in his cousin, not to speak of other prospects depending on her aunt's good pleasure.

Old Sam opened the door, grinning his congratulations. Robert found Dolly sitting with her mother on the terrace. Philippa jumped up to meet him, and embraced him too with effusion.

"We were expecting you," she said. "I have *much* to say to you. Come with me." And clasping her hands upon his arm she would have immediately drawn him away into the house if Robert had not said, with some slight embarrassment, "Presently, my dear aunt, I shall be quite at your service; but I have not yet spoken to Dolly." Dolly did not move, but waited for Robert to come to her, then she looked up suddenly.

Dolly's manner was charming in those days—a little reserved, but confident and sympathetic, a little abrupt at times, but bright and melancholy at once. Later in life some of its shadows seemed to drown the light in her honest face; her mistakes made her more shy and more reserved; she caught something of Henley's coldness of manner, and was altered, so her friends thought.

I don't, for my own part, believe that people change. But it is not the less true that they have many things in them, many emotions and passing moods, and as days and feelings follow, each soul's experience is written down here and there, and in other souls, and by signs, and by work done, and by work undone, and by what is forgotten, as well as that which is remembered, by the influence of to-day, and of the past that is not over. Perhaps one day we may know ourselves at last, and read our story plainly written in our own and other people's lives.

Dolly, in those days, was young and confident and undismayed. It seems strange to make a merit as we do of youth, of inexperience, of hardness of heart. Her untroubled young spirit had little sympathy for others more weary and wayworn. She loved, but without sympathy; but all the same the brightness of her youth and its unconscious sweetness spread and warmed and comforted those upon whom its influence fell.

Dorothea Vanborough was a woman of many changing emotions and sentiments; frank to herself, doubting herself all the while; diffident where she should have been bold, loving the right above all things, and, from very excess of scruples, troubled at times, and hard to others. Then came regret and self-abasement and reproach, how bitter none can tell but those who, like her, have suffered from many and complicated emotions—trusting, mistrusting, longing for truth, and, from this very longing, failing often. She loved because she was young and her heart was tender and humble. She doubted because she was young and because the truth was in her, urging her to do that

which she would not have done, and to feel the things that she would not have felt. But all this was only revealed to her later, only it was there from the beginning. Dolly was very shy and very happy all these early days.

Frank Raban thought Dolly careless, hard in her judgment, spoiled by the love that was showered upon her; he thought she was not kind to Rhoda. All this he dwelt upon, nor could he forget her judgment upon himself. Poor Raban acknowledged that for him no judgment could be too severe, and yet he would have loved Dolly to be pitiful; although she could now never be any thing to him—never, so long as they both lived. When the news came of her engagement, it was a pain to him that he had long expected, and that he accepted. One failure in life was enough. He made no advance; he watched her; he let her go, foolish man! without a word. Sometimes Rhoda would talk to him about Dolly. Frank always listened.

"She does not mean to be cold. Indeed, I don't think so—I am so used to her manner that I do not think of it," Rhoda would say. "Dear Dolly is full of good and generous impulses. She will make Robert Henley a noble wife, if he only gives in to her in every thing. I would I were half as good as she is; but she is a little hasty at times, and wants every one to do as she tells them."

"And you do as every body tells you," said Raban.

And to do Rhoda justice, she worked her fingers to the bone, she walked to poor people's houses through the rain and mud; she was always good-tempered, she was a valuable inmate in the household. Zoe said she couldn't think how Rhoda got through half what she did. "Here, there, and every where," says Zoe, in an aggrieved voice, "before I have time to turn."

Notwithstanding the engagement, the little household at Church House went its usual course. Lady Sarah had followed her own beaten ways so long that she seemed, from habit, to travel on whether or not her interest went with her. Those old days are almost forgotten now, even by the people who lived in them. With a strange, present thrill Dolly remembers sometimes, as she passes through the old haunts of her early youth, a past instant of time, a past state of sentiment, as by-gone as the hour to which it belonged.

Passing by the old busy corner of the church not long ago, Dolly remembered how she and Robert had met Raban there one day, just after their news had been made public. He tried to avoid them, then changed his mind and came straight up and shook hands, uttering his good wishes in a cold, odd manner that Dolly thought almost unkind.

"I am afraid my good wishes can add little to your happiness, but I congratulate you," he said to Robert. "And I wish you all happiness," he said to Dolly. And then they were all silent for a minute.

"You will come soon, won't you?" said Dolly, shyly.

"Good-by," said Frank Raban, walking away very quickly.

He had meant to keep away, but he came just as usual to Church House, and was there even more constantly. Lady Sarah was glad of his companionship for George, who seemed in a very strange and excited state of mind.

This summer of '54 was an eventful summer; and while Dolly was living in her own youthful world, concentrated in the overwhelming interests that had come of late, in old and the new ties, so hard to grasp, so hard to loose, armies were marching, fleets were sailing, politicians and emperors were pondering upon the great catastrophe that seemed imminent. War had been declared; with it the great fleets had come speeding across the sea from one horizon to another. The events of the day only reached Dolly like echoes from a long way off, brought by Robert and by George, printed in the paper. Robert was no keen politician. He was too full of his own new plans and new career. George was far more excited, and of a more fiery temper. Frank Raban and George and he used to have long and angry arguments. Raban maintained that the whole thing was a mistake, a surrender to popular outcry. George and Robert were for fighting at any price for once they agreed.

"I don't see," said George, "what there is in life to make it so preferable to any thing else, to every sense of honor and of consideration, of liberty of action. Life, to be worth any thing, is only a combination of all these things; and for one or any of them I think I should be willing to give my life."

"Of course, if it were necessary," said Henley, "one would do what was expected of one. There is my cousin, Jonah Henley, joining his regiment next week. I confess it is on different grounds from you that I approve of this war. I do not like to see England falling in the—a—estimation of Europe: we can afford to go to war. Russia's pretensions are intolerable; and, with France to assist us, I believe the government is thoroughly justified in the course it is pursuing."

"I don't think we are ready," said Raban, in his odd, constrained voice. "I don't think we *are* justified. We sit at home and write heroic newspaper articles, and we send out poor fellows by rank and by file to be pounded at and cut to mince-meat, for what? to defend a worn-out remnant of a past from the inevitable advance of the future. Suppose we put things back a hundred years, what good shall we have done?"

"But think of our Overland Route," said

Henley; "suppose the future should interfere with the P. and O."

There were green lanes in those days leading from the far end of that lane in which Church House was built to others that crossed a wide and spreading country; it is not even yet quite overflooded by the waves of brick—that tide that flows out in long, strange furrows, and never ebbs away. Dolly and Henley went wandering along these lanes one fine afternoon; they were going they knew not where; into a land of Canaan, so Dolly thought it; green cabbages, a long, gleaming canal, hawthorn hedges, and a great overarched sky that began to turn red when the sun set. Now and then they came to some old house that had outstood storms and years, fluttering signals of distress in the shape of old shirts and clothes hung out to dry; in the distance rose Kensington spires and steeples; now and then a workman trudged by on his way home; distant bells rang in this wide, desolate country. Women come tramping home from their long day's work in the fields, and look hard at the handsome young couple, Dolly with cast-down eyes, Robert with his nose up in the air. The women trudge wearily home; the young folks walk step by step into life. The birds cross the sky in a sudden flight; the cabbages grow where they are planted.

They missed the Chelsea Lane. Dolly should have known the way, but she was absorbed and unobservant, and those crossways were a labyrinth except for those who were well used to them. They found themselves presently in the Old Brompton Road, with its elm-trees and old gable roofs darkening against the sunset. How sweet it was, with red lights burning, people slowly straggling like themselves, and enjoying the gentle ease of the twilight and of the soft west wind. Dolly led Henley back by the old winding road, with its bends and fancies; its cottages, within close-built walls; and stately old houses, with iron scroll-work on their garden gates, and gardens not yet destroyed. Then they came to a rueful row of bricks and staring windows. A young couple stood side by side against the low rail in front of their home. Dolly remembered this afterward; for the sky was very splendid just then, and the young woman's violet dress seemed to blaze with the beautiful light, as she stood in her quaint little garden, looking out across the road to the well-remembered pond and some fields beyond. Along the distant line of the plains great soft ships of vapor were floating; the windows of the distant houses flashed; the pond looked all splendid and sombre in its shady corner. The evening seemed vast and sweet, and Dolly's heart was full.

"Are you tired?" said Robert, seeing that she lingered.

"Tired? no," said Dorothea. "I was looking at the sky, and wondering how it would have been if you had gone away and never—" She stopped.

"Why think about it?" said Robert. "You would have married somebody else, I suppose."

He said it in a matter-of-fact sort of way, and for a moment Dolly's eyebrows seemed to darken over her eyes. It was a mere nothing, the passing shadow of a thought.

"You are right," said Dolly, wistfully. "It is no use thinking how unhappy one might have been. Have you ever been very unhappy, Robert?"

Now that she was so happy, Dolly seemed, for the first time, to realize what sorrow might be.

"A certain young lady made me very unhappy one day not long ago," said Robert, "when she tried to freeze me up with a snow-ball."

This was not what Dolly meant: she was in earnest, and he answered her with a joke; she wanted a sign, and no sign was given to her.

They had just reached home, when Robert said, with his hand on the bell: "This has not been unhappy, has it, Dolly? We shall have a great many more walks together when I can spare the time. But you must talk to me more, and not be so shy, dearest."

Something flew by as he spoke, and went fluttering into the ivy.

"That was a bat," said Dolly, shrinking, while Robert stood shaking his umbrella-stick among the ivy leaves; but it was too dark to see any thing distinctly.

"I hope," said Robert, sentimentally, "to come and see you constantly when this term is over. Then we shall know more of each other, Dora."

"Don't we know each other?" asked Dolly, with one of her quick glances. "I think I know you quite well, Robert—better than I know myself almost," she added, with a sigh.

When they came into the drawing-room the lamp was alight, and George and Rhoda were there with Lady Sarah. George was talking at the very pitch of his melancholy voice, Lady Sarah was listening with a pale, fixed face like a person who has made up her mind.

Rhoda was twirling her work round and round her fingers. She had broken the wool, and dropped the stitches. It was by a strong effort that she sat so still.

"Here is George announcing his intentions," said Lady Sarah, as they came in. "Perhaps you, Robert, will be able to preach good sense to him."

"Oh, Aunt Sarah!" Dolly cried, springing forward; "at last he has told you.....Has Rhoda?"

Dolly's two hands were clasped in excitement. Lady Sarah looked at her in some surprise.

There was a crash, a scream from Rhoda. The flower-glass had gone over on the table beside her, and all the water was running about over the carpet.

"My dress—my Sunday best!" cried Rhoda. "Lady Sarah, I am so sorry"

Dolly bent over to pick up the table, and as she did so, Rhoda whispered, "Be silent, or you will ruin George."

"Ruined?" said Robert. "Your dress is not ruined, Rhoda. I speak from experience, for I wear a silk gown myself"

"George says he will not take my living," said Lady Sarah. "He wishes to be—What do you wish to be, George?"

George, somewhat confused, said he wished to be a soldier—any thing but a clergyman.

"You don't mean to say you are going to be such a—that you refuse seven hundred a year?" said Henley, stopping short.

"Confound it!" cried George; "can't you all leave a poor fellow in peace?" And he burst out of the room.

"Come here, Dolly," said Mrs. Palmer, from a distant corner of the room; "make this foolish darling do as his aunt wishes. I am sure the Admiral would quite feel as I do."

"Seven hundred a year," said Lady Sarah. "Wretched boy! I shall sell the presentation."

"Oh, Robert!" said Dolly; "he is right if he can't make up his mind. I know Aunt Sarah thinks so."

Dolly could not help being vexed with Robert. He shrugged his shoulders, said that George would regret his decision, and went on to talk of various plans that he himself had at heart, just as if George had never existed.

"I want you to trust Dolly to me for a few days," said he. "I want to take her down to Smokethwaite with my aunt. She must see Jonah before he leaves. They all write, and urge her coming."

Lady Sarah agreed, with a sigh, and her eyes filled with tears. She turned away abruptly to hide them.

Many and many were the tears she wiped away, for fear Dolly should see them. George's whole body was not so dear to her as Dolly's little finger She blamed herself in vain afterward, when it was too late. Sometimes she could hardly bear to see her niece come into the room with her smiling face, and she scarcely answered when the sweet girl's voice came echoing and calling about the house. Could it be true that it was going, that sweet voice? Laughing, scolding, chattering, hour by hour—were the many footsteps going too; and the rustle of her dress, and the look of her happy eyes? Was the time already come for Dolly to fly away from the old nest that had sheltered her for so short a time? She seemed scarcely to have come—scarcely to have begun her sweet home song—and already she was eager to go!

But Rhoda had come up, looking very pale, to say good-night. As she said good-by, Dolly followed her out, and tried to put in some little word for George.

"Rhoda, he has been true to himself," she whispered; "that is best of all—is not it?"

"Let him be true to himself, by all means," said Rhoda.

She was thoroughly out of temper. Dolly had not improved matters by talking about them. George came out of the oak room prepared to walk back with her.

"No, thank you," said Rhoda, trembling very much. "I won't trouble you to come home with me."

She was tying her bonnet and pinning on her shawl in an agitated way. George watched her in silence. When she was ready to go, he held out his hand.

"Good-night," he said.

"Good-night," said Rhoda, hurrying off without looking up, and passing out into the street.

It was unbearable. If George loved her he might do as she wished. But he would sacrifice nothing—not one fancy. Her uncle John was a clergyman. It was a very high calling. Rhoda thought of the pretty little parsonage house, and the church, and the cottages all round about, only waiting to be done good to, while the apples were baking on the trees and cakes in the oven, all of which good things George had refused—George, who did not know one bit what he was doing, nor what it was to scrape and starve, and live with dull, stinted, scraping people. She was quite tired of it all. It was not a real life that she led; it was a housekeeper's situation, just like Aunt Morgan. She had done her best, and she had earned a rest, and she would not begin all over again. George might be as true as he liked. Rhoda ran up the steps of the old brown house in a silent passion, and gave a sharp pull at the bell. Yes, she hated it all. She was utterly tired of it all—of the noisy home, of Aunt Morgan's precepts and flannels. She could hear the clink of plates in the dining-room, where the inevitable *entrées* of cheese and cold meat were set out on the shabby table-cloth, where her aunt Morgan stood in her black cap and stiff brown curls, carving slice after slice for the hungry curate.

"You are late, Rhoda," said her aunt. "I suppose you staid to late dinner with your friends?"

"No; but I am not hungry," said Rhoda, shrinking away.

"Why, Rhoda, what is the matter?" said John, kindly, and he held out his big hand to her.

"AFTER MANY DAYS."

"STIR the fire, Tabitha," commanded the old woman. "Stir it as if there was some life in your limbs. Listen how the wind soughs across the moors."

Tabitha came to the grate and did as she was bidden, with her usual meek obedience, but her head drooped a trifle more than usual to-night, and her listless movements roused her mother's anger. She snatched the poker from the silent little woman's hands, and with a single stroke broke the huge "cob" of coal which had been smouldering and flickering all the afternoon, and which now, falling to pieces, flashed up bright tongues of darting flame, and flung a light in every shadowy corner of the long, dark room.

"Are you wandering?" she said, in her sharp, strong voice. "You might be. I have no patience with your weak ways. You are no Yorkshire woman, Tabitha; you are your father all over."

It was a fact worthy of note, because significant in itself, that Tabitha made no reply. She was used to such speeches; she had borne them all her life; she had seen her father bear them day by day until he died. His finer nature withered, she had sometimes dared to fancy, under their chill influence. There was scarcely a country boor in the scattered moorland hamlet, or even in the few wide-apart cottages on the blue moors themselves, who did not know the mistress of the solitary farm-house as "a hard un," and who had not known her as such from the time she came among them as the young wife of the gentle South Country man whose name she bore. Roger Dunn was mild even to the verge of weakness, and was beloved in a rough, almost pitying way by all the strong, warm-hearted Yorkshire men who knew him. His wife had not a tender impulse in her nature, and was disliked with all the uncouth openness of a passionate, uncouth people. She had stood out against all advances from the first; she had defied public opinion and set at naught advice; and so it was that at last the inhabitants of the old stone farm-house had been cut off from the world and lived their uneventful lives alone.

It was not a kindly school for a solitary girl to be brought up in; but the one daughter of the family had been brought up in it, and had never left it for more than a few hours from the day of her birth. There were no friends for her; she had no share even in the rough country rejoicings or equally rough sorrowings. She had never been a pretty girl, or even an attractive one; she had scarcely one redeeming feature, perhaps, and was, in fact, in her freshest youth, nothing more than a silent, homely little body, with a quiet, plain face, whose odd, shrinking expression had a pathos of its own. But the days of her youth were over now, and she was a woman nearly thirty years of age, and there were shadowy lines on her face, and her small figure had set into a certain staidness, and her eyes were meek and sad, but withal held far back in their depths a wistfulness which might have grown out of long waiting and watching.

And it was out of long waiting and watching that it had grown. The commonplace, uninteresting little woman had lived through her small romance, after all, unpromising and ordinary a one as it had been. In her father's day, by some strange chance, there had come a lover, who found in Tabitha what he fancied he had not found in other women. He was a young man, a hale young Yorkshire farmer, with a rough bit of sentiment in his hardy nature, and somehow this little woman, who had lived all her days in a solitary farm-house on the moorlands, found the way to his heart and touched it. So he set about the task of winning her. It was a great wonder to her at first, a great marvel, and it was a long time before she quite comprehended the truth; but after the slow wakening to it she was stirred through every fibre of her ignorant, inexperienced heart; her whole being was permeated with a light and warmth of which she had never dreamed. She had never even read of such things as other women had, so it was new to her from beginning to end, and she loved in it in an intense way not even this honest lover ever understood. She had not learned enough to be demonstrative, so he never knew how wondrous a bliss he had brought to her—indeed, it is to be questioned whether she knew enough about the matter to call it bliss herself—but at least he could see that he had not failed.

After this there was a hard battle to be fought. The gentle, broken-spirited father gave his consent with a readiness which was almost eager. Perhaps he longed to save the girl from years of such a life as his own. But the mother held out against them with causeless bitterness. She had taken one of her sudden, unaccountable dislikes to poor Lem Burt, and she showed it in this exercise of her power against him.

"Girls are better at home," she said: "let Tabitha stay where she is."

She was as unyielding as rock for months—so unyielding, in fact, that only rash, hot-headed Lem dared to defy her; and then in the end she gave way with as little reason and as much rigid sternness as she had displayed in crossing them.

"Let her go," she said, grimly; "she will find it out."

And so Tabitha was married, and at her father's request the young husband and wife took up their abode at the farm-house instead of finding a home for themselves. It

was a terrible mistake, as might have been expected. The strong, hot-headed young Yorkshireman had a will of his own, as well as "the mistress," and not many months had passed before the two were sworn enemies, between whom was carried on a deadly feud. Roger and Tabitha bent before the blast of the daily storms, but Lem never gave way an inch. He would have carried Tabitha elsewhere, but the poor tender creature clung steadfastly, though perhaps with mistaken lovingness, to her father.

"Let us wait a while, Lem," she would say; "think of poor father. He is not long for the world. Better for us to stay and bear with him a while, than go for our own sakes, and leave him to bear all alone."

And though at first Lem's warm heart was touched by the appeal, the time came again and again when he made up his mind to go in spite of it. In the end the constant wear and strife made him a trifle hard and rough too, and then came Tabitha's burden—a burden she bore long in the uncomplaining humility of love. He was fond enough of her yet, and kindly by fits and starts, but he was not as kindly as he had been. Just now and then a passionate word fell to her share when she was trying to keep peace, but though it might cut her to the heart, she never retorted. Before the first year was out there were nights when she lay awake, hearing the harsh-voiced clock upon the stairs strike hour after hour, while she listened with a heavy heart for the sound of certain unsteady footsteps on the gravel outside.

"But he is not to blame, poor fellow," she would say to herself, with feverish sadness. "If he had the chance he would be right enough. He is all I have, too—all but father—and I could never love him less. I have heard women say men wearied them out of their love. Lem could never weary me. It seems somehow as if I could bide whatever *he* did." And then it might be that out of her faithfulness would grow a certain peace, and Lem, coming home at midnight, would find her asleep, with a curious quiet on her face, almost like a shadow from another world; and even while he did not understand it, he would be stirred at heart, and would awaken her in his rough, loving fashion, by bending over the clumsy old bed and lifting her on his arm.

Still it was very natural, where two unconquerable natures were set against each other, that bad should run to worse, and that Tabitha's burden should become heavier than aught but woman-love could have borne. And one terrible night, when a winter storm was raging outside upon the barren moorland, a fiercer storm raged within the old farm-house. When it ended Tabitha lay upon the tiled floor of the kitchen, struck down by a brutal, blind stroke from poor mad Lem's hand; and her mother stood upon the threshold, facing wind and storm, as she flung something like a malediction after the poor desperate fellow, who from that wretched hour was lost to them, as it seemed, forever.

From that night Roger Dunn never rallied. He had been feeble for months, and under this last blow he sank. When he carried Tabitha's senseless form over the threshold of the kitchen he crossed it for the last time. He never went into it again, and a month afterward he turned his face to the wall at the close of one dreary day, and died without a word, which might have brought him nearer in this solemn last hour to the woman with whom he had spent so many wretched years of bitter life.

"Let Tabitha wait on me," he had said, early in the day; and they were the last words he said to her.

This was eight years ago, and these eight years Tabitha had lived through in the farm-house with no other companion than the old woman, who never seemed to yield in her stern hatred of the man her child loved with so simple and entire a trust. Poor Tabitha! her ignorant faith in her recreant husband knew no faltering, even at the worst. She was so sure that he would come back again some day a wiser (she never said "a better") man. It was only a question of time to her unsophisticated mind. He would be sure to come; and so she waited day after day, hoping against hope. Women of greater spirit might have died—beaten their hearts out against the walls of their dull prison; women of loftier mind might have learned a lofty scorn of the man who could so desert and outrage a faithful love; but Tabitha's life had not encouraged spirit.

It had been a weary day for her, this one, which had drawn to its close with soughing winds and beating rain. It was a dreary season of the year, and, apart from this, Tabitha had remembered what she fancied her mother did not, that this night eight years ago poor Lem had dashed out into the storm in the height of his tempestuous wrath—the wrath in which he had aimed the mad blow which had fallen upon his wife instead of her mother. She had awakened to the memory of it early in the gray morning, and her heart had failed her heavily every hour of the day, so that it was no wonder that she was pale and silent when the night closed in about them.

She stood by the fire a minute after her mother had spoken to her, and she half forgot herself in gazing at the leaping blaze and the bright bed of hot red coal beneath. But her reverie did not last long. She woke with a little start, and finding her mother's eyes fixed on her, colored with just the least faint sad ghost of color.

"I—I will go and hurry Hannah with the

tea," she said. "I dare say you are ready for it, mother."

The old woman's eyes followed her as she left the room. There might have been a secret something savoring of pity in them, but it was only a momentary wavering, if it was one at all. When the door closed upon the small, staid, yet almost pathetic figure, her expression was as cold as ever, and she drew her chair nearer to the fire, shutting her lips as if to hold some flickering feeling within bounds.

When their one serving-woman entered with the tea-tray and its homely appurtenances, she did not look round, nor was Tabitha sure that she had noticed them until she herself carried the old blue china cup full of hot tea to her side, and spoke to her.

"Here's your tea, mother," she said, quite submissive to either notice or neglect; "I made it extra good to-night, it is so cold and bleak outside."

She took it from her hands without thanks; and after seeing that it was to her liking, Tabitha went back to the little black japanned tea-tray and took her seat behind it, as was her custom. She could not eat much, however; somehow or other, she felt restless. Her appetite was gone, and she even found herself starting now and then quite nervously at the sounds in the kitchen—Hannah moving to and fro, and an occasional rattling of some domestic utensil.

It was a great start she gave when the door behind her really opened and Hannah spoke to her in her usual abrupt manner. "There's a man in the back-kitchen, Tabitha," she said; "a sort of tramp. He wants to get a place to sleep in. He says he can pay for it."

Tabitha looked at the tall figure in the high-backed chair in some nervous trepidation. She had borne the household burdens for years, but she had never held the reins of government in her hands.

"Mother," she said, "would you mind it? It's a dreadful night, and he must be tired, poor fellow, if he has walked far. Has he walked far, Hannah?"

"From Stonecrough."

"He could sleep in one of the up-stairs rooms," hesitated Tabitha, meekly.

"Tell him he can stay," announced the mistress, "and give him his supper."

Hannah left the room without further query, and after one other glance at her mother, Tabitha turned, a trifle nervously, to her tea. Experience had taught her that comment was unnecessary.

But accustomed as she was to her mother's moods, it seemed to her, as the night passed on, that her present one was even more unaccountable than usual. As she cast timid, furtive glances at her, she fancied she felt the influence of some new element in her manner, though she scarcely uttered a word through all the long evening. Was it possible that the silence was less stern than it often was; that as she sat gazing into the red glow of fire in the grate, old memories passed through her mind, half softening the hard, unconquered heart—unconquered after threescore years and ten of battling against a world?

Feeling some new influence, and being troubled by it quite vaguely—untranslatably, however—after taking her candle Tabitha lingered a little, and at last ventured near the high-backed chair.

"Good-night, mother," she said, wistfully. She was suddenly seized with a desperate longing for some show of sympathy this night of all nights—this night which was so sad an anniversary. If she had had a child of her own, if there had even been in the house a child who was nothing to her, she would have clung to its simple presence with eagerness; if there had only been a dog for her to speak to and touch, only a dog, with an honest brute love for her, she would have been grateful and glad.

So when in answer to her words her mother started as if from a reverie, and after looking at her and giving her a cold reply, turned away again, the poor sad little woman, only feeling heavier-hearted, left the room with a slower step. But when she set the candle down upon the table up stairs her sight was blurred a little, so that there was a yellow mist about the flare of light.

"He did not know," she said, patiently. "Men's lives are not like ours. It wasn't that he was selfish: Lem never was selfish, and—and I'm glad he doesn't know, poor fellow. I'd never tell him."

It was always an understood thing between the two that Tabitha must retire first and leave her mother to sit alone, and it was often far into the night when the anxious little woman, being wakeful, heard "the mistress" leave her chair and cross the room to where her candle stood waiting on the stand.

But this night Tabitha, lying in the little chamber at the head of the staircase, waited for the customary sounds in vain. She did not hear them even at their usual time, but it would have been a daring member of the household who would have ventured to disturb the mistress, and in her consciousness of this fact, Tabitha felt it wiser to lie still and wait.

But the silence continued so long that, after much fearful demurring, the small white figure found its way at last out of the bed and out of the darkness to where the light glimmered upward upon the stairs.

"Mother!"

The unmodulated voice answered her at once,

"What is it?"

Then, overcome by her own temerity, Tabitha faltered greatly in spirit.

"I was afraid—I mean I was wondering why you did not come up stairs. Are you well?"

"If I had not been, I should have called you," was the answer that came to her. "Go back to bed, Tabitha." And Tabitha crept back silently, and entering her little room again, closed the door softly behind her.

One—two.

It was the harsh-voiced clock upon the stairs. All at once Tabitha was wide awake, sitting up in bed, listening—listening in just the strained, anxious way in which she had listened until she fell asleep. All of them must be asleep now—the wandering, unknown guest, Hannah, her mother, all of them—for the house was quite quiet now, silent with the strange, solemn, death-like silence of slumber. And then remembering the novel fancy her mother's words had brought to her mind that night, and remembering also her unexpected breaking of before unaltered rules, she grew restless and anxious again. She could not make up her mind to lie down, so she sat up for a few minutes, listening again. It seemed to her that she had done nothing but listen over since twilight, and it would not be long before the dawning of another day.

And then (she never could make sure how it came about, for certainly she heard no sound that startled her; there was no sound, indeed, but that slow, heavy ticking of the clock) she found herself standing on the floor in the middle of the room, and in a few seconds more she was at the stair head—going down the stairs with a wildly beating heart—at the threshold of the old oak-wainscoted room. The door was opening to her fearful hand, and she was in the room itself, peering through the gloom to where the last solemn glow from the low bed of embers cast a warmth rather than an actual light upon the high-backed chair in which the rigid figure sat strangely motionless, the hard knotted hands grasping the leathern arms, the stern face turned toward the fire.

"Mother!" she cried out. "Mother! mother!"

And yet, though she spoke as if to rouse her, even before the words had left her lips she knew full well that no earthly voice could ever call forth an answering echo in the dull closed ears again. She knew her cry had roused the household, for in a moment more she heard the sound of opening doors and hurrying feet; but it seemed as if she had no care for their coming—no care for aught else on earth but the rigid figure before which she knelt, and about which she flung her clinging arms with no thought of awe or fear, but with such a wail of pain and pity as no sufferings of her own had wrung from her from first to last.

"All alone!" she cried. "All alone, and I sleeping so near her! Why did you send me away, mother? I would have been content to sit outside night after night if you would have let me. Nay, I can not bear this, somehow, as I have borne the rest!"

She wept and kissed the cold face and hands as if she had lost the truest heart that ever beat in warm mother-breast. It was, perhaps, the result of her life as well as of her simple nature that she should cling so to a mere semblance. She had lived nearer her dead father, but there was not antagonism enough in her whole being to rouse within her one bitter thought against this mother who had held her at arms-length. It had been love she had cherished for her stern task-mistress, though love so mixed with awe; and now the awe of life was gone, death had no power to chill her, and she could kneel and weep her tender, tried heart's fill. It was worse than useless to endeavor to rekindle the spark of life again—the most ignorant of them knew that, even before the hurriedly summoned physician dropped the stiff hand and gave his verdict.

"She has been dead some time," he said. "She must have been seized while she was reading the letter in her hand."

Tabitha looked at the table then. She had only noticed before that the icy, knotted fingers of one hand were closed tightly upon a piece of paper as they grasped the chair's arm; but when she took up the package that lay near upon the table her heart cried out aloud. At the last hour some incomprehensible memory of the past—perhaps a softened one, perhaps merely a cold memory—must have moved the unyielding soul of even this woman, for the letters tied together with a black ribbon were those Roger Dunn had written to her years before, when to him she seemed the one fair and true woman upon earth.

It would not have been natural that there should be much mourning in the household. She had only been a hard task-mistress to most of them, and their world would go on even more smoothly for her absence. But Tabitha's world!—Tabitha's world was emptier, with a sad heavy emptiness, and it had been empty enough before. She was full of self-reproach and weariness; she had lost something to which her loving nature had clung, even as ivy clings to a hard, cold, unsightly pillar of stone.

So this sad night, when the dead woman was laid in her chamber, Tabitha passed to and fro shedding gentle tears and lavishing pathetic caresses on the dumb lips, and with a quiet uprising of long-crushed, quite unconscious poetry, she brought the package of letters up stairs and laid it almost timidly upon the motionless breast.

"She looks quite like herself, Hannah," she said to the woman at her side, as she stepped back from the bed. "And yet I

don't know, but I think there's something quiet about her face. I wonder if death always does that for people?"

But Hannah did not answer. She had just come into the room, and was looking at her with a singular interested expression.

"Tabitha," she said at last, "the man down stairs?—is he to go? He says if there is any thing more he can do he will do it. He went for the doctor."

Tabitha had quite forgotten him before, and now the remembrance of his presence touched her heart afresh.

"No," she said; "I'll go and speak to him; I should like to thank him. We little thought last night, when she said he might stay, that before morning he would do her such a service as that."

She left the bedside and the still chamber, and made her way slowly down stairs to the great kitchen. It was quite dark yet, but the man had built a fire in the huge deep fire-place, and so the room was flooded with ruddy, dancing light, and when she stepped across the threshold this light revealed to her the wanderer, his heavy head lying across his folded arms upon the round oak table. One hesitant moment as she stood in the shadow, and then he stirred, with a low sound that was half a hushed, struggled-against sob of anguish.

No need to falter then, no need to wait, no need to stand in the darkness longer with that wildly fluttering heart. Other women might have doubted—other women with happier lives, women to whom God's best gifts had been most freely given—but not this one; not this little woman, through whose dark sky the single rift of heaven's sunshine had only struggled to die out in drearier darkness. Could she have loved and trusted and waited through these eight years, and then have forgotten—forgotten after the weary days, forgotten after the lonely nights, forgotten after the simple, faithful prayers to which, for many days, there had been given no answer? Nay, not she: she would have known if it had been a hundred years, and she had lived them all alone.

"Lem!—husband!" she called to him; and though she trembled from head to foot, her tone rang out in the still old place like a cry of rejoicing.

And the man, raising his head, looked round and saw her. But he did not go to her: how could he, after all these years of shameful slight heaped on her loving soul? He got up slowly from his chair, shaking from head to foot also, but in a passion of remorse and despair. Man-like, he could not grasp what this sad little woman's love had been, was, and would be forever. He opened his dry lips to speak, but no sound came from them; he had no words to utter. He stood before her for a moment as he might have stood before a judge, and then his lips began to tremble too, and he flung himself down upon the chair once more, his folded arms upon the oaken table, his face upon them, sobbing aloud.

But she went to him across the kitchen with her arms stretched out, and folded his strong, shaken body in her weak, woman's clasp, and clung to him—not forgetting, because she had never remembered; not forgiving, because the sublime simplicity of her faith had recognized no wrong to forgive—pouring out the long pent-up love of her trustful soul upon his breast, thanking God and welcoming the wanderer home.

And after he had told her how in the hope of seeing her once more he had dared form the desperate plan of coming to the house that night in a sort of disguise, she took him up to the close, darkened chamber, and they stood together by the bedside, looking down in awed silence at the dead woman's face; and at last, when they had gazed long and sadly, hand in hand, the little woman broke the silence in her timid, hushed voice.

"Those are father's letters," she said. "And she was reading them when she died; so I put them there. I—I don't quite understand how to say it, Lem, but I've been thinking that though perhaps God gives different feelings to different people, different failings and different sins, He gives us all one thing alike—the breath of life, His breath, you know; and it seems to me somehow, Lem, as if the breath of God must give a—a kind of softness sometimes to the very hardest. And—and maybe, with Him being so high above us and seeing things so clear, He takes many things into account that we know nothing about, and never think of."

IMPROVISATIONS.—IV.

WHAT if I couch in the grass, or listlessly rock on the waters?
If in the market I stroll, sit by the beakers of wine?
Witched by the fold of a cloud, the flush of a meadow in blossom
Soothed by the amorous airs, touched by the lips of the dew?
First must be color and odor, the simple, unmingled sensation,
Then, at the end of the year, apples and honey and grain.
You, reversing the order, your barren and withering branches
Vainly will shake in the winds, mine hanging heavy with gold!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE NEW MAGDALEN.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Second Scene.

MABLETHORPE HOUSE.

PREAMBLE.

THE place is England.

The time is winter, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy.

The persons are, Julian Gray, Horace Holmcroft, Lady Janet Roy, Grace Roseberry, and Mercy Merrick.

CHAPTER VI.

LADY JANET'S COMPANION.

It is a glorious winter's day. The sky is clear, the frost is hard, the ice bears for skating.

The dining-room of the ancient mansion called Mablethorpe House, situated in the London suburb of Kensington, is famous among artists and other persons of taste for the carved wood-work, of Italian origin, which covers the walls on three sides. On the fourth side the march of modern improvement has broken in, and has varied and brightened the scene by means of a conservatory, forming an entrance to the room through a winter-garden of rare plants and flowers. On your right hand, as you stand fronting the conservatory, the monotony of the paneled wall is relieved by a quaintly patterned door of old inlaid wood, leading into the library, and thence, across the great hall, to the other reception-rooms of the house. A corresponding door on the left hand gives access to the billiard-room, to the smoking-room, next to it, and to a smaller hall commanding one of the secondary entrances to the building. On the left side also is the ample fire-place, surmounted by its marble mantel-piece, carved in the profusely and confusedly ornate style of eighty years since. To the educated eye the dining-room, with its modern furniture and conservatory, its ancient walls and doors, and its lofty mantel-piece (neither very old nor very new), presents a startling, almost a revolutionary, mixture of the decorative workmanship of widely differing schools. To the ignorant eye the one result produced is an impression of perfect luxury and comfort, united in the friendliest combination and developed on the largest scale.

The clock has just struck two. The table is spread for luncheon.

The persons seated at the table are three in number. First, Lady Janet Roy. Second, a young lady who is her reader and companion. Third, a guest staying in the house, who has already appeared in these pages under the name of Horace Holmcroft—attached to the German army as war correspondent of an English newspaper.

Lady Janet Roy needs but little introduction. Every body with the slightest pretension to experience in London society knows Lady Janet Roy.

Who has not heard of her old lace and her priceless rubies? Who has not admired her commanding figure, her beautifully dressed white hair, her wonderful black eyes, which still preserve their youthful brightness, after first opening on the world seventy years since? Who has not felt the charm of her frank, easily flowing talk, her inexhaustible spirits, her good-humored, gracious sociability of manner? Where is the modern hermit who is not familiarly acquainted, by hearsay at least, with the fantastic novelty and humor of her opinions; with her generous encouragement of rising merit of any sort, in all ranks, high or low; with her charities, which know no distinction between abroad and at home; with her large indulgence, which no ingratitude can discourage, and no servility pervert? Every body has heard of the popular old lady—the childless widow of a long-forgotten lord. Every body knows Lady Janet Roy.

But who knows the handsome young woman sitting on her right hand, playing with her luncheon instead of eating it? Nobody really knows her.

She is prettily dressed in gray poplin, trimmed with gray velvet, and set off by a ribbon of deep red tied in a bow at the throat. She is nearly as tall as Lady Janet herself, and possesses a grace and beauty of figure not always seen in women who rise above the medium height. Judging by a certain innate grandeur in the carriage of her head and in the expression of her large melancholy gray eyes, believers in blood and breeding will be apt to guess that this is another noble lady. Alas! she is nothing but Lady Janet's companion and reader. Her head, crowned with its lovely light brown hair, bends with a gentle respect when Lady Janet speaks. Her fine firm hand is easily and incessantly watchful to supply Lady Janet's slightest wants. The old lady—affectionately familiar with her—speaks to her as she might speak to an adopted child. But the gratitude of the beautiful companion has always the same restraint in its acknowledgment of kindness; the smile of the beautiful companion has always the same underlying sadness when it responds to Lady Janet's hearty laugh. Is there something wrong here, under the surface? Is she suf-

fering in mind, or suffering in body? What is the matter with her?

The matter with her is secret remorse. This delicate and beautiful creature pines under the slow torment of constant self-reproach.

To the mistress of the house, and to all who inhabit it or enter it, she is known as Grace Roseberry, the orphan relative by marriage of Lady Janet Roy. To herself alone she is known as the outcast of the London streets; the inmate of the London Refuge; the lost woman who has stolen her way back—after vainly trying to fight her way back—to Home and Name. There she sits in the grim shadow of her own terrible secret, disguised in another person's identity, and established in another person's place. Mercy Merrick had only to dare, and to become Grace Roseberry if she pleased. She has dared, and she has been Grace Roseberry for nearly four months past.

At this moment, while Lady Janet is talking to Horace Holmcroft, something that has passed between them has set her thinking of the day when she took the first fatal step which committed her to the fraud.

How marvelously easy of accomplishment the act of personation had been! At first sight Lady Janet had yielded to the fascination of the noble and interesting face. No need to present the stolen letter; no need to repeat the ready-made story. The old lady had put the letter aside unopened, and had stopped the story at the first words. "Your face is your introduction, my dear; your father can say nothing for you which you have not already said for yourself." There was the welcome which established her firmly in her false identity at the outset. Thanks to her own experience, and thanks to the "Journal" of events at Rome, questions about her life in Canada and questions about Colonel Roseberry's illness found her ready with answers which (even if suspicion had existed) would have disarmed suspicion on the spot. While the true Grace was slowly and painfully winning her way back to life on her bed in a German hospital, the false Grace was presented to Lady Janet's friends as the relative by marriage of the mistress of Mablethorpe House. From that time forward nothing had happened to rouse in her the faintest suspicion that Grace Roseberry was other than a dead-and-buried woman. So far as she now knew—so far as any one now knew—she might live out her life in perfect security (if her conscience would let her), respected, distinguished, and beloved, in the position which she had usurped.

She rose abruptly from the table. The effort of her life was to shake herself free of the remembrances which haunted her perpetually as they were haunting her now. Her memory was her worst enemy; her one refuge from it was in change of occupation and change of scene.

"May I go into the conservatory, Lady Janet?" she asked.

"Certainly, my dear."

She bent her head to her protectress, looked for a moment with a steady, compassionate attention at Horace Holmcroft, and, slowly crossing the room, entered the winter-garden. The eyes of Horace followed her, as long as she was in view, with a curious contradictory expression of admiration and disapproval. When she had passed out of sight the admiration vanished, but the disapproval remained. The face of the young man contracted into a frown: he sat silent, with his fork in his hand, playing absently with the fragments on his plate.

"Take some French pie, Horace," said Lady Janet.

"No, thank you."

"Some more chicken, then?"

"No more chicken."

"Will nothing tempt you?"

"I will take some more wine, if you will allow me."

He filled his glass (for the fifth or sixth time) with claret, and emptied it sullenly at a draught. Lady Janet's bright eyes watched him with sardonic attention; Lady Janet's ready tongue spoke out as freely as usual what was passing in her mind at the time.

"The air of Kensington doesn't seem to suit you, my young friend," she said. "The longer you have been my guest, the oftener you fill your glass and empty your cigar-case. Those are bad signs in a young man. When you first came here you arrived invalided by a wound. In your place, I should not have exposed myself to be shot, with no other object in view than describing a battle in a newspaper. I suppose tastes differ. Are you ill? Does your wound still plague you?"

"Not in the least."

"Are you out of spirits?"

Horace Holmcroft dropped his fork, rested his elbows on the table, and answered, "Awfully."

Even Lady Janet's large toleration had its limits. It embraced every human offense except a breach of good manners. She snatched up the nearest weapon of correction at hand—a table-spoon—and rapped her young friend smartly with it on the arm that was nearest to her.

"My table is not the club table," said the old lady. "Hold up your head. Don't look at your fork—look at me. I allow nobody to be out of spirits in My house. I consider it to be a reflection on Me. If our quiet life here doesn't suit you, say so plainly, and find something else to do. There is employment to be had, I suppose—if you choose to apply

for it? You needn't smile. I don't want to see your teeth—I want an answer."

Horace admitted, with all needful gravity, that there was employment to be had. The war between France and Germany, he remarked, was still going on: the newspaper had offered to employ him again in the capacity of correspondent.

"Don't speak of the newspapers and the war!" cried Lady Janet, with a sudden explosion of anger, which was genuine anger this time. "I detest the newspapers! I won't allow the newspapers to enter this house. I lay the whole blame of the blood shed between France and Germany at their door."

Horace's eyes opened wide in amazement. The old lady was evidently in earnest. "What can you possibly mean?" he asked. "Are the newspapers responsible for the war?"

"Entirely responsible," answered Lady Janet. "Why, you don't understand the age you live in! Does any body do any thing nowadays (fighting included) without wishing to see it in the newspapers? *I* subscribe to a charity; *thou* art presented with a testimonial; *he* preaches a sermon; *we* suffer a grievance; *you* make a discovery; *they* go to church and get married. And I, thou, he; we, you, they, all want one and the same thing—we want to see it in the papers. Are kings, soldiers, and diplomatists exceptions to the general rule of humanity? Not they! I tell you seriously, if the newspapers of Europe had one and all decided not to take the smallest notice in print of the war between France and Germany, it is my firm conviction the war would have come to an end for want of encouragement long since. Let the pen cease to advertise the sword, and I, for one, can see the result. No report—no fighting."

"Your views have the merit of perfect novelty, ma'am," said Horace. "Would you object to see them in the newspapers?"

Lady Janet worsted her young friend with his own weapons.

"Don't I live in the latter part of the nineteenth century?" she asked. "In the newspapers, did you say? In large type, Horace, if you love me!"

Horace changed the subject.

"You blame me for being out of spirits," he said; "and you seem to think it is because I am tired of my pleasant life at Mablethorpe House. I am not in the least tired, Lady Janet." He looked toward the conservatory: the frown showed itself on his face once more. "The truth is," he resumed, "I am not satisfied with Grace Roseberry."

"What has Grace done?"

"She persists in prolonging our engagement. Nothing will persuade her to fix the day for our marriage."

It was true! Mercy had been mad enough to listen to him, and to love him. But Mercy was not vile enough to marry him under her false character, and in her false name. Between three and four months had elapsed since Horace had been sent home from the war, wounded, and had found the beautiful Englishwoman whom he had befriended in France established at Mablethorpe House. Invited to become Lady Janet's guest (he had passed his holidays as a school-boy under Lady Janet's roof)—free to spend the idle time of his convalescence from morning to night in Mercy's society—the impression originally produced on him in the French cottage soon strengthened into love. Before the month was out Horace had declared himself, and had discovered that he spoke to willing ears. From that moment it was only a question of persisting long enough in the resolution to gain his point. The marriage engagement was ratified—most reluctantly on the lady's side—and there the further progress of Horace Holmcroft's suit came to an end. Try as he might, he failed to persuade his betrothed wife to fix the day for the marriage. There were no obstacles in her way. She had no near relations of her own to consult. As a connection of Lady Janet's by marriage, Horace's mother and sisters were ready to receive her with all the honors due to a new member of the family. No pecuniary considerations made it necessary, in this case, to wait for a favorable time. Horace was an only son; and he had succeeded to his father's estate with an ample income to support it. On both sides alike there was absolutely nothing to prevent the two young people from being married as soon as the settlements could be drawn. And yet, to all appearance, here was a long engagement in prospect, with no better reason than the lady's incomprehensible perversity to explain the delay.

"Can you account for Grace's conduct?" asked Lady Janet. Her manner changed as she put the question. She looked and spoke like a person who was perplexed and annoyed.

"I hardly like to own it," Horace answered, "but I am afraid she has some motive for deferring our marriage which she can not confide either to you or to me."

Lady Janet started.

"What makes you think that?" she asked.

"I have once or twice caught her in tears. Every now and then—sometimes when she is talking quite gayly—she suddenly changes color and becomes silent and depressed. Just now, when she left the table (didn't you notice it?), she looked at me in the strangest way—almost as if she was sorry for me. What do these things mean?"

Horace's reply, instead of increasing Lady Janet's anxiety, seemed to relieve it. He had observed nothing which she had not

noticed herself. "You foolish boy!" she said, "the meaning is plain enough. Grace has been out of health for some time past. The doctor recommends change of air. I shall take her away with me."

"It would be more to the purpose," Horace rejoined, "if *I* took her away with me. She might consent, if you would only use your influence. Is it asking too much to ask you to persuade her? My mother and my sisters have written to her, and have produced no effect. Do me the greatest of all kindnesses—speak to her to-day!" He paused, and possessing himself of Lady Janet's hand, pressed it entreatingly. "You have always been so good to me," he said, softly, and pressed it again.

The old lady looked at him. It was impossible to dispute that there were attractions in Horace Holmcroft's face which made it well worth looking at. Many a woman might have envied him his clear complexion, his bright blue eyes, and the warm amber tint in his light Saxon hair. Men—especially men skilled in observing physiognomy—might have noticed in the shape of his forehead and in the line of his upper lip the signs indicative of a moral nature deficient in largeness and breadth—of a mind easily accessible to strong prejudices, and obstinate in maintaining those prejudices in the face of conviction itself. To the observation of women these remote defects were too far below the surface to be visible. He charmed the sex in general by his rare personal advantages, and by the graceful deference of his manner. To Lady Janet he was endeared, not by his own merits only, but by old associations that were connected with him. His father had been one of her many admirers in her young days. Circumstances had parted them. Her marriage to another man had been a childless marriage. In past times, when the boy Horace had come to her from school, she had cherished a secret fancy (too absurd to be communicated to any living creature) that he ought to have been *her* son, and might have been her son, if she had married his father! She smiled charmingly, old as she was—she yielded as his mother might have yielded—when the young man took her hand and entreated her to interest herself in his marriage. "Must I really speak to Grace?" she asked, with a gentleness of tone and manner far from characteristic, on ordinary occasions, of the lady of Mablethorpe House. Horace saw that he had gained his point. He sprang to his feet; his eyes turned eagerly in the direction of the conservatory; his handsome face was radiant with hope. Lady Janet (with her mind full of his father) stole a last look at him, sighed as she thought of the vanished days, and recovered herself.

"Go to the smoking-room," she said, giving him a push toward the door. "Away with you, and cultivate the favorite vice of the nineteenth century." Horace attempted to express his gratitude. "Go and smoke!" was all she said, pushing him out. "Go and smoke!"

Left by herself, Lady Janet took a turn in the room, and considered a little.

Horace's discontent was not unreasonable. There was really no excuse for the delay of which he complained. Whether the young lady had a special motive for hanging back, or whether she was merely fretting because she did not know her own mind, it was, in either case, necessary to come to a distinct understanding, sooner or later, on the serious question of the marriage. The difficulty was, how to approach the subject without giving offense. "I don't understand the young women of the present generation," thought Lady Janet. "In my time, when we were fond of a man, we were ready to marry him at a moment's notice. And this is an age of progress! They ought to be readier still."

Arriving, by her own process of induction, at this inevitable conclusion, she decided to try what her influence could accomplish, and to trust to the inspiration of the moment for exerting it in the right way. "Grace!" she called out, approaching the conservatory door.

The tall lithe figure in its gray dress glided into view, and stood relieved against the green background of the winter-garden.

"Did your ladyship call me?"

"Yes; I want to speak to you. Come and sit down by me."

With those words Lady Janet led the way to a sofa, and placed her companion by her side.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MAN IS COMING.

"YOU look very pale this morning, my child."

Mercy sighed wearily. "I am not well," she answered. "The slightest noises startle me. I feel tired if I only walk across the room."

Lady Janet patted her kindly on the shoulder. "We must try what a change will do for you. Which shall it be? the Continent or the sea-side?"

"Your ladyship is too kind to me."

"It is impossible to be too kind to you."

Mercy started. The color flowed charmingly over her pale face. "Oh!" she exclaimed, impulsively. "Say that again!"

"Say it again?" repeated Lady Janet, with a look of surprise.

"Yes! Don't think me presuming; only think me vain. I can't hear you say too often that you have learned to like me. Is it really a pleasure to you to have me in the

house? Have I always behaved well since I have been with you?"

(The one excuse for the act of personation—if excuse there could be—lay in the affirmative answer to those questions. It would be something, surely, to say of the false Grace that the true Grace could not have been worthier of her welcome, if the true Grace had been received at Mablethorpe House!)

Lady Janet was partly touched, partly amused, by the extraordinary earnestness of the appeal that had been made to her.

"Have you behaved well?" she repeated. "My dear, you talk as if you were a child!" She laid her hand caressingly on Mercy's arm, and continued, in a graver tone: "It is hardly too much to say, Grace, that I bless the day when you first came to me. I do believe I could be hardly fonder of you if you were my own daughter."

Mercy suddenly turned her head aside, so as to hide her face. Lady Janet, still touching her arm, felt it tremble. "What is the matter with you?" she asked, in her abrupt, downright manner.

"I am only very grateful to your ladyship—that is all."

The words were spoken faintly, in broken tones. The face was still averted from Lady Janet's view. "What have I said to provoke this?" wondered the old lady. "Is she in the melting mood to-day? If she is, now is the time to say a word for Horace!" Keeping that excellent object in view, Lady Janet approached the delicate topic with all needful caution at starting.

"We have got on so well together," she resumed, "that it will not be easy for either of us to feel reconciled to a change in our lives. At my age, it will fall hardest on me. What shall I do, Grace, when the day comes for parting with my adopted daughter?"

Mercy started, and showed her face again. The traces of tears were in her eyes. "Why should I leave you?" she asked, in a tone of alarm.

"Surely you know!" exclaimed Lady Janet.

"Indeed I don't. Tell me why."

"Ask Horace to tell you."

The last allusion was too plain to be misunderstood. Mercy's head drooped. She began to tremble again. Lady Janet looked at her in blank amazement.

"Is there any thing wrong between Horace and you?" she asked.

"No."

"You know your own heart, my dear child? You have surely not encouraged Horace without loving him?"

"Oh no!"

"And yet—"

For the first time in their experience of each other Mercy ventured to interrupt her benefactress. "Dear Lady Janet," she interposed, gently, "I am in no hurry to be married. There will be plenty of time in the future to talk of that. You had something you wished to say to me. What is it?"

It was no easy matter to disconcert Lady Janet Roy. But that last question fairly reduced her to silence. After all that had passed, there sat her young companion, innocent of the faintest suspicion of the subject that was to be discussed between them! "What are the young women of the present time made of?" thought the old lady, utterly at a loss to know what to say next. Mercy waited, on her side, with an impenetrable patience which only aggravated the difficulties of the position. The silence was fast threatening to bring the interview to a sudden and untimely end, when the door from the library opened, and a man-servant, bearing a little silver salver, entered the room.

Lady Janet's rising sense of annoyance instantly seized on the servant as a victim. "What do you want?" she asked, sharply. "I never rang for you."

"A letter, my lady. The messenger waits for an answer."

The man presented his salver with the letter on it, and withdrew.

Lady Janet recognized the handwriting on the address with a look of surprise. "Excuse me, my dear," she said, pausing, with her old-fashioned courtesy, before she opened the envelope. Mercy made the necessary acknowledgment, and moved away to the other end of the room, little thinking that the arrival of the letter marked a crisis in her life. Lady Janet put on her spectacles. "Odd that he should have come back already!" she said to herself, as she threw the empty envelope on the table.

The letter contained these lines, the writer of them being no other than the man who had preached in the chapel of the Refuge:

"Dear Aunt,—I am back again in London before my time. My friend the rector has shortened his holiday, and has resumed his duties in the country. I am afraid you will blame me when you hear of the reasons which have hastened his return. The sooner I make my confession, the easier I shall feel. Besides, I have a special object in wishing to see you as soon as possible. May I follow my letter to Mablethorpe House? And may I present a lady to you—a perfect stranger—in whom I am interested? Pray say Yes, by the bearer, and oblige your affectionate nephew, Julian Gray."

Lady Janet referred again suspiciously to the sentence in the letter which alluded to the "lady."

Julian Gray was her only surviving nephew, the son of a favorite sister whom she had lost. He would have held no very exalted position in the estimation of his aunt

—who regarded his views in politics and religion with the strongest aversion—but for his marked resemblance to his mother. This pleaded for him with the old lady, aided as it was by the pride that she secretly felt in the early celebrity which the young clergyman had achieved as a writer and a preacher. Thanks to these mitigating circumstances, and to Julian's inexhaustible good humor, the aunt and the nephew generally met on friendly terms. Apart from what she called "his detestable opinions," Lady Janet was sufficiently interested in Julian to feel some curiosity about the mysterious "lady" mentioned in the letter. Had he determined to settle in life? Was his choice already made? And if so, would it prove to be a choice acceptable to the family? Lady Janet's bright face showed signs of doubt as she asked herself that last question. Julian's liberal views were capable of leading him to dangerous extremes. His aunt shook her head ominously as she rose from the sofa and advanced to the library door.

"Grace," she said, pausing and turning round, "I have a note to write to my nephew. I shall be back directly."

Mercy approached her, from the opposite extremity of the room, with an exclamation of surprise.

"Your nephew?" she repeated. "Your ladyship never told me you had a nephew."

Lady Janet laughed. "I must have had it on the tip of my tongue to tell you, over and over again," she said. "But we have had so many things to talk about—and, to own the truth, my nephew is not one of my favorite subjects of conversation. I don't mean that I dislike him; I detest his principles, my dear, that's all. However, you shall form your own opinion of him; he is coming to see me to-day. Wait here till I return; I have something more to say about Horace."

Mercy opened the library door for her, closed it again, and walked slowly to and fro alone in the room, thinking.

Was her mind running on Lady Janet's nephew? No. Lady Janet's brief allusion to her relative had not led her into alluding to him by his name. Mercy was still as ignorant as ever that the preacher at the Refuge and the nephew of her benefactress were one and the same man. Her memory was busy now with the tribute which Lady Janet had paid to her at the outset of the interview between them: "It is hardly too much to say, Grace, that I bless the day when you first came to me." For the moment there was balm for her wounded spirit in the remembrance of those words. Grace Roseberry herself could surely have earned no sweeter praise than the praise that she had won. The next instant she was seized with a sudden horror of her own successful fraud. The sense of her degradation had never been so bitterly present to her as at that moment. If she could only confess the truth—if she could innocently enjoy her harmless life at Mablethorpe House—what a grateful, happy woman she might be! Was it possible (if she made the confession) to trust to her own good conduct to plead her excuse? No! Her calmer sense warned her that it was hopeless. The place she had won—honestly won—in Lady Janet's estimation had been obtained by a trick. Nothing could alter, nothing could excuse *that*. She took out her handkerchief and dashed away the useless tears that had gathered in her eyes, and tried to turn her thoughts some other way. What was it Lady Janet had said on going into the library? She had said she was coming back to speak about Horace. Mercy guessed what the object was; she knew but too well what Horace wanted of her. How was she to meet the emergency? In the name of Heaven, what was to be done? Could she let the man who loved her—the man whom *she* loved—drift blindfold into marriage with such a woman as she had been? No! it was her duty to warn him. How? Could she break his heart, could she lay his life waste by speaking the cruel words which might part them forever? "I can't tell him! I won't tell him!" she burst out, passionately. "The disgrace of it would kill me!" Her varying mood changed as the words escaped her. A reckless defiance of her own better nature—that saddest of all the forms in which a woman's misery can express itself—filled her heart with its poisoning bitterness. She sat down again on the sofa with eyes that glittered and cheeks suffused with an angry red. "I am no worse than another woman!" she thought. "Another woman might have married him for his money." The next moment the miserable insufficiency of her own excuse for deceiving him showed its hollowness, self-exposed. She covered her face with her hands, and found refuge—where she had often found refuge before—in the helpless resignation of despair. "Oh, that I had died before I entered this house! Oh, that I could die and have done with it at this moment!" So the struggle had ended with her hundreds of times already. So it ended now.

The door leading into the billiard-room opened softly. Horace Holmcroft had waited to hear the result of Lady Janet's interference in his favor until he could wait no longer.

He looked in cautiously, ready to withdraw again unnoticed if the two were still talking together. The absence of Lady Janet suggested that the interview had come to an end. Was his betrothed wife waiting alone to speak to him on his return to the room?

He advanced a few steps. She never moved; she sat heedless, absorbed in her thoughts. Were they thoughts of *him?* He advanced a little nearer, and called to her.

"Grace!"

She sprang to her feet, with a faint cry. "I wish you wouldn't startle me," she said, irritably, sinking back on the sofa. "Any sudden alarm sets my heart beating as if it would choke me."

Horace pleaded for pardon with a lover's humility. In her present state of nervous irritation she was not to be appeased. She looked away from him in silence. Entirely ignorant of the paroxysm of mental suffering through which she had just passed, he seated himself by her side, and asked her gently if she had seen Lady Janet. She made an affirmative answer with an unreasonable impatience of tone and manner which would have warned an older and more experienced man to give her time before he spoke again. Horace was young, and weary of the suspense that he had endured in the other room. He unwisely pressed her with another question.

"Has Lady Janet said any thing to you—"

She turned on him angrily before he could finish the sentence. "You have tried to make her hurry me into marrying you," she burst out. "I see it in your face!"

Plain as the warning was this time, Horace still failed to interpret it in the right way. "Don't be angry!" he said, good-humoredly. "Is it so very inexcusable to ask Lady Janet to intercede for me? I have tried to persuade you in vain. My mother and my sisters have pleaded for me, and you turn a deaf ear—"

She could endure it no longer. She stamped her foot on the floor with hysterical vehemence. "I am weary of hearing of your mother and your sisters!" she broke in violently. "You talk of nothing else."

It was just possible to make one more mistake in dealing with her—and Horace made it. He took offense, on his side, and rose from the sofa. His mother and sisters were high authorities in his estimation; they variously represented his ideal of perfection in women. He withdrew to the opposite extremity of the room, and administered the severest reproof that he could think of on the spur of the moment.

"It would be well, Grace, if you followed the example set you by my mother and my sisters," he said. "*They* are not in the habit of speaking cruelly to those who love them."

To all appearance the rebuke failed to produce the slightest effect. She seemed to be as indifferent to it as if it had not reached her ears. There was a spirit in her—a miserable spirit, born of her own bitter experience—which rose in revolt against Horace's habitual glorification of the ladies of his family. "It sickens me," she thought to herself, "to hear of the virtues of women who have never been tempted! Where is the merit of living reputably, when your life is one course of prosperity and enjoyment? Has his mother known starvation? Have his sisters been left forsaken in the street?" It hardened her heart—it almost reconciled her to deceiving him—when he set his relatives up as patterns for her. Would he never understand that women detested having other women exhibited as examples to them? She looked round at him with a sense of impatient wonder. He was sitting at the luncheon-table, with his back turned on her, and his head resting on his hand. If he had attempted to rejoin her, she would have repelled him; if he had spoken, she would have met him with a sharp reply. He sat apart from her, without uttering a word. In a man's hands silence is the most terrible of all protests to the woman who loves him. Violence she can endure. Words she is always ready to meet by words on her side. Silence conquers her. After a moment's hesitation, Mercy left the sofa and advanced submissively toward the table. She had offended him—and she alone was in fault. How should he know it, poor fellow, when he innocently mortified her? Step by step she drew closer and closer. He never looked round; he never moved. She laid her hand timidly on his shoulder. "Forgive me, Horace," she whispered in his ear. "I am suffering this morning; I am not myself. I didn't mean what I said. Pray forgive me." There was no resisting the caressing tenderness of voice and manner which accompanied those words. He looked up; he took her hand. She bent over him, and touched his forehead with her lips. "Am I forgiven?" she asked.

"Oh, my darling," he said, "if you only knew how I loved you!"

"I do know it," she answered, gently, twining his hair round her finger, and arranging it over his forehead where his hand had ruffled it.

They were completely absorbed in each other, or they must, at that moment, have heard the library door open at the other end of the room.

Lady Janet had written the necessary reply to her nephew, and had returned, faithful to her engagement, to plead the cause of Horace. The first object that met her view was her client pleading, with conspicuous success, for himself! "I am not wanted, evidently," thought the old lady. She noiselessly closed the door again, and left the lovers by themselves.

Horace returned, with unwise persistency, to the question of the deferred marriage. At the first words that he spoke she drew back directly—sadly, not angrily.

"Don't press me to-day," she said; "I am not well to-day."

He rose and looked at her anxiously. "May I speak about it to-morrow?"

"Yes, to-morrow." She returned to the sofa, and changed the subject. "What a time Lady Janet is away!" she said. "What can be keeping her so long?"

Horace did his best to appear interested in the question of Lady Janet's prolonged absence. "What made her leave you?" he asked, standing at the back of the sofa and leaning over her.

"She went into the library to write a note to her nephew. By-the-bye, who is her nephew?"

"Is it possible you don't know?"

"Indeed I don't."

"You have heard of him, no doubt," said Horace. "Lady Janet's nephew is a celebrated man." He paused, and stooping nearer to her, lifted a love-lock that lay over her shoulder, and pressed it to his lips. "Lady Janet's nephew," he resumed, "is Julian Gray."

She started off her seat, and looked round at him in blank, bewildered terror, as if she doubted the evidence of her own senses.

Horace was completely taken by surprise. "My dear Grace!" he exclaimed; "what have I said or done to startle you this time?"

She held up her hand for silence. "Lady Janet's nephew is Julian Gray," she repeated; "and I only know it now!"

Horace's perplexity increased. "My darling, now you do know it, what is there to alarm you?" he asked.

(There was enough to alarm the boldest woman living—in such a position, and with such a temperament as hers. To her mind the personation of Grace Roseberry had suddenly assumed a new aspect: the aspect of a fatality. It had led her blindfold to the house in which she and the preacher at the Refuge were to meet. He was coming—the man who had reached her inmost heart, who had influenced her whole life! Was the day of reckoning coming with him?)

"Don't notice me," she said, faintly. "I have been ill all the morning. You saw it yourself when you came in here; even the sound of your voice alarmed me. I shall be better directly. I am afraid I startled you?"

"My dear Grace, it almost looked as if you were terrified at the sound of Julian's name! He is a public celebrity, I know; and I have seen ladies start and stare at him when he entered a room. But *you* looked perfectly panic-stricken."

She rallied her courage by a desperate effort; she laughed—a harsh, uneasy laugh—and stopped him by putting her hand over his mouth. "Absurd!" she said, lightly. "As if Mr. Julian Gray had any thing to do with my looks! I am better already. See for yourself!" She looked round at him again with a ghastly gayety; and returned, with a desperate assumption of indifference, to the subject of Lady Janet's nephew. "Of course I have heard of him," she said. "Do you know that he is expected here to-day? Don't stand there behind me—it's so hard to talk to you. Come and sit down."

He obeyed—but she had not quite satisfied him yet. His face had not lost its expression of anxiety and surprise. She persisted in playing her part, determined to set at rest in him any possible suspicion that she had reasons of her own for being afraid of Julian Gray. "Tell me about this famous man of yours," she said, putting her arm familiarly through his arm. "What is he like?"

The caressing action and the easy tone had their effect on Horace. His face began to clear; he answered her lightly on his side.

"Prepare yourself to meet the most unclerical of clergymen," he said. "Julian is a lost sheep among the parsons, and a thorn in the side of his bishop. Preaches, if they ask him, in Dissenters' chapels. Declines to set up any pretensions to priestly authority and priestly power. Goes about doing good on a plan of his own. Is quite resigned never to rise to the high places in his profession. Says it's rising high enough for *him* to be the Archdeacon of the afflicted, the Dean of the hungry, and the Bishop of the poor. With all his oddities, as good a fellow as ever lived. Immensely popular with the women. They all go to him for advice. I wish you would go too."

Mercy changed color. "What do you mean?" she asked, sharply.

"Julian is famous for his powers of persuasion," said Horace, smiling. "If *he* spoke to you, Grace, he would prevail on you to fix the day. Suppose I ask Julian to plead for me?"

He made the proposal in jest. Mercy's unquiet mind accepted it as addressed to her in earnest. "He will do it," she thought, with a sense of indescribable terror, "if I don't stop him!" There was but one chance for her. The only certain way to prevent Horace from appealing to his friend was to grant what Horace wished for before his friend entered the house. She laid her hand on his shoulder; she hid the terrible anxieties that were devouring her under an assumption of coquetry painful and pitiable to see.

"Don't talk nonsense!" she said, gayly. "What were we saying just now—before we began to speak of Mr. Julian Gray?"

"We were wondering what had become of Lady Janet," Horace replied.

She tapped him impatiently on the shoulder. "No! no! It was something you said before that."

Her eyes completed what her words had

left unsaid. Horace's arm stole round her waist.

"I was saying that I loved you," he answered, in a whisper.

"Only that?"

"Are you tired of hearing it?"

She smiled charmingly. "Are you so very much in earnest about—about—" She stopped, and looked away from him.

"About our marriage?"

"Yes."

"It is the one dearest wish of my life."

"Really?"

"Really."

There was a pause. Mercy's fingers toyed nervously with the trinkets at her watch-chain. "When would you like it to be?" she said, very softly, with her whole attention fixed on the watch-chain.

She had never spoken, she had never looked, as she spoke and looked now. Horace was afraid to believe in his own good fortune. "Oh, Grace!" he exclaimed, "you are not trifling with me?"

"What makes you think I am trifling with you?"

Horace was innocent enough to answer her seriously. "You would not even let me speak of our marriage just now," he said.

"Never mind what I did just now," she retorted, petulantly. "They say women are changeable. It is one of the defects of the sex."

"Heaven be praised for the defects of the sex!" cried Horace, with devout sincerity. "Do you really leave me to decide?"

"If you insist on it."

Horace considered for a moment—the subject being the law of marriage. "We may be married by license in a fortnight," he said. "I fix this day fortnight."

She held up her hands in protest.

"Why not? My lawyer is ready. There are no preparations to make. You said when you accepted me that it was to be a private marriage."

Mercy was obliged to own that she had certainly said that.

"We might be married at once—if the law would only let us. This day fortnight! Say—Yes!" He drew her closer to him. There was a pause. The mask of coquetry—badly worn from the first—dropped from her. Her sad gray eyes rested compassionately on his eager face. "Don't look so serious!" he said. "Only one little word, Grace! Only Yes."

She sighed, and said it. He kissed her passionately. It was only by a resolute effort that she released herself. "Leave me!" she said, faintly. "Pray leave me by myself!"

She was in earnest—strangely in earnest. She was trembling from head to foot. Horace rose to leave her. "I will find Lady Janet," he said; "I long to show the dear old lady that I have recovered my spirits, and to tell her why." He turned round at the library door. "You won't go away? You will let me see you again when you are more composed?"

"I will wait here," said Mercy.

Satisfied with that reply, he left the room.

Her hands dropped on her lap; her head sank back wearily on the cushions at the head of the sofa. There was a dazed sensation in her: her mind felt stunned. She wondered vacantly whether she was awake or dreaming. Had she really said the word which pledged her to marry Horace Holmcroft in a fortnight? A fortnight! Something might happen in that time to prevent it: she might find her way in a fortnight out of the terrible position in which she stood. Any way, come what might of it, she had chosen the preferable alternative to a private interview with Julian Gray. She raised herself from her recumbent position with a start, as the idea of the interview—dismissed for the last few minutes—possessed itself again of her mind. Her excited imagination figured Julian Gray as present in the room at that moment, speaking to her as Horace had proposed. She saw him seated close at her side—this man who had shaken her to the soul when he was in the pulpit, and when she was listening to him (unseen) at the other end of the chapel—she saw him close by her, looking her searchingly in the face; seeing her shameful secret in her eyes; hearing it in her voice; feeling it in her trembling hands; forcing it out of her word by word, till she fell prostrate at his feet with the confession of the fraud. Her head dropped again on the cushions; she hid her face in horror of the scene which her excited fancy had conjured up. Even now, when she had made that dreaded interview needless, could she feel sure (meeting him only on the most distant terms) of not betraying herself? She could *not* feel sure. Something in her shuddered and shrank at the bare idea of finding herself in the same room with him. She felt it, she knew it: her guilty conscience owned and feared its master in Julian Gray!

The minutes passed. The violence of her agitation began to tell physically on her weakened frame.

She found herself crying silently without knowing why. A weight was on her head, a weariness was in all her limbs. She sank low on the cushions—her eyes closed—the monotonous ticking of the clock on the mantel-piece grew drowsily fainter and fainter on her ear. Little by little she dropped into slumber—slumber so light that she started when a morsel of coal fell into the grate, or when the birds chirped and twittered in their aviary in the winter-garden.

Lady Janet and Horace came in. She was faintly conscious of persons in the room.

After an interval she opened her eyes, and half rose to speak to them. The room was empty again. They had stolen out softly, and left her to repose. Her eyes closed once more. She dropped back into slumber, and from slumber, in the favoring warmth and quiet of the place, into deep and dreamless sleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MAN APPEARS.

After an interval of rest Mercy was aroused by the shutting of a glass door at the far end of the conservatory. This door, leading into the garden, was used only by the inmates of the house, or by old friends privileged to enter the reception-rooms by that way. Assuming that either Horace or Lady Janet was returning to the dining-room, Mercy raised herself a little on the sofa and listened.

The voice of one of the men-servants caught her ear. It was answered by another voice, which instantly set her trembling in every limb.

She started up, and listened again in speechless terror. Yes! there was no mistaking it. The voice that was answering the servant was the unforgotten voice which she had heard at the Refuge. The visitor who had come in by the glass door was—Julian Gray!

His rapid footsteps advanced nearer and nearer to the dining-room. She recovered herself sufficiently to hurry to the library door. Her hand shook so that she failed at first to open it. She had just succeeded when she heard him again—speaking to her.

"Pray don't run away! I am nothing very formidable. Only Lady Janet's nephew—Julian Gray."

She turned slowly, spell-bound by his voice, and confronted him in silence.

He was standing, hat in hand, at the entrance to the conservatory, dressed in black, and wearing a white cravat, but with a studious avoidance of any thing specially clerical in the make and form of his clothes. Young as he was, there were marks of care already on his face, and the hair was prematurely thin and scanty over his forehead. His slight active figure was of no more than the middle height. His complexion was pale. The lower part of his face, without beard or whiskers, was in no way remarkable. An average observer would have passed him by without notice—but for his eyes. These alone made a marked man of him. The unusual size of the orbits in which they were set was enough of itself to attract attention; it gave a grandeur to his head, which the head, broad and firm as it was, did not possess. As to the eyes themselves, the soft lustrous brightness of them defied analysis. No two people could agree about their color; divided opinion declaring alternately that they were dark gray or black. Painters had tried to reproduce them, and had given up the effort, in despair of seizing any one expression in the bewildering variety of expressions which they presented to view. They were eyes that could charm at one moment and terrify at another; eyes that could set people laughing or crying almost at will. In action and in repose they were irresistible alike. When they first descried Mercy running to the door, they brightened gayly with the merriment of a child. When she turned and faced him, they changed instantly, softening and glowing as they mutely owned the interest and the admiration which the first sight of her had roused in him. His tone and manner altered at the same time. He addressed her with the deepest respect when he spoke his next words.

"Let me entreat you to favor me by resuming your seat," he said. "And let me ask your pardon if I have thoughtlessly intruded on you."

He paused, waiting for her reply before he advanced into the room. Still spell-bound by his voice, she recovered self-control enough to bow to him and to resume her place on the sofa. It was impossible to leave him now. After looking at her for a moment, he entered the room without speaking to her again. She was beginning to perplex as well as to interest him. "No common sorrow," he thought, "has set its mark on that woman's face; no common heart beats in that woman's breast. Who can she be?"

Mercy rallied her courage, and forced herself to speak to him.

"Lady Janet is in the library, I believe," she said, timidly. "Shall I tell her you are here?"

"Don't disturb Lady Janet, and don't disturb yourself." With that answer he approached the luncheon-table, delicately giving her time to feel more at her ease. He took up what Horace had left of the bottle of claret, and poured it into a glass. "My aunt's claret shall represent my aunt for the present," he said, smiling, as he turned toward her once more. "I have had a long walk, and I may venture to help myself in this house without invitation. Is it useless to offer you any thing?"

Mercy made the necessary reply. She was beginning already, after her remarkable experience of him, to wonder at his easy manners and his light way of talking.

He emptied his glass with the air of a man who thoroughly understood and enjoyed good wine. "My aunt's claret is worthy of my aunt," he said, with comic gravity, as he set down the glass. "Both are the genuine products of Nature." He seated himself at

the table, and looked critically at the different dishes left on it. One dish especially attracted his attention. "What is this?" he went on. "A French pie! It seems grossly unfair to taste French wine, and to pass over French pie without notice." He took up a knife and fork, and enjoyed the pie as critically as he had enjoyed the wine. "Worthy of the Great Nation!" he exclaimed, with enthusiasm. "*Vive la France!*"

Mercy listened and looked, in inexpressible astonishment. He was utterly unlike the picture which her fancy had drawn of him in every-day life. Take off his white cravat, and nobody would have discovered that this famous preacher was a clergyman!

He helped himself to another plateful of the pie, and spoke more directly to Mercy, alternately eating and talking as composedly and pleasantly as if they had known each other for years.

"I came here by way of Kensington Gardens," he said. "For some time past I have been living in a flat, ugly, barren, agricultural district. You can't think how pleasant I found the picture presented by the Gardens, as a contrast. The ladies in their rich winter dresses, the smart nursery maids, the lovely children, the ever-moving crowd skating on the ice of the Round Pond; it was all so exhilarating after what I have been used to, that I actually caught myself whistling as I walked through the brilliant scene! (In my time boys used always to whistle when they were in good spirits, and I have not got over the habit yet.) Who do you think I met when I was in full song?"

As well as her amazement would let her, Mercy excused herself from guessing. She had never in all her life before spoken to any living being so confusedly and so unintelligently as she now spoke to Julian Gray!

He went on more gayly than ever, without appearing to notice the effect that he had produced on her.

"Whom did I meet," he repeated, "when I was in full song? My bishop! If I had been whistling a sacred melody, his lordship might perhaps have excused my vulgarity out of consideration of my music. Unfortunately, the composition I was executing at the moment (I am one of the loudest of living whistlers) was by Verdi—'*La Donna e Mobile*'—familiar, no doubt, to his lordship on the street organs. He recognized the tune, poor man, and when I took off my hat to him he looked the other way. Strange, in a world that is bursting with sin and sorrow, to treat such a trifle seriously as a cheerful clergyman whistling a tune!" He pushed away his plate as he said the last words, and went on simply and earnestly in an altered tone. "I have never been able," he said, "to see why we should assert ourselves among other men as belonging to a particular caste, and as being forbidden, in any harmless thing, to do as other people do. The disciples of old set us no such example; they were wiser and better than we are. I venture to say that one of the worst obstacles in the way of our doing good among our fellow-creatures is raised by the mere assumption of the clerical manner and the clerical voice. For my part, I set up no claim to be more sacred and more reverend than any other Christian man who does what good he can." He glanced brightly at Mercy, looking at him in helpless perplexity. The spirit of fun took possession of him again. "Are you a Radical?" he asked, with a humorous twinkle in his large lustrous eyes. "I am!"

Mercy tried hard to understand him, and tried in vain. Could this be the preacher whose words had charmed, purified, ennobled her? Was this the man whose sermon had drawn tears from women about her whom she knew to be shameless and hardened in crime? Yes! The eyes that now rested on her humorously were the beautiful eyes which had once looked into her soul. The voice that had just addressed a jesting question to her was the deep and mellow voice which had once thrilled her to the heart. In the pulpit he was an angel of mercy; out of the pulpit he was a boy let loose from school.

"Don't let me startle you," he said, good-naturedly, noticing her confusion. "Public opinion has called me by harder names than the name of 'Radical.' I have been spending my time lately—as I told you just now—in an agricultural district. My business there was to perform the duty for the rector of the place, who wanted a holiday. How do you think the experiment has ended? The Squire of the parish calls me a Communist; the farmers denounce me as an Incendiary; my friend the rector has been recalled in a hurry, and I have now the honor of speaking to you in the character of a banished man who has made a respectable neighborhood too hot to hold him."

With that frank avowal he left the luncheon-table, and took a chair near Mercy.

"You will naturally be anxious," he went on, "to know what my offense was. Do you understand Political Economy and the Laws of Supply and Demand?"

Mercy owned that she did *not* understand them.

"No more do I—in a Christian country," he said. "That was my offense. You shall hear my confession (just as my aunt will hear it) in two words." He paused for a little while; his variable manner changed again. Mercy, shyly looking at him, saw a new expression in his eyes—an expression which recalled her first remembrance of him as nothing had recalled it yet. "I had no idea," he resumed, "of what the life of a farm-laborer really was, in some parts of

England, until I undertook the rector's duties. Never before had I seen such dire wretchedness as I saw in the cottages. Never before had I met with such noble patience under suffering as I found among the people. The martyrs of old could endure, and die. I asked myself if they could endure, and *live*, like the martyrs whom I saw round me?—live, week after week, month after month, year after year, on the brink of starvation; live, and see their pining children growing up round them, to work and want in their turn; live, with the poor man's parish-prison to look to as the end, when hunger and labor have done their worst! Was God's beautiful earth made to hold such misery as this? I can hardly think of it, I can hardly speak of it, even now, with dry eyes!"

His head sank on his breast. He waited —mastering his emotion before he spoke again. Now, at last, she knew him once more. Now he was the man, indeed, whom she had expected to see. Unconsciously she sat listening, with her eyes fixed on his face, with her heart hanging on his words, in the very attitude of the by-gone day when she had heard him for the first time!

"I did all I could to plead for the helpless ones," he resumed. "I went round among the holders of the land to say a word for the tillers of the land. 'These patient people don't want much' (I said); 'in the name of Christ, give them enough to live on!' Political Economy shrieked at the horrid proposal; the Laws of Supply and Demand veiled their majestic faces in dismay. Starvation wages were the right wages, I was told. And why? Because the laborer was obliged to accept them! I determined, so far as one man could do it, that the laborer should *not* be obliged to accept them. I collected my own resources—I wrote to my friends—and I removed some of the poor fellows to parts of England where their work was better paid. Such was the conduct which made the neighborhood too hot to hold me. So let it be! I mean to go on. I am known in London; I can raise subscriptions. The vile Laws of Supply and Demand shall find labor scarce in that agricultural district; and pitiless Political Economy shall spend a few extra shillings on the poor, as certainly as I am that Radical, Communist, and Incendiary—Julian Gray!"

He rose—making a little gesture of apology for the warmth with which he had spoken—and took a turn in the room. Fired by *his* enthusiasm, Mercy followed him. Her purse was in her hand, when he turned and faced her.

"Pray let me offer my little tribute—such as it is!" she said, eagerly.

A momentary flush spread over his pale cheeks as he looked at the beautiful compassionate face pleading with him.

"No! no!" he said, smiling, "though I *am* a parson, I don't carry the begging-box everywhere." Mercy attempted to press the purse on him. The quaint humor began to twinkle again in his eyes as he abruptly drew back from it. "Don't tempt me!" he said. "The frailest of all human creatures is a clergyman tempted by a subscription." Mercy persisted, and conquered; she made him prove the truth of his own profound observation of clerical human nature by taking a piece of money from the purse. "If I must take it—I must!" he remarked. "Thank you for setting the good example! thank you for giving the timely help! What name shall I put down on my list?"

Mercy's eyes looked confusedly away from him. "No name," she said, in a low voice. "My subscription is anonymous."

As she replied, the library door opened. To her infinite relief—to Julian's secret disappointment—Lady Janet Roy and Horace Holmcroft entered the room together.

"Julian!" exclaimed Lady Janet, holding up her hands in astonishment.

He kissed his aunt on the cheek. "Your ladyship is looking charmingly." He gave his hand to Horace. Horace took it, and passed on to Mercy. They walked away together slowly to the other end of the room. Julian seized on the chance which left him free to speak privately to his aunt.

"I came in through the conservatory," he said. "And I found that young lady in the room. Who is she?"

"Are you very much interested in her?" asked Lady Janet, in her gravely ironical way.

Julian answered in one expressive word. "Indescribably!"

Lady Janet called to Mercy to join her.

"My dear," she said, "let me formally present my nephew to you. Julian, this is Miss Grace Roseberry—" She suddenly checked herself. The instant she pronounced the name, Julian started as if it was a surprise to him. "What is it?" she asked, sharply.

"Nothing," he answered, bowing to Mercy, with a marked absence of his former ease of manner. She returned the courtesy a little restrainedly on her side. She, too, had seen him start when Lady Janet mentioned the name by which she was known. The start meant something. What could it be? Why did he turn aside, after bowing to her, and address himself to Horace, with an absent look in his face, as if his thoughts were far away from his words? A complete change had come over him; and it dated from the moment when his aunt had pronounced the name that was not *her* name—the name that she had stolen!

Lady Janet claimed Julian's attention, and left Horace free to return to Mercy. "Your room is ready for you," she said.

"You will stay here, of course?" Julian accepted the invitation—still with the air of a man whose mind was preoccupied. Instead of looking at his aunt when he made his reply, he looked round at Mercy with a troubled curiosity in his face, very strange to see. Lady Janet tapped him impatiently on the shoulder. "I expect people to look at me when people speak to me," she said. "What are you staring at my adopted daughter for?"

"Your adopted daughter?" Julian repeated—looking at his aunt this time, and looking very earnestly.

"Certainly! As Colonel Roseberry's daughter, she is connected with me by marriage already. Did you think I had picked up a foundling?"

Julian's face cleared; he looked relieved. "I had forgotten the Colonel," he answered. "Of course the young lady is related to us, as you say."

"Charmed, I am sure, to have satisfied you that Grace is not an impostor," said Lady Janet, with satirical humility. She took Julian's arm, and drew him out of hearing of Horace and Mercy. "About that letter of yours?" she proceeded. "There is one line in it that rouses my curiosity. Who is the mysterious 'lady' whom you wish to present to me?"

Julian started, and changed color.

"I can't tell you now," he said, in a whisper.

"Why not?"

To Lady Janet's unutterable astonishment, instead of replying, Julian looked round at her adopted daughter once more.

"What has *she* got to do with it?" asked the old lady, out of all patience with him.

"It is impossible for me to tell you," he answered, gravely, "while Miss Roseberry is in the room."

THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON.

ON the 26th of January, 1871, under instructions from his Government, Sir Edward Thornton, the British Minister at Washington, addressed a communication to the American Secretary of State, suggesting that in order that "a friendly and complete understanding should be come to between the two Governments as to the rights which belong to the citizens of the United States and Her Majesty's subjects respectively, with reference to the fisheries on the coast of Her Majesty's Possessions in North America, and as to any other questions between them which affect the relations of the United States to those Possessions," a "Joint High Commission," "composed of members to be named by each Government," should hold its sessions at Washington to treat and discuss the "mode of settling" these important matters. On the 30th of the same month Mr. Fish replied, reciprocating in the name of the President the desire expressed by Her Majesty's Government for "a friendly and complete understanding" on the subjects mentioned; but stating that the President "thinks the removal of the differences which arose during the rebellion in the United States, and which have existed since then, *growing out of the acts committed by the several vessels which have given rise to the claims generically known as the 'Alabama Claims,'* will also be essential to the restoration of cordial and amicable relations between the two Governments;" and proposing that "this subject should also be treated of by the proposed High Commission," and "THUS *be put in the way* of a final and *amicable settlement*."

In two days Sir Edward Thornton announced that "it would give Her Majesty's Government great satisfaction if the claims commonly known by the name of the Alabama Claims were submitted to the same High Commission," "provided that all other claims both of British subjects and citizens of the United States arising out of acts committed during the recent civil war in this country are similarly referred to the same Commission." On the 3d of February Mr. Fish informed the British Minister that the President directed him to say, "If there be any other and further claims of British subjects or of American citizens growing out of acts committed during the recent civil war in this country, he assents to the propriety of their reference to the same High Commission; but he suggests that the High Commissioners shall consider only such claims of this description as may be presented by the Governments of the respective claimants at an early day, to be agreed upon by the Commissioners."

This information being telegraphed to England, Lord De Grey and Mr. Montague Bernard were appointed Commissioners, and sailed for New York on the 11th of February, in advance of their credentials, which were dated the 16th of the same month. Sir Stafford Northcote, another Commissioner, sailed on the 18th. The written dispatch of Sir Edward Thornton, communicating the entire correspondence between himself and Mr. Fish, did not reach the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs until the 19th, but on the 23d Sir Edward was informed that "the letters between himself and the Secretary of State of the United States, relative to the appointment of a Joint High Commission to sit at Washington, for the

purpose of considering *pending questions* between this country and the United States" had been received; and that "Her Majesty's Government entirely approved the tenor of his letters to Mr. Fish."

According to their "Full Power," the "undoubted High Commissioners, Procurators, and Plenipotentiaries" were appointed by the Queen "for the purpose of discussing in a friendly spirit with Commissioners to be appointed on the part of Our Good Friends, the United States of America—*the various questions on which differences have arisen between Us and Our said Good Friends*, and of treating for an *agreement as to the mode* of their *amicable settlement*." Then follows the authority to "discuss," "treat, adjust, and conclude *any* Treaties, Conventions, or Agreements that may tend to the attainment of the above-mentioned end," and "to sign," "do and transact in as ample manner and form and with equal force and efficacy as We Ourselves could do if personally present;" "engaging and promising Our Royal Word that whatever things shall be so transacted and concluded shall be agreed to, acknowledged, and accepted by Us in the fullest manner; and that *We will never* suffer either in whole or *in part* any person whatsoever to infringe the same, or *act contrary thereto*, as far as it lies in Our power."

The Commissioners thus empowered were, the Earl De Grey and Ripon, Lord President of the Privy Council and a member of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet; Sir Stafford Northcote, who had been Secretary of State for India in Mr. Disraeli's Government, and represented the Conservative party in the Commission; Sir Edward Thornton, the British Minister at Washington; Sir John MacDonald, the Attorney-General of Canada; and Mr. Montague Bernard, Professor of International Law at Oxford. Thus cabinet ministers of the past as well as present Government, the diplomatist who should have been, and doubtless was, best informed on the subjects to be discussed, a representative of those British Possessions whose interests were so closely concerned in the result of the Commission, and a distinguished teacher of International Law in England's greatest University, were selected to add every element of political, diplomatic, or legal strength to the British side of the Commission, while its Secretary was Lord Tenterden, now assistant Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and the man in all England supposed to be most conversant with the diplomatic history of the "Alabama Claims."

The American Commissioners were the Honorable Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State; Major-General Robert C. Schenck, who had just been appointed Minister to England, but was detained by the Government from his post in order to participate in the deliberations of the Commission; the Honorable Samuel Nelson, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; the Honorable E. R. Hoar, late Attorney-General of the United States; and the Honorable George H. Williams, late United States Senator, and now Attorney-General of the United States. The American Secretary was the Honorable J. C. Bancroft Davis, then Assistant Secretary of State. So that in official position and experience, as well as in character, ability, and acquirements, the representatives of the United States were the peers of their British associates. Judge Nelson was supposed to represent the Democratic party in the Commission, as Sir Stafford Northcote did the British Opposition.

The Treaty of Washington was negotiated by the representatives of both the High Contracting Parties in a large, statesmanlike, wise, and, at the same time, truly patriotic spirit, with a view to banish all causes of difference between the two peoples, and to bring about a genuine good feeling which should be at once complete and lasting. Every thing which had hitherto occasioned rancor, every thing which might hereafter prove a source of difficulty, was, if possible, to be removed. The Blue-book "Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty" is officially entitled, "Correspondence respecting the Appointment of a Joint High Commission to consider the *various questions affecting the relations between Great Britain and America*," and the language used in the credentials of the British Commissioners shows that the largest scope was given to their powers.

The principal matters at issue between the two countries were the San Juan question, the Fishery question, and the difficulties arising out of the rebellion, and on all these points a satisfactory agreement was arrived at. The San Juan question was submitted to the arbitration of the Emperor of Germany; a mutually acceptable arrangement was effected in regard to the rights of citizens or subjects of either Power to the use of the Fisheries of the other, as well as in regard to the navigation of the St. Lawrence River and certain other waters named; the claims of British subjects against the United States, and of American citizens against the British Government, growing out of acts done during the rebellion and not included in the "Alabama Claims," were referred to a mixed Commission, to sit at Washington; and the "Alabama Claims" themselves were made the subject of a definite arrangement.

The Alabama Claims constituted by far the most important matter submitted to the Joint Commission; they had already been the fruitful source of trouble and anxiety; it was in them that the public of both countries felt the keenest interest; and they, of course, engaged the largest share of the attention and deliberations of the plenipoten-

tiaries. It was in the spirit and with the view already set forth that the American Commissioners, on the 8th of March, formally stated the claims of the "people and government of the United States," on account of extensive direct losses in the capture and destruction of a large number of vessels with their cargoes, and in the heavy national expenditures in the pursuit of the cruisers; and *indirect injury* in the transfer of a large part of the American commercial marine to the British flag, in the enhanced payments of insurance, in the prolongation of the war, and in the addition of a large sum to the cost of the war and the suppression of the rebellion. "The claims for the loss and destruction of private property which had been presented amounted to about fourteen millions of dollars, without interest, which amount was liable to be greatly increased by claims which had not been presented;" the cost to which the Government had been put in the pursuit of cruisers could easily be ascertained by certificates of Government accounting officers;" but "*in the hope of an amicable settlement*, no estimate was made of the indirect losses, *without prejudice, however, to the right of indemnification on their account in the event of no such settlement being made.*" After stating that they hoped Her Majesty's Commissioners "would be able to place on record an expression of regret by Her Majesty's Government for the depredations committed" by the rebel cruisers, the American Commissioners "proposed that the Joint High Commission should agree upon a sum which should be paid by Great Britain in satisfaction of *all the claims* and the interest thereon." This, of course, was the "amicable settlement," in the hope of which "no estimate was made of the indirect losses." It would have "settled" at once and forever "*all the claims*," direct and indirect, which had at any time been preferred by the United States "growing out of" the acts committed by the Alabama and her comrades. But the proposition was at once rejected by the British Commissioners, and an offer of arbitration made by them instead; and an arbitration was finally agreed to. The Treaty was signed at Washington on the 8th of May, and the ratifications were exchanged at London on the 17th of June.

The Treaty begins in these words:

"Whereas differences have arisen between the Government of the United States and the Government of Her Britannic Majesty, and still exist, growing out of the acts committed by the several vessels which have given rise to the claims generically known as the 'Alabama Claims;' and whereas Her Britannic Majesty has authorized her High Commissioners and Plenipotentiaries to express in a friendly spirit the regret felt by Her Majesty's Government for the escape, under whatever circumstances, of the 'Alabama' and other vessels from British ports, and for the depredations committed by those vessels: Now, in order to remove and adjust *all complaints and claims* on the part of the United States, and *to provide for* the speedy settlement of such claims which are not admitted by Her Majesty's Government, the High Contracting Parties agree that all the said claims growing out of acts committed by the aforesaid vessels, and generically known as the 'Alabama Claims,' shall be referred to a Tribunal of Arbitration, to be composed of five Arbitrators."

The Arbitrators were to meet at Geneva at the earliest convenient day, and to "proceed impartially and carefully to examine and decide *all questions* that shall be laid before them on the part of the Governments of the United States and Her Britannic Majesty respectively." They were to be governed in their decisions by certain rules which England refused to acknowledge as having formed a portion of international law at the time when the "Alabama Claims" arose, but by which she nevertheless agreed that her conduct in regard to the subject of those claims should be judged. The written Case of each of the two parties, accompanied by the documents, official correspondence, and other evidence on which each relied, was to be delivered in duplicate to each of the Arbitrators and to the Agent of the other party within six months from the date of the exchange of the ratifications of the Treaty. Within four months after the delivery of the Cases, a Counter Case, additional documents, correspondence, and evidence, in reply to those already presented, were to be delivered by each party; and within two months more a written or printed argument, showing the points, and referring to the evidence on which each Government relied.

On the 15th of December, in accordance with the provisions of the Treaty, the Case of the United States and that of Great Britain were delivered to the Arbitrators at Geneva. The American document is a volume of five hundred pages, divided into an introduction and six succeeding chapters. The first chapter contains simply a statement of the meeting of the Commissioners, the Protocol of the Conferences, and the Articles of the Treaty referring to the Alabama Claims, and an announcement of the points which the United States would attempt to establish before the Tribunal. Chapter II. is devoted to an exposition of the "Unfriendly Course pursued by Great Britain toward the United States from the Outbreak to the Close of the Insurrection," and was inserted in order to prove the motive and animus of Lord Palmerston's Government during the war, that it had no desire nor design to preserve a sincere neutrality.

Chapter III., on "the Duties which Great Britain, as a Neutral, should have observed

toward the United States," and Chapters IV. and V., which set forth "wherein Great Britain failed to perform her Duties as a Neutral," Chapter V. being especially devoted to the "Insurgent Cruisers," were not much more acceptable to Englishmen.

Chapter VI. argues that "the Tribunal should award a sum in gross to the United States," and contains the classification of the claims, as stated by the American Commissioners, in these words:

"1st. The claims for direct losses growing out of the destruction of vessels and their cargoes by the insurgent cruisers.

"2d. The national expenditures in the pursuit of those cruisers.

"3d. The loss in the transfer of the American commercial marine to the British flag.

"4th. The enhanced payments of insurance.

"5th. The prolongation of the war and the addition of a large sum to the cost of the war and the suppression of the rebellion."

These, it will be observed, are the claims as stated by the American Commissioners *before the Treaty was negotiated*, and as such they are introduced into the Case—which then remarks: "*So far* as these various losses and expenditures *grew out of* the acts committed by the several cruisers, the United States are entitled to ask compensation and remuneration before this Tribunal." More than a hundred and fifty pages of the Case had been devoted to the arguments in favor of the first two classes of claims; but in defense of the third claim every word on the subject, besides those above quoted, is included in a single sentence: "The United States ask the Tribunal to estimate the amount which ought to be paid to them for the transfer of the American commercial marine to the British flag in consequence of the acts of the rebel cruisers." Then follows, without a particle of comment, a quotation from a speech of Mr. Cobden, made in the House of Commons May 13, 1864, in which he maintained the American view.

On the subject of the fourth claim—the enhanced rate of insurance—the following remarks are the only ones in the Case: "With the reservations already stated, the United States present the amount, so far as it has come to their knowledge, of the enhanced payments of insurance caused by the acts of the insurgent cruisers. All of these cruisers came from England, and should the Tribunal find Great Britain responsible for the injuries caused by their acts, it can not be denied that the war risk was the result of their dispatch from British ports. The amount of this injury, so far as yet known to the United States, appears in Vol. II." This temperate statement—it can not be called an argument—is all that the Case contains in regard to the enhanced rates of insurance.

On the subject of the fifth claim, that on account of the prolongation of the war, what the Case has to say is comprised in three pages, beginning: "It is impossible for the United States to determine—*it is perhaps impossible for any one to estimate* with accuracy—the vast injury which these cruisers caused in prolonging the war." Then immediately follows a historical statement of the condition of affairs in the United States from the summer of 1863 to the close of the rebellion, going to show that from the 4th of July, in the year mentioned, the war was prolonged by the acts of the cruisers. The statement concludes: "Thus the Tribunal will see that after the battle of Gettysburg the offensive operations of the insurgents were conducted only at sea, through the cruisers; and observing that the war was prolonged for that purpose, will be able to determine whether Great Britain ought not in equity to reimburse to the United States the expenses thereby entailed upon them."

We have now quoted every word of argument or comment in the Case on the subject of the Indirect Claims. After protracted and elaborate discussion of the other points, the United States, at the close of its summing up, states its own inability, and the probable inability of any person whatever, to compute the losses inflicted by the cruisers in the prolongation of the war, and simply declares "the Tribunal will be able to determine whether Great Britain ought not in equity to reimburse" them.

There is no demand, hardly an inquiry. Even in classifying the claims, as stated by the Commissioners, the Case is careful to say, "*So far* as these various losses and expenditures *grew out of* the acts committed by the several cruisers, the United States are entitled to ask compensation," etc., thus fairly bringing them within the language of the Treaty, and asking no award on their account except so far as the Tribunal might adjudge them to be within that undisputed language.

The British Case was longer than the American, and divided into an introductory statement of the Matter referred to the Arbitrators, as understood by Her Britannic Majesty's Government, a historical statement of events, a statement on International Rights and Duties, Considerations proper to be kept in view by the Arbitrators, and a recital of the facts relative to four cruisers. Of course the statements both of law and fact were very different in the British document from those laid down in the American Case. As it is not proposed to enter into a discussion of the points at issue, it will be sufficient here to remark that the British Case, being negative and defensive only, could of course present none of the salient features of the American document.

In view, however, of the position subsequently assumed by Her Majesty's Government, it may be well to quote the language of the British Case in which it describes "the Matter referred to the Arbitrators, *as it is understood* by the Government of Her Britannic Majesty." These are the words: "The claims, then, which are referred to the Tribunal, are 'claims growing out of the acts of' 'certain vessels in respect of which the Government of the United States alleges that Great Britain has failed to fulfill some international duty.....As to each vessel separately, the Tribunal is to determine whether there has or has not been any failure of duty on the part of Her Majesty's Government. If in the judgment of the Tribunal there has been such a failure in respect of any specified vessel or vessels, the Tribunal may adopt at its discretion either of two courses. It may, on the one hand, award such a gross sum as the Arbitrators may deem just to be paid by Great Britain, *in full satisfaction of all well-founded claims on the part of the United States*, "growing out of" the acts of the vessel or vessels in respect of which there has been a failure of duty;' or the claims on account of each vessel might be referred separately to a Board of Assessors." Again, the British Case declares: "In effect, therefore, the Tribunal is called upon to determine whether, in respect of certain vessels not designated by name, the Government of Great Britain, as a neutral Power, has made default in the performance of any international obligation due from that Power to the United States. Should this question be answered in the affirmative, the Tribunal is then to form a judgment on *the extent of the liability*, if any, incurred by the default, and is either to award a gross sum in satisfaction of *all just claims*, or to define the general limits of the liability as to each vessel, for the guidance of the Assessors. The claims which may be presented to the Tribunal, and to which alone it is to have regard in making the award, are claims 'growing out of the acts' of the vessels (if any) in respect of which a failure of duty shall be proved." "The phrase, 'the Alabama Claims,' is understood by Her Britannic Majesty's Government to embrace *all* claims 'growing' (to use the language of the Treaty) 'out of acts committed by' this vessel, and by other vessels which are alleged to have been procured, like the Alabama, from British ports during the war, and under circumstances more or less similar, and to be confined to such claims."

It is thus that the British Government explained to the Arbitrators its understanding of the matter referred to them. It would be difficult to state more clearly or broadly the American view; it is difficult to see how the five classes of claims enumerated in the American Case are excluded from this British statement. It certainly seems to us that the language of the two Cases is perfectly in accord; that they indicate the same meaning, cover exactly the same classes of cases, and that if no other papers had been put in, the Arbitrators might with propriety, and doubtless would, have proceeded to adjudicate upon all the five classes of claims thus laid before them.

There was no secrecy observed in regard to the documents: both were generally distributed. It has been stated that this was especially the case with the American paper; and copies of the American document reached the British Government on the 20th of December. On the 29th the London *Times* published a synopsis, which it found in a New York newspaper, and on the 2d of January made it the basis of an important leading article. This was the date when the English mind was first directed toward the contents and character of the American Case. On the next day the *Times* contained a similar article on the British Case.

On the 2d of January, then, a month before the British Government gave any sign, the *Times* contained a leading article on the American Case, in which it stated fairly enough the classification and character of the claims presented, and the object of the Case, saying: "All these large and, we may say, boundless questions may be considered as *before the Arbitrators* of Geneva." It then proceeds, with remarkable fairness for an Englishman: "Now we can quite understand that many well-informed persons believe these claims not to be seriously made; that is, they do not believe that the American Government has the intention of demanding from England an indemnity which might almost rival in amount that which Bismarck extorted from the French. *It is permissible to suppose that the United States are anxious for a public acknowledgment that the views they took of public duties during the war, and the remonstrances they made, were founded in reason.* The Washington Government, as its Agents admit, has not made an estimate of the indirect losses, and possibly might be *satisfied with such a moderate sum* as would suffice to place on record its success in a ten years' controversy." It would be difficult to express more accurately than in these words the position and object of the United States Government; and this the best-trained intellects in England at once acknowledged, though they subsequently took very different ground.

In the same article, after disputing the correctness of the Indirect Claims, and stating the impossibility of proving how far the action of any one vessel contributed to prolong the war, the *Times* declared: "In the face of a formal claim of this kind, we can not afford to let judgment go by default, in the expectation that the plaintiff will not

demand substantial damages. The safest as well as the most dignified course is, therefore, to stand upon what we conceive to be sound legal principles, and to *demur* to any such claims for indirect damages." In articles of the 3d, 4th, and 8th of January the submission of the whole matter in dispute to the Arbitrators is also plainly contemplated. The other important journals entertained the same opinion. On the 3d of January the *Daily News* discussed the subject in a similar spirit, concluding: "Happily, claims such as these are no longer matter of controversy between England and the United States. Confident in our own rectitude, and in the substantial justice of our cause, we have consented to refer it to a Tribunal so constituted as to secure the confidence of the world." On the 4th the *Pall Mall Gazette*, always hostile to the Treaty and to the Government, and generally to the United States, despite its prejudices, declared: "The issue may well be awaited with the keenest interest, and even anxiety; but there is no solid ground for the anticipations of disaster which have been abroad for the last day or two." The *Morning Post* of the same date says: "That the Agent of the Government of the United States should contend, in the case he has presented, that we should also be responsible for the expenditure occasioned in the pursuit of the cruisers, for the loss by the transfer of the American commercial marine to the British flag, the increased rate of insurance, and even for the prolongation of the war, *is not surprising*, since he speaks as an advocate. *But no judges* could for an instant entertain such a claim." The London *Daily Telegraph* of January 6 attributed the insertion of the claims to General Grant's desire for a re-election, and said, "If it amuses his countrymen, it may serve him; it certainly does not hurt us." As late as the 29th of January the *Times* wrote: "What shall we do? Our first duty, both to the United States and to ourselves, is to demur to the consideration of the claim for indirect damages put forward in the case submitted by them, and to *crave a decision upon our protest by the Tribunal of Arbitration*."

This, then, was the view of the press, echoed at once all over England—that the claims were excessive, incorrect, untenable, and that England must so maintain before the Arbitrators, "*craving their decision*."

The Government apparently looked upon the matter in the same light. It did not like the claims; it doubtless thought them extravagant, and perhaps inadmissible; but it manifested no unwillingness to proceed with the arbitration; it made no objections in any form to the presentation of the claims; it sent no friendly or unfriendly communication to the United States, but allowed our Government to proceed with the preparation of its Counter Case, and with its arrangements in regard to the next meeting at Geneva.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* is entitled to the distinction of having first suggested a violation of treaty obligations. "It may be that litigant nations, *when they are unsuccessful*" (ay, there's the rub—when they are *unsuccessful*), "will refuse to submit to an authority which has *no power to coerce them*" (there's another rub—*no power to coerce them*), "and that an arbitration is no more than a useless postponement of recourse to older and more familiar methods of decision." This was putting it rather delicately, but the *Saturday Review* promptly followed so congenial a lead. Still, neither of these could have seriously affected the public mind; but the *Times* took up the cry: "However painful it might be, we ought not to hesitate to retire altogether from the Case if the Tribunal did not hold itself free to reject the consideration of 'Indirect Claims.'" This sentiment was adopted almost unanimously. Only one or two Englishmen of them all stood up and said: "We have made a treaty that bears a construction we did not anticipate. We have sworn to our hurt, but we will stand to our word. We will let the Arbitrators decide, as we agreed to." John Stuart Mill, one of the greatest of English political philosophers, so pronounced, but his opinion was carefully excluded from the public prints, and it is doubtful whether its announcement would not be news to ninety-nine out of every hundred educated Englishmen to-day. *Fraser's Magazine*, edited by James Anthony Froude, had the manliness to declare, in the number for March, 1872, "As the case stands, the country is clearly in the hands of the Arbitrators, to abide their award, whatever it may be."

The most deplorable circumstance of the whole excitement was the utter inability of Englishmen to perceive the light in which their withdrawal was sure to be regarded by the civilized world. Englishmen have a natural incapacity to see themselves as others see them, but in this case the means of doing so were deliberately withheld.

For with unexampled unfairness the London press asserted that the jurists and journals of Europe sided invariably with England. There were, indeed, many Continental publicists and political writers who held the so-called Indirect Claims injudicious, or even untenable, but they all maintained that the Tribunal of Arbitration should decide the point—not one of the interested parties. The *Allgemeine Zeitung*, the *Journal des Débats*, the *Neue Preussiche Zeitung*, the *Hamburgisher Correspondent*, the *Vienna Neue Freie Presse*, the *Mémorial Diplomatique*, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, *Der Bund*, the *Neue Zurische Times*, the *Indépendance Belge*, the *Basler Nachrichten*, the *Constitutionnel* and the *Liberté* and *Soir*, of Paris, the

Gazette de France, and many others, all contained articles taking this view.* Those articles were scrupulously and intentionally excluded from the London press, which deliberately refused to make known to the English public the expression of the Continental opinion, and at the same time persisted in declaring that the Continental press was unanimous in favor of the English view.

Garbled extracts were frequently given, passages quoted, wherein an unfavorable opinion of the claims themselves was expressed, but as to the unanimous declaration that the Arbitrators should decide the point, no indication was furnished. Not only so, but occasional articles in the American press, written by Englishmen who happened to have control of a newspaper published in the United States, or access to its columns, were paraded as evidence of what the better sort of Americans thought of the claims; while the adverse expressions of opinion were ignored, or said to have been instigated by General Grant's administration for electioneering purposes. (The New York *Tribune*, for instance, being notably in the interest of the President!) At one period the London *Times* had persuaded its readers, and perhaps itself, that American opinion was all one way—in favor of the repudiation of the claims. It even asserted in so many words that General Grant's chance of reelection depended altogether upon his willingness to abandon the claims!

But as yet the British Government had said or done nothing. The outside uproar, however, fed by such means as we have described, went on increasing until the meeting of Parliament, when it rose to such a height that most people thought Mr. Gladstone would have been driven from office if he had not bent to the storm. There was, indeed, a course open to his Government, which would have been manly, would have satisfied the United States, and would doubtless have been approved in England when the excitement was allayed. Lord Granville or Mr. Gladstone could have said, bravely: "Yes, we did make a Treaty which included the presentation of these Indirect Claims; we did it with the statesman-like and patriotic motive of settling forever every difficulty which exists between the two countries, of removing every possible source of future trouble. The claims are as preposterous as we all suppose; they are presented by the Americans in good faith, but with no idea of obtaining an exorbitant award, with the design of securing a decision on them and disposing of them for all time. It is impossible for the Arbitrators to admit them, or to decide against us; but it is far better to let the Arbitrators say this than for us to claim it. We shall be vastly better off, having secured a judgment in our favor, than with these claims hanging over us, the nucleus of a future storm." If Mr. Gladstone's Government had taken this position, the English nation would probably have supported them in the end. England would have been regarded as a model of honor, would have preserved the kindest possible relations with America, and have secured a decision on the Indirect Claims entirely in her favor, but at the same time entirely satisfactory to the United States.

But they chose to do otherwise. There is not the slightest evidence made public that the cabinet at the outset considered the presentation of the claims objectionable: as we have shown, nothing in the British Case indicates this; even after the delivery of the American Case, for fifty days no intimation to this effect was made to the United States Government. To judge from appearances, the British Government hoped that the panic would subside before the assembling of Parliament, that the matter would be allowed to go to the Arbitrators, the claims be pronounced unsuitable for a pecuniary award, and there an end. And if it had not been for the mischievous clamor of the London press, this is probably exactly what would have occurred. But Mr. Gladstone's position was eminently critical. A series of misfortunes, which his enemies called blunders, had followed his Government during the recess, and he had become unpopular with his own followers—as weak, in fact, as he had been strong. And now came this new question. It was none of his seeking. The Treaty of Washington was the one successful measure which cabinet ministers fell back upon whenever they were attacked, and this difficulty they would have been glad to avoid. But if they should be accused of sacrificing British interests, especially British money—if they went contrary to the undoubted current of British feeling on this subject—the Government might not last a day. At least so said the *Times*, and the other journals echoed the Thunderer.

But although Mr. Gladstone yielded to the press and to the public opinion which it created, his Government certainly strove to avoid increasing the excitement or giving offense to the United States.* Three days

* The chapter on the Indirect Claims in the "argument for the United States," submitted at Geneva June 15, has been reprinted, with a note containing the "opinions of statesmen, magazines, and journals of Great Britain and the Continent on the construction of the Treaty of Washington." In this "note" will be found quotations from every journal mentioned in the text confirmatory of its assertions. To the argument itself—a document replete with sound and forcible reasoning, prepared with the greatest care, and presented so as to be absolutely unanswerable—we are under many obligations in the preparation of this article.

* Mr. Gladstone himself, it is true, made a remark in his speech of February 6 which was little calculated

before Parliament met, and fifty days after the delivery of the American Case, Lord Granville sent a calm and friendly communication to the United States Minister at London, expressing the anxiety of Her Majesty's Government that the *amicable settlement*, which was declared in the Treaty of Washington to be the *object* of that instrument, might be attained. He did not state that the Treaty was an amicable settlement, but that an amicable settlement was its object, and he hoped it *might be attained*. He also announced that Her Majesty's Government held that the claims for indirect losses and injuries put forward in the American Case were not within the province of the arbitration at Geneva to decide. This was of course immediately communicated to the Secretary of State at Washington, and was answered by him on the 27th of the same month in a very able paper, which stated that the President entertained the same desires as Her Majesty's Government for a firm and abiding friendship between the two nations; but that "as in his view the Treaty contemplated the settlement of all the claims of the United States, he was of the opinion that he could not abandon them except after a fair decision by an impartial arbitration." "*He seeks no meaning in the Treaty which is not patent on its face; he advances no pretensions at Geneva which were not put forth pending the negotiations at Washington.*" The claims were advanced as "necessarily to be taken into equitable consideration in a final settlement of all differences between the two countries;" and the view was expressed that the adjustment proposed was on both sides "a frank, full, and unreserved surrender to impartial arbitrament, under the rules prescribed, of every thing that had created differences." It was also distinctly declared that the United States had never expected or desired any unreasonable pecuniary compensation on account of the Indirect Claims, and had "never entertained the visionary thought of such an extravagant measure of damages as finds expression in the excited language of the British press, and seems most unaccountably to have taken possession of the minds of some even of the statesmen of Great Britain." In conclusion, the whole matter was left by the United States with the Arbitrators. "They desire to maintain the jurisdiction of the Tribunal of Arbitration." The entire document was dignified and statesman-like, eminently friendly in tone, explaining exactly the position of the Government, but maintaining it without a particle of hesitancy.

The reply to this from Lord Granville was dated March 20, and disputed the right of the United States to present the claims under the Treaty, as well as the worth of the claims themselves. It went even further, claiming that in the interests of peace and of the world England must contest the claims. "War," said Lord Granville, "has scarcely any consequences more formidable to a belligerent than those which might thus be incurred by a neutral;" referring in the same paragraph to the enormous magnitude of the damages which, despite Mr. Fish's disclaimer, he insisted might be awarded. Thus burning cities, starving populations, decimated armies, crowded hospitals, and all the horrors of the battle-field and the siege, are estimated by Lord Granville as consequences "hardly more formidable" than the payment of a sum in money. Who shall talk hereafter of the Yankee regard for the almighty dollar? The pith of Lord Granville's very elaborate paper, which was accompanied by another still more detailed, called by him a memorandum, is contained in these lines: "Claims for indirect losses are not within the meaning of the Treaty; they were never intended to be included by Her Majesty's Government; this was publicly declared before the ratification, when the error, if any, might have been corrected. Such claims are wholly beyond the reasonable scope of any Treaty of Arbitration whatever; and to submit them for decision by the Tribunal would be a measure fraught with pernicious consequences to the interests of all nations and to the peace of the world."

Mr. Fish replied to this on the 16th of April, and there the correspondence as to the right of the United States to present the claims terminated;* as it was apparent that both parties were determined to maintain their own views; and any impartial critic must declare that Mr. Fish had by far the best of the argument. It has been admitted again and again in Parliament and by the British press that the claims are not excluded by the language of the Treaty. Lord Granville's argument that they were waived by the American Commissioners on the 8th of March is rejected by his own countrymen. Lord Cairns said on this subject, in the House of Lords, "I do not find that the Americans waived any thing;" and the other reasoning, based upon the pretension that the arbitration was itself an amicable settlement, is thus disposed of by Lord Derby: "An arbitration is not an amicable settlement. It is a means by which an amicable

to be acceptable in America; but this was in the height of rhetorical enthusiasm, and doubtless unpremeditated. It differed widely in tone from all his subsequent utterances and from those of his cabinet; and was itself promptly and substantially withdrawn in his letter to the New York *World* correspondent a day or two afterward.

* Two other papers, explanatory of the positions already assumed, were addressed by Lord Granville and Mr. Fish to the envoys of their respective Governments; but these were written rather to be placed on file as arguments than with any view of affecting the action of either party to the negotiation.

settlement may be arrived at, but it is not itself a settlement." The language is almost identical with that of Mr. Fish: "The Treaty is not of itself the settlement; it is an agreement between the two Governments as to the mode of reaching a settlement." Lord Granville's own words, in the "friendly communication" of February 3, show that he then thought an "amicable settlement" was the "object *to be attained*" by the Treaty. On this point public opinion in England settled down into a sullen admission that the United States were justified by the language of the Treaty in presenting the claims, but that the British Commissioners were (stupid) bunglers,* while the Americans took advantage of the incompetency of their British colleagues.

The manifest answer to Lord Granville's second point, that Her Majesty's Government never meant to include the Indirect Claims, is that then they should have said so at the time. This is also universally acknowledged in England, and has been declared again and again in both press and Parliament. Here, however, the question of an understanding again arises. Some indiscreet friends of the British Commissioners early threw out offensive insinuations, not amounting to charges, of an absolute agreement between the plenipotentiaries that the Indirect Claims should not be presented. Once or twice in Parliament, and repeatedly in the press, innuendoes in regard to the superior astuteness, or smartness, or "cuteness" of the American Commissioners were indulged in.

But to return to the "understanding." After many whisperings in private, headshakes, "I could an if I woulds," innuendoes in print, and allusions in Parliament, four of the British Commissioners made speeches in which they grappled with the subject. Professor Montague Bernard conveyed the idea that he was purposely lax and inaccurate in expressing his views in the Treaty, though with what intention was not made known. Lord Ripon and Sir Edward Thornton declared that they were under an impression,† for which neither gave any reason nor assigned any cause, that the Indirect Claims were to be excluded, and that this impression was conveyed to their Government. We are bound, of course, to accept this statement, but it would be satisfactory—inasmuch as the honor of American gentlemen has been impugned—to see the language *(ipsissima verba)* in which that impression was conveyed, and also to know its date, so that some cause might be discovered for the wide variance between the "impressions" of the different Commissioners. Lord Ripon, it should be said, disclaimed having been influenced by any such understanding to employ language which admitted the claims.

Sir Stafford Northcote was more explicit. He declared, in a public speech at Exeter, that the British Commissioners "were distinctly responsible for having represented to the Government that they understood a promise to be given that these claims were not to be put forward, and were not to be submitted to arbitration." Again we say the British Government owes it to itself to give to the world these "representations" of the British Commissioners *verbatim*, in order that it may be seen whether it was the Commissioners, or the Government, or the Americans who were in fault. Sir Stafford even went on to speak of the "painful" feelings which this phase of the controversy must excite between the British and American Commissioners. This was naturally looked upon as a distinct charge of bad faith against the American members of the Commission, and commented on accordingly by the British press and in Parliament; but thereupon Sir Stafford made haste to explain his meaning in a note to Lord Derby, which was read in the House of Lords. In this note he repeated the statement that the Commissioners had represented to the Government that they understood a promise to be given that the claims for indirect losses should not be brought forward, but he declared: "*In so saying, I referred to the statement voluntarily and formally made by the American Commissioners at the opening of the Conference on the 8th of March*, which I, for one, understood *to amount* to an engagement that the claims in question should not be put forward in the event of a treaty being agreed on."*

* The London *Times* of May 18, commenting on Lord Granville's declaration, in a letter to Sir Edward Thornton, that "it was not until after lengthened discussion in the Commission that the terms of reference [to the Arbitrators] as they now stand in the Treaty were settled," remarks: "We must frankly confess that these declarations overwhelm us with surprise. Language, it is said, was given us to conceal our thoughts; and if it be true that the terms of reference in the Treaty of Washington were not adopted until after lengthened discussion, it must be admitted that our Commissioners proved themselves apt disciples of Talleyrand, and veiled their intentions in the profoundest obscurity."

† It is suggested in the argument presented by the American Agent at Geneva, June 15, that as the language of the Treaty confined the claims to those "growing out of" the action of the cruisers, the English Commissioners thought it would be impossible to trace any connection between what are called the Indirect Claims and the action of any individual cruiser, and therefore supposed they had in this way sufficiently barred the Indirect Claims. This may be so, but it did not bar the *presentation* of the claims.

* It is preferable to rely upon Sir Stafford Northcote's own testimony to refute what was put forward in England on this subject; but Mr. Fish wrote on the 3d of June to General Schenck as follows: "In justice to myself and my colleagues on the American side of the Commission, I must take this occasion (the first that has presented itself since I have seen the speech of Sir Stafford Northcote) to say that no such promise as he states that the British Commissioners represented to their Government as having been understood by

This settled the question. There was no engagement, no promise, no understanding, except the unauthorized notion of the British Commissioners, based on the language used on the 8th of March, which it has been universally admitted by the English press, as well as definitely declared by the most eminent members of the House of Lords, had and could have no such bearing. Who, indeed, besides the British Commissioners, could possibly suppose the statement that "in the hope of an amicable settlement no *estimate* was made of the indirect losses," was a promise that the claims should not be put forward, especially when it was expressly declared that the statement was to be "without prejudice to the right of indemnification in the event of no such settlement being made?"

But since the Protocol was the origin of Sir Stafford's "understanding," why should he have apprehended "painful relations" with his American colleagues? It was open to both parties to take different views, to put different constructions upon this language, without exciting personally painful feelings. It is, however, quite possible to imagine that a statesman capable of misunderstanding the very treaty he was negotiating might also fail to appreciate exactly the meaning of his own words in a public speech. He certainly needed to explain some of them before Lord Derby and the British public could discover the sense he meant to give them; and it is not improbable that the peculiar significance of the word "painful," as used by him at Exeter, may have also escaped his apprehension. It is, however, certainly very unfortunate that, attaching so great importance to the exclusion of the claims as the British Commissioners and their Government are now seen to have done, they did not, either when those claims were preferred or afterward, ever suggest a word in opposition to them, or once object to an enumeration which may, in the opinion even of Englishmen, so easily be held to cover them.

Lord Granville's third point was that the members of the British Government and of the Commission had declared their construction of the Treaty in Parliament, and that the American Government was bound to take notice of this. Writing to General Schenck, he says, "I observed that you were present in the House of Lords on that occasion." It would seem impossible that this remark should have been addressed by a British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in an official communication to a Foreign Minister if it were not to be found in the published dispatches. Apart, however, from the taste of its introduction, which needs no discussion, it is evidently looked upon by Lord Granville as a powerful argument. Did his lordship expect General Schenck to answer him from the gallery? The American Minister himself did not condescend to reply to the comment on his presence in the House of Lords; but Mr. Fish very properly remarked: "It is sufficient to say that the President does not hold it as any part of his duty to interfere with the differences in the Parliament or the public press of Great Britain respecting the true construction of the Treaty. The utterances in Parliament are privileged: the discussion in that high body is looked upon by him as a domestic one, of which this Government has no proper cognizance.....Had you interfered, therefore, either to remonstrate or to demand explanation, you would have exposed yourself and your Government to.....very just rebuke..... You had a right to assume that if Her Majesty's Government desired any official information from you or your Government, or desired to convey any information to you or to your Government, respecting the Treaty, they would signify as much in the usual forms of diplomatic intercourse."

Lord Granville's other points, that the claims were beyond the scope of any treaty, and fraught with pernicious consequences to the world, were arguments to be addressed to the Arbitrators, and not to a Power which maintained that these claims had already been submitted, under the very Treaty which was the subject of discussion.

Before the correspondence had reached this point the date at which the Counter Cases were to be presented to the Arbitrators arrived, and again the British press interfered, to make as much trouble as it possibly could, protesting violently against any presentation of a Counter Case by its Government, and insisting that this act would commit England to a submission to any decision to which the Arbitrators might afterward arrive. The two Governments, however, though each determined to maintain its own position, were very guarded in

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them to be made by the American Commissioners was in fact ever made. The official communications between the American and the British Commissioners (as you are aware) were all made by or to me, as the first-named of the American Commissioners. I never made and never heard of any such promise, or of any thing resembling a promise, on the subject referred to. None was ever made by me, formally or informally, officially or unofficially, and I feel entire confidence in making the assertion that none of my colleagues ever made any promise, or declaration, or statement approaching to a promise, on the subject. What may have been the understanding of Sir Stafford Northcote or of his colleagues I can not undertake to say, but that the American Commissioners gave him or them any grounds to understand that such a promise was given as he says they represented to their Government as having been made, I am bound most respectfully but most emphatically to deny. I can not conceive from what he has imagined it, as the only direct allusion to the three classes of claims (called the 'Indirect Claims') was that made on the part of the American Commissioners on the 8th day of March, and is set forth in the 36th Protocol in the words in which it was made."

their language, and very anxious to find a way out of the difficulty; and although the clamor in London was prodigious, and the demand almost universal that the Government should announce at once to the American administration its intention to withdraw from the arbitration unless the Indirect Claims were abandoned, the Government carefully abstained from doing any such thing. And now came a necessity for all the diplomatic tact, for all the caution, for all the patience, for all the fertility of resource, of which either Government or its representatives were possessed. The negotiations were conducted mainly at London, General Schenck, of course, keeping his Government constantly advised. The published correspondence is extremely interesting, and shows the anxiety of all parties, if possible, to save the Treaty. From the nature of the circumstances, any fresh overtures must emanate from Great Britain. It was she that demurred to proceeding, it was she that was interrupting the course of events, and it was for her to suggest an alternative.

The first necessity of all was to avoid a difficulty at Geneva. On the 15th of April, according to the stipulations of the Treaty, the Counter Cases must be put in; and, evidently as the result of conversations with Lord Granville, General Schenck telegraphed to Mr. Fish on the 1st of April: "Have you any objection to British Government filing Counter Case, without prejudice to their position in regard to consequential damages?" Mr. Fish replied that he "understood the British Government was *bound* to file Counter Case, and that their so doing would not prejudice any position they had taken. The rights of both parties would be the same as before." This being communicated to the British cabinet, a copy of a note reserving the British rights, and to be presented at Geneva by the British Agent at the same time with the Counter Case, was first submitted to General Schenck, and then formally laid before the Tribunal on the 15th of April, the American Agent also reserving all the rights of the United States. Thus by the forbearance and good sense, the real regard for peace, manifested by both Governments, this initial difficulty was tided over, and time was gained for the further discussion, and perhaps the settlement, of the question at issue.

The Counter Cases contained very little of interest to mention here, the American being confined for the most part to a refutation of the principles laid down by its opponent, and the British document making a corresponding attempt, and also comprising an elaborate defense of the action of England in regard to the cruisers. Neither paper contained any reference whatever to the subject of the indirect losses, and the English one distinctly refused to enter upon a discussion of the charges in the American Case of hostile motive and insincere neutrality. It based this refusal upon four grounds. First, that the discussion would be inconsistent with self-respect; second, that it would be irrelevant; third, that to reply would inflame the controversy; and fourth, that the proof which was offered on other points would be equally applicable to this—that is, England would show her conduct during the rebellion to have been so admirable that her motives must necessarily have been irreproachable.

The next stage of the negotiations began informally at Washington. On the 27th of April Mr. Fish telegraphed to General Schenck: "A conversation with Sir Edward Thornton induces the belief that the British Government may make a proposal to you to the effect that Her Majesty's Government engages and stipulates that in future, should Great Britain be a belligerent and this country neutral, and should there be any failure on the part of the United States to observe their neutral obligations, Great Britain will make or advance no complaints or claims against the United States by reason or on account of any indirect, remote, or consequential result of such failure; and that, in consideration of such stipulation, the United States shall not press for a pecuniary award before the Geneva Tribunal on account of the 'Indirect Claims.'.....Should a proposal to this effect be made by the British Government, the President will assent to it, it being understood that there is *no withdrawal* of any part of the American Case, but an agreement not to demand damages on account of the claims referred to, leaving the Tribunal to make such expression of opinion as it may think proper on that question. It is presumed that such an agreement may be carried into effect by an exchange of notes."

This arrangement would have maintained the original position assumed by the United States, but obviated all the reasonable objections of Great Britain. The tremendous award, the bare suggestion of which had so alarmed the British people, and the enormity of which Lord Granville had so graphically compared with all the terrible results of war, would have been impossible; the principle for which the English had been contending, that neutrals should not be liable to consequential damages, would have been established; while the gain to the United States would have been security in the future against such claims. That gain would have been ample consideration and compensation for an absolute withdrawal of the Indirect Claims; but the President held that those claims were contemplated by the Treaty, and included under it; that the Treaty had been ratified by the Senate to include them; and that he had no authority without the sanction of the Senate to with-

draw them. He could, however, agree not to press for a pecuniary award, leaving the Arbitrators to make any expression of opinion they might think proper. Both parties might have been well satisfied with this arrangement.

But by this time a new phase of affairs had arisen. Certain persons in America, whose interests were commercial and closely connected with England, had shared from the first the British panic; trade is always susceptible to panics, and often willing to sacrifice national honor for its own security. These persons endeavored to exert a pressure upon the American Government in favor of a withdrawal of the claims, and thought and represented that the influence of that pressure was greater than was really the case. The British cabinet and the British press naturally listened to these agreeable views, and became convinced that opinion in America was in favor of yielding to England. General Schenck wrote to Mr. Fish on the 18th of April: "They" (the British public) "believe, and the Government has seemed to share in the impression, that there is a very general desire among our people, including the most of our prominent men, that the claims for indirect damages should be withdrawn, and the Arbitrators asked not to consider or decide on them. I explained to Lord Granville that much of this misapprehension comes from the course of the English press, giving prominence, as it does, to every article, letter, or publication coming from America, or purporting to be written by an American, taking the British side of the question, and studiously excluding all that would tend to prove the almost entire unanimity of our press and citizens in support of the position taken by their Government. I warned him against trusting to the correspondence and writing of certain persons and journals that I named, as affording any true exposition of the general sentiment in our country."

Again the United States Minister wrote on the 25th of April to his Government: "If there is to be a disastrous termination of all our work, from which we had hoped so much of good for the two countries and for the world, the obstinate refusal of the British Government and people to go on with a solemn and high engagement, that without any sacrifice of their dignity or interests might have conducted to a conclusion which would have blotted away all serious causes of disagreement between them and us, will be not a little owing to the course of some of our own citizens. The difficulties have been wonderfully increased of late, and Great Britain encouraged in her position, by the tone of some of the American journals, by inconsiderate declarations of some public men, and by much writing, telegraphing, and conversation not wise nor thoughtful, though generally, perhaps, not mischievously intended. This has led at last to a common conviction here that the best and most influential men of the United States desire to have our Government recede from its position."

How different was the real feeling in America every one now knows on both sides of the Atlantic. A few not very prominent men, misled by vanity, had injudiciously attempted to interfere; others, whose interests were concerned, endeavored to manufacture opinion; various newspapers opposed to the administration assumed to believe that it was about to recede, and sought to create an outcry thereat. But the Government was fully aware of the sentiment of the people, and as fully in accord with it. There was no bluster in one or the other, simply a determination to maintain the position originally assumed. Ninety-nine out of every hundred Americans had expected these claims to be presented, thought that we had a right to present them both before the Treaty and under the Treaty, and would have been indignant had they been withdrawn. But the Government had no idea of withdrawing them, and the people no fear that it would. Both people and Government, however, were sincerely disappointed at the new issue that had been raised. Still they indulged in no recriminations; they did not accuse the British of bad faith; they were willing to leave all to the Tribunal which both parties had established, and were sincerely desirous that some way out of the difficulty should be found.

It was at this time that Mr. Fish's suggestions reached England, and the cabinet, affected perhaps by its belief that the American Government was not supported by the people, declined to make the proposition in the form sent from Washington, insisting that the Indirect Claims should be absolutely withdrawn, and only offering, on the other hand, to refrain from advancing claims of the same character against the United States in similar cases and under similar circumstances. These changes were at once pronounced inadmissible by the President. "He can not assent," said Mr. Fish, "to any proposition which by implication or inference withdraws any part of the claims or of the Case of this Government from the consideration of the Tribunal.....The proposal limits the agreement of the British Government to a stipulation not to advance claims of that nature in similar cases and similar circumstances. No two cases are similar, and circumstances similar to those arising during the rebellion can not occur to Great Britain; consequently the terms of the proposed agreement guarantee nothing to this Government." Various forms of expression were now proposed and considered, each Government, however, maintaining its orig-

inal ground, the President constantly holding that he had no power to withdraw the claims, and the English, with an apprehension that was almost comic, believing that the Arbitrators might insist on considering the Indirect Claims, although the United States refrained from urging them—Lord Granville absolutely declaring that "an agreement not to press for compensation for these Indirect Claims is not sufficient, because the Arbitrators in that case might themselves proceed to take them into consideration, and make them the subject of an award!" How forcible the argument in favor of the claims must have seemed to those who feared that the Tribunal would take them up and decide in their favor in spite of the wish of those who presented them! The distrust, however, may have arisen partly from the conspicuous failure to construct a treaty in the English language which should express the English meaning. In this case it was natural, although ludicrous.

But what was not ludicrous was the apparent unwillingness of the British Government to adopt the principle for which, during the whole negotiation, up to the time when the principle might be turned against itself, it had persistently contended. On the 10th of May General Schenck wrote to Mr. Fish that there was "an actual unwillingness to adopt any rule to limit claims against neutrals for the future, their only object being to get rid of a portion of the demands of the United States." This reluctance became more and more manifest as the negotiations proceeded. But while the British were only willing to pledge themselves not to present claims like those in question under exactly similar circumstances, they insisted that the obligation should be reciprocal, for the circumstances might occur to the United States again, though never to England. To this Mr. Fish replied: "An agreement which is to bind the future action of this Government can only be made by treaty, and would require the assent of the Senate. Should the Tribunal decide that a nation is not responsible in pecuniary damages for the consequential results of a failure to observe its neutral obligations, such decision could not fail to be regarded as settling the question between the two Governments in future." He continued, however: "If the British Government desire to open negotiations to define by treaty the extent of liability for consequential damages resulting from a failure of observance of neutral obligations, the President will carefully consider any proposals in that direction."

But this was evidently not the desire of the British Government, "their only object" being, as General Schenck had declared, "to get rid of a portion of the demands of the United States." On the 9th of May there seemed so little prospect of a successful issue to the negotiations that Lord Granville and General Schenck assured each other that they "took an unfavorable view of the chances of any settlement." Her Majesty's Government had expressed its decision against the suggestion of a new article, and General Schenck had informed it that no note could be accepted by the President which did not embody the conditions already mentioned as insisted on by the American Government.

At this juncture General Schenck delivered an elaborate exposition of the American view to Lord Granville. It was in writing, and read to the British Secretary after he had come out from cabinet meeting to receive the American Minister, and before he returned to the session. Mr. Fish afterward pronounced it a very able and comprehensive review of the Case. "The British Government," said General Schenck, "holds—notwithstanding the principle that every tribunal must necessarily, by its very creation, possess an inherent right and power to decide questions relating to its own jurisdiction, considering inevitably and at the very threshold whether a matter brought before it is or is not one of which it can take cognizance—the British Government holds that the arbitrators can not look at the Indirect Claims even for the purpose of determining that they are inadmissible. This is not overstating their position, extravagant as it may seem, when they maintain that under the Treaty the United States had no right to put such claims forward in their Case. But the United States not only maintain that the mentioning and putting forward of these claims is rightful, with a view to obtaining a judgment as to their inadmissibility, but also holds that it was the intent and meaning of the Treaty that they should be submitted for whatever they may be worth—even if this has to be done only with a view to get rid of them as a cause of difference and complaint between the two countries."

Then comes the argument for a supplemental article, showing its absolute necessity in order to accomplish what the English desired: "The President of the United States, acting through his Agent at Geneva, can put forward, withhold, or withdraw such portions of the claims as he may think proper. That is not denied. But if any of these claims are contemplated and intended by the Treaty itself for submission, such withholding or withdrawing of them by the President alone is *not an extinguishment* of them. The power of the President of the United States is limited by the Constitution. He can not of himself make a treaty; nor can he alter, abridge, or depart from the spirit or intention of a treaty. To do that requires the assent, advice, and concurrence of the Senate. If the Treaty submits these claims, as he is of opin-

ion it clearly does, to the consideration of the Tribunal, then his putting them into the Case, or *his taking them out of the Case, does not dispose of them.* If they are withdrawn by him, they are only laid away; preserved, perhaps, to be a future plague; unsettled; kept as a possible source of irritation and complaint. They can be extinguished only by some judgment of the prescribed Tribunal appointed for their consideration, or by being given up through the action of the whole treaty-making power."

This reasoning undoubtedly had weight with the British cabinet; for the same day the draft of a supplemental article was delivered by Lord Granville to General Schenck. The article, however, was liable to the old objection brought by the American Government against all the previous British propositions: it was limited in its future operations to cases and circumstances similar to those under discussion, and which, so far as Great Britain was concerned, would hardly ever occur. But the President, willing to take the judgment of the Senate, submitted the draft to that body without any expression of his own opinion. The Senate, after due consideration, took exactly the same view which the administration had maintained from the beginning, and was willing to approve the article, substituting for the portion which enumerated the Indirect Claims, and stipulated that similar claims should for the future be inadmissible between the two countries, these words, "Both Governments adopt for the future the principle that claims for remote or indirect losses should not be admitted," etc.

The British Government disliked this modification, and proposed other forms equally open to the objection taken by the Americans; those modifications General Schenck forwarded to Washington; but at the same time informed Lord Granville that he saw no reason to suppose they would be assented to by the President. The point at issue was simply this. England wished to escape from the liability to the Indirect Claims, and was willing to agree that in the future neither country should present precisely similar ones—that is (as she enumerated them), for losses sustained in the transfer of the commercial marine of one country to the flag of the other; for the enhanced payments of insurance; for the prolongation of a war; and for the addition of a large sum to the cost of war and the suppression of a rebellion. America desired to apply the principle for which England had so vigorously contended to all future remote or consequential claims.

On this point General Schenck forcibly said: "What the United States has all along proposed as the ground on which the two Governments might safely, honorably, and consistently meet is the establishment of a rule to be the law or contract between them in the future, declaring that neither of them shall demand compensation from the other, for remote or indirect losses arising out of, or being the result of, failure in the observance of neutral obligations." Great Britain asserted that such claims, in the emphatic language of Lord Granville, were "wholly beyond the reasonable scope of *any* treaty of arbitration whatever, and that to submit them for decision by the Tribunal would be a measure fraught with pernicious consequences to the interests of all nations and to the future peace of the world." Her Majesty's Government "can not see that it would be advantageous to either country to render the obligations of neutrality so onerous as they would become if claims of this nature were to be treated as proper subjects of international arbitration."

But "what," says General Schenck—"what is the nature of the claims in question which makes them so objectionable to Her Majesty's Government? They are indirect, remote, consequential. Will you, then, unite with us,* asks the Government of the United States, in an *agreement founded upon that principle for which you contend,* and as broad as the principle itself, 'that claims for remote or indirect losses should not be admitted as the result of failure to observe neutral obligations;' and will you unite with us in a declaration that this principle 'will hereafter guide the conduct of both Governments in their relations to each other?' Can Great Britain continue to reply that while she desires to make such a rule—a rule consistent with the position she has taken against the whole class of remote or indirect claims against a neutral—she must persist in confining it in terms to only such peculiar descriptions of that class of Indirect Claims as happen now to be the subject of contention between her and the United States, and which particular kind of claims may never have existence again? Will it not seem, if this be the limit of the agreement, that the object is not to affirm and vindicate an important principle, but only to find an expedient for excluding from consideration or extinguishing altogether certain matters which are unfortunately now a present cause of controversy?"

This last argument Lord Granville never attempted to answer. He doubtless felt that it was unanswerable, and therefore simply ignored it. The British Government thereafter made many propositions, but never consented to apply to itself the rule which it had so conspicuously presented to the United States. It would not agree never to present remote or indirect or consequential

* These quotations in General Schenck's paper are from the language of the Senate Amendment.

claims, no matter "how fraught with pernicious consequences these might be to the interests of all nations and to the future peace of the world." The reflex light which this refusal throws upon all its previous reasoning is apparent to the dullest comprehension.

The public excitement had at this time again been purposely and maliciously stirred up by Earl Russell. He had been abroad in the spring (April), but two days after his return gave notice of a motion to address the Throne, praying Her Majesty that instructions be given that all proceedings at Geneva should be suspended until the American claims for indirect damages were withdrawn. The real opposition, the Tory party, had behaved during this crisis with consummate discretion and patriotism; Mr. Disraeli in one House, and Lords Derby and Cairns in the other, had forborne to interfere with the Government; they had not even criticised very severely, much less attempted to interrupt, the negotiations; but as soon as the old Whig leader, the ostensible friend and ally of the ministry, their former associate and chief, touched English soil, he set himself to work to make trouble, his motive being hostility to the Treaty, which was the condemnation of his course, rather than an objection to the Indirect Claims. The manifest impropriety of his motion, at the very moment when negotiations were being attempted to dispose of the Indirect Claims, was such, however, that the press and the public were nearly unanimous in demanding its postponement. It asked for a vote of censure upon the Government, and its passage would have necessitated an immediate change of ministry; yet this he was willing to risk at so critical a juncture for the sake of gratifying his own spite, and defeating the measure which was to bring the two countries into accord. But he found not supporters enough even among the bitterest enemies of the Government, and, very much against his will, was muzzled for a while.

The British press about this time became more considerate. It had for some time ceased to insinuate that Americans had sought to overreach the British Government. It had come to see that there was much to be said on the other side of the question; it had come also to consider the consequences of a serious breach between the two nations. It still was as stubborn as ever in maintaining that England should not go to arbitration unless the claims were withdrawn; but its obstinacy was more in sorrow than in anger. There had, indeed, been all along very little malignity in the utterances of the press. With few exceptions, the English undoubtedly regretted the difference which had arisen; most of them certainly were surprised, for, as has been shown, they had never known the extent of their offenses; and although very determined on one point, they said little, after the withdrawal by Sir Stafford Northcote of the charge of bad faith, that could be offensive to Americans. So the press was very willing that the new negotiations should result in a solution of the difficulty. It volunteered, indeed, discussions and criticisms of the crudest sort on matters of which it was entirely ignorant, and reasoned most elaborately from premises which did not exist; but this did little harm. Mr. Gladstone's Government certainly showed pluck in one thing—it would not be driven to make known either to Parliament or the public the state of the negotiations, nor its own intentions, until it was prepared. The discussions, meanwhile, were difficult and protracted. Statesmen were called from cabinet or from bed to consider telegrams from the other side of the Atlantic. Americans had to regard the sensibilities of Parliament and the exigencies of Mr. Gladstone; Englishmen were affected by the demands of the Senate and the constitutional obligations of the President.

But at last Lord Russell could no longer be restrained. Persuasion and advice and rebuke had spent their force. So on the 5th of June, while it was known to both countries that the negotiations were in the most delicate situation, after the supplemental article had been submitted to the Senate, but before the modifications made by that body were made public, Earl Russell brought on a debate in the House of Lords which it was certain could do no good, and which the press and the prominent members of both parties considered it inadvisable and unpatriotic to precipitate. He had, however, his private griefs to ventilate, and if the arbitration proceeded there might be no other chance. He had declared that the whole matter appeared to him to be one between the honor of the Crown of England and the election of General Grant as President of the United States; and for his part he preferred the honor of Her Majesty—"the honor and reputation of the country—to any prospects of the re-election of General Grant." Now the honor of Her Majesty was in quite as safe hands as when it was intrusted to one for whose acts Her Majesty's Government had found it necessary to apologize; but the honor and dignity of the House of Lords might seem to an impartial observer very seriously compromised when it listened in silence to this vulgar impertinence offered to the head of a foreign state—a state with which at that very moment the most difficult and delicate negotiations were going on.*

* As the British cabinet maintains that the American Government is bound to take notice of what occurs in the House of Lords, it would be curious to know how it supposes General Schenck should have addressed Lord Granville on the subject of Earl Russell's remarks about the President.

In his speech of the 5th of June, Lord Russell confined himself more nearly within the limits of ordinary decorum, but still talked of the trap that had been set by the Americans, and indulged in a decidedly inaccurate statement in order to make a taunt against the United States more telling. He wished to show how to treat the Americans, and, as an instance, described his own conduct in the Trent affair. He said: "I being Foreign Secretary, wrote a dispatch—as civil a one as I could" (a laugh)—"on the subject. That dispatch was revised by the Prince Consort, and sent to our minister, Lord Lyons, who was directed to convey an intimation that if immediate redress were not given, the matter might assume a very serious aspect." Now Lord Russell here conveys the meaning that the Prince Consort approved his language, whereas the fact is that His Royal Highness *did revise* the dispatch, and with his own hand *erased a most offensive line*, which accordingly was not sent to America. This was one of the last public acts of the Prince Consort, and is well attested and generally known.

Lord Granville very justly rebuked the noble earl for his ill-timed boasting and for his inexactness, in these words: "*I was altogether unaware* of the fact that my noble friend took the personal course, apart from the sanction of the Sovereign, and I believe without the consent of his colleagues, of sending a private threat of a very serious character to the American Government. Threats, unless you are perfectly prepared to execute them, are not certainly the wisest way of carrying on negotiations, and we should have been in a very awkward position if the American Government had been in a position not only to demand the extradition of Mr. Mason and Mr. Slidell, but to accompany the demand with a very marked threat in the event of non-compliance."

In this same debate Lord Derby, in reply to Lord Granville, made use of these words: "The noble earl stated that he conceived the Indirect Claims were excluded by the Treaty as it stands. Now that matter has been abundantly discussed in both Houses, in every newspaper, in every private society; and I think the very utmost for which any one unconnected with the Government has ever contended is this, that the language of the Treaty was so vague, so ambiguous, and so uncertain that it may be construed either way, and therefore our construction was as admissible as that put upon it by the other side. Now I do not think that in a matter of such enormous importance, after the plain warning which had been given us by the speech of Mr. Sumner, after the evidence we had had of the immense consequence which the American Government and people attached to these Indirect Claims, and the pertinacity with which they had urged them—I do not think it is at all unreasonable to say that in a matter of that kind uncertainty and ambiguity in the language of the document to which you must appeal as the supreme authority upon the matter are not likely to inspire confidence." Yet the statesman who made these admissions was unwilling to leave the construction of the document which he considered so ambiguous to the Arbitrators, selected as much by Great Britain as by the United States!

Lord Cairns was still more emphatic, but supported Earl Russell's motion. Although his whole speech was an admirable argument for the American view, he was yet willing to vote that all proceedings before the Arbitrators should be suspended until the Indirect Claims were withdrawn. What consistency there was in stating that the claims were fairly admissible under the Treaty, and yet in abrogating the Treaty unless the claims were withdrawn, Englishmen perhaps can determine.

Besides the question of the claims themselves, the Supplemental Treaty also came up for discussion at this time. But although the original text of the article was known, the alterations proposed by the Senate had not been divulged. The consequence was that the Lords discussed one portion of the article without knowing the contents of the other. The absurd apprehensions which had seized the more undistinguished British mind, it now became apparent, had penetrated to the lofty regions of the aristocracy; and notwithstanding that, in the language of the article, "the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, consents that he will make no claim on the part of the United States, in respect of indirect losses as aforesaid, before the Tribunal of Arbitration at Geneva," the peers were afraid that some terrible monster lurked behind these words. They could not be sure even yet that the Government had succeeded in expressing its meaning; or else, conscious of their own determination, under certain circumstances, to abrogate the Treaty, they feared the possibility of another nation doing the same thing, if it suited her convenience. Finally, in order to appease these anxieties, General Schenck was authorized to say "that the Government of the United States regards the new rule contained in the proposed article as the *consideration* for, and to be accepted as a final settlement of, the three classes of Indirect Claims put forth in the Case of the United States, to which the Government of Great Britain has objected." So these puerile objections, which it must be said the British Government neither offered nor shared, were disposed of. Allowance must be made, however, for the excited state of the public mind in Great Britain: the terrible phantom they had

themselves conjured up pursued them every where; no screen was sufficient to protect them; no treaty secure enough to ward off the Nemesis into which they had converted these avenging claims. The statement of the American Government, however, calmed their agitation. It was read in the House of Lords, and Lord Russell, with characteristic unfairness, at once exclaimed, "I think the Indirect Claims are withdrawn." This, however, displayed the British capability of misunderstanding the English language rather too conspicuously, and was met by cries of "No, no!" from all parts of the House. But Lord Russell proposed a discontinuance of the debate, as it was now nearly certain that his motion would have been negatived. *Punch* that week had a cartoon representing John Bull and John Russell trampling on the Indirect Claims. The idea was excellent, only it was the Treaty they were ready to trample on; but English eyes could not discover that, even when this very cartoon was telling the story to the world.

The Government in this debate had scrupulously refrained from explaining what was the consideration which the Americans were to receive for the withdrawal of the claims. It certainly looked as if they were afraid that Parliament and the country would not support them in the position they had assumed; and it is indeed highly improbable that, after all the clamor and all the argument about the preposterous nature of indirect or consequential claims, the British nation could have approved the determination of the cabinet to insist on England's future right to present what she had declared unpresentable.

The Government, however, persisted in the views which the United States refused to accept. But now came a turn in affairs. It had been England, indeed, which had made all the formal suggestions, the draughts of notes and supplementary articles. There was an uneasy consciousness all the time of the sorry figure she would cut before the world if she abrogated the Treaty, besides a genuine apprehension of what course America might take upon that event, and proposition after proposition had been anxiously urged by the British cabinet. As has been seen, the American Government from the first, though sincerely desirous for peace and to save the Treaty, had maintained its original ground. The claims were in the Treaty, and could not be withdrawn except by the authority which had inserted them. It was willing, for a consideration, not to press them. It was willing to make a new treaty in which they should not appear; but this must also be for a sufficient consideration. The consideration was agreed upon by the President and the Senate, but the English Government was unwilling to accord it, and the Americans at last became weary and indifferent. Mr. Fish telegraphed: "This Government declines to agree to the proposed altering of the Supplementary Treaty. The establishment of the principle embodied therein has been its object in adhering to the presentation of the Indirect Claims, and its recognition is the inducement for not pressing them before the Tribunal."

The British cabinet then proposed to adjourn the meeting of the Arbitrators (which was to occur on the 15th of June, now close at hand), and for that purpose suggested a short treaty between the two Governments; but Mr. Fish replied that this was impracticable. Various other overtures were then made by Lord Granville, looking to an adjournment of the arbitration until the question of the Indirect Claims could be settled by the two Governments themselves, the British Foreign Secretary manifesting the greatest anxiety that the Treaty should not fall to the ground (Mr. Gladstone's Government would undoubtedly have fallen with it). General Schenck complained in one of his notes, dated 2.45 A.M., that he had just been called from his bed to receive another form of a draft article proposed by Her Majesty's Government. The time was getting short before the meeting of the Arbitrators must occur, and unless an adjustment was arrived at before that event, England must be prepared to present her argument, or take the responsibility of withdrawing from the Treaty. Still none of Lord Granville's propositions indicated a willingness that England should pledge herself in the future to present no consequential claims. The tone of the American replies in consequence indicated still less anxiety for any further negotiation. The patience of the American Government was evidently exhausted. In one of his dispatches (June 7) Mr. Fish remarked to General Schenck: "The Senate, the public, and the press are impatient over the delays, and what they regard as either captious or dilatory objections and proposals to amend or explain what has been intended or proposed in the most perfect good faith."

One of Lord Granville's suggestions was to dispense with putting in the arguments on the 15th of June; but Mr. Fish replied that the Treaty required this. Lord Granville then proposed that both parties should unite in a joint note to the Arbitrators, requesting an adjournment for eight months, and submitted the draft of a note to be presented by the British Agent to the Arbitrators, in which he gave notice "that it is the intention of Her Majesty's Government to cancel the appointment of the British Arbitrator, and to withdraw from the arbitration at the close of the time fixed for the adjournment, unless the difference which has arisen between the two Governments as to the claims for indirect losses" "shall have

been removed." Mr. Fish replied that "the proposal can not be accepted by this Government." "If the arguments be put in on both sides on the 15th, and Great Britain moves for an adjournment, we will assent, but we can not be parties to a joint application for an adjournment. This Government has no reason to ask for an adjournment.....Nor can this Government directly or indirectly be a party to an agreement or understanding whereby Great Britain is to submit her argument to the Tribunal conditionally or under any protest or reservation. The obligations of the Treaty are reciprocal, and no right is reserved to either Government of any qualified action while the other is fulfilling the letter and spirit of the Treaty. .....If such notice of withdrawal as is suggested in Lord Granville's note is given, it will be the duty of the American Agent and Counsel to repel it very decidedly, and in terms which self-respect will make necessary. Such notice would instantly terminate all further negotiations on the part of this Government."

Mr. Fish now directed Mr. Bancroft Davis, the American Agent, and Messrs. Cushing, Evarts, and Waite, the Counsel, to be at Geneva on the 15th of June, regardless of any action which Great Britain might be supposed likely to take. "Should any notice such as is indicated in Granville's note be given, a decided protest must be entered against any qualified or conditional appearance before the Tribunal. The course and notice suggested by Granville will be not only a failure to observe the Treaty obligations with this Government on the part of Great Britain, but will also be an indignity to the friendly Powers who have appointed Arbitrators to attend a Tribunal before which two parties are to appear in good faith. Use calm and measured language, avoiding menace and irritation in whatever is said."

Her Majesty's Government proceeded no further in the course indicated. It had probably not appreciated the force of the words or the full significance of the act which it proposed for its Agent, and when it discovered how these were regarded in America, promptly abandoned the intention. But neither the patience nor the expedients of the British cabinet were yet exhausted. Although Mr. Fish had declared that it was useless to submit any further modifications of the Treaty to the Senate, Lord Granville now proposed that the British Agent, before the presentation of any argument, should request an adjournment of the arbitration, on the ground of the difference of opinion which existed between the two Governments, and expressing the hope of Her Majesty's Government that in case of an adjournment the difficulties could be adjusted. He was also to reserve the rights of the British Government, but to give no notice of the cancellation of the appointment of the British Arbitrator, nor of a withdrawal of his Government from the arbitration. At the same time, June 11, Lord Granville again proposed changes in the wording of the Supplemental Treaty, which he thought might meet the views of both Governments, and which, indeed, were nearer to those of the American cabinet than any yet suggested by Her Majesty's Government. By this time, however, the Senate had adjourned, and there was no possibility of incorporating these last words into a Treaty, unless an adjournment of the arbitration for eight months should occur—that is, until the Senate should reconvene.

Thus the Arbitrators met, on the 15th of June, under what seemed most inauspicious circumstances. The American argument was presented, and the British Agent made his application for a prolonged adjournment, accompanied by the proposed reservation of British rights, and withholding the British argument. The American Agent thereupon applied for an adjournment of two days, in order to obtain instructions from his Government as to his course in this emergency. This was granted, and on the 17th, the instructions not having arrived, a further adjournment took place until the 19th.

On the 18th Mr. Fish telegraphed that "the President sees no objection to the adjournment, if asked for by the defendants, and nothing objectionable shall have been presented." This message, however, had not arrived on the 19th, when the President of the arbitration, Count Sclopis, on behalf of all the Arbitrators, made a declaration to the parties interested. After premising that the Tribunal had solely in view the application of the British Agent for an adjournment which might be prolonged until February, 1873, and stating the motives of that application, namely, the difference of opinion between the two Governments as to the competency of the Tribunal to deal with the Indirect Claims, and the hope, which the British Government did not abandon, that if sufficient time were given a solution of the difficulty by the negotiation of a Supplementary Convention between the two Governments might be found practicable, Count Sclopis continued: "The Arbitrators do not propose to express or imply any opinion upon the point thus in difference between the two Governments as to the interpretation or effect of the Treaty. But it seems to them obvious that the substantial object of the adjournment must be to give the two Governments an opportunity of determining whether the claims in question shall or shall not be submitted to the decision of the Arbitrators; and that any difference between the two Governments on this point may make the adjournment unproductive of any useful effect, and, after a delay of many months, during which both nations may be

kept in a state of painful suspense, may end in a result which, it is to be presumed, both Governments would equally deplore—that of making this arbitration wholly abortive. This being so, the Arbitrators think it right to state that, after the most careful perusal of all that has been urged on the part of the Government of the United States in respect of these claims, they have arrived, individually and collectively, at the conclusion that these claims do not constitute, upon the principles of international law applicable to such cases, good foundation for an award of compensation or computation of damages between nations, and should upon such principles be wholly excluded from the consideration of the Tribunal in making its award, even if there were no disagreement between the two Governments as to the competency of the Tribunal to decide thereon."

"With a view to the settlement of the other claims, to the consideration of which by the Tribunal no exception had been taken by Her Majesty's Government," the Arbitrators laid down this expression of their views before the parties, that it might be considered by the Government of the United States whether any course could be adopted respecting the Indirect Claims which would relieve the Tribunal from the necessity of deciding upon the application of the British Government.

Count Sclopis then inquired whether the Agents, or either of them, wished to say any thing touching this declaration, and Mr. Bancroft Davis stated that he was necessarily without instructions to meet the contingency occasioned by this action of the Arbitrators, and left it for the Tribunal to say whether it ought not, in view of this fact, of its own motion, to order an adjournment sufficient to afford time to consider the new position it had created. The Tribunal thereupon adjourned the conference till the 26th of June. Mr. Davis, after informing his Government of the action of the Arbitrators, also stated that the Counsel of the United States had formally declared to him their opinion that "the announcement made by the Tribunal must be received by the United States as determinative of its judgment upon the question of public law involved, upon which the United States have insisted upon taking the opinion of the Tribunal."

Mr. Fish replied: "I have laid your telegrams before the President, who directs me to say that he accepts the declaration of the Tribunal as its judgment upon a question of public law, which he had felt that the interests of both Governments required should be decided, and for the determination of which he had felt it important to present the claims referred to for the purpose of taking the opinion of the Tribunal."

Accordingly on the 25th, Mr. Davis having informed Count Sclopis that he was prepared to communicate to the Tribunal the action authorized by his Government, the conference was convoked, and Mr. Bancroft Davis stated that "The declaration made by the Tribunal, individually and collectively, respecting the claims presented by the United States for the award of the Tribunal for, first, the losses in the transfer of the American commercial marine to the British flag; secondly, the enhanced payments of insurance; and thirdly, the prolongation of the war, and the addition of a large sum to the cost of the war and the suppression of the rebellion, is accepted by the President of the United States as determinative of their judgment upon the important question of public law involved. The Agent of the United States is authorized to say that consequently the above-mentioned claims will not be further insisted upon before the Tribunal by the United States, and may be excluded from all consideration in any award that may be made." The conference was then adjourned for two days, to enable Lord Tenterden, the British Agent, to request instructions of his Government. On the 27th Lord Tenterden announced that Her Majesty's Government found nothing in the communication of the Arbitrators made on the 19th of July to which they could not assent consistently with the views hitherto maintained by them; and assuming that after the declaration of the United States Government the Arbitrators would declare that the claims in question were wholly excluded from their consideration, they had instructed him to request leave to withdraw the application for a prolonged adjournment, and to deliver the printed argument of Her Majesty's Government in conformity with the provisions of the Treaty. Count Sclopis then, in behalf of all the Arbitrators, declared that the several claims for indirect losses mentioned in the statement made by the Agent of the United States on the 25th inst., and referred to in the statement just made by the Agent of Her Britannic Majesty, were, and from thenceforth would be, wholly excluded from the consideration of the Tribunal. He at the same time informed Lord Tenterden that the Tribunal assented to his request for leave to withdraw his application for a prolonged adjournment, and also for leave to deliver the printed argument which had been prepared on the part of Her Britannic Majesty's Government. Lord Tenterden then delivered copies of the British argument to each of the Arbitrators and to the Agent of the United States.

Thus the object for which the American Government had all along contended was attained. A decision by the arbitration of the point at issue was secured. The additional advantage was also gained that the United States would be able to fall back

upon this decision (as well as upon the arguments of the British Government) if ever the latter should present indirect or consequential claims. Even the Fenian Claims, which the British Government had repeatedly described as consequential, were now forever barred. As General Schenck had well said in a dispatch of May 14, discussing with Mr. Fish the supplementary article, "I think the principle declared in this article for future observance between the two nations is one which, if settled and maintained, must be of inestimable advantage to the United States. With our chances of being generally neutral when Great Britain and other European states are belligerent, the benefits of the rule are to be principally and oftenest ours. Our continental position, our extended sea-coast, our numerous ports, the enterprising character of our citizens, and the difficulty of restraining their spirit of adventure, surely make the rule that would thus be established more valuable and more favorable to the United States than to perhaps any other country. All this we secure in exchange for the surrender of certain claims which we were pressing before the Arbitrators at Geneva, not with a view to pecuniary compensation, but only because they were a portion of the grounds of disagreement between us and Great Britain, upon which that Tribunal was empowered, for the sake of perfect peace, to make an award, while we ourselves did not hesitate to admit that it must be to our gain to have the decision against us." This, it will be remembered, was written more than a month before the declaration of the Arbitrators. On the 28th of May Mr. Fish had instructed General Schenck: "The object of the United States in insisting on retaining the Indirect Claims before the Tribunal was:

"I. The right under the Treaty to present them.

"II. To have them disposed of and removed from further controversy.

"III. To obtain a decision either for or against the liability of a neutral for claims of that description.

"IV. If the liability of a neutral for such claims is admitted in the future, then to insist on payment by Great Britain for those of the past.

"V. Having a case against Great Britain, to have the same principle applied to it that may in the future be invoked against the United States."

After reading these confidential communications between the statesmen who conducted the principal negotiations on the part of the United States, it will be difficult to say that their aims were not justifiable, patriotic, worthy of themselves and their country, and eminently within the scope which the world attributed to the Treaty of Washington when it was signed. It would be equally difficult to show that those aims were not fully attained. But for an absurd and unnecessary clamor of the London press, the object of all the original negotiations would have been reached without ill feeling, without the ridiculous paroxysm of fright and fury into which the British nation fell, and without the chance of a great nation deliberately determining on an act of bad faith.

The purely diplomatic triumph is assuredly American, for the decision of the Arbitrators is that to which the Americans always offered to defer. Mr. Gladstone announced in the royal speech at the prorogation of Parliament, August 10: "I rejoice to inform you that the controversy which had arisen between my Government and the Government of the United States in consequence of the presentation of the American claims for indirect damages under the Treaty of Washington has been composed by a spontaneous *declaration of the Arbitrators*." The general British view of the result, as expressed by Lord Cairns, is equally acceptable on this side of the Atlantic. When Lord Granville announced the decision of the Arbitrators to the House of Peers, the ex-Lord High Chancellor of England remarked: "So far as I have been able to gather, it would rather appear, speaking in simple language, that the result of the whole is that the Arbitrators at Geneva have decided the particular and special point which I thought we had all agreed they should not be allowed to decide—namely, the scope and extent of the Treaty, and the question of what should properly come under their cognizance by virtue of that Treaty. As well as I can gather, the American Government have taken the decision of the Arbitrators on the Indirect Claims as *a decision that they have all along said they wished to be arrived at* by the Arbitrators. I must congratulate your Lordships that, as things have turned out, the decision has been in favor of this country; but *we should have been in a very awkward position if it had been the other way*."

RELEASE.

As one who leaves a prison cell,
And looks, with glad though dazzled eye,
Once more on wood and field and sky,
And feels again the quickening spell

Of Nature thrill through every vein,
I leave my former self behind,
And, free once more in heart and mind,
Shake off the old, corroding chain.

Free from my Past—a jailer dread—
And with the Present clasping hands,
Beneath fair skies, through sunny lands,
Which memory's ghosts ne'er haunt, I tread.

The pains and griefs of other days
May, shadow-like, pursue me yet;
But toward the sun my face is set,
His golden light on all my ways.

A SIMPLETON.

A STORY OF THE DAY.

By CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER V.

"MR. LUSIGNAN," said he, "the last time I was here you gave me some hopes that you might be prevailed on to trust that angel's health and happiness to my care."

"Well, Dr. Staines, I will not beat about the bush with you. My judgment is still against this marriage: you need not look so alarmed; it does not follow I shall forbid it. I feel I have hardly a right to; for my Rosa might be in her grave now but for you: and another thing, when I interfered between you two I had no proof you were a man of ability; I had only your sweetheart's word for that; and I never knew a case before where a young lady's swan did not turn out a goose. Your rare ability gives you another chance in the professional battle that is before you; indeed, it puts a different face on the whole matter. I still think it premature. Come, now, would it not be much wiser to wait, and secure a good practice before you marry a mere child? There—there—I only advise; I don't dictate: you shall settle it together, you two wiseacres. Only I must make one positive condition; I have nothing to give my child during my lifetime; but one thing I have done for her; years ago I insured my life for six thousand pounds; and you must do the same. I will not have her thrown on the world a widow, with a child or two, perhaps, to support, and not a farthing; you know the insecurity of mortal life."

"I do, I do. Why, of course I will insure my life, and pay the annual premium out of my little capital until income flows in."

"Will you hand me over a sum sufficient to pay that premium for five years?"

"With pleasure."

"Then I fear," said the old gentleman, with a sigh, "my opposition to the match must cease here. I still recommend you to wait: but—there, I might just as well advise fire and tow to live neighbors, and keep cool."

To show the injustice of this simile, Christopher Staines started up, with his eyes all aglow, and cried out, rapturously, "Oh, Sir, may I tell her?"

"Yes, you may tell her," said Lusignan, with a smile. "Stop—what are you going to tell her?"

"That you consent, Sir. God bless you! God bless you! Oh!"

"Yes, but that I advise you to wait."

"I'll tell her all," said Staines, and rushed out even as he spoke, and upset a heavy chair with a loud thud.

"Ah! ah!" cried the old gentleman, in dismay, and put his fingers in his ears—too late. "I see," said he: "there will be no peace and quiet now till they are out of the house." He lighted a soothing cigar to counteract the fracas.

"Poor little Rosa—a child but yesterday; and now to encounter the cares of a wife, and, perhaps, a mother. Ah! she is but young, but young."

The old gentleman prophesied truly; from that moment he had no peace till he withdrew all semblance of dissent, and even of procrastination.

Christopher insured his life for six thousand pounds, and assigned the policy to his wife. Four hundred pounds was handed to Mr. Lusignan to pay the premiums until the genius of Dr. Staines should have secured him that large professional income, which does not come all at once, even to the rare physician, who is Capax, Efficax, Sagax.

The wedding-day was named. The bridemaids were selected; the guests invited. None refused but Uncle Philip. He declined, in his fine bold hand, to countenance in person an act of folly he disapproved. Christopher put his letter away with a momentary sigh, and would not show it Rosa. All other letters they read together—charming pastime of that happy period. Presents poured in. Silver tea-pots, coffee-pots, sugar-basins, cream-jugs, fruit-dishes; silver-gilt inkstands, albums, photograph-books, little candlesticks, choice little services of china, shell salt-cellars, in a case lined with maroon velvet; a Bible, superb in binding and clasps, and every thing, but the text—that was illegible; a silk scarf from Benares; a gold chain from Delhi, six feet long or nearly; a Maltese necklace, a ditto in exquisite filigree, from Genoa; English brooches, a trifle too big and brainless; apostle-spoons; a treble-lined parasol, with ivory stick and handle; an ivory card-case, richly carved; work-box of sandal-wood and ivory, etc. Mr. Lusignan's City friends, as usual with these gentlemen, sent the most valuable things. Every day one or two packages were delivered, and in opening them Rosa invariably uttered a peculiar scream of delight, and her father put his fingers in his ears; yet there was music in this very scream—if he would only have listened to it candidly, instead of fixing his mind on his vague theory of screams—so formed was she to please the ear as well as eye.

At last came a parcel she opened and stared at smiling, and coloring like a rose,

but did not scream, being too dumfoundered and perplexed; for lo! a tea-pot of some base material, but simple and elegant in form, being an exact reproduction of a melon; and inside this tea-pot a canvas bag containing ten guineas in silver, and a wash-leather bag containing twenty guineas in gold, and a slip of paper, which Rosa, being now half recovered from her stupefaction, read out to her father and Doctor Staines:

"People that buy presents blindfold give duplicates and triplicates; and men seldom choose to a woman's taste: so be pleased to accept the inclosed tea leaves, and buy for yourself. The tea-pot you can put on the hob, for it is Nickel."

Rosa looked sore puzzled again. "Papa," said she, timidly, "have we any friend that is—a little—deranged?"

"A lot."

"Oh, then, that accounts."

"Why no, love," said Christopher. "I have heard of much learning making a man mad, but never of much good sense."

"What! Do you call this sensible?"

"Don't you?"

"I'll read it again," said Rosa. "Well—yes—I declare—it is not so mad as I thought; but it is very eccentric."

Lusignan suggested there was nothing so eccentric as common-sense, especially in time of wedding. "This," said he, "comes from the City. It is a friend of mine, some old fox: he is throwing dust in your eyes with his reasons; his real reason was that his time is money; it would have cost the old rogue a hundred pounds' worth of time—you know the City, Christopher—to go out and choose the girl a present; so he has sent his clerk out with a check to buy a pewter tea-pot, and fill it with specie."

"Pewter!" cried Rosa. "No such thing! It's Nickel. What is Nickel, I wonder?"

The handwriting afforded no clew, so there the discussion ended: but it was a nice little mystery, and very convenient; made conversation. Rosa had many an animated discussion about it with her female friends.

The wedding-day came at last. The sun shone—*actually*, as Rosa observed. The carriages drove up. The bride-maids, principally old school-fellows and impassioned correspondents of Rosa, were pretty, and dressed alike, and delightfully; but the bride was peerless: her southern beauty literally shone in that white satin dress and veil, and her head was regal with the crown of orange blossoms. Another crown she had, true virgin modesty. A low murmur burst from the men the moment they saw her; the old women forgave her beauty on the spot, and the young women almost pardoned it; she was so sweet and womanly, and so sisterly to her own sex.

When they started for the church she began to tremble, she scarce knew why; and, when the solemn words were said, and the ring was put on her finger, she cried a little, and looked half imploringly at her bride-maids once, as if scared at leaving them for an untried and mysterious life with no woman near.

They were married. Then came the breakfast, that hour of uneasiness and blushing to such a bride as this; but at last she was released. She sped up stairs, thanking goodness it was over. Down came her last box. The bride followed, in a plain traveling dress, which her glorious eyes and brows and her rich glowing cheeks seemed to illumine. She was handed into the carriage; the bridegroom followed. All the young guests clustered about the door, armed with white shoes—slippers are gone by.

They started; the ladies flung their white shoes right and left with religious impartiality, except that not one of their missiles went at the object. The men, more skillful, sent a shower on to the roof of the carriage, which is the lucky spot. The bride kissed her hand, and managed to put off crying, though it cost her a struggle. The party hurrahed: enthusiastic youths gathered fallen shoes, and ran and hurled them again, with cheerful yells, and away went the happy pair, the bride leaning sweetly and confidingly with both her white hands on the bridegroom's shoulder, while he dried the tears that would run now at leaving home and parent forever; and kissed her often, and encircled her with his strong arm, and murmured comfort, and love, and pride, and joy, and sweet vows of life-long tenderness into her ears, that soon stole nearer his lips to hear, and the fair cheek grew softly to his shoulder.

CHAPTER VI.

Doctor Staines and Mrs. Staines visited France, Switzerland, and the Rhine, and passed a month of Elysium before they came to London to face their real destiny and fight the battle of life.

And here, methinks, a reader of novels may, perhaps, cry out and say, "What manner of man is this, who marries his hero and heroine, and then, instead of leaving them happy for life, and at rest from his uneasy pen and all their other troubles, flows coolly on with their adventures?"

To this I can only reply that the old English novel is no rule to me, and Life is; and I respectfully propose an experiment: catch eight old married people, four of each sex, and say unto them, "Sir," or "Madam, did the more remarkable events of your life come to you before marriage or after?" Most of them will say "after," and let that be my excuse for treating the marriage of Christopher Staines and Rosa Lusignan as

merely one incident in their lives; an incident which, so far from ending their story, led by degrees to more striking events than any that occurred to them before they were man and wife.

They returned, then, from their honey tour, and Staines, who was methodical, and kept a diary, made the following entry therein:

"We have now a life of endurance and self-denial and economy before us; we have to rent a house, and furnish it, and live in it, until professional income shall flow in and make all things easy; and we have two thousand five hundred pounds left to do it with."

They came to a family hotel, and Doctor Staines went out, directly after breakfast, to look for a house. Acting on a friend's advice, he visited the streets and places north of Oxford Street, looking for a good commodious house adapted to his business. He found three or four at fair rents, neither cheap nor dear, the district being respectable and rather wealthy, but no longer fashionable. He came home with his notes, and found Rosa, beaming in a crisp *peignoir*, and her lovely head its natural size and shape, high-bred and elegant. He sat down, and with her hand in his proceeded to describe the houses to her, when a waiter threw open the door—"Mrs. John Cole."

"Florence!" cried Rosa, starting up.

In flowed Florence; they both uttered a little squawk of delight, and went at each other like two little tigresses, and kissed in swift alternation with a singular ardor, drawing their crests back like snakes, and then darting them forward and inflicting what, to the male philosopher looking on, seemed hard kisses, violent kisses, rather than the tender ones to be expected from two tender creatures embracing each other.

"Darling," said Rosa, "I knew you would be the first. Didn't I tell you so, Christopher?—My husband, my darling Florry! Sit down, love, and tell me every thing: he has just been looking out for a house. Ah! you have got all that over long ago: she has been married six months. Florry, you are handsomer than ever; and what a beautiful dress! Ah, London is the place. Real Brussels, I declare;" and she took hold of her friend's lace and gloated on it.

Christopher smiled good-naturedly, and said, "I dare say you ladies have a good deal to say to each other."

"Oceans!" said Rosa.

"I will go and hunt houses again."

"There's a good husband," said Mrs. Cole, as soon as the door closed on him; "and such a fine man. Why, he must be six feet. Mine is rather short. But he is very good; refuses me nothing. My will is law."

"That is all right, you are so sensible; but I want governing a little: and I like it—actually. Did the dress-maker find it, dear?"

"Oh no. I had it by me. I bought it at Brussels, on our wedding-tour: it is dearer there than in London."

She said this as if "dearer" and "better" were synonymous.

"But about your house, Rosie dear?"

"Yes, darling, I'll tell you all about it. I never saw a moiré this shade before; I don't care for them in general; but this is so *distingué*."

Florence rewarded her with a kiss.

"The house," said Rosa. "Oh, he has seen one in Portman Street, and one in Gloucester Place."

"Oh, that will never do," cried Mrs. Cole. "It is no use being a physician in those out-of-the-way places. He must be in Mayfair."

"Must he?"

"Of course. Besides, then my Johnnie can call him in, when they are just going to die. Johnnie is a general prac., and makes two thousand a year; and he shall call your one in; but he must live in Mayfair. Why, Rosie, you would not be such a goose as to live in those places? they are quite gone by."

"I shall do whatever you advise me, dear. Oh, what a comfort to have a dear friend! and six months married, and knows things. How richly it is trimmed! Why, it is nearly all trimmings."

"That is the fashion."

"Oh!"

And after that big word there was no more to be said.

These two ladies in their conversation gravitated toward dress, and fell flat on it every half minute. That great and elevating topic held them by a silken cord: but it allowed them to flutter upward into other topics; and in those intervals, numerous though brief, the lady who had been married six months found time to instruct the matrimonial novice with great authority, and even a shade of pomposity. "My dear, the way ladies and gentlemen get a house—in the first place, you don't go about yourself like that, and you never go to the people themselves—or you are sure to be taken in—but to a respectable house agent."

"Yes, dear, that must be the best way, one would think."

"Of course it is; and you ask for a house in Mayfair, and he shows you several, and recommends you the best, and sees you are not cheated."

"Thank you, love," said Rosa: "now I know what to do; I'll not forget a word. And the train so beautifully shaped! Ah, it is only in London or Paris they can make a dress flow behind like that," etc., etc.

Dr. Staines came back to dinner in good spirits; he had found a house in Harewood Square; good entrance hall, where his gra-

tuitous patients might sit on benches; good dining-room, where his superior patients might wait; and good library, to be used as a consulting-room. Rent only £85 per annum.

But Rosa told him that would never do; a physician must be in the fashionable part of the town.

"Eventually," said Christopher; "but surely at first starting—and you know they say little boats should not go too far from shore."

Then Rosa repeated all her friend's arguments, and seemed so unhappy at the idea of not living near her, that Staines, who had not yet said the hard word "no" to her, gave in, consoling his prudence with the reflection that, after all, Mr. Cole could put many a guinea in his way, for Mr. Cole was middle-aged—though his wife was young—and had really a very large practice.

So next day the newly wedded pair called on a house agent in Mayfair, and his son and partner went with them to several places. The rents of houses equal to that in Harewood Square were £300 a year at least, and a premium to boot.

Christopher told him these were quite beyond the mark. "Very well," said the agent. "Then I'll show you a Bijou."

Rosa clapped her hands. "That is the thing for us. We don't want a large house, only a beautiful one, and in Mayfair."

"Then the Bijou will be sure to suit you."

He took them to the Bijou.

The Bijou had a small dining-room with one very large window in two sheets of plate-glass, and a projecting balcony full of flowers; a still smaller library, which opened on a square yard inclosed. Here were a great many pots, with flowers dead or dying from neglect. On the first floor a fair-sized drawing-room, and a tiny one at the back; on the second floor one good bedroom, and a dressing-room, or little bedroom; three garrets above.

Rosa was in ecstasies. "It is a nest," said she.

"It is a bank-note," said the agent, simulating equal enthusiasm, after his fashion. "You can always sell the lease again for more money."

Christopher kept cool. "I don't want a house to sell, but to live in, and do my business; I am a physician. Now the drawing-room is built over the entrance to a mews. The back-rooms all look into a mews: we shall have the eternal noise and smell of a mews. My wife's rest will be broken by the carriages rolling in and out. The hall is fearfully small and stuffy. The rent is abominably high; and what is the premium for, I wonder?"

"Always a premium in Mayfair, Sir. A lease is property here: the gentleman is not acquainted with this part, madam."

"Oh yes, he is," said Rosa, as boldly as a six years' wife; "he knows every thing."

"Then he knows that a house of this kind at £130 a year, in Mayfair, is a bank-note."

Staines turned to Rosa. "The poor patients—where am I to receive them?"

"In the stable," suggested the house agent.

"Oh!" said Rosa, shocked.

"Well, then, the coach-house. Why, there's plenty of room for a brougham, and one horse, and fifty poor patients at a time. Beggars mustn't be choosers; if you give them physic gratis, that is enough: you ain't bound to find 'em a palace to sit down in, and hot coffee and rump-steaks all round, Doctor."

This tickled Rosa so that she burst out laughing, and thenceforward giggled at intervals, wit of this refined nature having all the charm of novelty for her.

They inspected the stables, which were indeed the one redeeming feature in the horrid little Bijou: and then the agent would show them the kitchen and the new stove. He expatiated on this to Mrs. Staines. "Cook a dinner for thirty people, madam."

"And there's room for them to eat it—in the road," said Staines.

The agent reminded him there were larger places to be had by a very simple process—viz., paying for them.

Staines thought of the large comfortable house in Harewood Square. "£130 a year for this poky little hole?" he groaned.

"Why, it is nothing at all for a Bijou."

"But it is too much for a Bandbox."

Rosa laid her hand on his arm, with an imploring glance.

"Well," said he, "I'll submit to the rent, but I really can not give the premium; it is too ridiculous. He ought to bribe me to rent it, not I him."

"Can't be done without, Sir."

"Well, I'll give £100, and no more."

"Impossible, Sir."

"Then good-morning. Now, dearest, just come and see the house at Harewood Square; £85 and no premium."

"Will you oblige me with your address, Doctor?" said the agent.

"Doctor Staines, Morley's Hotel."

And so they left Mayfair.

Rosa sighed, and said, "Oh, the nice little place: and we have lost it for £200."

"Two hundred pounds is a great deal for us to throw away."

"Being near the Coles would soon have made that up to you: and such a cozy little nest."

"Well, the house will not run away."

"But somebody is sure to snap it up. It is a Bijou." She was disappointed, and half inclined to pout. But she vented her feelings in a letter to her beloved Florry, and appeared at dinner as sweet as usual.

During dinner a note came from the agent,

accepting Dr. Staines's offer. He glozed the matter thus: he had persuaded the owner it was better to take a good tenant at a moderate loss, than to let the Bijou be uninhabited during the present rainy season. An assignment of the lease—which contained the usual covenants—would be prepared immediately, and Doctor Staines could have possession in forty-eight hours, by paying the premium.

Rosa was delighted, and as soon as dinner was over, and the waiters gone, she came and kissed Christopher. He smiled, and said, "Well, you are pleased; that is the principal thing. I have saved £200, and that is something. It will go toward furnishing."

"La, yes!" said Rosa; "I forgot. We shall have to get furniture now. How nice!" It was a pleasure the man of forecast could have willingly dispensed with; but he smiled at her, and they discussed furniture, and Christopher, whose retentive memory had picked up a little of every thing, said there were wholesale upholsterers in the City, who sold cheaper than the West End houses, and he thought the best way was to measure the rooms in the Bijou, and go to the City with a clear idea of what they wanted, ask the prices of various necessary articles, and then make a list, and demand a discount of fifteen per cent. on the whole order, being so considerable, and paid for in cash.

Rosa acquiesced, and told Christopher he was the cleverest man in England.

About nine o'clock Mrs. Cole came in to condole with her friend, and heard the good news. When Rosa told her how they thought of furnishing, she said, "Oh no, you must not do that; you will pay double for every thing. That is the mistake Johnnie and I made; and after that a friend of mine took me to the auction-rooms, and I saw every thing sold—oh, such bargains!—half, and less than half, their value. She has furnished her house almost entirely from sales, and she has the loveliest things in the world—such ducks of tables, and *jardinières*, and things; and beautiful rare china; her house swarms with it—for an old song. A sale is the place. And then so amusing."

"Yes, but," said Christopher, "I should not like my wife to encounter a public room."

"Not alone, of course; but with me. La! Dr. Staines, they are too full of buying and selling to trouble their heads about us."

"Oh, Christopher, do let me go with her. Am I always to be a child?"

Thus appealed to before a stranger, Staines replied, warmly, "No, dearest, no; you can not please me better than by beginning life in earnest. If you two ladies together can face an auction-room, go by all means; only I must ask you not to buy china, or ormolu, or any thing that will break or spoil, but only solid, good furniture."

"Won't you come with us?"

"No, or you might feel yourself in leading-strings. Remember the Bijou is a small house; choose your furniture to fit it, and then we shall save something by its being so small."

This was Wednesday. There was a weekly sale in Oxford Street on Friday; and the ladies made the appointment accordingly.

Next day, after breakfast, Christopher was silent and thoughtful a while, and at last said to Rosa, "I'll show you I don't look on you as a child: I'll consult you on a delicate matter."

Rosa's eyes sparkled.

"It is about my uncle Philip. He has been very cruel; he has wounded me deeply; he has wounded me through my wife. I never thought he would refuse to come to our marriage."

"And did he? You never showed me his letter."

"You were not my wife then. I kept an affront from you; but now, you see, I keep nothing."

"Dear Christie!"

"I am so happy, I have got over that sting—almost; and the memory of many kind acts come back to me; and—I don't know what to do. It seems ungrateful not to visit him: it seems almost mean to call."

"I'll tell you; take me to see him directly. He won't hate us forever, if he sees us often. We may as well begin at once. Nobody hates me long."

Christopher was proud of his wife's courage and wisdom; he kissed her; begged her to put on the plainest dress she could, and they went together to call on Uncle Philip.

When they got to his house in Gloucester Place, Portman Square, Rosa's heart began to quake, and she was right glad when the servant said "Not at home."

They left their cards and address, and she persuaded Christopher to take her to the sale-room to see the things.

A lot of brokers were there, like vultures, and one after another stepped forward and pestered them to employ him in the morning. Dr. Staines declined their services civilly but firmly, and he and Rosa looked over a quantity of furniture, and settled what sort of things to buy.

Another broker came up, and whenever the couple stopped before an article, proceeded to praise it as something most extraordinary. Staines listened in cold satirical silence, and told his wife, in French, to do the same. Notwithstanding their marked disgust, the impudent intrusive fellow stuck to them, and forced his venal criticism on them, and made them uncomfortable, and shortened their tour of observation.

"I think I shall come with you to-morrow," said Christopher, "or I shall have these blackguards pestering you."

"Oh, Florry will send them to the right about. She is as brave as a lion."

Next day Dr. Staines was sent for into the City at twelve, to pay the money, and receive the lease of the Bijou, and this and the taking possession occupied him till four o'clock, when he came to his hotel.

Meantime his wife and Mrs. Cole had gone to the auction-room.

It was a large room, with a good sprinkling of people, but not crowded, except about the table. At the head of this table—full twenty feet long—was the auctioneer's pulpit, and the lots were brought in turn to the other end of the pulpit for sight and sale.

"We must try and get a seat," said the enterprising Mrs. Cole, and pushed boldly in; the timid Rosa followed strictly in her wake, and so evaded the human waves her leader clove. They were importuned at every step by brokers thrusting catalogues on them, with offers of their services, yet they soon got to the table. A gentleman resigned one chair, a broker another, and they were seated.

Mrs. Staines let down half her veil; but Mrs. Cole surveyed the company point-blank.

The broker who had given up his seat, and now stood behind Rosa, offered her his catalogue. "No, thank you," said Rosa, "I have one;" and she produced it, and studied it, yet managed to look furtively at the company.

There were not above a dozen private persons visible from where Rosa sat—perhaps as many more in the whole room. They were easily distinguishable by their cleanly appearance; the dealers, male and female, were more or less rusty, greasy, dirty, aquiline. Not even the amateurs were brightly dressed; that fundamental error was confined to Mesdames Cole and Staines. The experienced, however wealthy, do not hunt bargains in silk and satin.

The auctioneer called "Lot 7. Four saucepans, two trays, a kettle, a boot-jack, and a towel-horse."

These were put up at two shillings, and speedily knocked down for five to a fat old woman in a greasy velvet jacket; blind industry had sowed bugles on it, not artfully, but agriculturally.

"The lady on the left!" said the auctioneer to his clerk. That meant, "Get the money."

The old lady plunged a huge paw into a huge pocket, and pulled out a huge handful of coin—copper, silver, and gold—and paid for the lot: and Rosa surveyed her dirty hands and nails with innocent dismay. "Oh, what a dreadful creature!" she whispered; "and what can she want with those old rubbishy things? I saw a hole in one from here." The broker overheard, and said, "She is a dealer, ma'am, and the things were given away. She'll sell them for a guinea, easy."

"Didn't I tell you?" said Mrs. Cole.

Soon after this the superior lots came on, and six very neat bedroom chairs were sold to all appearance for fifteen shillings.

The next lot was identical, and Rosa hazarded a bid, "Sixteen shillings."

Instantly some dealer, one of the hooked-nosed that gathered round each lot as it came to the foot of the table, cried, "Eighteen shillings."

"Nineteen," said Rosa.

"A guinea," said the dealer.

"Don't let it go," said the broker behind her. "Don't let it go, ma'am."

She colored at the intrusion, and left off bidding directly, and addressed herself to Mrs. Cole. "Why should I give so much, when the last were sold for fifteen shillings?"

The real reason was that the first lot was not bid for at all, except by the proprietor. However, the broker gave her a very different solution; he said, "The trade always runs up a lady or a gentleman. Let me bid for you; they won't run me up; they know better."

Rosa did not reply, but looked at Mrs. Cole.

"Yes, dear," said that lady, "you had much better let him bid for you."

"Very well," said Rosa. "You can bid for this chest of drawers—Lot 25."

When Lot 25 came on, the broker bid in the silliest possible way, if his object had been to get a bargain; he began to bid early, and ostentatiously; the article was protected by somebody or other there present, who now, of course, saw his way clear; he ran it up audaciously, and it was purchased for Rosa at about the price it could have been bought for at a shop.

The next thing she wanted was a set of oak chairs.

They went up to twenty-eight pounds; then she said, "I shall give no more, Sir."

"Better not lose them," said the agent; "they are a great bargain," and bid another pound for her on his own responsibility.

They were still run up, and Rosa peremptorily refused to give any more. She lost them accordingly, by good luck. Her faithful broker looked blank; so did the proprietor.

But as the sale proceeded, she being young, the competition, though most of it sham, being artful and exciting, and the traitor she employed constantly puffing every article, she was drawn into wishing for things, and bidding by her feelings.

Then her traitor played a game that has been played a hundred times, and the perpetrators never once lynched, as they ought to be, on the spot; he signaled a confederate with a hooked nose; the Jew rascal bid against the Christian scoundrel, and so they ran up the more enticing things to twice their value under the hammer.

Editor's Easy Chair.

FORTUNATELY for the peace of its readers' minds, if not of its own, the Easy Chair does not discuss politics. It seems, indeed, hardly necessary, as all the papers and all the orators are so busy with them. But there is something which appears in one of the political platforms of the autumn which is not in the usual sense partisan, although it concerns the very foundations of popular government. This is the declaration of one of the political conventions in Massachusetts that women ought to vote! And not only that, but that the party thinks so! That, however, is something that we shall see. Yet the fact of the declaration is remarkable. It shows how quietly, amidst all the ridicule of opponents and the extravagance of friends, "the cause" has made its way in the public mind.

Indeed, no thoughtful student of the progress of this movement has probably felt any great force in the stock arguments against it, and for the very evident reason that if, as Dr. Bushnell said, it was a reform against nature, it was very sure not to prevail, as nature has a way of getting the best of it in her encounters. The whole adverse argument really settles into a question of convenience, and that is one which may be left to determine itself. For if it is really inconvenient that women should vote, the permission to vote will produce no ill results. The instincts of sex will not be changed by an act of Legislature or a constitutional amendment. If it be really repulsive to men to see women voting or holding responsible public positions, women will do neither, for the emotions will always be, as they are now, the controlling forces between the sexes.

All that the most intelligent friends of really universal suffrage ask is freedom. No man is now compelled to vote, but every man may. It is left entirely to his choice. Before the war there were a great many men, whom every body knew in their own circle, who thought politics beneath the notice of a gentleman, and who affected or felt a supreme indifference to elections and candidates. It was often amusingly blended with an aristocratic sneer. Worthy gentlemen, whose grandfathers were importers or retailers of dry-goods or of wet goods, and who, by clipping both ends of the yard-stick, had left a pretty little property, regretted that suffrage was not limited to "gentlemen," and to those who had "a stake in the country." They really seemed to suppose that personal rights of every kind were a less "stake" than money or real estate. If for such reasons, or for any other, a voter does not choose to vote, he may stay at home. But he would thunder like James Otis and John Adams if it were proposed to deprive him of the right of voting if he did choose. He will have liberty before all.

If you say to such a gentleman that he evidently has no interest in public affairs, and that he clearly does not think it genteel or worth while to vote, and that therefore he can not complain if he is deprived of the right, he would not stay to argue—he would reply only, "Touch my right of voting if you dare!" And yet the reason for deprivation in his case is a thousandfold stronger than in that of an equally intelligent person with an equal stake in the government, and a wish to take part in it, but who is deprived of the right merely because of sex. If the one who is ignorant and indifferent may not, therefore, be disfranchised, why should we disfranchise the one who is neither, and who not only wishes to vote, but who would vote intelligently? No, says the Massachusetts Convention; give equal freedom to both, and leave the exercise of the power to individual choice.

Nor would it be of any avail to say to the man who disdains to vote that he will lose nothing by being deprived of the ballot, because his neighbors will really vote for him, as their interest is substantially the same as his. Dr. Johnson wrote a pamphlet upon this very point. Taxation no tyranny, even if you are not directly represented, said tough old Sam; our interest is yours: we are the mother, and you are our daughter; we are the imperial seat, and you are the colonies; you do really exist by our will; we have the right, and we will exercise it, of taking care of you. And the next word that Dr. Johnson and the imperial mother heard was that tremendous summons of Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga, "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress, surrender this fort!" And it was surrendered.

The truth is that voting by an involuntary proxy is both theoretically and practically absurd. My neighbor can not vote for me unless I have the right to vote, and if I have that right he can not exercise it without my consent. To vote as he chooses, and to say that he votes for my interest as well as for his own, is to say that I don't know what my interest is, and that he can take better care of me than I can take of myself—which is sheer despotism. It is the mere *motu proprio* of an emperor. My neighbor or my neighbors, in excluding me from the ballot and voting, as they say, for me, are only echoing Louis the Fourteenth—"I am the state." If I am not to judge whose interest is the same as mine, I shall some day discover a wolf above me on the stream insisting that I am soiling the water. And thus the familiar argument that one sex can properly vote for the other because their interests are really the same justifies the assumption of all political power by a class, and then by a person.

If the principle that there shall be no taxation without representation be correct, there is not, and there never has been, a sound argument for the disfranchisement of women since they have been property-holders. A woman might own all the real estate upon the chief street of the village, yet she can not vote for road overseer. Plainly, if her sex incapacitates her, being mature and intelligent, for controlling her property, it should certainly incapacitate her from owning it. The law that authorized her to earn, hold, and devise property lifted the lid from the ballot-box. And all that the Massachusetts Convention has done is to say, "Certainly it did."

The Convention said that it was the opinion of the party; but that, as we said, we shall now see. The Easy Chair has nothing to do with party, but this is a question of all parties, especially if, as the scoffers say, every wife will vote

with her husband. Of course they always agree in religious matters, so it may be supposed that they will in political. Indeed, there are never any differences between wives and husbands. The husband has only to take snuff, and the wife sneezes. The Spratt legend is a foul libel upon matrimonial tastes. But if every wife is sure to vote with her husband, shall she therefore not have the right to vote? Most youths of twenty-one vote with their fathers—shall they also be excluded from the polls? Shall the rule be extended, and any body who votes as any body else votes be disfranchised for that reason? Or shall only those be permitted to vote who can give a sound and satisfactory reason for their ballot? If a wife may not vote because love for her husband would lead her to duplicate his vote, then, of course, all men whose votes are influenced by personal regard and respect for some one else must be set aside. Indeed, it is chiefly when men begin to argue the question of suffrage for women that a grave doubt of their own competency to vote arises.

But if wives are to be excluded because they will vote with their husbands, upon what ground shall we disfranchise those who have no husbands to vote with? Shall we deprive them of the ballot as a punishment for not having husbands to deprive them of it? The same excellent argument would apply to their property; and we ought to confiscate the earnings of spinsters because they have no husbands to manage their money for them. Indeed, the arguments all tend to prove that women should be in a perpetual prostration of gratitude that men suffer them to exist upon any terms whatever.

Certainly no really great movement ever proceeded so steadily and swiftly in the face of curious difficulties as that of woman suffrage in this country. It has had the most whimsical and often absurd and repulsive advocacy. It has often seemed to be the very politics of the moon. Extravagance and folly have been so hopelessly combined in its behalf that many of its truest friends have wondered that it was not pushed from decent and candid consideration. But such friends can not too constantly remember that it is the history of every movement which is an appeal to pure reason. There are no guns or clubs behind the demand for this extension of the suffrage. It is conducted wholly within the domain of intelligence. And if riddled with ridicule, let any skeptic recall the beginnings of Methodism. Read Sydney Smith, and wonder how an intelligent and liberal man could deride some of the noblest and best men that ever lived. The history of the movement for the extension of suffrage to women, like all the other great movements in this country, shows to every youth that he who is hospitable to a liberty which is ridiculed entertains angels unawares. It is safe to heed the counsel of Condorcet, "Do not choose a man who has ever taken side against the liberty of any portion of mankind."

Now that every incident is copiously reported in the daily papers, they have become a modern Plutarch. It is not necessary to send boys to read the lives of Greek and Roman heroes, when they can read those of heroic Americans and Europeans, although it is pleasant to discover that heroism is never out of fashion. There is seldom a story in the papers of some terrible accident, shipwreck, or burning which is not full of facts that deepen respect for human nature and admiration for character. It is not many months since the Easy Chair spoke of the sinking of the *Oneida*, and of the heroism of the captain and some of his officers, who stood by their ship and went down with her. To many it seemed a Quixotic fidelity; but it was the noblest quality of human nature, the simple, persistent sense of duty, which is the highest heroism. In other countries they give little pieces of ribbon to those who have done well in achievement or invention. But there is a Legion of Honor which wears no sign, yet is the most honorable of all. And whoever read of the burning of the steamer *Bienville* on her way to Aspinwall, in August of this year, will agree that Jefferson Maury, her commander, merits the grand cross of that legion.

The *Bienville* was a wooden vessel which had been thoroughly renewed, her boilers having been overhauled, and her "safety gear" especially cared for by the captain. There was no combustible cargo upon her when she sailed from New York—no powder, as has been stated—and nothing was stored near her boilers but dry-goods. It was during the very hot weather of the summer that she sailed from New York, dropping quietly and uneventfully down the coast. On the evening of the 9th of August the ship was approaching Watling's Island. The stars shone; the trade-wind freshly blew; every sign was auspicious. In the early morning, about dawn, of the 10th, fire was discovered. Captain Maury instantly began to provide for the safety of his passengers. The ship was stopped, and he discovered that it was not possible to venture below to the fire in the steerage. The hatches were battened down, and steam was turned into the hold to smother the fire; and the captain ordered the boats to be provisioned. He went into the cabin, where he knew that the women and children were assembled. Some were pale and nervous; some were weeping silently, but most were calm. The captain, with a steady and cheerful heart, told them that he thought the ship might be saved; and the faith inspired by his quiet confidence rather than by his words was such that he says scarcely one again lost self-possession. "They acted," says the captain, "as if they had been used to such appalling danger all their lives."

Presently the donkey-engine broke, and there were few means to fight the fire. Every body came on deck, and worked the hand-pumps and passed the buckets. The hatches could not be lifted, and all that could be done was to deluge the decks. Beneath was the raging fire, and the deck growing hotter and hotter apprised every one of what nobody cared to whisper and dreaded to think. But the steady soul of the captain and his officers steadied the whole company. In the unspeakable danger there was little sign of the intense excitement—no shrieking, no swearing, no shouting; every force, every energy was concentrated upon the work of safety. The passengers were quietly served with breakfast while the crew made ready the boats. Then passengers and crew were collected upon the after-deck, and the captain ordered the first

and second boats to be launched in order. He directed what ladies and children should go into the boats, and where they should sit. One of these boats, which was the smallest, could carry but fourteen persons, and the captain placed it in command of Mr. Rufus Mead, the United States consul at Nicaragua, whose bravery and kindness he warmly praises. The other had thirty-one persons, and among them a babe thirteen weeks old. This boat was "in charge of Mr. Baffey, an old sea-faring character." There then remained four boats, one of which had been stove in launching, so that there were but three boats left. These could not carry all, and therefore took some to the other boats. One of these was overloaded, and unluckily capsized, but was afterward righted. At length every body was off the ship except the captain and the purser, and as they left the deck the flames burst through, and the upper part of the vessel blazed furiously. The captain looked at his watch as he stepped into the boat, and said that it was half past seven o'clock, and that it was three hours and a half since the fire was discovered.

Captain Maury had given compasses and directions to all the boats, which he had also provisioned. He now gave his final orders, and took the lead of the flotilla of boats, making a sail with a piece of canvas awning and an oar. The trade-wind blowing from the east filled the little sail, and the roughening sea soon hid every thing but the burning ship. The danger of swamping was very great, and the captain could not head for Watling's Island, which was the nearest land, but was forced to run before the wind. The boat's company bailed and rowed. There was plenty of food, but not much water, and the sun shining intensely, bred a fearful thirst. A squall of wind and rain revived the desponding crew, and sailing all day and all night they descried at about ten o'clock in the morning the island of Eleuthera, which lies about a hundred and thirty miles from the point where they left the ship. At half past three in the afternoon the saved company landed at James's Point, and hauled their boat upon the beach. One of the negro inhabitants, the captain says, was there to receive them, and they were instantly treated with the utmost tenderness and care. "Our hunger was appeased with fruit, and our thirst with water. We were all very much exhausted, and felt weak and faint."

The hospitality of the islanders was touching and unbounded. But the captain, having safely housed the passengers who had escaped with him, went at once to search for the others. The evening upon which he landed he walked three miles across the island, with six of the crew, to James's Cistern. Boston Johnson, who had been the first native to help them, went with the captain, who borrowed a sail-boat from him, and immediately put to sea for Nassau, sixty-five miles away. He arrived there the next morning, and immediately chartered a tug to search for the boats. He sent out other vessels for the same purpose, but he cruised for five or six days in vain, and proceeding to Havana, telegraphed to New York the news of the disaster. At Eleuthera he had sent messengers to all the authorities asking them to kindle beacon-fires by night and to set signals by day to direct the boats to safe landings. Three of the others reached the island safely, one landed at San Salvador, and one had not appeared. One of those that made Eleuthera was capsized in the effort to land, and nine persons were lost. Captain Maury was enthusiastic in praise of the colored islanders of Eleuthera, and his purser, Mr. W. A. Smith, said, "If you want an angel after this, paint him black."

The stories of others who were saved confirm the fact of the entire calmness and capacity of the captain. There were, indeed, instances of selfishness, and accidents with loss of life. But the nerve of the captain paralyzed disaster and made safety possible. He knew what to do, and how and when to do it, and his moral mastery alone prevented a frightful catastrophe. His name is Jefferson Maury. There has been no name lately mentioned deserving of more sincere respect. Those who are going to sea will sleep in their berths more soundly if they know that Captain Maury commands the ship.

The doctrines of government announced in Mr. Charles O'Conor's letter are curious and interesting as the theories of an able man. Four-fifths of the work now done by government he thinks should be left undone, being a usurpation of private right. The power to borrow money, he says, is fatal to free institutions, because it fetters labor as the bond-slave of capital. Pay as you go. If people wish to fight, let them foot their own bills. If they can not, so much the better, for then they will not wish to fight; and war, which he calls the "most shocking of all crimes and calamities, would be impossible." Mr. O'Conor evidently thinks that "there was never a good war nor a bad peace," in which doctrine, probably, the sons of Revolutionary sires do not agree with him.

There is, however, a certain simplicity in Mr. O'Conor's views which recalls the democracy of the old Greek cities, and that of some of the Swiss cantons to-day. Mr. Bayard Taylor gives us the latest account of the little canton of Appenzell. It is all mountains, yet it supports more population to the acre than Holland, and is full of industry and riches. But it is a pure democracy. Nobody is allowed to decline a public office; no public officer receives any salary—which was Dr. Franklin's theory of our national officers—and he repairs from his own property any loss to the treasury due to his official conduct. Yet they tax themselves roundly, and within the last fifteen years have raised seven hundred thousand dollars to improve their communications with the world. Once a year all the people of Appenzell assemble. Each man wears at his side the sword which the law commands him to carry, and forbids him to draw. When the landamman, or chief magistrate, has been elected by a majority of all the people present, he binds himself to obey the laws, and he then solemnly administers to the multitude the oath of obedience to their own laws. Mr. Freeman, who was there in 1863, says: "To hear the voice of thousands of freemen pledging themselves to obey the laws which they themselves have made is a moment in one's life which can never be forgotten, a moment for whose sake it would be worth while to take a far longer and harder journey than that which leads us to Uri or Appenzell."

So in the canton of Uri, a canton which has

scarcely twenty thousand inhabitants, and which is composed of bleak and bare mountains—St. Gothard is in it, and the valley of the river Reuss — there is a simple democracy which would cheer the soul of Mr. O'Conor. Once a year, in the village of Bözlingen, William Tell's birth-place—if scholarly research will still leave us a William Tell, of which there seems to be some doubt—all the people of the canton assemble. The little army of the canton, 800 men strong, which can only be summoned to expel invaders from the canton, marches in front under the old Uri banner of the bull's head, which floated over the head of Arnold von Winkelried at Sempach. Then follow the magistrates and the people. A prayer is offered in the green meadow where the assembly is held. If new laws are wanted, they are now proposed and explained. The magistrates of the year surrender their trusts. The chief of the commonwealth leaves his official seat and places himself among his fellow-citizens. If he has not lost their confidence, they recall him to the office, and it is the experience of the little canton of Uri that republics are not ungrateful. This has been the simple habit of the government of Uri from the earliest history, interrupted only by the French invasion in 1798.

These are the ideals which Mr. O'Conor evidently cherishes. But whether the practices of secluded and unchanging states of a few thousands of homogeneous people could be wisely applied to the government of a continent of various races, Mr. O'Conor does not say. But probably every body except Mr. O'Conor has decided.

Editor's Literary Record.

Thirty Years in a Harem (Harper and Brothers) is a very remarkable book. It purports to be the autobiography of MELEK HANUM, wife of H. H. Kibrizli Mehemet Pasha. The imprint of the publishers is a sufficient guarantee that the book is what it purports to be, though the cautious reader will probably very soon recognize the fact that the authoress has an ambition to make a sensation, and accordingly will receive her story with some caution. Those who know the stainless character of her first husband, Dr. Millingen, whom she so violently and unjustly asperses, will look with reasonable suspicion on her aspersion of others who are less well and widely known in Christendom. She does not, indeed, conceal the fact that she is a totally unscrupulous woman; prides herself on her political intrigues; writes with a curiously simple naïveté of the contrivances to which she resorted to secure bribes during her Turkish husband's administration of government in the Holy Land; and even in recording her attempt to palm off upon him another child as her own appears to be far more impressed with a sense of her folly than with any shame at her guilt. The history of such a woman, written with a scarcely concealed purpose to secure from the public a condemnation of her foes, is not only liable to all the suspicion which attaches to extravagant statements, but to the special suspicion which attaches to the extravagant statements of a jealous, humiliated, and wholly unscrupulous woman, who by her own showing disregarded the universal sense of Turkish propriety while seeking a refuge from Turkish persecution among the giaours. But with full allowance made for coloring and misrepresentation, it is certain that this volume gives an interesting view of Turkish life, customs, and laws, such as has never been afforded to the Christian world. Plenty of travelers have looked on the outside, and told us what to an observer it appears to be. Melek Hanum carries us into the interior of Turkish life, describes its corruption, its profligacy, its injustice, its violation of right and of chivalry, its flagrant oppression of the weak, its outrageous tyranny over woman. Her second husband was, in various positions, a leading official of the Turkish government, being at times a Grand Vizier; and it is evident that, in spite of the "subjection of women" in the East, they are greater politicians than in the West. At times her story, which is always dramatic, becomes sensational in its episodes; and certainly if it were a novel, not a biography, we should class it among the sensational romances. Yet this sensationalism is not in the style, which is that of a simple and seemingly untutored narrative, but in the incidents themselves. Indeed, those which are most capable of being highly wrought are told with the greatest simplicity. It is not, however, the story which chiefly interests the thoughtful reader, but the portraiture of Turkish civilization which that story embodies. Government at the Sultan's court and government in the provinces, political intrigue and domestic life, marriage and divorce, Turkish law and Turkish lawlessness, are all revealed by one who knows whereof she speaks; and the disclosure is such as to demonstrate, even after all allowances are made, that the condition of the "sick man" is even more desperate than it has generally been supposed to be.

Unawares (Roberts Brothers), by the author of "The Rose-Garden," depends for its interest upon nothing striking in incident or remarkable in thought. The author has, by the refinement of her thought, the delicacy of her taste and sentiment, and the finish of her style, invested the story with a peculiar charm, which will render it exceedingly attractive to that class of cultivated readers who look upon the novel as a vehicle for the conveyance of thought and of feeling; while, on the other hand, those who are accustomed to the highly seasoned viands served in the more popular modern fictions will undoubtedly declare that "Unawares" is "very slow."

The *Maid of Sker* (Harper and Brothers) is unquestionably a powerful novel; whether it is natural or altogether healthful is not so unquestionable. The book is one emphatically of adventure, and is somewhat overcrowded with incident; and we should trust, for the credit of human nature, that it had never furnished so anomalous a scoundrel as Parson Chowne; nor do we remember to have read, even in melo-

dramatic literature, the story of any death more hideously horrible than is his.

Professor WILLIAM SWINTON, in his *Progressive Grammar of the English Tongue* (Harper and Brothers), takes a middle course between the modern extremists, who deny that the English language, properly speaking, is subject to any formal grammatical rules, and the pedantic adherents to the mechanical, half-Latin technicalities of Lindley Murray and his successors. He aims at the scientific exposition of the principles of our noble mother-tongue in the light of modern philology. His treatment of the subject is singularly lucid, marked by rare philosophical simplicity, and attractive in its method and illustrations. At the very outset of the work he disclaims allegiance to Latin precedents. He strikes for freedom of speech and independence of principles. In his opinion the antique forms of the Greek and Roman classics have no legitimate application to the construction of English. Nor does he favor the German process of sentential analysis, proposed by Professor Becher, and introduced, with a certain degree of success, into the schools of this country about thirty years ago. Although that method furnishes a subject of curious and interesting study, it can claim but slender practical value, except as an instrument of mental discipline, and fails to accomplish the professed design of English grammar in teaching the correct use of the English language. The peculiar merit of Professor Swinton's volume is its exact representation of the mechanism of English speech. With almost photographic precision it sets forth the actual laws and usages of the language, as developed in literature, and in the intercourse of educated people. Its freshness of expression and fertility of illustration are in admirable keeping with the originality of its method. As a practical manual, we are confident that it will become a favorite with intelligent teachers, and almost form a new epoch in the study of our native language.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

SINCE the date of our last summary of scientific progress numerous advances have been made in various departments of knowledge, some of them of great practical importance, others more theoretical in their character. We propose to give, in as few words as possible, a brief notice of such as appear to be of popular interest.

Under the head of *Astronomy* we have to chronicle the addition of six new asteroids (numbers 119 to 124 inclusive), the credit of their discovery being divided, as usual, between America and Europe. The detection of so large a proportion during the spring and summer, as compared with those made in the preceding winter, is another confirmation of the views of Mr. Proctor, who thinks that the difference may be mainly due to the greater comfort of summer observations as compared with those of winter. Preparations continue to be made for the forthcoming transit of Venus; arrangements on the part of the Russian, English, and American governments being especially ample. France and Germany, it is expected, will perform their share of the work, and possibly Spain may participate in it likewise.

Mr. De la Rue has indicated an interesting coincidence, if it be nothing more, between the position of the planets and the character of the spots on the sun. He has pointed out that for a period of years these spots have been larger on the side of the sun turned toward Venus and Mars. Spectroscopic observations upon the sun continue to be made with great zeal, important papers by Secchi, Tacchini, Young, and others having been published on this subject. The society of Italian spectroscopists has been organized with special reference to this work, and has already accomplished important results. Among these may be mentioned the determination of the existence of magnesium to an extraordinary degree in the light of the sun during the present summer—a fact which it has been attempted to connect with the excessive heat of the past season.

Not the least important announcement since our last summary has been the determination by Mr. Huggins of the movements of certain clusters of stars in space, first insisted upon in a positive manner by Mr. Proctor. This gentleman maintained that whenever proper observations could be made, it would be shown that certain stars, especially Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon, and Zeta, of the Great Bear, have a common motion of recession from the earth, while the star Alpha, of the same constellation, was approaching it. This has been substantiated by Mr. Huggins, and an estimate of the velocity of the movement made by him.

The views of Schiaparelli in regard to the orbits of meteorites, and for which he has received a gold medal, appear to meet with much favor.

Under the head of *Terrestrial Physics* and *Meteorology* we may refer to the occurrence of an earthquake in California (the most severe since the acquisition of the country by the United States), the centre of which was in Owen's Valley, and which was attended by specially interesting phenomena. A critical investigation of this is now in progress by Professor J. D. Whitney, the State geologist of California.

Some progress has been made in the determination of the temperature of the ocean at various depths. The *Witjas*, a Russian exploring corvette, found a temperature of 38.30° at 1000 fathoms near the equator, the surface temperature being 81.68°; and Captain Platt, of the Coast Survey steamer *Bibb*, records that of 39.5° at 1164 fathoms, surface temperature 81°, in the strait between Cuba and Yucatan. Professors Baird and Verrill, in their explorations during the past summer in the Bay of Fundy, however, noted a temperature of 37.75° at a depth of 100 fathoms, between Grand Menan and the Nova Scotia coast; and 39.75° off the northeastern end of Campobello, the surface tempera-

ture at the same points being about 48.50°. Mr. Whiteaves, last year, found that the temperature of the mud drawn up from the bottom of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, at 100 fathoms, was 37°.

Attention has been called in England to the relationship between colliery explosions and variations of the barometric pressure, a diminution of such pressure being almost invariably accompanied, after a very short interval, by a predisposition to explosion, thus suggesting the importance of extra care under such conditions.

The summer season just passed has exhibited unusual conditions throughout the world. The heat has been excessive through the northern hemisphere, in America, Europe, India, etc., so much so, indeed, as to involve a great loss of life directly by sun-stroke, and indirectly by a greatly increased mortality from other diseases. Excessive rains have prevailed in various parts of the United States, while others have suffered from unusual drought. It is many years since there have been such terrific exhibitions of thunder and lightning, many individuals and large numbers of domestic animals having been killed, while tornadoes of great severity have been very prevalent.

In *Geology* important announcements have been made by Professor Agassiz, in reference to the South American coast. Among others, he thinks he has substantiated the existence of glaciers on the southern extremity of the continent, about Montevideo, in Patagonia, and in Chili. He has also proved the fact of a recent upheaval of the Patagonian coast by the discovery of a salt-water pond many feet above the highest tide, containing large numbers of living marine mollusca, precisely identical in species with those of the waters below. On the other hand, the fact of a very decided subsidence of the Andes in recent times has been shown by a comparison of observations made of the heights of different mountain summits or passes, taken at intervals within the last hundred years. Mr. Charles Grad has detected decided indications of glacial action in the mountains of Algeria.

Various new minerals have been announced, such as Julianite, Trögerite, Walpurgene, etc. Important beds of coal have been discovered in the vicinity of Arauca, Chili, some of the seams being five feet in thickness, and promising to be of much industrial importance. The occurrence of corundum in immense masses and in great quantity in the mountains of North Carolina is also announced.

In the department of *Geographical Exploration* uncommon activity has been manifested, especially in the way of arctic research. Numerous expeditions have been sent out, of greater or less importance, and it is extremely probable that by the end of the year very important additions will have been made to the sum of our present knowledge. The Austrian expedition of Payer and Weyprecht sailed on the 13th of June, to be gone for several years, intending to follow up, in part, the observations made by these gentlemen during the past year, and also to extend them to more eastern regions. A Swedish expedition, under Professor Nordenskjöld, is also in the field, together with numerous minor Norwegian, German, English, and other parties. Mr. Octave Pavy, it is understood, has left San Francisco for Kamtchatka and Cape Yakan in Siberia, intending to make his way over to Wrangel's Land on an India rubber raft, and to proceed thence as opportunity may permit.

From Captain Hall we have a few days' later intelligence than that received during the past year, to the effect that every thing was prosperous with him, and that he had great hopes of ultimate success. He had obtained a full complement of dogs, sixty in number, and had added an experienced Esquimaux hunter and his family to his party.

Mr. Dall, who is engaged, under the auspices of the Coast Survey, in surveying the Aleutian group, reports satisfactory progress; having, in addition to his hydrographic work, made interesting collections and discoveries in natural history, as well as observations on the physics of the arctic seas.

Several expeditions, English, Russian, Dutch, etc., are engaged in prosecuting scientific labors in the Pacific Ocean, and especially in New Guinea and the adjacent regions; and before long it is expected that the United States will enter the same field, an appropriation having been made by Congress at its last session for the purpose. This will be under the direction of the Navy Department, and it is supposed that a number of years will be devoted to carrying on investigations in the North Pacific, the Japanese seas, and other more or less unknown areas.

The explorations of Professor Agassiz, on board the United States Coast Survey steamer *Hassler*, have been terminated by the arrival of the party at San Francisco. It will be remembered that the expedition started toward the end of last year from Boston for San Francisco. Reports of its progress from time to time have been published in the *Weekly*; and although a good deal of time was lost in consequence of unexpected delay in setting out, and the necessity of long detention in harbors on account of the imperfection of the machinery of the vessel, much has been accomplished both for physical and natural science. Less was done than was intended in the way of deep-sea temperatures, dredgings, and soundings, for the reasons indicated, but the shore work was very thorough, resulting in securing immense collections in all branches of natural history. Quite a stay was made by the party in Chili, in addition to the stops at Montevideo, the Straits of Magellan, Callao, the Galapagos Islands, Panama, Acapulco, etc. A report of the expedition, with its more important results, will doubtless be presented by the Coast Survey at an early date, and ultimately a full account of the discoveries in geology, botany, and zoology.

Deep-sea observations, both physical and natural, were made in the early part of the year by Dr. Stimpson off Florida, and have been prosecuted through the summer in various parts of the Atlantic Ocean by American and foreign expeditions. Professor Baird, United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, and Professor A. E. Verrill, of Yale College, have been investigating the natural history and physics of the waters of the Bay of Fundy, especially in their relationship to the food fishes of the coast, and have secured important theoretical as well as

practical results. Their notices of the temperature of the water have already been referred to.

In the way of special work within the limits of the United States we may mention as most important the movements of the various United States government surveys. These embrace the expedition of Lieutenant George M. Wheeler, United States Engineers, in Utah, Nevada, and Arizona; the geological survey of the 40th parallel by Mr. Clarence King; and the survey of the boundary between the United States and British America, under the direction of the War Department. And under the Interior Department may be mentioned the labors of Professor Hayden, whose expedition, divided into two parties, is exploring the geological structure and natural history of the Yellow Stone Park and the adjacent country; also the expedition of Professor Powell in the Green River and Colorado country, under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution. Important results are expected from all these expeditions (of which due notice will be given hereafter), especially as they are all accompanied by eminent specialists in physical and natural science.

The accurate determination by barometrical observation of the height of Mount Seward, in the Adirondack region of New York, by Mr. Calvin, is also announced, the elevation proving to be 4462 feet—rather less than a previous estimate.

The uncertainty in regard to the fate of Dr. Livingstone, which was the source of much solicitude on the part of his friends, has been happily terminated by the result of the search expedition, under Mr. Stanley, sent out by the New York *Herald*. After many perilous adventures Mr. Stanley succeeded in finding Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji, anxiously awaiting supplies for the further prosecution of his explorations. After spending some time together, Mr. Stanley turned over a large amount of stores, and returned to England, bringing numerous letters from the doctor to his friends and to the government. It was Livingstone's intention to remain at least two years longer, for the purpose of settling some doubtful points in the geography of Central Africa.

Discoveries in *General Natural History* and *Zoology* have been quite numerous, although there are none of paramount importance.

In *Anthropology* we have the announcement of the discovery in France of two human skeletons of the reindeer period; one by Cartailhac, at Laugerie-Basse, and the other near Mentone, by Dr. Riviere. These appear to be of undoubted antiquity, and their critical examination will probably throw considerable light upon the physical features of that interesting people. A boat of great antiquity, belonging to the Viking period, has also been found in Norway, not far from Christiania.

Professor Cope announces the discovery of a new species of living *Megaptera*, or hump-backed whale, in the Caribbean Sea, and of a fossil whale of the genus *Eschrichtius*, in California. A fossil monkey has been discovered in Italy. Professor J. Leidy has received from the Smithsonian Institution, for investigation, specimens of a mastodon (*M. obscurus*) possessing very interesting peculiarities. Professor Marsh has also described large numbers of new fossil mammals, from among collections made by him in the Rocky Mountains during the past year.* Professor Cope and Professor Leidy, who, with Professor Meek and Professor Lesquereaux, are engaged in assisting Professor Hayden in Rocky Mountain explorations, also made interesting discoveries during the past summer; among them fossil mammals, reptiles, fishes, and insects. Professor Marsh describes new fossil birds of the genera *Graculavus* and *Palæotringa*. Professor Owen announces a new genus of birds from New Zealand, under the name of *Dromornis;* and he has also recently indicated the existence of a huge raptorial bird in the same country, fitted to feed upon the dinornis and other extinct giants of the bird world.

Much interest was excited during the past year by Professor Agassiz's discovery of a floating fish nest, made of sea-weed curiously woven together, in which were inclosed the eggs of what he believed to be *Chironectes pictus*. Since that time several other specimens of the same general character have been announced; among others, one by Mr. J. Matthew Jones, as taken between Bermuda and Nova Scotia.

In the line of *Animal Physiology* we have the announcement of the existence of cellulose in animal tissues, by Mr. Schafer; of chondrin in the tissues of tunicates; of transversely striated muscular tissue in acari; of the occurrence of hæmoglobin in various animals, etc.

The subject of *Fish Culture* is one that is receiving increasing attention in the United States and elsewhere, and important movements have been made looking toward the multiplication of useful food fishes in the waters of this country. An appropriation of $15,000 was made by Congress for this purpose, with special reference to the increase of shad and salmon. The late date at which the appropriation was available prevented the possibility of doing much in regard to shad during the current year; but Mr. Seth Green and Mr. William Clift, under the direction of the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, have succeeded in introducing in good condition large numbers of shad into the Alleghany River; into the White River, in Indiana; into the Upper Mississippi at St. Paul; and into the Platte at Denver, in Colorado. A much more extensive work in the same direction is contemplated for the coming year; and it is hoped that the waters of the Mississippi Valley will be made to abound in this fish as fully as those of the Atlantic sea-board. Much encouragement in this direction is derived from the fact that shad are now obtained in the upper waters of the Alabama and Escambia rivers, in Alabama, and in the Ouachita, at the Hot Springs, Arkansas, the latter locality being over a thousand miles from the mouth of the Mississippi.

Arrangements have been made by the United States commissioner for securing salmon eggs on a large scale; some from the Sacramento River, in California, some from the Penobscot, in Maine, and others from the Rhine, etc. These will be introduced into the waters of the New England States, the Hudson, the Delaware, the Susquehanna, the Potomac, and perhaps even the James, and into the great lakes.

Shad, under the direction of the State commissioners of New York and Vermont, have been introduced into Lake Champlain, the Genesee

River, Onondaga Lake, and the Hudson. Private enterprise has also placed a number of young salmon in the Delaware. Black bass have been taken, under the direction of the California commissioners, from New York, and placed in suitable waters in California; and other parties have carried the same fish to England.

Under *Mechanics* and *Engineering* we record the introduction of the various processes of puddling iron by machinery, instead of by the laborious hand process hitherto employed; the most conspicuous of these methods being that of Mr. Danks, of Cincinnati, which has been adopted extensively in England, and promises to double the productive capacity of her furnaces. As an offset to this, however, we have a remarkable rise in the price of coal in England, the cost now being very nearly double that of one year ago. This threatens to put a stop to many branches of manufacture, in view of the difficulty of competing successfully with similar establishments in other countries. It is probable, however, that by greater economy in the use of coal, and the prevention of waste in smoke, etc., this difficulty may be lessened; also by the manipulation of coal-dust and the use of inferior coals, improved by certain processes which we have heretofore mentioned. One of these consists in combining coal-dust with clay and pressing it in a mould, and then dipping the blocks thus produced in a solution of benzine and resin, for the purpose of holding it together. Another consists in immersing the poorer qualities of tertiary coal in crude petroleum. A similar process applied to peat is said to produce a fuel fully equal, if not superior, to hard coal itself.

The iron sand found on the coast of New Zealand, Alaska, and elsewhere bids fair to become an important material for the production of iron and steel, by the employment of processes for its treatment recently announced.

Various *Engineering* enterprises of magnitude are under way or in contemplation; among them one on the part of the Emperor of Russia for connecting the Black Sea with the Caspian. Surveys were made during the past season, by the United States, with reference to a ship-canal across Nicaragua; and although these were not completed when the rainy season set in, enough was ascertained to show the feasibility of the enterprise. It is said that the Nicaraguan government is now endeavoring to negotiate a loan in Europe for the purpose of undertaking this work.

Technology, as usual, has continued to advance in various directions; among others, in the line of new coloring matters, of which quite a series is announced, including indophan, palatine orange, antimony blue, night violet, regianine, etc. It has been shown by careful experiment that coralline, properly prepared, is not poisonous, this impression having arisen from the use of an impure article, in the manufacture of which arsenic was unnecessarily used. A substance called cupro-ammonium, which consists of the solution of shreds of copper in sal ammoniac, has been found to possess remarkable solvent properties for paper, woody fibre, etc. The solution thus prepared is used to great advantage in the preparation of water-proof fabrics, such as roofs, tents, etc.

The application of petroleum to the arts continues to increase, and it is claimed that in the "mineral sperm-oil" of certain manufacturers we have a substitute scarcely to be distinguished from true sperm-oil, and one which is absolutely safe against explosion, while it is much superior to sperm in facility of use.

A great improvement has been made in the process of preparing paper pulp from wood, so as greatly to reduce its cost, as it can now be prepared from certain hitherto unused kinds of wood. The novelty of the method referred to consists essentially in treating the solution of caustic soda, after it has acted upon the wood, with carbonic acid gas and heat, by which the resinous matters dissolved therein can be precipitated, and the soda recovered for further use.

A new process for preserving fresh meat in pickle consists in the use of acetate of soda instead of common salt. For after-treatment, and when wanted for use, the meat is to be soaked in warm water for a certain length of time, and a small quantity of sal ammoniac then added. This acts upon the acetate, and common salt is formed, while the ammonia liberated causes the meat to swell, and afterward disappears in cooking.

Under the head of *Materia Medica*, etc., we may refer to a new fashion, which has lately arisen in Paris, of the employment of fresh blood for medicinal purposes. It is said to be quite customary for large numbers of persons to visit the slaughter-houses of that city every morning for the purpose of obtaining blood fresh from the slain animals. Some important cures by this treatment are announced by the Paris physicians.

A new narcotic, under the name of crotonate of chloral, has been announced by Dr. Liebreich, although it has not been proved to be of any peculiar value. Professor Chauveau has published an extensive memoir, embracing the result of previous researches upon the morbific action of pus, in which he shows that its activity, whether healthy or putrid, rests entirely in its solid particles, and that when strained the residuary liquid is entirely innocuous.

We regret to be obliged to present a long list of deaths since our last report, embracing men of the highest eminence in science. Among those of our own country we have to enumerate Dr. William Stimpson, of Chicago; Rev. M. A. Curtis, of Hillsborough, North Carolina; Mr. Robert Swift, of Philadelphia; Mr. Coleman T. Robinson, of New York; Dr. Z. Pitcher, of Detroit; Mr. S. J. Lyon, of Kentucky; Dr. Edmund Ravenel, of South Carolina; Dr. Hubbard, of Long Island; and Rev. Charles Brooks, of Medford, Massachusetts. Among Europeans may be mentioned Hugo von Mohl, G. F. Reuter, Dr. Krantz, Augustus Siebe, Dr. T. C. Jerdon, Mr. E. T. Chapman, J. S. Enyo, Dr. Robert Wight, Professor Laugier, Professor Delaunay, M. Duhamel, etc.

The usual summer meetings of various learned bodies have also been held, and many interesting communications presented, abstracts of some of which we hope to give to our readers. Among the number may be mentioned the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Brighton; the American, at Dubuque; and the French; the American Philological Association, at Providence, Rhode Island, etc.

Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record is closed on the 25th of September.—Elections were held in West Virginia August 22, in Vermont September 3, and in Maine September 9. In West Virginia Mr. Caldwell, the Republican candidate, was elected Governor by a majority of 1915 votes; the majority for Converse, the Republican candidate for Governor of Vermont, is estimated at 26,000; and that of Governor Perham, of Maine, at 17,000.

Political State Conventions have been held as follows: Iowa, Republican, August 21, at Des Moines; Arkansas, Republican, at Little Rock, August 22, nominating Elisha Baxter for Governor; Michigan, Democratic and Liberal Republican, at Grand Rapids, August 22, nominating Austin Blair for Governor; Louisiana, Liberal Republican and Democratic, at New Orleans, August 27, nominating John M'Enery for Governor; Nebraska, Democratic and Liberal Republican, at Omaha, August 29, nominating H. C. Lell for Governor; Missouri, Republican, at St. Louis, September 4, nominating John B. Henderson for Governor; Tennessee, Republican, at Nashville, September 4, nominating O. A. Freeman for Governor, and Horace Maynard for Congressman at large; New York, Liberal Republican and Democratic, at Syracuse, September 4, nominating Francis Kernan for Governor, and S. S. Cox for Congressman at large; Kansas, Republican, at Topeka, September 5, nominating T. O. Osborne for Governor; Liberal Republican and Democratic, at Topeka, September 11, nominating T. H. Walker for Governor; Massachusetts, Republican, at Worcester, August 28, renominating Governor Washburn; Democratic and Liberal Republican, at Worcester, September 11, nominating the Hon. Charles Sumner for Governor.

The Democrats and Liberal Republicans held joint mass-meetings in Irving and Tammany halls and Union Square September 12. Speeches were delivered by Governor Walker, Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, Hon. Chauncey Depew, Hon. S. S. Cox, General Banks, and others.

The "Straight-out" Democrats held a National Convention at Louisville, Kentucky, September 4 and 5. Charles O'Conor, of New York, and John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, were nominated for President and Vice-President of the United States, but both declined, and the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

DISASTERS.

The most prominent disasters of the month have occurred at sea. The *Metis*, a propeller of the New York and Providence line, collided with a schooner on Long Island Sound August 30. About fifty lives were lost. On the 15th of August the Pacific Mail steamship *Bienville*, *en route* for Aspinwall from New York, took fire. There were 127 persons on board, and in the attempt to reach the shore in boats a considerable number of these were drowned. The *America*, belonging to the same line, was destroyed by fire August 24, in the harbor of Nangasaki, Japan. A number of Chinamen lost their lives by this disaster.

Early in September seven persons were killed and forty-five more or less seriously injured by a railway disaster at Independence, Ohio.

An explosion of fire-damp in the Tompkins Mine, Pittston, Pennsylvania, August 24, resulted in severe injuries to six of the miners.

OBITUARY.

James Patton Anderson, major-general in the late Confederate army, died at his residence near Memphis, Tennessee, September 20.

General Sylvanus Thayer died at his residence in Braintree, Massachusetts, September 7, aged eighty-seven years.

Hon. Garret Davis, United States Senator from Kentucky, died at Paris, Kentucky, September 22, aged seventy-two years.

EUROPE.

The important events in Europe for the month have been the termination of the work of the Arbitration Tribunal at Geneva, the meeting at Berlin of the Emperors of Germany, Russia, and Austria, and the meeting at the Hague of the International Congress. A grand entertainment in honor of the imperial conclave was given at Potsdam, September 9. The award made to the United States by the Geneva Tribunal amounts to fifteen and one-half millions of dollars.

The International Congress assembled at the Hague September 2, but its discussions appear to have been inharmonious, and to have led to no important results.

Complete returns of the elections for members of the Spanish Cortes show that fourteen Alfonsistas, three Montpensierists, nine Unionistico-Dynastists, three Sagastaists, seventy-five republicans, and two hundred and ninety-four radicals were chosen. Emilio Castelar and Admiral Malcampo were among the successful candidates.

King Amadeus opened the session of the Cortes, September 15, by a speech from the throne.

A dispatch from Oporto brings intelligence of the occurrence of a great marine disaster off that port, attended with a most lamentable loss of life. The steamship *Perseveranz* went ashore during a fog at the entrance of the harbor, and became a total loss. Thirty of the persons on board the vessel were drowned.

A coal mine near Heristal-on-the-Meuse, in Belgium, was accidentally flooded, September 13, while the men were at work. The inundation was so sudden that twenty-five miners were drowned in the bottom of the pit.

Père Hyacinthe was married in London, September 3, to Emilie Jane Merriman.

A fire broke out in the eastern transept of Canterbury Cathedral on the 3d of September. The damages therefrom, however, are not irreparable.

Charles XV., King of Sweden and Norway, died September 18, in his forty-ninth year. He is succeeded by his brother, Prince Oscar.

Louis-Marie Feuerbach, the distinguished German philosopher, died at Hanau, Hesse-Cassel, September 17, aged sixty-eight years.

Archduke Albrecht, of Austria, died in Vienna, September 11, in his fifty-fifth year.

Editor's Drawer.

In our October number several quotations are made from a Portuguese-English Conversational Guide, showing the amusing blunders made in translation. Here is another sample from the same book. The subject is that little interview between Balaam and another, with which we are all familiar; and in this wise does our Portuguese professor put it into English:

A Protestant minister, very choleric, was explained to the children the Pentateuco; but arriving at the article *Balaam*. A young boy commenced to laugh. The minister with indignation, chide, threaten, and endeavor one's to prove that a ass was can speak especeally when he saw before him a angel armed from a sword. The little boy continue to laugh more strong. The minister had flied into passion, and give a kick the child, which told him weeping: "Ah i admit that *the ass of Balaam did spoken, but he did not kicks.*"

In Lady Clementina Davies's "Recollections of Society in England and France," recently published in London, are several hitherto unpublished anecdotes of former celebrities. The following present Marie Antoinette in a new and somewhat humorous character:

In the bright time just preceding her unparalleled misfortunes, when at the bijou château of Trianon, she not only cultivated flowers, fished in the lake, milked cows, and invited her courtiers generally to share her pastoral pleasures, but she there acted in private theatricals, and always the part of a shepherdess or a soubrette. In the former character she illustrated Rousseau's rural scenes in a way which, if he had beheld it, would have mitigated even that philosophic republican's well-known sarcasm on royal performers; and she so far overcame the educational or constitutional shyness of her royal husband in his earlier years as even to induce him to take a part on the stage.

When, at fifteen years of age, Marie Antoinette had arrived in France as Dauphiness, she detected so much absurdity in the *ancien régime* formalities forced on her observance by the Duchess de Noailles, the Grand Mistress of the Ceremonies (an ancestress of the present minister of France at Washington), that she then and long afterward spoke of that august personage by the sobriquet of *Madame Etiquette*. The following anecdote shows her humor. The scene was in the Bois de Boulogne. Several of the more demure ladies of the court were in open carriages. But the queen was riding on a donkey, as were various of her younger favorites. Suddenly the whole cavalcade was stopped, for Marie Antoinette's donkey, having felt a sudden inclination to roll on the green turf, had thrown its royal rider, and she, being quite unhurt, remained seated on the ground, laughing immoderately. As soon as she could command her countenance she assumed a mock gravity, and, without attempting to rise from her lowly position, commanded that the Grand Mistress of the Ceremonies should at once be brought to her side; and when the lady thus summoned stood, in no good temper, and with dignified aspect, before her, she looked up and said, "Madame, I have sent for you that you may inform me as to the etiquette to be observed when a Queen of France and her donkey have both fallen—*which of them is to get up first?*"

Lady Clementina gives us this fresh anecdote of Talleyrand, and how he won his first ecclesiastical success:

It was by a *bonmot* uttered in the presence of his friend and patroness, Madame Du Barry, that he first achieved promotion; for, being one day rallied by her as to his silence when in her society, "Hélas, madame," he sighed, "je faisais une réflexion bien triste: Paris est une ville dans laquelle il est bien plus aisé d'avoir des femmes que des abbayes!" This *mot* was rewarded by a benefice. "If he thought like a deist, he preached like a saint."

Another quaint character mentioned by Lady Clementina was Lady Cork, a lady well known for her eccentricities. She was at this time nearly ninety years old, yet she had either a dinner-party, a rout, or else went out every night of her life. On one occasion she told Mr. Davies that she had invited a gentleman to dinner who was formerly a great admirer of his wife. The gentleman, however, did not appear at the proper hour, and the company sat down without him. In the course of the meal the following note was brought to the hostess from Lord Fife:

My dear Lady Cork,—I can not express my regret that it is quite out of my power to dine with you, and you will pity me when you hear that I am in bed. A blackguard creditor has had every thing I possess taken from me. The only thing he has left me is a cast of one of Vestris's legs. I must remain in bed till my lawyer comes, as I have not a coat to put on. This is the reason, dear Lady Cork, I can not dine with you.

We all have met the familiar young fellow who, on the briefest acquaintance, seems to have known you for years, and addresses you as "my dear boy," or "old fel." One of this breed, now in our mind's eye, recalls the witty rebuff of Sydney Smith, who was annoyed one evening by the familiarity of a young man of this sort, who addressed him by his surname alone. Hearing him tell that he had to go to the Archbishop of Canterbury's palace for the first time, the reverend canon said, pathetically, "Pray don't clap him on the back and call him Howley."

The Empress Marie Louise had never been popular in Paris, as Josephine was to the last, nor had she the fine instincts which so especially distinguished the first consort of Napoleon, who was, indeed, his better angel. For example: one day Napoleon, having been provoked by her father, the Emperor of Austria, declared to Marie Louise that he was "an old *ganache*" (blockhead). Her majesty asked one of her ladies-in-waiting—as she said the emperor had called her father by that name—the meaning of the word *ganache*, and the lady, not knowing what to say in reference to the empress's own father, answered that it meant "a venerable old man." Marie Louise believed this; and afterward, when Cambacérès came to pay his respects to her, she,

wishing to be very complimentary to him, said, "Sir, I have always regarded you as the chief *ganache* of France."

From an enterprising town in Michigan comes the following:

Mike —— is a true Irishman, and for repartee does credit to his countrymen. He had had a slight unpleasantness with Mr. Dougherty about a pig—a tender subject upon which to trifle with a son of Erin. Meeting Mr. Dougherty one day, the porcine matter came up, and at it they went, when Mike suddenly closed the debate in a truly Irish manner by saying, "Ah, I know ye; ye're a Dougherty. I know the Doughertys. I knew them in the ould country. My mother was a Dougherty—and *a mighty mane set they were, too!*"

T. C. I——, of Toronto, Canada, sends us the following:

At an annual meeting of the Bond Street Congregational Church addresses were delivered by the Rev. Mr. Ross, Rev. Dr. Shaw, of Philadelphia, and the Rev. William Morley Punshon. Mr. Ross concluded his remarks by saying he didn't know with whom he was to appear until that morning, and when he found he was to occupy the same platform with the two distinguished gentlemen named, he "fairly shook in his shoes." Rev. Dr. Shaw followed, and said he was in pretty much the same predicament as Brother Ross; for when he saw he was to appear with Mr. Punshon he "not only shook in his shoes, but his shoes shook for half an hour after he took them off!" Mr. Punshon capped the climax by saying: "One thing has troubled me this evening very much, and that is what kind of boots Dr. Shaw must have had to shake so. They couldn't have been 'Wellingtons,' for *he* never shook. They couldn't have been what I knew in my younger days as 'Blüchers,' for *he didn't know how to shake.* The only conclusion I can come to for the shaking of these wonderful shoes is, *they must have had miserable soles*, sadly in need of *heeling*, and with very *elastic sides!*"

All the queer old epitaphs in all the old graveyards of the country seem to be on their way to the Drawer. Here, however, is an old one of Walpole's time, that is both funny and true. It is on Lord Conway's sister, Miss Betty, who died suddenly from drinking too freely of lemonade at a subscription masquerade. Her exit was thus commemorated:

Poor Betty Conway!
She drank lemonade
At a masquerade;
So now she's dead and gone away.

Apropos of the Princess Salm-Salm having received from the Emperor of Germany a magnificent Testament valued at $1000, it has been suggested that a copy of the Psalm-Psalms of David would have been a more appropriate present.

Before the late struggle it was customary for large land-holders in Virginia to elect one negro to a more onerous and important position than the rest—namely, to superintend the others in the various branches of labor. In the case of which I am about to speak, the sable individual promoted to this responsibility was no Bayard in point of honor, and had no qualms of conscience in shirking his duty on any convenient opportunity. His master shrewdly suspected that Jim's frequent requests to attend "meetin'" were not instigated by religious fervor, but that frolics of a more mundane character were the objects of these weekly petitions. With these suspicions strong in his mind, he gave Jim leave one afternoon to go to "meetin'." On the following morning he proceeded to question him in relation to what he had heard:

"Well, Jim, where was the meetin' held?"

"Why, marster, up at 'Dry and Hungry.'"

"Who preached, Jim?"

"Old Mr. Huyam. Powerful preacher, marster—powerful."

"What did he preach about?"

"De maracle, marster."

"But what miracle, Jim?"

"Dat ar' maracle, marster, 'bout de loaves and de fishes."

"What did the preacher say about it?"

"Well, you see, old marster, de Saviour had been preachin' and teachin', and de twelve 'postles was wid him; and de 'postles dey got hungry, and thar wa'n't nothin' thar to eat but one or two loaves and one or two little bits of fishes; so de Saviour he blessed dem, and thar was five thousand loaves and five thousand fishes, and de 'postles dey went and eat 'em all up."

"But, Jim, I think you've got that wrong."

"No, I ain't, marster—no I ain't. You don't onderstand: de *maracle* was, dat de 'postles eat up all de loaves and all de fishes and dey didn't bust!"

The following story of an old English actor, Edward Shuter, just published in a new volume, is good. A friend overtaking him in the street one day, said:

"Why, Ned, aren't you ashamed to walk the streets with twenty holes in your stockings? Why don't you get them mended?"

"No, my friend," said Shuter, "I am above it; and if you have the pride of a gentleman you will act like me, and walk rather with twenty holes than have one darn."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why," said Shuter, "a hole is the accident of a day, but a darn is *premeditated poverty.*"

The origin of Shuter is unknown. One Chapman, an actor and dramatist, who died at an advanced age in 1757, was the only person who professed to know any thing of him. Shuter himself said, "I suppose I must have had parents, but I never remember having friends."

Ministerial remuneration in the early days of the great West was on the worldly basis of all other matters. As an illustration, we give the case of Rev. Jacob Patch, years ago of Northern Indiana. No purer, simpler-minded man than he. Thoroughly educated in literary and theological colleges under New England influences, he soon adapted himself to his new work of aiding in Christianizing the West. After a few years' residence in the land of prairie and forest he began the building of a house for himself. His way of paying for shingles might be new to Mr. Beecher, but was too true with our

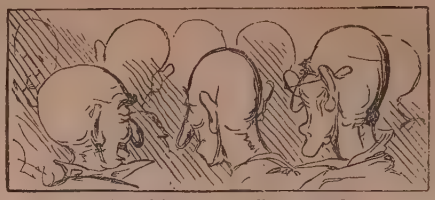
pioneer clergy. The good people near the Hog Creek school-house (a true name) having a shingle machine, and using its products for their legal currency, and desiring the services of Mr. P., contracted with him to have him deliver them a certain number of sermons at the price of a bunch (1000) of shingles for a sermon. The preaching and shingles were respectively furnished to the mutual satisfaction of the high contracting parties. In completing the house half a bunch extra was required. In delivering his farewell sermon, after relating the good that had been done, and speaking of their pleasant relations as pastor and people, he alluded to their contract, and gave an account which showed the balance of one half-bunch in their favor unpaid for. "And now, my dear brothers and sisters," said he, "I am not owing you for enough shingles to come to a sermon, but, Providence permitting, I will come over to you at an early day and hold a prayer-meeting!" And he did. The currency for *change* was satisfactory.

BIG SCALPER.

A LEGEND OF THE NOBLE RED MAN.

1. Big Scalper was an Indian man
Of hist'ry and romance;

2. He'd catch a man and scalp him
Whene'er he got a chance.



3. The citizens for miles around
He soon bald-headed made;

4. His wigwam was well lined with scalps
Of every style and shade.

5. Small children would he not disdain—
He'd steal 'em just for fun;

6. And so wise men bestirred themselves,
To see what might be done.

7. They sent a missionary man
This red man to convert:

8. Big Scalper soon converted *him*,
And thought it jolly sport.

9. This thing grew rather stale, you see;
The wise men got down-hearted;

10. They loaded up some guns and things,
And on the war-path started.

* * * * * * *

11. At last toward the setting sun
Big Scalper's steps were taken,
And if Old Sol don't lose his scalp
I'm very much mistaken.

THE peculiar passion of the negro for making a jubilee of funerals and their attendant solemnities is sometimes ludicrously set forth. A friend was taking a stroll a few evenings ago, and walking slowly along, observed a man and a woman in earnest conversation. Just as my friend neared them the man questioned his companion thus:

"Is you gwine to set up wid de corpse to-night?"

She answered in the negative.

"You ain't gwine to set up wid de corpse?"

"No."

"What in de world is de reason you ain't gwine to set up wid de corpse?"

"Why, you see, my husban' won't lem me."

"Your husban'! Well, I never did see such a husban' as you is got!—don't want to 'low you no pleasure in life!"

A RESPECTABLE old family servant made a visit to some relatives in Portsmouth, Virginia, and on her return home, being asked how she had enjoyed herself, said, "Mightily, mistiss, mightily; they had as much as two funerals a week while I was thar."

THE following "society" anecdote is just imported from Brooklyn: A Republican and a Democrat of that city, standing together, saw approaching a man under the influence of corn juice. Said the Republican,

"I will bet five dollars that that man is a Democrat."

"Taken," replied the Democrat; "but you must ascertain the fact from the man himself."

As the toper approached he was accosted by the Republican:

"My friend, I have just made a bet on you, which you are to decide. I have bet my friend here that you are a Democrat. How is it?"

"Well," replied Mr. Cornjuice, "I am sorry to say you have lost your money; I acknowledge I've *got the symptoms, but not the disease!*"

APROPOS of the late annual examination of cadets at West Point, General Duryea, formerly colonel of our famous "Seventh," was some years ago one of the Board of Examiners, and tells the following anecdote: Any cadet guilty of a breach of discipline, such as laughing on parade or dropping his gun, was expected to render an excuse in writing, and to make it as

concise as possible. On one occasion a cadet laughed on parade, and on being sent to his quarters, sent the following explanatory statement:

——— ———, *Commanding Officer:*
SIR,—Gun fired—gal jumped—I laughed.
Respectfully, JAMES MASON.

The authorities smiled over the composition, and let Mr. Mason glide.

THE following doggerel, or catterel, will probably be new to that great congregation of Drawer readers who have "come of age" within five or six years, and commenced to read the Magazine:

There was a man named Ferguson;
He lived on Market Street;
He had a speckled Thomas cat,
That couldn't well be beat;
He'd catch more rats and mice and sich
Than forty cats could eat.

This cat would come into the room
And climb upon a cheer;
And there he'd sit and lick hisself,
And pur so awful queer
That Ferguson would yell at him—
But still he'd pur severe.

And then he'd climb the moon-lit fence,
And loaf around and yowl,
And spit and claw another cat
Alongside of the jowl;
And then they both would shake their tails,
And jump around and howl.

But while a-curvin' of his spine,
And waiting to attack
A cat upon the other fence,
There came an awful crack;
And this here speckled Thomas cat
Got busted in the back.

When Ferguson came down next day,
There lay his old feline,
And not a life was left of him,
Although he had had nine;
"And this has come," said Ferguson,
"Of curvin' of his spine!"

THIS blessed Union of ours is not the only country in which servants dominate. Even that most golden of terrestrial beings, Rothschild, is like the rest of us, and submits occasionally to the behests of his valet. This just comes to us from abroad: Felix was long the faithful valet of the baron. It was his business to dress his master, and he did not allow his judgment upon matters of the toilet to be called in question.

"What sort of an overcoat is that, Felix?" asked the baron one morning.

"That which monsieur le baron will put on to-day," answered Felix.

"But that which I wore yesterday pleases me much better."

"That may be, but monsieur le baron does not know that the weather has changed."

"That does not matter; I would rather have the other."

"But monsieur le baron will put this on;" and, laughing, M. Rothschild put on the coat Felix had brought him.

A SHORT time since a number of amateur musicians in a town of Western Pennsylvania made an effort to organize an orchestra. They were successful in procuring all the performers they desired except a clarionet player. One of the number finally volunteered to take up the instrument and try to learn to play it. He had no clarionet, but hearing that he could probably borrow one from a young man in the place who was thought to own one, he met him on the street one day and accosted him with, "How are you, Brown? I heard you had a clarionet." The fellow looked at him in utter amazement, having probably never heard of such a thing before, and stammered out, "*Well, I—I—was sick about two weeks ago, but I don't think I had that!*"

THIS from a correspondent at Buena Vista Place, Augusta, Georgia:

One day a short time ago as I entered the kitchen I overheard the following dialogue between the colored waiter-boy, Henry, a bright little Fifteenth Amendment, and Sooley, the house-maid.

"I say, Sooley, goat's milk is de best kin' o' milk."

"No, it isn't."

"Yes it is, Sooley, an' it makes de best kin' o' butter."

"Oh, you hush, boy—hush you mouf; don't know what you talkin' 'bout."

"Yes I do, for de man in de store, when I done gone got de butter dis mornin', tole me it was goatshen [Goshen] butter."

SOME months ago, when small-pox was raging in Buffalo, an old saddler was taken down with it, and became very ill. His family took little care of him, but when his end drew near they sent for the Catholic priest. Father F—— is a queer old German, and tells the rest of the story as follows:

"Vell, I goes oop to de door, unt I say, 'Gootefening, Mister Schmuck.' Unt he say noddink. Den I goes a leedle furder, unt I say, 'Mister Schmuck, goot-efening.' Unt he say noddink again. Den I goes close up to him, unt I looks at him, unt I say, '*Mister Schmuck, you pees dead!*'"

Which indeed was the case; but fancy the astonishment of the corpse at hearing the fact stated in that succinct form!

THE following good bit is from a collection of manuscript poems written two hundred and fifty years ago, and recently published in England:

WYLFULL WYVES.

The man is blest that lyves in rest,
And so can keepe hym stylle;
and he is A-coruste that was the first
that gave hys wyff her wyll.

What paine *and* greff without relieff
shall we pore men sustayne,
yff every gyle [Jill] shall have her wyl,
and over vs shall reigne?

Then all our wyves, during *ther* lyves,
wyll loke to do the same,
and beare in hand yt ys As lande
that goeth not from the name.

There ys no man whose wysdome canne
Reforme A wyifull wyff,
but onely god, who maide the rod
for our vnthryfty lyffe.

Let vs therefor crye owt *and* rore,
and make to god request
that he redresse this wilfulness
and set our harth at rest.

Wherefor, good wyves, amend youre lyves,
and we wyll do the same,
and kepe not style, that noughtye wyle,
that haith so evell A name.

ffinis.